

well known sportsman, traveler and author. Not many men know the spirit and circumstances of the West as he does. The poet sings of Canada with its golden opportunity for the vigorous pioneer, with its priceless heritage from U. E. Loyalists and the motherland, with its brave, young part in the great War, with its great destiny as a mighty link in the "Chain of Empire." The book is dedicated "to the memory of Lieut.-Commander Clive Phillipps-Wolley, R.N., and those others from Canada, who, like him, have given their lives for their country in this War."

Readers of *A Sunny Subaltern: Billy's Letters from Flanders*, noticed in *THE TEACHERS MONTHLY* nearly a year ago will welcome *More Letters from Billy*, by the same author (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, 121 pages, \$1.00 net). Like the earlier book, this one presents, in a series of letters to his mother, a perfectly natural story of the experiences of a young Canadian soldier at the front. There is humor,—plenty of it—in these pages, and pathos, too, but, above all, the letters reveal a cheerful, uncomplaining courage beyond all praise. As we said, of its predecessor, so we say of this little fellow: it is one of the War books to own and read.

One of the best pieces of service which the semi-centenary of Confederation has brought forth is Mr. John W. Garvin's *Canadian Poets* (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, 471 very large pages, 50 half-tone portraits, \$3.00). There are selections from fifty of our poets, with critiques and biographical notes, as well as portraits, in this notable book, the completest Canadian anthology which has been issued. The printing—done in Canada—is of the very best, and the volume altogether, such as one is proud to have on his shelves, and which, in addition to private purchasers, every newspaper and magazine office, and every Public Library, Club and Sunday School Library will count it essential to have on its shelves. "Almost simultaneously with the Great War," as Mr. Garvin says in the Editor's Foreword, "has come a renaissance of poetry, which is significant of that law of balance by which the heart turns instinctively from the terror and confusion of devastating human emotion, to the point of a clearer and serener air. Some of the War poetry is here, such as Charles G. D. Roberts' *Cambrai* and *Marne*, and his son, Lloyd Roberts' *Husbands Overseas*, and *Come Quietly, England*; and Katherine Hale's *In the Trenches* (Christmas 1914). Canada's loyalty and courage, and enthusiasm for freedom find memorable expression therein. But the selections cover the whole range of our Canadian poets

adequately and discriminately. The exhibit will be a revelation to those who have thought of Canadian poetry as meagre in volume and fugitive and merely local in character, and fully justifies Mr. Garvin's remark that Canadians "have a school of verse, characterized by freshness, spontaneity, originality of theme and good artistry, that would reflect distinction on the literary genius of any people."

The Soul of a Bishop, by H. G. Wells (The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Toronto, 741 pages, \$1.50). The bishop, in Mr. Wells' book, from his earliest youth, had imbibed the doctrine of his church very much as a child swallows milk. As the years go by, he is brought by hard experience to question the meaning and truth of the creed he has been upholding. To his horror, he finds much to be shavings and sawdust derived from the philosophical prejudices of an ancient time. The discovery leads him to resign his office. For a time he contemplates the formation of a sect which will incorporate his ideals. He sees, however, that part of the trouble to-day with religious people lies in the superabundance of sects and he desists from such a purpose. We leave him with a sort of faith by which he has managed to save his own soul. This book, which may be regarded as representing a stage in the author's own religious experience, is of special value because of a certain insight into the character of God as one who will brook no unreality, no untruth, no unrighteousness, even from those who call themselves "Abraham's seed." The War is bringing home the much needed lesson that there is no favoritism with God. Names and "shibboleths" count for little. While this is true, the book reveals, on the part of its writer, little or no conception of the intelligence with which Christian people have wrestled with their creeds. Furthermore, the book may be of service to those who are struggling from Agnosticism to Theism, but it is of little service to those who are far beyond that stage.

Those who have read *Red Pepper Burns*, and *Mrs. Red Pepper*, by Grace S. Richmond, will be glad to be introduced to some of *Red Pepper's Patients*, whose story is given in the author's latest book so entitled (McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Toronto, 285 pages, frontispiece in colors, \$1.35). "Red Pepper," is the big, sturdy, red-headed, ruddy faced doctor and surgeon whose hot and explosive temper makes him "see red" when he comes up against anything crooked or mean or unfeeling, but whose heart melts at every call of need or misfortune or distress. How he deals with the Italian musician boy, who is blown to his door one shivering winter night, a forlorn waif; and with Anne Linton,