

TO BLISS CARMAN
APRIL THE FIFTEENTH, MCMXIII

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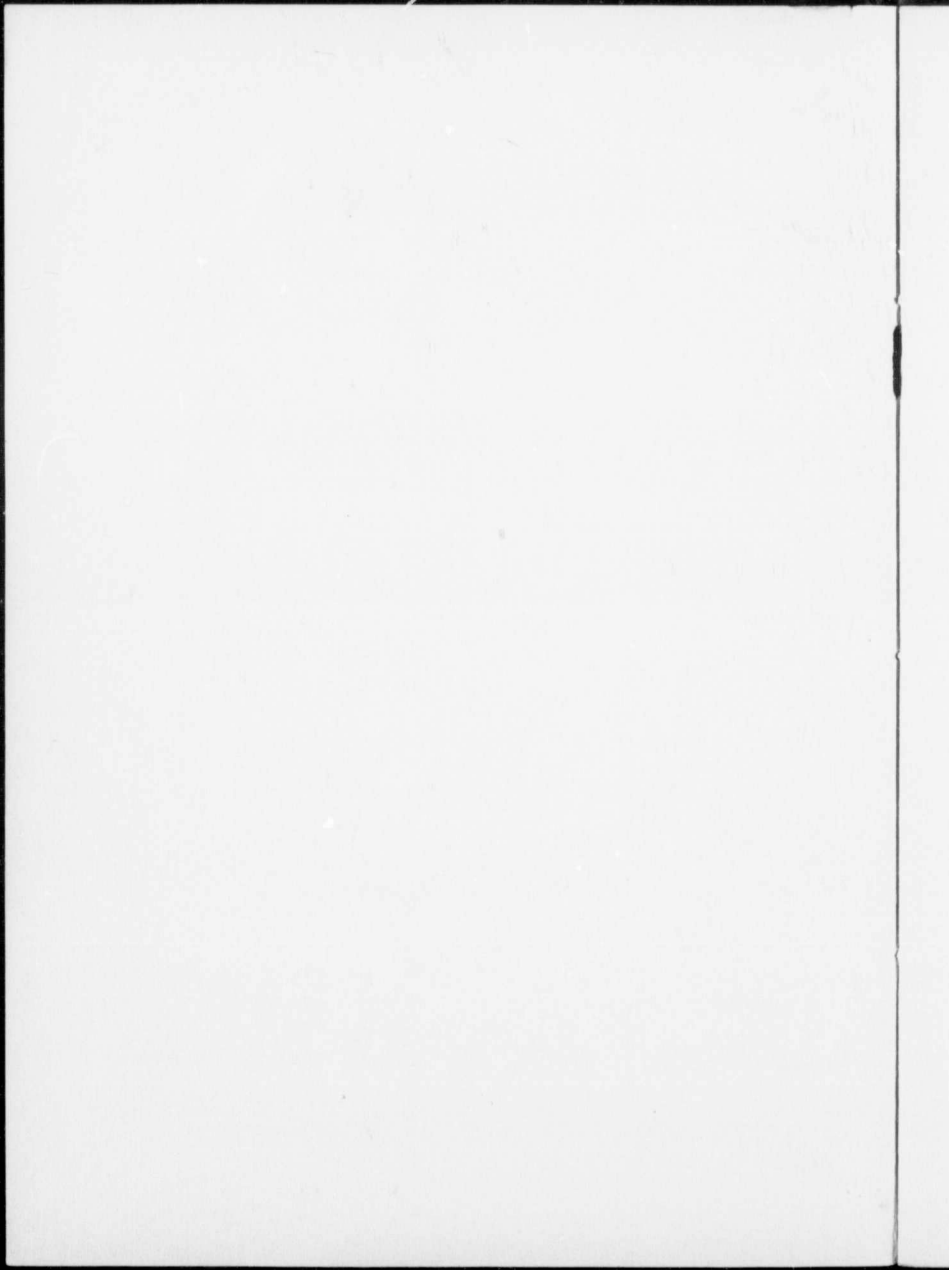
To

