

British lion of revolutionary days. Those ribs have stood worse assaults than Miss Barton's poetry. Her worthy expedition was a piece of practical sympathy with human suffering far away, such as Armenians will doubtless long remember, as well as all interested in their terrible persecution. The report is not quite clear as to the sources of the relief fund. The American National Red Cross gave \$26,437.73 out of \$116,326.01 expended, and the administrative cost was \$7,526.37. Deducting this cost from the Red Cross fund, there remains \$18,911.36 belonging to it, as against the sum of \$89,888.28 from other sources unspecified.

The other book is *The Snowflake and Other Poems*, by Arthur Weir; Montreal, John Lovell & Son, 1897. This neatly printed and bound volume of 144 broad pages is Mr. Weir's third poetic venture, following at intervals *Fleurs de Lys* and *The Romance of Sir Richard*. It is dedicated to Hugh Graham, Esq., of "The Star," the poem which gives name to the collection is modelled on Shelley's *Cloud*, and is almost as rhythmical as, but more fantastic than that classical piece. In *The Muse and the Pen*, in *Pegasus*, and in the lines *To Certain Nature Poets*, the author appears as a critic of the Bliss Carman and Lampman school. His criticism is just and would sound well in prose; the poet's soul should be too magnanimous to strike a brother rhymers' idol and implicitly praise himself. Some of Mr. Weir's pieces are good, but, like some good sermons, too long drawn out, so that the climax is left behind. His muse is versatile, dealing with many phases of nature and human nature, with times and seasons, historical characters, domestic scenes and incidents, love, youthful joys, introspection, and moral problems. He would be hard to please who could not find some verses to his mind in *The Snowflake*. Occasionally, but rarely, the ear is jarred with the attempt to rhyme discordant syllables, such, for instance, as 'cot' and "brought." An American can do this, not a Canadian. Yet I confess that Shelley has set a bad example in his *Sky-lark*, that rhymes "not" with "fraught" and "taught"