

whose *Tecumseh* is a poem worthy of the heroic figure whose fortunes form its subject. Somewhat later the name of Charles G. D. Roberts attracted attention and from 1881, the date of his first volume, *Orion*, to the present, Roberts has been a great favorite with the poesy-loving public. His popularity has not been lessened by the short stories he has published, nor by his first attempt at the historical novel, *The Forge in the Forest*, which was published early this spring. Bliss Carman, a cousin of Roberts, is one of the promising authors whom we are in great danger of losing as we have lost Sara Duncan, Louise Dougall, Robert Barr and Gilbert Parker. Carman, however, like Parker and Miss Dougall, has not yet forgotten the spell under the influence of which not only he but other maritime singers, such as Roberts and Rand, were impelled to create. Some of his best work is Canadian in subject, and for all Bluenoses there seems to be something weird, enchanting and inspiring about the tides of Tantrammar and the peak of Blomidon. Carman possesses a soul for rhythm unapproached by any other Canadian poet, and a weakness for the things of Bohemia which finds very poetic expression in the *Songs from Vagabondia*, and *More Songs from Vagabondia*, written in collaboration with the gifted young American poet, Richard N. Hovey. A gifted poet, inspired by high ideals, is the author of *Snowflakes and Sunbeams*, *Lake Lyrics*, *The Dread Voyage and Other Poems*—William Wilfred Campbell. The powerful in nature and the gloomy appeal to him, but he can also express in beautiful verse the witching elements in folklore, as in *The Mother*. He is about our only English poet who has made an earnest attempt in tragedy, and there is great beauty and good promise in his *Mordred*. He is working hard in this direction, and we may all wish him well and hope for better things to come—for his ambitions are rather rare in this age of gold. Many readers will enjoy the delightful work of Lampman, who has given us two volumes which contain many gems. D. C. Scott and Frederic George Scott are honest workmen, and among the still more recent poets, Dr. Rand has given us good work as also Walter A. Ratcliffe, a blind singer, whose *Morning Songs in the Night* are among the most notable contributions to Canadian literature of late years. Death took off too early the very gifted singers, George Frederick Cameron and Isabella Valency Crawford. Among women the best known are Machar (*Fidelis*), Mrs. Harrison (*Seranus*), Mrs. Curzon, Miss Wetherald, and that interesting authoress, Miss Pauline Johnson, whose Indian songs are very vivid and full of spirit. Last, but not least, is Jean Blewett, a very facile writer whose *Heart-songs* have received a hearty welcome.