

"The Grape-vine Swing," a musical presentation of boyish life, is by an author whose acquaintance I make for the first time.

"The mocking bird joined in my reckless glee,
I longed for no angel's wings;
I was just as near Heaven as I wanted to be,
Swinging in the grape-vine swing."
—S. M. Peck.

This is certainly a true expression of the life of a healthy romping boy who enters in all present enjoyment with a full heart, knowing no morbid brooding over the past, no sad straining into the future. It reminds me very forcibly of a respected gentleman whose stock of tunes was very limited, and who was therefore often inviting boys of that stage to sing "I want to be an angel."

There is a sad undertone in Miss Moulton's poem beginning—

"We lay us down to sleep
And leave to God the rest,
Whether to wake and weep
Or wake no more be best."

Compare with this the verse chosen for Mr. Huxley's tombstone, which is given as follows:

"And if there be no meeting past the grave,
If all is darkness, silence, yet 'tis rest;
Be not afraid ye waiting hearts that weep
For God still giveth his beloved sleep,
And if an endless sleep He wills—so best."

This may be resignation crying "Though he slay me yet will I trust," but it is in strange contrast to the hopes and songs of Easter-tide.

The poem (by Mrs. Thaxter), "O Tell me not of Heavenly Halls" cannot be charged with "other worldliness" when it says:

"My home-sick heart would backward turn,
To find this dear familiar earth,
To watch its sacred hearth-fires burn,
To catch its songs of care or mirth."

"I'd lean from out the heavenly choir
To hear once more the red-cock crow
What time the morning's rosy fire
O'er hill and field began to glow"—

but on further examination we find that it claims to be a song of human love as independent of any world.

By way of contrast I quote the concluding verse of a poem on "Compensation" (Stuart Sterne):

"Lord, I am dying! Earth, sea and sky
Fade and grow dark, yet after all the end
Wrings from my breaking heart a feeble sigh
For this poor world, not overmuch its friend.
But suddenly with immortal power made strong
My soul, set free, sprang heavenward in a song."

As if to set at naught distinctions between "male and female poets" (which Mr. Wetherell does not make), it is a man, R. W. Gilder, who embodies for us a "Woman's Thought" fluttering against the bars of conventional cages.

"I am a woman—therefore I may not
Call to him, cry to him,
Fly to him,
Bid him delay not, etc."

But, enough! This kind of quotation reminds one of the man who carried a brick about as a specimen of a house he had to sell. Here however is one block, complete in itself, which we cannot for bear to use in closing this article:

RACHEL.

"No days that dawn can match for her
The days before her house was bare;
Sweet was the whole year with the stir
Of young feet on the stair."

"Once she was wealthy with small cares,
And small hands clinging to her knees,
Now is she poor, and, weeping, bears
Her strange new hours of ease."

—Lizetta W. Reese.

Having already consumed too much space I again commend this collection of poems to those who recognize that literature in all its forms may be full of interest to those who dwell upon the deeper things of life. We have found the "minor poets" dealing with the common facts of nature, and the cares and joys of daily life. If we have not met in this volume the mightiest passions or loftiest imagin-

ation, we must remember that these are rare gifts. We desire to shun narrowness in all our judgments, and while we honour the poet who lends a halo of beauty to common things, we still feel that the highest poetry must not be too much "sick-lid o'er with the pale cast of thought," but springs fresh and vigorous from the heart that is stirred by pure love and triumphant faith. It may be that some of the best things in this small volume still remain unnoticed; if so, that is according to the promise made at the beginning of this essay.

Strathroy.

W. G. JORDAN.

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The Mass Bell.

I sat where I heard an expounder explain
Many things that have heretofore puzzled man's brain,
The realm of the soul, how mind affects matter,
How there was no Creation, and much other smatter
That wearied me quite. I have heard Evolution
Trotted out as the one universal solution
Of every life-problem, till now I've some doubt
If even with that we can find all things out;
Heard old faiths reviled, how so precious their history,
And fun poked at every grave reverend mystery;
Had floods of dry talk, very much like vapidity,
Poured over my head with remorseless rapidity
All to show how great Man, and his glorified reason,
Were the salt that all earthly corruption should season
That 'twas rather old fashioned to look up to heaven,
Let him rather live justly each day of the seven;
All this and much more—no longer to dally—
Till I felt like a bone in the prophet's dry valley—
"Behold they were dry"—this description identical,
Applied to myself in that prosy conventicle.

Then o'er the spaces of the city came
Three strokes upon the ancient brazen bell
That hung high up in the cathedral tower
And then three strokes again. I knew that there,
In adoration of the Infinite,
The kneeling people bowed in humble faith
With contrite hearts. Straight my spirit flew
And knelt among them—questioning not what creed
They held; content to bow with those who knew
God present with them; knelt and worshipped Him.

BERNARD McEVROY.

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Parisian Affairs.

AFTER Lord Salisbury's Primrose speech the French definitely conclude that England's departure from Egypt is more than ever an uncertainty. However, they were the only people who knowingly flattered themselves with the delusion that the British intended to retire—in their favour. The English have to clear out the Mahdists and their Khalafas, and re-establish the boundaries of Egyptian Soudan. That will exact time and entail recompense, as the liberation of territory for mere sentiment is no longer undertaken by enlightened nations. What is worth taking is worth keeping. The Sultan must be overjoyed at the prospect of the integrity of even the hinterland of his out-lying empire being "protected" and perhaps extended. The Don Quixote upholders of the integrity of the Ottoman empire never suggested the restoration of the Soudan to Abdul-Hamid; that philanthropic lapsus of memory Lord Salisbury has remedied by the railroad expedition to Dongola. The Khedive and his subjects, according to impartial and reliable testimony, are delighted at their old and rich centres of trade being re-opened and developed, and without the aid of any European power but the British. The latter having borne the heat and burden of the day, and "faced the music" of interested opposition in the re-conquering of the Soudan can enjoy the glory while inviting the traders of the world to share in the profits of the success, *ex equo* with herself. She wants no selfish or privileged tariffs, for she is able to fight as ever her commercial as well as other battles victoriously.

Continental opinion has never seriously regarded the Transvaal situation as dangerous for the world's peace. Having made up her mind to permit of no foreign intermeddling in South Africa, *coûte qui coûte*, England is credited with the good sense not to provoke any crisis in the Rand and to avoid which no one has a greater interest than herself. When passions cool and events cease to be irritating, then what is amiss can be more effectively righted. But the ruin of the Rand is accepted as the inevitable consequence of all