

ON SOME CANADIAN POETRY.

It is a well-known fact that the best pianoforte-tuners are not the finest players. Equally obvious is the truth that anyone can scrape the violin, blow a trumpet or the bellows of a church organ without any knowledge of music. Likewise a man may be able to put a presentible coat of paint on his front door and yet be unable to produce a landscape. Even the host who can carve a fowl may not be a sculptor. These palpable truisms might almost be deemed superfluous, if it were not for the booding of our literary organs with what is usually called in the table of contents—"Poetry." Under this head occur, every week, murders of rhyme and reason, grammar and sentiment, which a decently educated and fairly sensitive person, such as a poet is supposed to be, should really be ashamed of. In order not to be thought hypercritical, let me extract a few examples from "the leading literary organ of Canada," *The Week*, which should at least be careful of the honor of Canada's reputation as a producer of poetry. Take first an exquisite morceau from the issue of last "*Week*," addressed in modest anonymity to "H. L.," whose perfidious breach of promise occasioned the pangs of resentment, culminating in this pathetic and beautiful remonstrance:—

TO H. L.

I gave you a match :
 Did you think
 It a hint ?
 Did you think that I thought I should catch
 Your heart, when I gave you that match ?
 I gave you a match :
 And you swore,
 Evermore,
 You would keep it ! you swore this—and yet
 You used it for lighting your first cigarette.

Now, an analysis of this remarkably fine product shows that the use of the personal pronoun constitutes one of its principle charms—no less than 16 times in this poem of only 10 lines and 54 words—do such expressive words as "I," "you" and "your" occur. Does this not illustrate most beautifully the self-abnegation of the true poet in his most inspired moments? Again, the recondite grace that is displayed in the use of such a rhyme as this:—

Did you think
 It a hint ?

or the unmatched simplicity of sound and sense in this line—

" Did you think that I thought I should catch,"

with its rhythmical alliteration. The master hand is also displayed in the feet of the last line, which any ordinary poet would have curtailed to proper metrical length. What is the good of poetical license, however, if one does not use it. We leave with reluctance this truly sweet lyric, after giving a feeble imitation of the great original, dedicated to the author:—

" I gave you a wink
 Did you think
 It a squint ?
 Did you think that I thought you would blink
 Your eyes, when I gave you that wink ?
 I gave you a wink
 And you look'd
 Very shock'd,
 But return'd it—return'd it, and yet
 You wouldn't tell your eldest sister, you bet."

Again, under the somewhat hackney'd but ever welcome title "Reflection" we find, in a few numbers back of Canada's leading literary journal, this fragment:—

" How gradually we leave off play—
 We can't recall the *final* day
 We played with childish glee.
 We cannot tell when girlhood slips
 Away from us with laughing lips ;
 We only know that we
 Awake one day and waking *know*
 That womanhood sits upon our brow."

This is the poet's serious way of saying a woman never remembers exactly how old she is. It will also be noted that only one line does not contain an all-absorbing *we* or *us* or *our*. Inspired by its beauty and sentiment we are impelled to imitate it:—

" IMPECUNIOSITY."

How gradually we leave off pay—
 We can't recall the final day
 We paid our C.O.D.
 We cannot tell how dollars slip
 Away from us, with bill and tip,
 We only know that we
 Awake one day without a collar,
 And know we do not own a dollar.

We could cull numberless other choice instances of lyrical beauties; but we have no doubt our readers will be fully satisfied with these brilliant examples of original Canadian poetry.

POKEVILLE.

P. QUILL.



SIR DESPARD TUPPER.

THE BAD PART. WHO HAS GONE AND RUINED THE ENGLISH
 IRON TRADE.

"COUNTRY LIVING FOR CITY PEOPLE."

MISS MARION HARLAND has written a little book for the guidance of country people who wish to turn an honest penny by entertaining city boarders during the dog days. Of course the book is clever and useful, but the amiable author has omitted a few points which we hasten to supply:

As to Decoration.—It is desirable that the farmhouse should be typical of its class. If its internal arrangements are not in accordance with the regular pattern, the