Dr. John MacDonnell

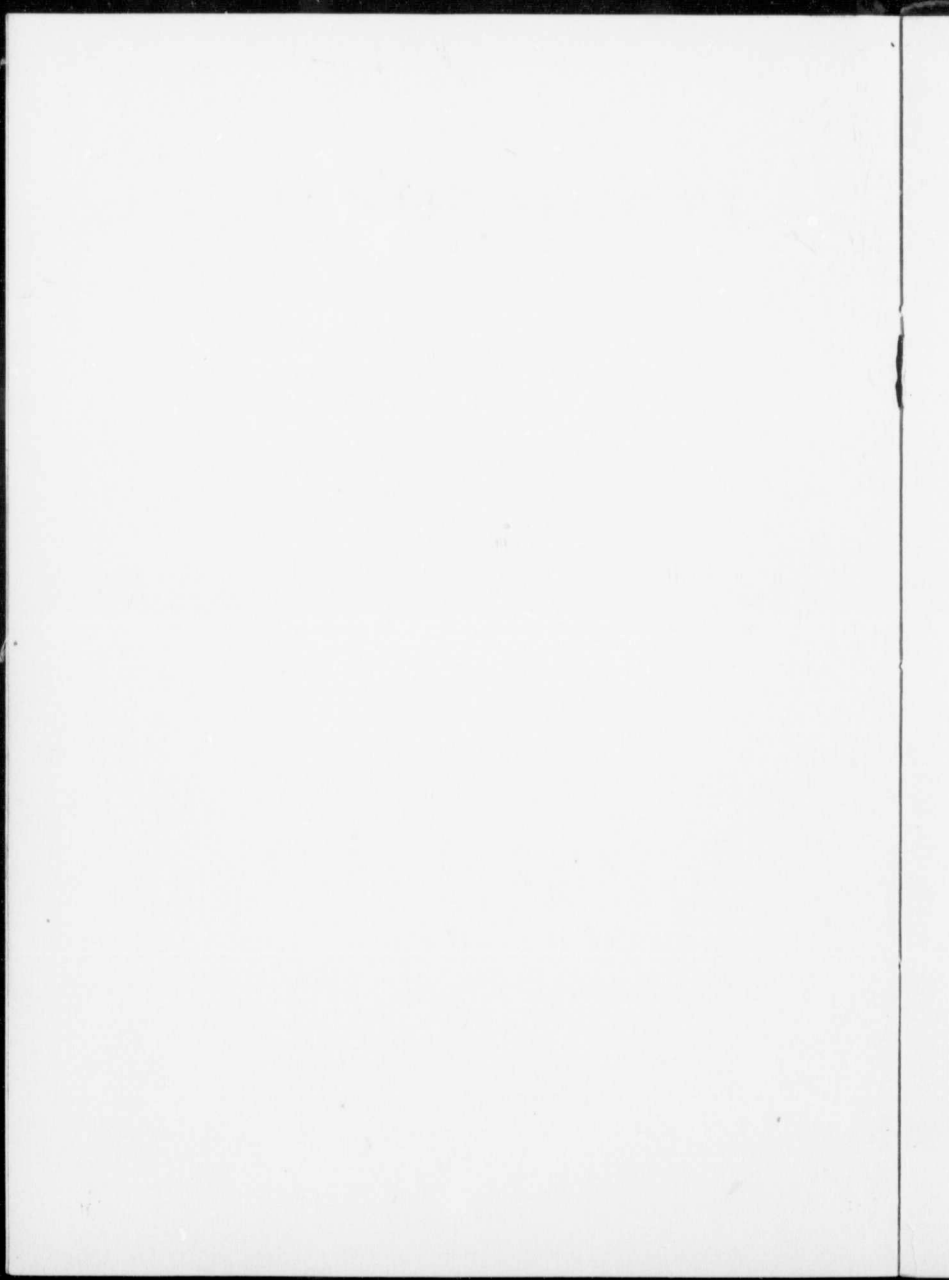
With all good wishes from

W. H. Mackenzie

Toronto, Dec. 23, 1923.



TO BLISS CARMAN



TO BLISS CARMAN

On the Anniversary of His Nativity
Born Anno Domini One Thousand Eight Hundred
and Sixty-One, the Fifteenth Day of April

*A little Anthology by Four Admirers
who dwell in the Canadian Homeland*

*Ἦρος ἄγγελος ἡμερόφωνος.—
Sappho.

*Ἄγγελε Κλυτὰ ἔαρος ἀδυνόδμου.—
Simonides.

The Sweetest Lyrist of All America.—
Stranger.

PRIVATELY PRINTED : TORONTO, CANADA,
APRIL XV, MCMXIII :: :: :: ::

