

The Rockwood Review.

Readers of the REVIEW will recognize some familiar lines in "The Vision of the Seasons and other Verses," by Dorothy W. Knight, just issued by the William Drysdale Company, Montreal; the young author having been an occasional contributor to the REVIEW almost from its beginning.

Marks of progress and fulfilment of early promise are clearly discernible in the increased beauty of form and finish of the later poems, which show that study and experience and culture have had their shaping and developing influence, but as the reviewer in the Montreal Daily Star justly observes, the germ of poetic insight which no cultivation could evolve, was there before.

That which is most beautiful and attractive in these poems remains as it was from the first,—a simple and sincere expression of a thoroughly healthful and wholesome young spirit, whose observation of Nature has been closer and more loving than that of many more ambitious writers of verse, who are content to take their illustrations and pictures of field and wood, of sky and wave, sunset and moonrise from books or second hand.

Here the relation is direct and intimate of one who has grown up among the scenes which she describes with such a fine poetic appreciation of their beauty, and the subtle language in which they speak to the loving observer.

"Flower-faces," the procession of the Months, "The Country Maid," "To Riverscliff," and "When the Robins Come" are examples, but indeed this minute observation and felicity of expression is apparent in all which she has written. "The Vision of the Seasons" which gives its title to the volume is the longest and most ornate poem. It

is written in blank verse, and with much elegance and grace. A spirit of youthful gladness and gentle gayety breathes throughout which is delightful.

Perhaps a couplet or quatrain, culled here and there, may serve to illustrate the writer's idea better than any formal description, as this, of the passing of Winter:—

"I saw her sigh and lean
Her head against the snowflake
cushions soft,
As she were weary, and at last she
said:

"Farewell, I hear the footsteps of
the Spring."

Then she passed on, and then she
sighed again,
And vanished, by a storm-wind
borne away."

Or this of "The Country Maid" which is almost Wordsworthian for sweetness and simplicity:—

"I am a simple country maid,
Nor charms nor beauty e'er had I,
I sit and spin beside the door,
And let the world go by."

And this which is as microscopically correct and picturesque as some of Walt Whitman's strong lines:—

"Slowly, lazily, up the motionless
river,

Throwing long reflections, a tug
boat creeps,

Trailing a heavy load of schooners
and barges,

Through the heat, while the shore
on each side sleeps.

I see it then, far off from the sun-
steeped village,

Gliding silently, soft as any dream:
I love it, my thoughts pursue it
where it is hidden

By thick trees through which the
bright waters gleam.

Little breezes just barely ruffling
the water,

Just enough to flur those reflections
long,

Scarce dispelling the molten heat
that is falling

From the pale sky, increasing,
fierce and strong.