

THE CHURCH.

"Back from the dusty road, midst
whispering trees,"
Where "Spirit felt spirit and with joy
adored"
Is well worth study. "The Bush"—
which in the patient days
A sea of forest hemmed the settler in—
His clearing was an island—steady,
slow,
He drove the rolling sea of forest
back."

"The Sunsets," "The Village
Street," "The Lesson of Life," "A
Dramatic Romance," etc., etc. All
delightful poems, written as all true
poetry is written, in a style to please
the simple or cultured; and the author,
Bernard McEvoy, in his love of nature
might be compared with Wordsworth.
The book is put up in most pleasing
form, decorated by G. H. Reid, R. C.
A., and is published by George N.
Morang.

The next is an attractive volume,
bound in crimson and gold, and is also
a book of poems, written by Jean
Blewett, which she has called "Heart
Songs." There is a strain of pathos
running through these Heart Songs
not unlike that found in the verse of
Jean Ingelow. The writer seems to
feel a sort of motherhood for poor
humanity, and understands with
intuition its weakness and its needs.
There is nothing more tender written
than the story of "Jack" who

"had the bluest eyes,
Blue like you see up in the skies,
An' shine that used to come and go—
One misses eyes like his you know."

"Amiel's Gift" is a beautiful allegory,
teaching the best service we can
offer Christ is our consideration for
one another.

"Settled by Arbitration" a short
character study of the Scotchman,
Englishman, and Irishman, and full of
quaint humor. But from so many
worthy of note it is difficult to select.
One thing the writer has accomplished,
in a way to make her almost a
rival of the skilful dialectician James
Whitcomb Riley, and that is in her
writings of childhood. "Her Boy,"
"The Boy of the House," "Jack," are
gems in their way. That Jean Blewett
can if necessary be severe, is shown in
"Slander." That these songs are flawless,
would be a foolish thing to say.
But that they are truly heart songs,
and appeal to the best that is in us,
should recommend the book to every
Canadian reader. It too, is published
by George N. Morang, of Toronto.

Last, but by no means least, is a
little book in quiet brown, printed in
most excellent type, on elegant paper,
"To London for the Jubilee," by 'Kit.'
As an event in history the Diamond

Jubilee amounts to perhaps little, but
as a study of the times, and an object
lesson to teach what a Nation can
achieve under the control of a wise
Sovereign, the Diamond Jubilee
stands alone. It is the epitomized history
of England since June the
twentieth, 1837, and "Kit," who excels
in description, has given us the best
picture we will ever have of this time
of rejoicing, when every part of the
British Empire had its corps of representatives.
The writer tells us in her
preface, "They are newspaper writings
which were set down with a hot pen
while the events related were yet
happening," and from the way they
burn themselves into our thoughts
we can well believe it. One reads
along with bated breath at the vivid
sights, pictured by this same hot pen;
or perchance a misty sadness takes
hold of one at such a bit of retrospection
as this from the second letter—
"The City hoary and old, the City
which has seen so many processions—
Coronation Processions, Royal Funeral
Processions, Processions to the Scaffold
and to the Tower—has an interest far
and away beyond that which the
modern and youthful part of London
commands. It is so old and gray.
The houses seem full of grim secrets
and grimmer laughter. They have
seen so much. So many ants have
moved along the ways, carrying each
one his burden; so many poor little
royal human atoms have pranced in
gallant array along the narrow streets,
atoms long since ground into dust in
the great mill of Eternity; so many
still poorer human atoms have gone on
their hopeless way to destruction and
to the river."

Then again the pen is off, weaving
its great panorama of words; and we
are sitting in "splendid" seats in the
old "Strand" and watching the crowd
—cheering with the crowd—a part of
the crown—looking at "The living
story of British arms." British pluck
and fight was passing before us."

So the procession moves along. We
see it; we feel it; until at last the
eight cream horses are at hand. And
then the picture of Her Majesty, as
the carriage moves slowly by. There
is no such beautiful, graceful portrait
of our Queen as this one. "A grave,
somewhat serious face—one seamed
by grief and pain, and yet full of
benevolence, of dignity, of sympathy."
This woman, sitting in the open
carriage within hand-reach of her
people, surrounded by no guard,
knowing well that she needed no
"protection" from the crowd that
adored her, expressed in all her attitude
that of Mother more than any
thing else.

Where will we find anything finer

Confections

...of the—→

...Finest Quality

Fancy Cakes



FREEMANTLE'S.

AYLMER'S LEADING BAKERY.

*Where honey is
There are the bees.
Where bargains reign
Crowds collect.*

It is not an Accident

That our store is crowded
every day. We sell high-
class Goods at crowd draw-
ing prices

Clothing

We carry a stock of Ready-to-
wear Clothing that shows the
result of brains from designer
to maker; well made, well
trimmed, and perfect fitting.
AGENTS for the New Idea Pattern
Co., of New York.

All patterns, 10c. each.

Simpson & Case,

Dry Goods Importers and Clothiers,
AYLMER, ONTARIO.