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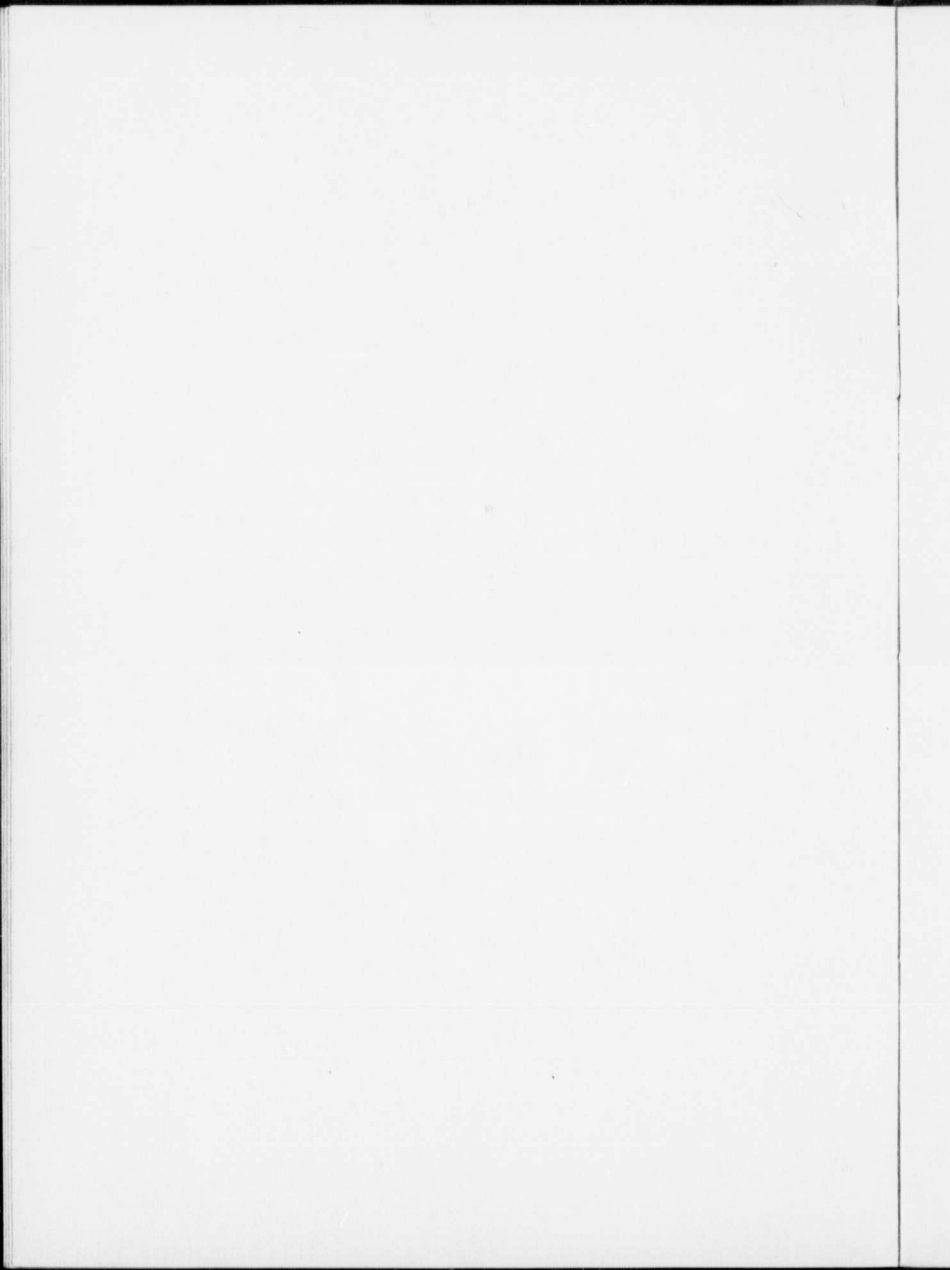
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1913

A T R I B U T E

BY R. H. HATHAWAY



A T R I B U T E
T O B L I S S C A R M A N

WILL you permit one whose only claim upon your attention is the fact that he is a lover of your work to lay a slight tribute before you on this the anniversary of your birth? It is long years, Mr. Carman, since I first came under the spell of your poetry, but that early enchantment still holds me; nay, its hold has grown stronger and deeper with the years, until now I do not hesitate to say that, to me, yours is the clearest, truest and finest among the multitude of lyric voices of our time. Indeed, I am ready to go further and declare that I am convinced that—strange though it may seem that such a thing should be said of one born under “colonial” skies—the great

stream of English poetry finds itself continued and renewed in you. And why do I say this? Because I believe that, along with an unrivalled lyrical gift, you have a message for our time, and one that our time needs above all others.

“O, foolish ones, put by your care!
Where wants are many, joys are few;
And at the wilding springs of peace
God keeps an open house for you.”

There, and in a hundred other verses, is your message to a world which, absorbed in the pursuit of evanescent pleasure and things material, has forgotten, if it ever knew, where lie the real founts of joy.

May it be long, O April-born and April-hearted singer! before the summons comes for you, and you fare,

“The fleeting migrant of a day,
Heart-high, outbound for elsewhere”—

before you “pass upon the endless trail.”

The great world may seem not to heed your
singing or the word you bring, but you do
not sing altogether unheard. Some among
us hear your "rallying voice," and feel our
hearts stir within us as we pause to listen,
and we are striving, each in his own weak
way, to make others heed and become

