

be instructed in the highest kinds of dairy work, forty-five of whom have up to the present time passed through it.

At these dairy-schools pupils are instructed, according to the regulations of 1868 in the theory and practice of cattle farming, butter and cheese making, the testing of milk with simple instruments, and in book-keeping connected with dairy farming.

The course embraces two years, and the instruction is free of cost, the pupils receiving board and lodging in addition, the schools being supported by the State.

The State also employs, since 1868, "county-dairymen," one in each county, whose business it is to travel in the county and instruct the owners of small landowners in cattle breeding and dairy work. Fifteen of these "dairymen" are women.

There are three schools for teaching gardening, one for women only, and two for both sexes together. There are also "Schools for handicrafts," and "Commercial schools," where both sexes are taught. At the "Polytechnic Institute" and the "Industrial Schools" ladies are taken as extras. At each of these, ladies are taking chemistry. "Sloyd schools," are numerous and sloyd is taught in most of the Folk-schools.

In 1885 Miss Vera Hjett established in Helsingfors a Pedagogical Sloyd Institute connected with the system developed in Salomon's Sloyd Institution at Naas, in Sweden.

Schools for needlework, weaving, and other female occupations, cover the stuffs for underwear, clothing, table linen, covering for furniture, mats and carpets both for domestic use and for sale. The influence of these schools on the work of the peasant women is already visible, in so far that the art of weaving has again begun to flourish in some districts, and that the people have begun to think more highly of home-made articles than they did some time ago.

Many of the above schools are private projects, as are also some cooking schools. In Helsingfors are private classes for ladies, and the training of cooks and a pedagogical cooking school after the English pattern was organized in Helsingfors in 1891. The teachers in all these schools are women.

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### WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL'S EARLIER AND LATER POEMS.

Mr. Campbell is to be congratulated, and Canada is to be congratulated, upon the appearance of a distinct addition to American poetry. "The Dread Voyage," separated as it is from the earlier publication by a period of four years, gives opportunities for a comparative criticism, and enables one to form a fair estimate of the maturer power these years have brought.

The vein is still the same, but the metal purer, and the hand that works the more strong. The plaintive personal note which has given place to a robust tone, and while none of the old sweetness of touch and melody a stronger hand strikes more melodious chords.

If there is one prevailing defect throughout the earlier volume, it lies in the monotony of the charm, but here is plenteous variety, and a revelation of higher scope. None who have read can forget verses that breathe the change-ful spirit of the lakes, can forget the

#### "Miles and miles of waters

That throb like a woman's breast,  
With a glad harmonious motion  
Like happiness caught at rest."

The poet has wrought into the fabric of his verse the shifting lights and shadows of the waters, their moonlight dreaming, and the harrowing thunder of waves on sullen shores. But most he loves the gentle influences, the soft lake breezes, and the mystical vapours of dawn.

"The crags and the low shores kneel  
Like ghosts, in the fogs that reel,  
And glide, and shiver, and feel,  
For the shores with their shadowy hands."

Surely this is effective writing, and again in a kindred poem:—

"Where the great lake's shining bosom  
Rocks like some blue petalled blossom,  
Blossomed mid the night's sweet care,  
Wind-shook in the morning air."

We have to turn again to him to find this surpassed in his later work. The verse is descriptive of dawn:

"There comes a freshness from the floor  
Of ocean and the night-bathed land;  
A spirit swings each roseate door  
With winnowing wings and odours bland;  
Rose flames enkindle heaven's floor,  
And the grey mists are night no more."

Verses of similar charm abound in this new volume as in the old, but the temper of the man is firmer here, and can cope with Nature's fiercer aspects in poems such as "Midwinter Storm," where the attitude is more commanding, and has no touch of the clinging dependency that diluted the earlier poems.

