

beasts of the field. The skunk cabbage and crabgrass, esoterically understood, are not only more articulate, but less tedious than "Tables of Stone". Our traditional prejudices have to be obliterated before we can understand what the "word" is that "lifts the purple shaft of crocus and of hyacinth". Carman does not tell us. The word is inarticulate, but his distinctly poetic gift speaks for it.

Dr. Carman has converted his love for the lowly types of nature into a philosophy. One critic has said that he "takes man back to his pristine state, to his origin, for it was the prehistoric and untheologic anthropoid who made running water his counsellor, and laid himself down with the star-eyed children of the grass". Yet with all his apparent philosophical speculations, Dr. Carman comes back into present-day society, analyses its needs and requirements, and offers a broad social, economic, and moral principle for its redemption. "There is that moss-grown notion of the ages", Dr. Carman seems to say with the air of his guitar, "that Nature is under a law of necessity, and man is not." He believes that ease, simplicity, and economy must in every age ultimately win preëminence for any cult, because the progressive world is a little too tired of standing for puritanical right, and, so far as its piety is concerned, is looking for a soft place to lie down.

Among the many tributes paid to Bliss Carman, we mention A. J. Stringer's tribute "The Sweetest Lyrist of all America"; Professor Horning's, "The Swinburne of Canadian poetry"; Dr. O'Hogan's "Generally regarded as one of the strongest of our Canadian poets"; and the late George Murray's, "A brilliant Canadian genius, and as a poet and prose-writer, a son of whom the Dominion is justly proud".

W. S. R. '15.