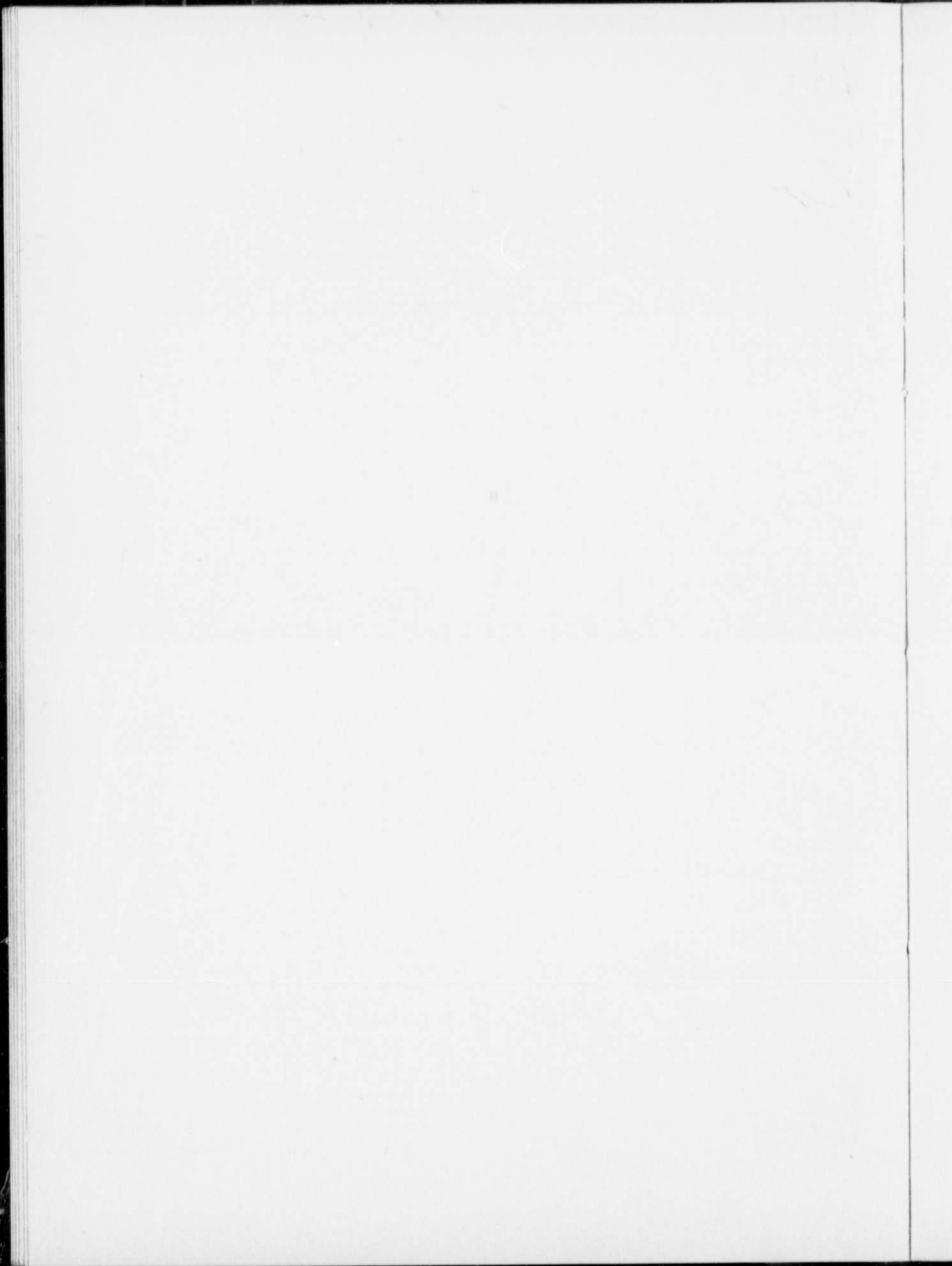
"Brethren of the light-heart guild,
The mystic fellowcraft of joy,
Who tarry for the news of truth."

For you, Mr. Carman, have made us feel
almost as none before you ever had done,
that

"The eternal slaves of beauty
Are the masters of the world."

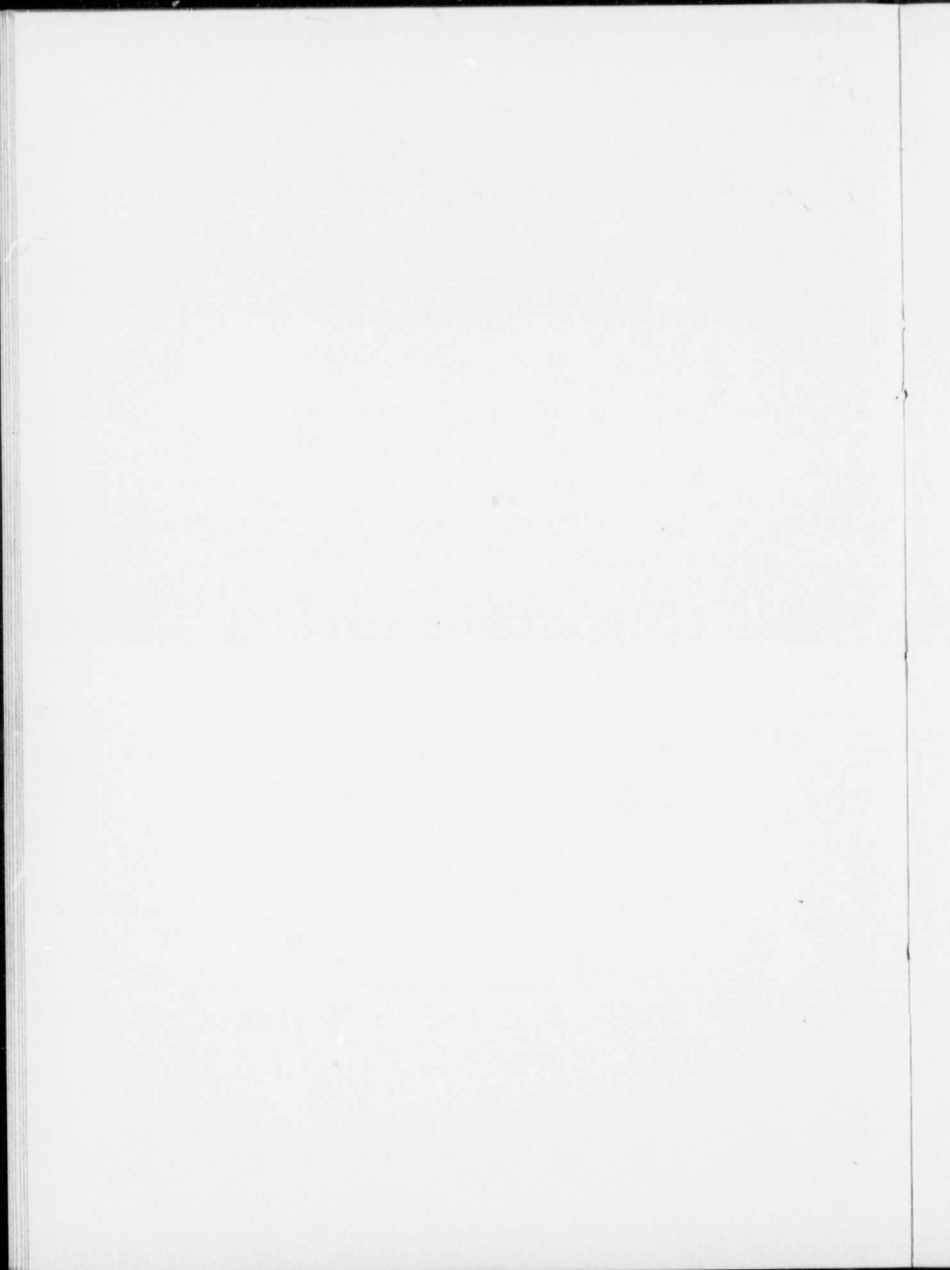
A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "M. M. Carman". The signature is written in a cursive style with a horizontal line underneath the name.