We have dealt thus at length with Mr. Campbell's nature verses, not alone because of his success in descriptive poetry, but because he is here in accord with a prevailing tendency in Canadian literature. It might justly be charged against us as a defect, that there is too much accurate detail in the work of our nature poets, that in the accumulation of the separate aspects of a beautiful landscape the picture becomes blurred, and the effect marred. We readily grant that the greatest work is not accomplished thus, that the incisive force of description becomes confused when images multiply, and that brevity and precision are the underlying force of the strongest nature verse, making it undying because unobscured. But Dante, to be great, shed the gleaming of hell-fires upon his canvas, and the picture seared into the brain, deathless in that lurid light, and human passions molten in flame or swayed by gentle mood, infused their power into the work of Shakespeare. Yet ours is a gentler age, and echoes of old Sicilian melodies are welcome in our ears:

"Therefore, ye soft pipes play on;  
Not to the sensual ear, but more endear'd,  
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone."

Of the four seasons we know not to which the poet has given his heart. He loves them all, Spring with its blossoming life, Summer with its achievement, Autumn with its decay, and Winter with its death.

#### SPRING.

Big swollen rivers, haunting still deep woods,  
Where dawn is midnight and faint dawn at noon,  
Sing under shadows, pausing in shimmering moods

Of inky silence, glimmering like the moon  
In midnight's heaven, the while a drowsy tune  
The singing shallows make to shine and shade,  
While through the budding boughs the warm winds wade,  
Sowing in petals white the year's first rune.

#### SUMMER.

There are a thousand beauties gathered round,  
The sounds of waters falling over-night,  
The morning scents that streamed from the fresh ground,  
The hair-like streaming of the morning light  
Through early mists and dim, wet woods where brooks  
Chatter, half-seen, down under mossy nooks.  
The rugged daisy starring all the fields,  
The buttercups abrim with pulid gold.

#### AUTUMN.

Season of languorous gold and hazy drouth,  
Of nature's beauty ripened to the core,  
When over fens far-calling birds wing south,  
Filling the air with lonesome dreams of yore,  
And memories that haunt but come no more:  
Maiden of veiled eyes and sunny mouth,  
Dreaming between hushed heat and frosted lands;  
With fire-mists in thine eyes, and red leaves in thy hands.

#### WINTER.

Out of the far, grey skies comes the dread north with his blowing,  
That chills the warm blood in the veins, and cuts to the heart like fate.  
Quick as the fall of a leaf the lake-world is white with his snowing,  
Quick as the flash of a blade the waters are black with his hate.

This is delightful verse without being lofty, good poetry without being great. A close examination of the first stanza will reveal that there are even at times positive faults of inaccuracy, and inexactness of language. This work only falls short of the highest in its kind by a lack of imaginativeness and a sparseness of thought; yet it entitles its author to place above many whom the world calls great. By lack of imaginativeness we refer to the absence in his descriptive poetry of that sustained inspiration which links nature to the very essences of being, and the sparseness of thought is betrayed in his ineffectual endeavour to perfect a sonnet, a form of verse which, in its perfection, above all reveals the thinker. Indeed Mr. Campbell seems to shrink from grappling with serious world problems.

"For I am not of all this weird mob thronging  
The streets of mad to-day, the world's dread throng;

I walk apart all hungered with a longing  
For some departed mighty long ago."

His limpid flowing diction, moreover, ill adapts itself to the more elaborate forms of verse, and an unevenness is apparent in some of his most beautiful work. In writing an Ode to Autumn he inevitably challenges comparison, and, despite a splendid effort, he suffers by the contrast. We miss the luxurious phrasing and majestic music of Keats, while Watson's poem is superior in emotional quality and sheer force of thought. Yet let this not be said in his dispraise. Comparison with the greatest surely bears with it more distinction than indiscriminating praise bestowed on himself alone.

Passing over some poems confessedly imitative, we turn with admiration to poems that would have added lustre to the fame of Coleridge, and weirdness to the genius of Poe. In the earlier volume, "Lazarus" revealed unmistakable signs of latent power, and in the newer work, two poems as loftily conceived, stand apart from the rest, and above. "The Mother," from its appearance in periodicals and journals, must be familiar to many who have seen that specimen alone of Mr. Campbell's work, and such praise has been lavished upon it, that further words are unnecessary. The poem once read is stored away in those regions of the mind where only beautiful memories prevail.