

to hold Dr. Eaton closely to her heart, for there is scarcely an epoch in her romantic history that his pen has not commemorated, and with peculiar grace. *The Legend of Glooslap, Peutrincourt's Return to Port Royal, L'Ordre de Bon Temps, The Baptism of Membertou, La Tour and Biencourt, Puritan Planters, The Arrival of Howe's Fleet, A Ballad of the Tories, Lady Wentworth*—all these are poems of high merit in the realm of verses celebrating historical places and characters and events. Long after their gifted author has gone from the world, they will be read with interest and will be gathered into collections of notable poems of places, and anthologies of historical verse.

In the field of subjective verse few modern poems, at least, are better than *Purple Asters*, in "Acadian Ballads"; *God's Manifoldness*, in "Poems of the Christian Year"; and *Lombardy Poplars, The Prophecy of Beauty, Once again the Summer Dies*, and *I Plucked a Daisy*, in "The Lotus of the Nile."

Interest in strong, human occupations is also a characteristic of this poet. The activities of fields, gardens, foundries, whale-ships, wharves, the sea, and city streets, are all signalised in his verse. For gardens and the sea-shore he has a peculiar fondness, the love of flowers is evidently a passion with him, and he seems almost colour-mad.

In such a poem as *The Prophecy of Beauty*, one feels the same sense of beauty that inspired Keats:

Sometimes I think the source of souls must be  
The Primal Beauty, we so quick respond  
To loveliness in earth and sky and sea—  
Green in the majestic oak and fine fern-  
frond.

Free in sunsets, undulate lines of hills,  
Ships spreading white wings on the west-  
ern wave,  
Turbulent currents that turn mossy mills,  
The dim cathedral's arch and spire and  
nave;

The moon's reflection on the limpid lake,  
The plash of oars, the rowers' voices there;  
The enrapturing scent that follows in the  
wake  
Of spring's first movement in the forests  
bare

Who has not often felt a sovereign power  
To lift his spirit to majestic pose

In these, or mountain peak, or vine-clad  
bower;

In violet blue, and crimson-petalled rose.

Such stanzas strikingly remind one of lines in "Endymion," or indeed, in their choice of epithets, of Milton's "L'Allegro."

When Eaton's first book of verse appeared, the New York *Outlook* said: "In his individual criticism of life, the author's special significance lies. We hope that we may not seem anxious for a pretentious phrase when we term this poetry the cry of the heart of the age. . . . With all its fierce struggle, disease, and damning sins, we do not believe that the heart of the age is pessimistic. On the edge of the gloom is the glimmer of a dawn. This Mr. Eaton discerns, and utters our modern life's varied emotions; and it seems to us that his utterance is as true in its own way as the message of Browning or Tennyson." "Flood-Tide," said another reviewer, "has something of the pathos of Kingsley's 'Three Fishers,' without being in the least indebted to it. . . . *Sometime* is an exquisite lyric, worthy of comparison with Stedman's 'Undiscovered Country.'"

In his later verse Eaton shows the same characteristics of thought and feeling that critics found in his earlier work, but in the meantime he has grown much, if not in poetic feeling, certainly in the art of perfect poetic form. Such exquisite lyrics as *The East and the West, Thoughts My Guiding Star, Where Are Ye Now*, the new version of *The Roots of the Roses*, and *The Still Hour* amply attest this. Take these delicate stanzas as an example:

When the still hour draws near that I must die  
I ask that in some western-windowed room  
Where I can see the sunset, I may lie.

I love so well the blue and green and gold  
That fuse in liquid splendour, ere the gloom  
Of evening settles and the day grows cold.

A single rose I crave beside my bed,  
For I had once a bush of roses white,  
Whose fragrance through my deepest soul  
was shed

Let some one skilled in friendship hold my  
hand  
For all my life my peace has suffered blight  
If none were near me who could understand.

I want no weeping, but I ask a prayer  
That God would rob the evil I have done