Toronto, April 15, 1913.



AN EPISTLE IN VERSE

BY J. D. LOGAN



AN EPISTLE IN VERSE

TO BLISS CARMAN
IN VAGABONDIA

DEAR BLISS:

THE lyric lust stirs in my heart

And I, in thrall, must sing

Of thee whom April chose apart

To revel forth with Spring,

With sonsie, sloe-eyed Spring.

For lo, it is the time of year
When thou, Earth-devotee,
First sweetly breathed the vernal cheer
That blows o'er Arcady,
Wood-scented Arcady.

Ah, fondly then Arbutus smiled—
Vouchsafed peculiar boon—
That she should have an April-child
For her Companion soon,
Her blithe Companion soon.

Then, too, the birds with minstrelsy
 Made all the wildwood ring
For joy that thou, with them, shouldst be
 Joint-Caroler of Spring,
 Sweet Caroler of Spring.

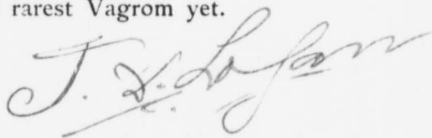
And I, thy happy homager,
 Now pore upon thy books
Where thou, untrammelled Wanderer,
 Recallest mossy nooks—
 Enshaded, balmy nooks—

In sylvan wolds sequestered far,
And cool, baptismal streams,
Where genial woodland-comrades are,
And men may muse in dreams,
Unsullied, care-void dreams.

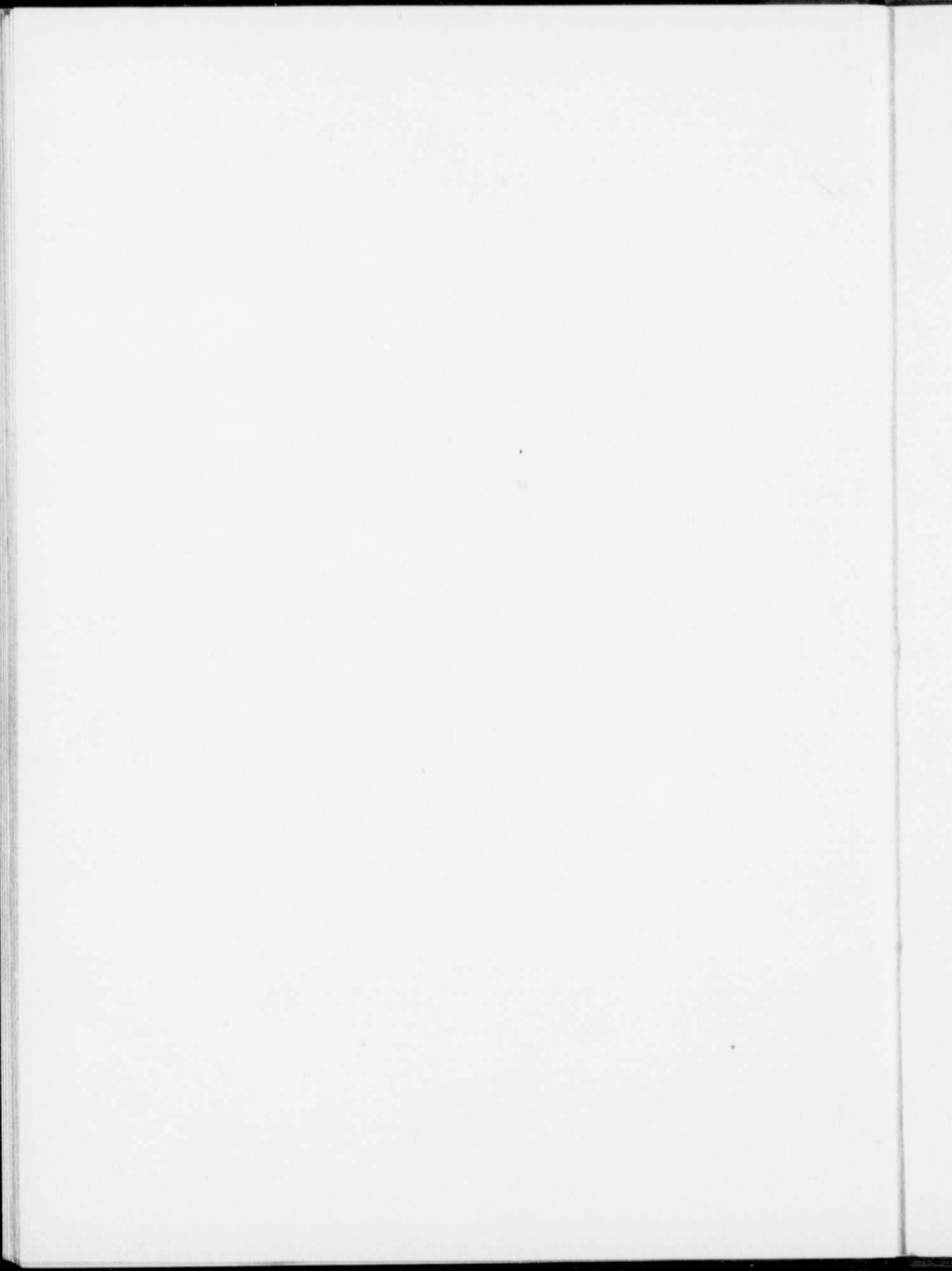
I loathe gray urban walls this day
Of thy nativity
When April calleth clear : "Away
To glamorous Arcady,
Enchanted Arcady.

