

Notches on The Stick

We have before remarked the clearness of note, the evident lyrical sincerity of Anna Boynton Averill, Julia Harris May, and several of the minor singers of Maine. They dwell apart amid wild or rural scenes they love, and write only to express that of which the heart is full; their art is simple, their ideas obvious, their product not excessive; and, without false incentives, they are entirely untouched by the literary affectations of the time. Daily experience lends them their choicest themes; the common walks and pursuits of life, its common joys and sorrows, furnish method and material wherewith to touch an improve the heart. These qualities distinguish some of the best work of Mrs. Emma Huntingdon Nason, ["The Tower, with Legends and Lyrics," Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1895] who is evidently a genuine poet of nature, delighting in her forms, and drinking in her inspiring spirit. She celebrates the "wild lavish goldenrod," shaking out the gold dust from its tufted threads; the corn-flowers, and "troops of daisies, born afield," with "dainty petaled rims," and "the first wild violet that blooms above the fragrant mould," in the poet's unmistakable way. Pregnant and brief we quote "A Rose in Autumn":

O bounteous Summer, we take thy bloom,
Thy wealth of roses, and fling them by—
Petals of flame with their depths aloe,
And, "Largess, largess!" ever cry.

But some late morn when the gray mist rim
The meadows beyond the garden close,
We kiss the ghost of the frost flower dim,
And pledge our hearts for one perfect rose.

The lakes and rivers and mountains in the northern part of her native State, which have been such a source of inspiration to Mrs. Mace and Miss Averill, have moved her also, as appears in the "Song of the Jennie":

Where skies are fair the Jennie rides
The bosom of the sparkling lake;
The breeze sweeps down the mountain-sides,
Kisses the water as it glides,
And ripples in her wake.

We hear the stroke of rhythmic oars,
By dainty hands dipped low and swung,
As skims the boat by sunny shores,
And where the gurgling stream outpours
Its rocks and reeds among.

Or where thy mirrored crest beguiles,
O granite-browed Megunticook,
She breaks the green pool into smiles,
And nestles midst the fairy isles
That to thy fastness lock.

And when, at dusk, one white star shines
Above the blue lake's mystic rim,
The Jennie sweeps across the lines
That fringe the shadowy shore of pines,
Into the twilight dim.

And glad ears catch the liquid notes
Borne brightly on the joyous air;
O bonniest of bonny boats,
With thee she sings, with thee she floats,
The maid with shining hair!

Keep loving watch, O glorious star,
Above the mountain's purple crown,
Till swines the boat within the bar,
And kindly from thine heights afar,
O great Megunticook, look down!

But with all the love of her native state, Mrs. Nason's sympathy and intelligence are cosmopolitan, and she has taken a wide range in her choice of subjects. In this volume we find recited the legends of countries no less dissimilar and distant than England and Assyria, Germany and Greece, Scotland and Italy, France and Spain. Her intellectual no less than her poetic mastery is seen in some of these pieces, and notably, "The Tower," with which the book commences. In this poem she "represents the great tower of Belus proudly musing on its existence, which has defied the fate that brought Babylon to a heap of ruins, and arrogantly asking, 'Can the story be written, I was?' The sequel shows that the story can be, and has been, written":

I am the tower of Belus! Can the story be written,
'I was'?

Shall the tide of an ended existence flow back to the
primal cause

Which sent it first into being? and records of age
sublime

In utter nothingness vanish under the finger of time?
Hist! a jar in the ragged brickwork! It totters and
now is still!

I can feel the sand slow trickling, with a cold un-
earthly thrill!

Perchance but a stone is falling—perchance it is
death's last throes

Oh! under the young moon's glitter I catch the
roses glow

Of the maiden's royal mantle and the clang of a
mailed tread

Tells that the past has cancelled its debt which
held the dead.

He cometh with step triumphant; he readeth fate's
sign,

The last grim arch is shattered which linked their
lot with mine.

Ah! fate to the last relentless! thy vassal
allegiance owns—

Go back to your cities, O stranger! write, 'Belus a
heap of stones!'

So the old Tower guards the secret of a
human tragedy, and we find love and death
amid ruins. "A Ghost," is a legend of

Grand old town
Psalms

and of Eadburgha, the ruined Queen of
Wessex, a wanderer—

Here doomed to beg forever more
Thy bitter bread from door to door.

"Hast Thou But Turned," is familiar
to us, having been met before, we think in
The Atlantic,—and it is one of the best.

It is an expostulation with Sir Lancelot
when he betakes himself to Astolat, the
end of which is the sorrowful history of
Elaine:

Sir Lancelot, turn back, turn back,
I pray thee, from the lonely down!

