

Men would have called me a thing of harm,  
But dreams of my babe made me rosy and warm.

I felt my breasts swell under my shroud :  
No stars shone white, no winds were loud ;

But I stole me past the graveyard wall,  
For the voice of my baby seemed to call ;

And I kenne'd me a voice, though my lips were dumb :

Hush, baby, hush ! for mother is come.

I pass'd the sunset to my husband's home ;  
The chamber stairs in a dream I clomb ;

I heard the sound of each sleeper's breath,  
Light waves that break on the shores of death,

I listened a space at my chamber door,  
Then stole like a moon-ray over its floor.

My babe was asleep on a stranger's arm,  
"O baby, my baby, the grave is so warm,

"Though dark and so deep, for mother is there !  
O come with me from the pain and care !

"O come with me from the anguish of earth,  
Where the bed is banked with a blossoming girth,

"Where the pillow is soft and the rest is long  
And mother will croon you a slumber song,

"A slumber song that will charm your eyes  
To a sleep that never in earth song lies !

"The loves of earth your being can spare,  
But never the grave, for mother is there."

I nestled him soft to my throbbing breast.  
And stole me back to my long, long rest.

And here I lie with him under the stars,  
Dead to earth, its peace and its wars ;

Dead to its hates, its hope, and its harms,  
So long as he cradles up soft in my arms.

And heaven may open its shimmering doors,  
And saints make music on pearly floors,

And hell may yawn to its infinite sea,  
But they never can take my baby from me.

For so much a part of my soul he hath grown  
That God doth know of it high on his throne.

And here I lie with him under the flowers  
That sun-winds rock through the billowy hours,

With the night-airs that 'steal from the mur-  
muring sea,  
Bringing sweet peace to my baby and me.

The ground of all great thoughts is  
sadness.—[Bailey.

## WILLIAM WILFRED CAMP- BELL.

The Canadian public may be relied upon to recognize the merits of its greatest men after their praises have been sounded so loudly in the United States that only the wilfully deaf could fail to hear them. It was not until after the charms of "Among the Millet" had been pointed out at length in the critical department and by the very critical reviewer of *Harper's Magazine*, that Mr. Archibald Lampman began to take his rightful place in the estimation of Canadian readers. The same degree of sleepy-headed-ness is being exemplified in the case of Rev. William Wilfred Campbell. Perhaps never before has the dry skeptic air of this science-smitten age been stirred by a strain of such surpassing sweetness as that contained in his poem of "The Mother," first printed in *Harper's* for April. It must have been a weird seizure of the poet's mind that led to such a wondrously imaginative delineation of a dead mother's longing after her first-born. There is a nameless pulsation and warmth in every verse before which the reader cannot remain unmoved, and a strength of genius in the way the impossible situation is at once idealized and yet made vividly real that has never been excelled. Had this little masterpiece been signed by the name of Tennyson or Swinburne, the fame of its appearing would have gone forth through the civilized world. But it was the work of a Canadian poet, and consequently no Canadian journal, so far as we know (with the exception of the London *Advertiser*), saw anything in it at first glance worthy of even appreciative comment. It was left for the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* to declare that nothing so truly great as "The Mother" has appeared in American literature for many a day, and that it is worthy to be classed among the scant half-dozen immortal poems in the language. Then ensued a great stretching and yawning and rubbing of eyes