"There shalt thou dwell securest King
Of Joy and Self-control:
Nor lot, nor tide, nor anything,
Shall come to vex thy soul,
To vex thy tranquil soul."

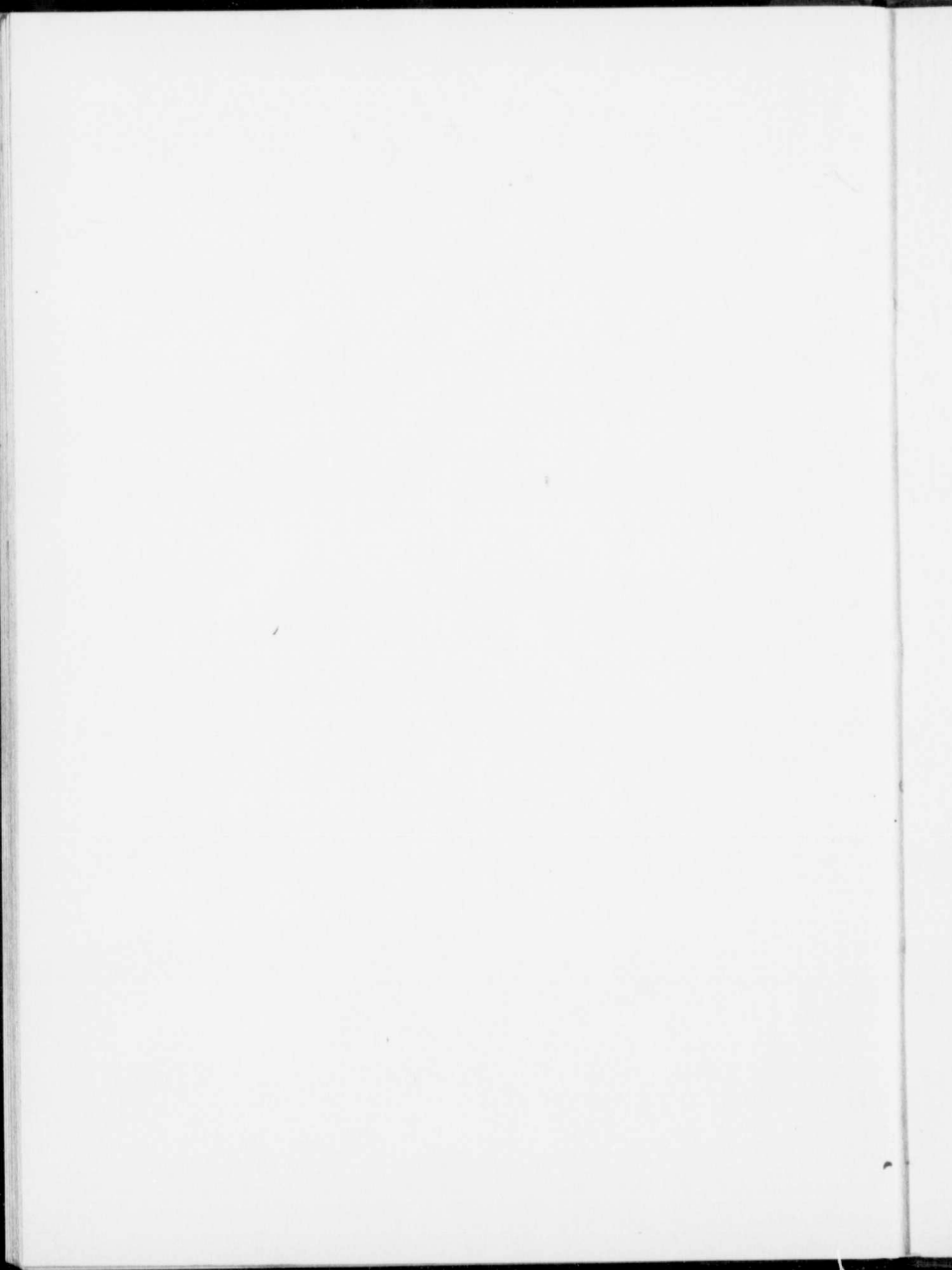
So let it be. The while I weave
This lyric coronet
For thee who art, Dear Bliss, believe,
Glad April's Vagrom yet,—
Earth's rarest Vagrom yet.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "J. S. Lafan". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the printed text of the poem.