Why leavest thou the beaten track
That leads to city, tower and tower?

This way are footpaths rough and bare,
Wild edge of moss or scanty fern;

Beyond are meadows lush and fair—
Sir Lancelot, I pray thee turn:

Thou ridest with thy moody brain;
Thou ridest with thy sultry heart;

Broad roads there are whose ways are plain;
Footpaths oft mean hearth-fires, I trow,

And meat and drink—and after that?
O after that—couldst thou but know,

Thou wouldst not ride to Astolat.

'Unter Den Linden' we have also met
before, in "The Poets of Maine,"—in
which book she is not adequately repre-
sented, as to variety, quantity or quality,
judging from the wealth of this volume.

Worthy of more extended notice, had we
space, are "Glendare," a grim Scottish
story; "Prophet and Poet," a legend of
the palmy time of Sunny, beautiful Gran-
ada; "Shoes of Alabaster," "The First
Greek Portrait," "The Castle of Song,"

"Body and Soul," and especially "Lavinia
A Painting by Titian in the Royal Museum
at Berlin," which we have read over and
over. There are poems, the note of which
is patriotic, such as, "The Battle-Song, A
Ballad of Brittany, 1758," "The Phantom
Flag," a legend of the American Union and
"After the Victory," and there are poems
full of religious devotion, spiritual fervor,
and tender human sympathy, such as "The
Mountain of the Holy Cross," "Slumber
Song," "A miracle," "At Vespers,"

"Transmigration," "Mercedes," "Simon
of Cyrene," "A Child's Question," "Dolo-
rosa," "Be Merciful to Me," "Christmas
Roses," and "Attainment." Of poems in-
spired by the seasons and by native scenery
we have, "Winds of the North," "Wild
Violets," "June," "July," "August," "A
Mountain Heritage," "Goldenrod,"—

There beyond the stretch of rugged sod,
Which bears its tawny breast unto the sea,
The thick brown alders grow,
And hide the wall on which was placed for me
All wet with dew, so many years ago,
Bright goldenrod.

"Enshrined," "Not Dead, But Sleep-
ing," "Hallowell Bells," "The Old Home-
stead":

Substantial and square and roamy,
It stands on the hillside green,
And the giant elm-trees guard it,
While sitting down between.

The roof of their netted branches
The sunbeams fit and fall,
Or the drift of the tangled shadows
Tenderly drapes the wall.

'Tis the old familiar homestead;
Its doors stand open wide;
One looks to the light of morning,
And one to the sunset side;

Eut cometh the guest from the eastward,
Or cometh he from the west,
The broad hall gives its welcome,
Its welcome and its rest.

Now broad are the fertile acres,
And deep is the clover bloom;
And the great barns wait for its coming
To sweeten their silent gloom.

And away to the south are the orchards,
By dew and sunshine fed,
Tall the apples grow round and mellow,
Russet and gold and red;

Ripe-red and russet and golden,
They fall in the grasses fair,
And the sound of their monotone music
Thrills on the exquisite air.

"Once and Again," and "November,"
are so good we can scarce forbear quota-
tion, "Nocturne," "Wrecked" and
"Spoken At Sea," show that, though living
inland, she has felt old Ocean's power.

We have not found in the book a single
sonnet, and there is but one Ballade, and
that is on "The Blithe Quartette, Locker,
Dobson, Gosse and Lang." There is a
single quatrain, which, because of its
significance, we quote:

THE MIND OF GENIUS.
In The Campo Santo.

These pictures were Benozzo's. His art
That made all Pisa jubilant, 'tis said;
And his reward? Oh! his, expectant heart!

This narrow space where he might rest when
dead.

Alas! and alas! Similar is the burden of
"The World's Verdict," which has been
sometimes to hang the innocent and to
neglect the deserving.

Mrs. Nason is a resident of Augusta,
where she is the mistress of a happy home,
and actively prominent in literary benevo-
lent and religious circles. Her work is
highly endorsed by the press and by liter-
ary people, and she is entitled already to a
foremost place among the singers of her
native state.

Quebec's honored citizen, her historian
and doyen, is, by the grace of royalty, to
be known hereafter as Sir James Macpherson
Lemoine. This distinction,—the first

of its kind bestowed in recognition of Can-
adian letters,—will not be grudged by the
envy of any who know him; for there is no
one who will bear his laurels with a more
gracious modesty, or more regard them as
illustrating his honorable profession and
his land of glorious history, rather than as
an exclusive possession. "It is rather re-
markable," remarks the Quebec Chronicle,
"that the heads of the households of both
Spencer Wood and Spencer Grange should
have been knighted within a few months of
each other. Sir Adolphe Chapleau is one
of the most literary of Quebec's Governors,
and Sir James Le Moine has enriched the
literature of the early Governors of New
France."

