



AFTER WORK.

(From the painting by G. A. Holmes.)

(Photo. supplied by G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.)

To Mine Own Countrie.

O country mine, Canada, beautiful maiden,
Stayed, in thy course, with irresolute feet,
Where the path from the forest, all gloom-begirt, laden
With odours of pines, and the upland road meet!

Behind are the perils thy wisdom eluded,
The foes that thy courage undaunted hath slain,
The clearings, once giant encumbered, denuded,
And broad acres greening or golden with grain.

Think not of the past, with its echo of gladness,
Its flush of achievement, its portion of pain,
Its dawning day darkened with noontide of sadness,
And April sun breaking through cloudlets of rain.

Why pause, when before thee the highway is rounding,
To rise to the prairie, to sweep to the lea,
With deep restful valleys and rivers abounding,
And mountains whose purple heads flush o'er the sea?

Take heart and push onward! The morning is waning,
The noon with its shadowless glory is near—
Still trust in the God who hath led thee, disdainful
The thought of disaster that prompts thee to fear.

No longer a child of the forest, a woman
Whom destiny waits with a sceptre to sway,
Go bravely to meet or the friend or the foe man,
Who welcomes thy coming or stands in thy way.

And He who is Lord of the forest and fountain,
The sweep of the prairie, the swathe of the sea,
An Ancient of days, when the scour of the mountain
Was rent by the storm-cloud's incarnadined glee,

Who sitteth supreme o'er the nations for ever,
Shall guide thee to greatness and shield thee from shame,
Shall crown with completeness each honest endeavour
That's done in the truth and the trust of His name.

—K. L. JONES.

Kingston, 1890.

Book Chatter.

STUDIES IN LETTERS AND LIFE,

By George Edward Woodberry—Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1890.—is a collection of essays published in the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Nation*, revised for publication in book form. Whether they will pay or not seems

doubtful. There are so many books published now-a-days that, to secure a wide circulation, a new volume requires some *raison-d'être*, a choice of subject, or method of treatment that one does not exactly get elsewhere. Rudyard Kipling fulfils both conditions, and the seventh commandment opens up a range of such an astonishing extent as to make the future of the many of the Oklahoma boomers of literature. Mr. Woodberry fulfils neither condition. He writes on well-worn themes in a manner so good that it is difficult to find any fault with it except its lack of salient features. For its own sake the book is, without doubt, well worth publication. It would have been wrong to have such scholarly work consigned to oblivion in a newspaper. Browningsians were delighted with his monograph on the "Death of Browning"—dashed off at an hour's notice on the imperative press—and there is an admirable passage in "On the Promise of Keats," that relieves the grim way in which the austere mind of Mr. Woodberry regards the reveller in the beautiful, "A shadow of reality to come!" What a light that sentence throws on the aspiration for sensations rather than thoughts; for beauty rather than logic; for the sight rather than the mediate perception of the divine! So, at least, it is plain, Keats "understood himself"; and whether one counts his faith a vague self-deception, meaningless except to a mystic, or has found the most precious truth borne in upon his heart only by this self same way, the recognition of the poet's philosophy not merely lifts Keats out of and above the sphere of the purely sensuous, but reveals at once the spiritual substance which underlies his poetry and which give it vitality for all time. To other men beauty has been a passion, but to him it was a faith; it was the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen—a shadow of the reality to come. It was not as with other poets, in the beauty of nature, the beauty of virtue, the beauty of a woman's face, singly, that he found his way to the supra-sensible. He says, in his most solemn words, I have loved the principle of beauty in all things. Dying, he said it proudly, as one who had kept the faith that was given him. And since he chose that declaration as the summary of his accomplishments, it needs to be borne in mind, with all its large and many-sided meanings, by those who would pluck out the heart of his mystery. The other essays are on "Landor," iconoclastic but convincing; "Crabbe," "Aubrey De Vere on Poetry," "Illustrations of Idealism," "Remarks on Shelley," "Some Actors, Criticisms on Othello, Iago and Shylock," "Sir George Beaumont, Coleridge and Wordsworth," "Three men of Piety" (Bunyan, Cowper and Channing); "Darwin's

Life," "Byron's Centenary." Those old-fashioned people who still retain a love of good reading, who like to see the judgments of a sound scholar, critic and poet on some of the great masters of the century in literature, will not regret purchasing this book, which bears the impress of Oxford rather than America, though Mr. Woodberry is a good New Englander, whose "North Shore Watch" was pronounced by no less a judge than Edmund Gosse one of the greatest poems written by an American of the younger generation. The get-up of the book is as unexceptionable as the style of the writing.

THOU SHALT NOT,

By Albert Ross. (New York, G. W. Dillingham & Co., 1890—100th edition.) When a book goes into its 100th edition one says to one's self, as Carlyle said of a religion which had sustained so many millions for so many hundred years, as Mahometanism has, that there must be something in it. What is there in this book which has been abused as indecent, vulgarly written, and what not? What there is in it is interest that never flags for five pages. Mr. Porter, who has almost lost his identity in "Albert Ross," is like a man who stands on a bank watching the ever-widening circle made by his throwing a stone in the water, and before there is any danger of its passing out of sight throwing in another stone to make a fresh circle. It may not be high art, but it is admirable stage management, that makes one feel sure that the author could, if he chose, write a capital play. The book, which is cleverly founded on the fringe of the famous Tweed Ring, exposes in all its hideous nakedness the vices of the uneducated wealthy, who have no form of pleasure but the indulgence of their various animal instincts, but it does not tell them for the morbid pleasure of the telling, but to lead up to the proof that "the wages of sin is death." It is open to the charge of showing the sin as well as the wages, but it is only fair to Mr. Porter to remember that he makes one of the villains repent and the other a revolting instance of treachery and bestiality, sinking lower and lower, till overtaken by an awful death.

"Albert Ross" is a play of Albatross, the *nom-de-plume* of a Minnesota man settled at Cambridge, Massachusetts, named Linn Boyd Porter, who, financially, has achieved the greatest literary success of the day, not less than 60,000 having been sold of any one of his volumes except the last, of which 45,000 have sold already, though so recently published.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.