Toronto, April 15, 1913.



A F O R E C A S T
BY NEWTON MACTAVISH



A F O R E C A S T BY NEWTON MACTAVISH

NO words of mine can increase or diminish the worth of Bliss Carman to Canada. But perhaps one might assume the *rôle* of prophet and say that long after the material things that now we prate about have passed away, long after our products of the soil and our tonnage on the great lakes have been recorded faithfully in forgotten tomes, the wealth of this poet's imagery, the measure of his rhythm, the supreme cadences of his song will shine and beat and resound in the hearts and minds of the people, and in

that shining and beating and resounding
will appear the full appreciation that we
lately begin to-day.

Nevertheless, I think that we have
begun properly to appreciate Bliss Car-
man's work, not in a national chorus as
yet, but in the single utterances here and
there of enthusiasts like Dr. Logan and
Mr. Hathaway. We know that the
delightful vagabondage of the soul that
wrote :

We looked on life and nature
With eager eyes of youth,
And all we asked or cared for
Was beauty, joy and truth,

has urged that soul to compass alien skies.

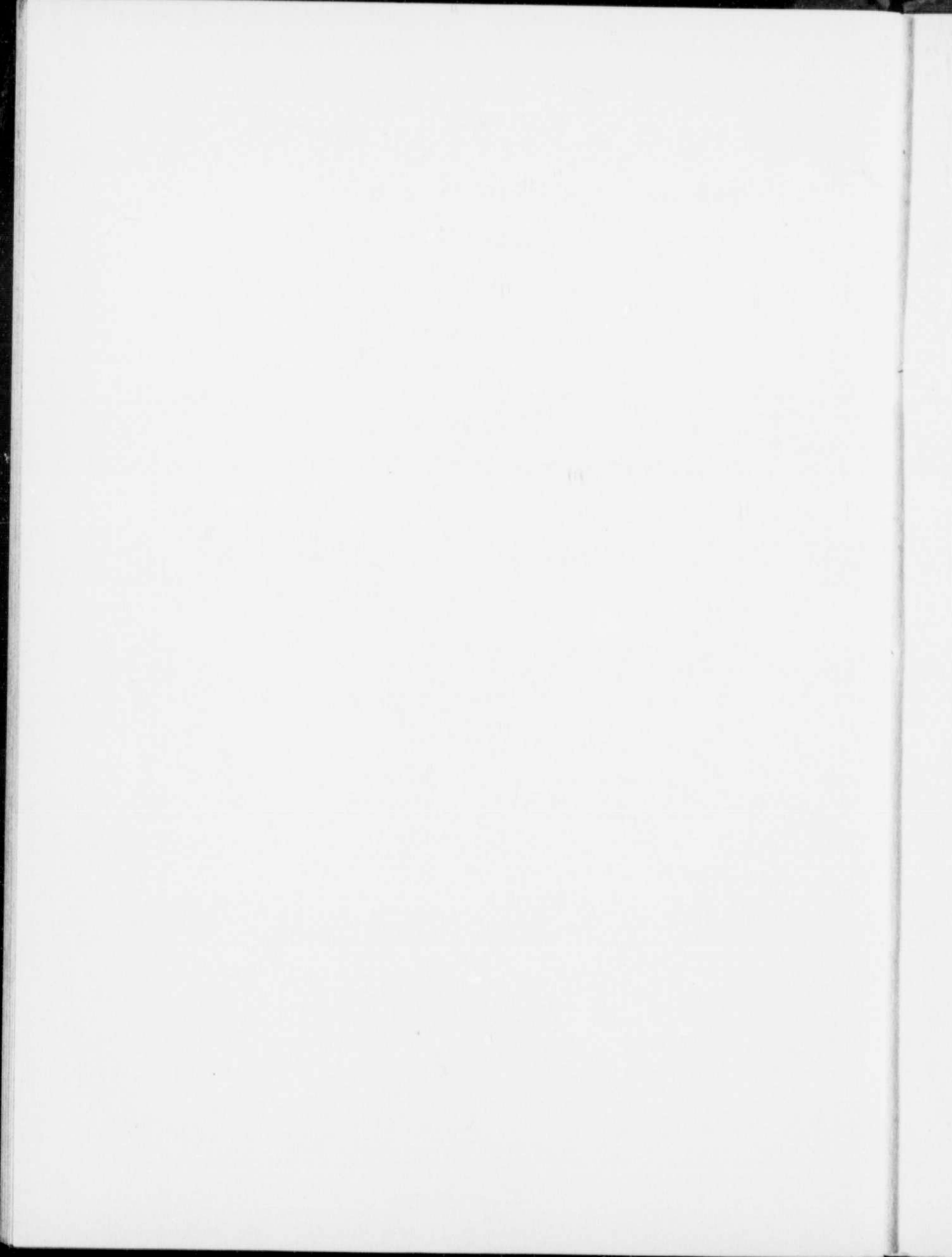
But what of that? Do we not know also
that there comes to the true vagabond, to
the true poet, to the true man, the longing
that says :

I cry for night-blue shadows
On plain and hill and dome,—
The spell of old enchantments,
The sorcery of home.