A message comes from the far South and
wafted over miles of winter snow; it is from
our good friend Mr. Collins, and is dated,
San Luis Potosi, Jan. 13: "I send you
greeting from this dreamy old city in
Mexico, for all the world like in Egypt or
Syria. We are lazily floating along
through Mexico. Left Villahermosa, Jan. 2,
and two weeks will be gone before we reach
the city of Mexico. This is the land of
Poco Tiempo, and Manana to-morrow.
No description has come up to the land as
we have found it."

PASTOR FELIX.

A SUBTLE THIEF.

Kidney Troubles Steal on one insidiously—A Slight Cold
—Then Inflammation—Then the Deadly Malaria
Bright's Disease South American Kidney Cure is a
Kidney Specific—It Relieves in Six Hours and Cures
—Never Fails.

Mr. James McBride, of Jamestown
Ont., says: "I believe South American
Kidney Cure saved my life. I was so
severely afflicted that my friends had to
take the urine from me."

Mr. A. Williamson, Customs Officer,
Kincairdine, Ont., writes: "I can highly
recommend this specific as the greatest of
boons to suffering humanity for all affec-
tions of the bladder and kidneys."

Plain Words.

Freeman, the historian, was apt to grow
irritable over matters of intellectual dif-
ference. One day he was at the Macmillan's,
and when the conversation turned
upon the subject of Ireland Mr. Macmillan
said that, for his part, he was in favor of
granting autonomy.

This set Freeman to growling at the use
of a Greek word.

"Why can't you speak English," said he,
and say Home Rule, instead of using
Greek, which you don't know?"

One of the guests flushed with anger,
and ventured to reprove him, calling his atten-
tion to the respect due their host, and at
the same time paying tribute to Mr. Mac-
millan's remarkable abilities. But although
Freeman did not apologize in so many
words, he smoothed the matter over by a
humorous repetition of his criticism. Later
in the evening gout was mentioned. "There
again!" he exclaimed. "Why can't we call
it toe woe?" Everybody laughed, and the
breach was healed.

"A Just Beast."

Doctor Temple, the new Archbishop of
Canterbury, is brusque in manners, and
has rather a rough tongue; but he is a just
man, and as such compels respect. Says
an exchange:

Doctor Temple himself delights in telling
a story of the old days when he was head-
master of Rugby, and a boy whom he had
had to punish expressed the vigorous
opinion, "Temple is a good beast, but a
just beast."

A FLAT CONTRADICTION.

The oft-repeated statements by Physi-
cians that Chronic Rheumatism Can-
not be Cured Refuted by
Sworn Statements.

There never was a time when people were
so sceptical in reference to medicine as the
present; 'tis no wonder, for their credulity
has been played upon by the unrelenting
claims of advertised cure-alls, until doubt
is converted into a belief that all announce-
ments are imaginary pen pictures. Rheu-
matic sufferers are of the class whose in-
tense suffering has led them to try first one
thing, then another, until repeated failures
convince them "there is no help for them."
They hear about the startling cures made
by Kootenay, but cannot overcome the sus-
picion that 'tis like all the rest. They do
not know of the hidden power in "The new
ingredient" peculiar to this preparation, that
banishes Rheumatism—of how it enabled
George Ball, blacksmith, residing corner
Sanford Avenue and Huron Streets, Hamil-
ton, to arise from a helpless condition and
take up work in the City Quarters at hard
labor, discharged from the hospital with the
assurance "they could do nothing for
him, his system was so full of rheumatism
no power on earth could drive it out;" then
lying at his home for weeks unable to lift
hand to mouth, having to be fed by his
wife, when the King's Daughters of Ham-
ilton brought him Kootenay. Three bottles
effected a complete cure. This is not more
strange than the story told by Mrs. Guy,
wife of Mail Carrier Robt. Guy, Brant Ave.,
Hamilton, whose mother love breathes
thanks for the restoration of their seven
year old Willie. His lower limbs were so
swollen with inflammatory rheumatism he
could not put his feet to the floor, the
slightest touch causing intense pain, grow-
ing gradually worse, until his condition was
pitiful; it seemed they were going to lose
him, when Kootenay was used and three
bottles completely cured him, so that he is
going to school. The detailed sworn state-
ments of above cures, with hundreds of
others, can be obtained by addressing The
Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. If
Kootenay is not obtainable of your dealer,
sent charges prepaid on receipt of price,
\$1.50 per bottle. Send for Chart Book,
mailed free.

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