

Graven long ago in hell  
 With a sombre, stony spell,  
 Working in the wild forever,  
 Hate is not so strong to sever."

From Bliss Carman, of New Brunswick,  
 noted for his graphic lyrics, and full of  
 love for the flowers that bloom and the  
 winds that sigh, let us hear :

#### CARNATIONS IN WINTER.

"Your carmine flakes of bloom to-night  
 The fire of wintry sunsets hold;  
 Again in dreams you burn to light  
 A far Canadian garden old.

The blue north summer over it  
 Is bland with long ethereal days;  
 The gleaming martins wheel and flit  
 Where breaks your sun down orient ways.

There, where the gradual twilight falls,  
 Through quietudes of dusk afar,  
 Hermit antiphonal hermit calls  
 From hills below the first pale star.

Then, in you passionate love's foredoom  
 Once more your spirit stirs the air,  
 And you are lifted through the gloom  
 To warm the coils of her dark hair."

Miss E. Pauline Johnson of Brantford, a  
 descendant of Joseph Brant, sings as a  
 true Canadian, and as the poetess of her  
 race fading toward the west.

"West wind blow from your prairie nest,  
 Blow from the mountains, blow from the west,  
 The sail is idle, the sailor too;  
 Oh! wind of the west, we wait for you.  
 Blow! blow!

I have wooed you so,  
 But never a favor you bestow;  
 You rock your cradle the hills between,  
 But scorn to notice my white lateen."

There is a strength worthy of our bold  
 scenery in the writings of William Wil-  
 ford Campbell, the author of "Lone  
 Lyrics." These contain true artistic  
 sketches of our Canadian lakes. Hear a  
 single strain from the "Ode to  
 Thunder Cape."

"Storm-beaten cliff, thou mighty cape of  
 thunder;

Rock-Titan of the north, whose feet the  
 waves beat under  
 Cloud-reared, mist-veiled, to all the world a  
 wonder,

Shut out in the wild solitude asunder,  
 O! Thunder cape, thou mighty cape of  
 storms."

Last of the seven, but most classic and  
 patriotic is the Nova Scotian professor,  
 Chas. G. D. Roberts. He is truly the laure-  
 ate of Confederation:

"But thou, my country, dream not thou!  
 Wake and behold how night is done,—  
 How on thy breast, and o'er thy brow,  
 Bursts the uprising sun."

Or again :

"Here in Canadian hearth, and home and  
 name;—

This name which yet shall grow  
 Till all the nations know  
 Us for a patriotic people, heart and hand  
 Loyal to our native earth—our own Canadian  
 land!"