And we know that art is universal, that no
matter whether Bliss Carman sings of hills
in Connecticut or of tides at Grand Pré,
his spirit will come back to rest in the long
reaches where it first saw the light.

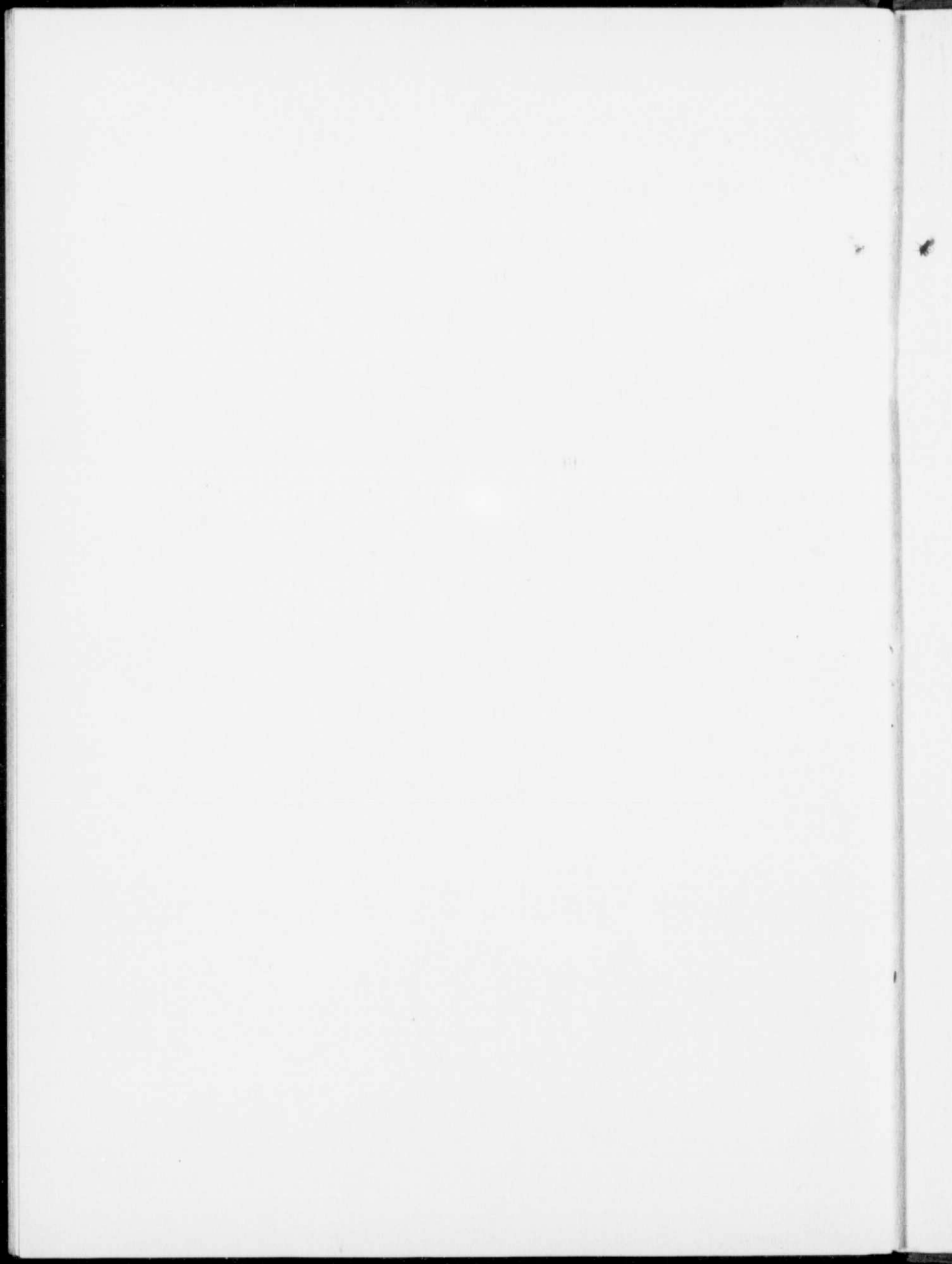
Toronto, April 15, 1913.

Robertson



THE PRINTER'S PART

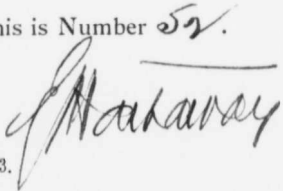
BY E. J. HATHAWAY



THE PRINTER'S PART

BY E. J. HATHAWAY

THIS *brochure* has been laid out, designed and printed in this way in the hope that its *format* and execution will find favor in the eyes of one whose own work has invariably been given to the world outwardly clothed in chaste, dignified and beautiful form. Only one hundred copies, each numbered and autographed by the contributors, have been printed, of which this is Number 52.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "E. J. Hathaway". The signature is written in a cursive style with a horizontal line above the name.

Toronto, April 15, 1913.