

has been buried for a day and a night and takes the baby to the grave with her. While Mr. Waldron's criticism sounds harsh, it must be owned that to us both the idea and its working out are unpleasing, and such a conception of mother love falls short of the poet's general standard.

In "Lazarus" we have a very fine and striking conception. The beggar of the parable, lying in Abraham's bosom, is haunted by the cry of Dives, and begs for permission to cross the Gulf. "This is no heaven," he cries, "until that hell doth die." The verses which describe the passing of Lazarus from heaven to hell have great beauty, but are flawed by an obscurity in one verse, and in another by a comparison inadequate to the greatness of the subject:

From thence
Like new-fledged bird from its sun-jewelled nest,
Drunk with the music of the young year's quest,
He sank out into heaven's gloried breast.

"Lazarus" is a more beautiful poem than "Unabsolved," but the story of the latter is perhaps even more striking. It is founded on the confession of a man who went with one of the expeditions for the relief of Sir John Franklin's party, and who, when alone, saw signs of the men they had come to save, but through selfish cowardice would not report, and let the relief party turn back. The poem takes the form of a dramatic monologue, wherein the man confesses to a priest, but scorns his absolution as futile:

You say the church absolves, you speak of peace;
You talk of what not even God can do,
Be He but what you make Him. In my light
There is but one absolver, the absolved.

The telling of the story is rather long drawn out, and the impression somewhat weakened by prolixity, but this is a poem well worthy of careful study.

As a poet of patriotism, in his "Sagas of Vaster Britain," Mr. Campbell writes in a strain that ought to be welcomed. Yielding to no one in his pride in our Dominion, and in the empire of which she forms a part, he shows his true love for his country by warning her of her faults, and endeavouring to stir her to higher things. This is especially marked in "The Lazarus of Empire," written before the Boer war, and in "Canada, My Own," poems that ought to be well known by all Imperialists. There is a ringing and a sweep in the ode called "England" that stirs the blood, and we commend it to the attention of teachers who are seeking for worthy examples of national song to teach their pupils.

The "Lake Lyrics," which do not all appear in this collection, won for the writer the title of "Poet of the Lakes," and have been called the only adequate description of the life of the lakes. Professor de Mille selects for special praise "The Winter Lakes," "A Lake Memory," and "The Heart of the Lakes." We select for quotation, however, part of "The Flight of the Gulls," which seems to us very charming in its simplicity and musicalness:

Out over the spaces,
The sunny blue places
Of water and sky;
Where day on day merges
In nights that reel by;
Through calms and through surges,
Through stormings and lulls,
O, follow,
Follow,
The flight of the gulls.
With wheeling and reeling,
With skimming and stealing,
We wing with the wind,
Out over the heaving
Of grey waters, leaving
The land far behind,
And dipping ships' hulls,
O, follow,
Follow,
The flight of the gulls.

But of all the nature poems, "An August Reverie" seems to us to show the most excellent workmanship, and we quote from it at some length:

There are a thousand beauties gathered round:
The sound of waters falling over-night,
The morning scents that stream 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 ragged daisy starring all the fields,
The buttercups abrim with pallid gold,
The thistle and burr-flowers hedged with prickly shields,
All common weeds the draggled pastures hold,
With shrivelled pods and leaves, are kin to me,
Life-heirs of earth and her maturity.

They speak a silent speech that is their own,
These wise and gentle teachers of the grass;
And when their brief and common days are flown,
A certain beauty from the year doth pass—
A beauty of whose light no eye can tell,
Save that it went, and my heart knew it well.

I may not know each plant as some men know them,
As children gather beasts and birds to tame;
But I went 'mid them as the winds that blow them,
From childhood's hour, and loved without a name,
There is more beauty in a field of weeds
Than in all blooms the hothouse garden breeds,