

Better in silence stray  
Under Hope's star;  
Than court response that may  
Thy future mar.

Always let love to thee  
Be fond desire;  
Happy art thou while free;  
Passion will tire.

"Yes," as a fetter binds,  
"No," is a blight;  
Love, fickle as the winds,  
Lasts but a night.

Love not, then, heart of mine,  
Love brings not peace;  
Why should'st thou fret and pine,  
Bound, for release?

FREDERIC B. HODGINS,

### THE WHITE STONE CANOE.

A LEGEND OF THE OTTAWAS, BY J. D. EDGAR.

Whilst students and scholars of America are busy poring over Latin and Greek mythology, the great field of Indian life and legend is left almost unexplored. Yet nowhere can the student find in the byways of history such delightful pastures. Here are legends replete with noble thoughts, heroism, and virtue, embodying poetic fancy of the highest and most adventurous flight. Religious ceremonies which refer to things unseen with a directness which shows how bold are the conceptions of the imaginative. Religious thoughts marvellously pure—purer than Homer ascribes to Hector or Achilles—but still quaintly mixed with gross ideas.

The old notion that the American Indian is and has always been an untutored savage, rapidly gives way before a calm inquiry into the history and legends of this strange people.

Schoolcraft has collected a number of their floating stories, many of which Longfellow immortalized in his "Hiawatha." The legend of "The White Stone Canoe" he did not use, except by borrowing from it a picture, where Chibiabos

"In the Stone Canoe was carried  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the Land of ghosts and shadows."

Mr. J. D. Edgar, in a little work recently published (the Toronto News Co.), has woven this interesting legend into verse. The metre used is that adopted by Longfellow from the Scandinavian, a metre which seems especially suited to hold in custody the breathings and workings alike of the roving Norseman and the wandering Indian. It savours of free limbs and boundless sward, and is instinct with the odour of the bush and the message of the wild boundings of unfettered waters. Muskoka is the scene of the legend, and the people are the Dacotahs.

The story is simple. An Indian maiden dies on the day appointed for her marriage. Her disconsolate lover, determined to find her, journeys in quest of the Spirit Land. Tradition bids him look southward. He finds the place, being directed thither by an aged man, who bids him leave his body behind, ere he enters the Shadow Land. At the edge of the Stormy Lake, whose waters he must needs cross to reach the Happy Island, his lost bride gains him, and they paddle across in safety in canoes of dazzling white stone. A short sojourn, then he is sent back to train his people for the future life.

In the interests of Canadian literature it is well that we take notice of that which a writer deems worthy of the publisher's art, and in criticism to remember that it is a duty to find virtues, if there are any, as well as to point out defects, should they exist.

Throughout the poem there are quiet touches which mark a studied observance of nature. In the passage, for instance, where the rabbit

"Paused, and full of timid wonder  
Fixed its two soft eyes upon him."

Again, where Abeka discovered the southward direction,

"For the topmost boughs of hemlock  
Bent before the fierce north-west wind."

The line,

"None applauded at their boasting"

Portrays Indian character graphically. The lines on Iagoo in Hiawatha contain the same idea, the Indian's love of boasting and of the plaudits of his hearers.

Speaking of the forest "all its charms and all its secrets" conveys a deep meaning, and sends a flood of thoughts and memories into the soul of the man who can converse with the "quiet spirit in these woods." The lines referring to the souls crossing the stormy lake contain a good thought, whose only fault is, that it is not Indian. The Indian's great spirit is not one to whom he is responsible for a life spent, but rather one who is willing at all times to help if he is able and only surrenders his charge when compelled to do so by adverse fates. Some of the psychological thoughts interwoven, although beautiful, are too advanced and are really not Indian, any more than the thoughts in the Light of Asia are of Buddha. But Longfellow has erred in the same and Mr. Edgar may be pardoned. A few unconscious imitations of Hiawatha are noticeable which it would have been well to avoid.

Throughout, the poem is graceful and the lines harmonious and the author may be congratulated on his contribution to Canadian verse.

E. C. ACHESON.

### HELLAS.

Jam annis novum aureis  
Nos juvat sæculum;  
Ut anguis, Terra hiemis  
Desquamat vinculum;  
Sub sole puro, ut somnii,  
Fugit imago imperi!

Præstantior Hellas tollit montes  
Mare intra placidum;  
Et Peneus alter volvit fontes  
Juxta Luciferum.  
Quam Tempe magis virides  
Æstate rident Cyclades.

Nunc secat Argo pelagum  
Mercede ditior;  
Nunc cantat Orpheus iterum,  
Flet, amat, moritur;  
Et, linqvens novam Ogygiam,  
Ulysses petit Ithacam.

O moriture! mortuis  
Ne scribas Iliada;  
Nec, liber! misceas tuis  
Thebarum dramata,  
Sphynx vafrior ne vexet te  
Lethaliori ænigmate.

Urbs altera novissimo  
Athenæ tempori,  
Ut coelo Sol occiduo,  
Splendebit prisca vi,  
Datura, id quod Pater dat,  
Omne quod terra occupat.