

Entre Nous.

A Scallop Shell.

A Scallop Shell of Quiet is the title which has been given to the twelfth volume of Mr. Blackwell's 'Adventures All' series (2s. net). It contains poems by four women, Enid Dinnis, Helen Douglas-Irvine, Gertrude Vaughan, and Ruth Young. And these four poets are introduced to us by Mrs. Margaret L. Woods, who says this about them. 'Some general resemblances emerge amid the individual differences of our four. The modern woman is sometimes supposed to be irreligious, but although but one of the writers is definitely devotional, a spirit of piety informs the volume, as well as a spirit of pity, and a response to the actual touch of life is common to three of them.' We shall quote one of Gertrude Vaughan's poems :

There are two things, yea three, that I would
write

If I should die to-night;

Two things, yea three, that it is my delight
His praise to sing, Lord of the earth and
sea,

Lord of all things that be;

Three things that alway, whither I am wending
So I am I, shall give me joy unending
Though I should die to-night.

First, that I loved life, and saw good days.

I walked in woodland ways;

Watched apple-blossoms ope with fresh amaze
Each Spring; I slept beneath the starry skies;
Saw the Lord Sun arise,

•And hearkened while great Mother Earth, in
turning

Left him, a molten globe, all glowing, burning:
(Ah, must I die to-night?)

Next, that my friends did give me great content,
Nor did much argument

Do aught but set more firmly roots that went
Too deep for summer storm or winter blast;

These bound us yet more fast.

Comrades! who by your unafraid believing
That good shall win made lovelier life's weaving,
'Twere hard to die to-night!

Now come I to the third, most splendid thing

Of these three I would sing:

That you, dear England, royally did fling,
Yourself, your very self into the breach;

Forbade the tyrant reach

His goal, while you, his gathering hordes defying,
Poured blood and treasure—Ah, that I, in dying,
May hold this fast to-night!

I would that this were all that I must write

If I should die to-night,

Nor darker record dim my pages' white,

Yet stay:

I will not sing of locust-eaten years

Or penitential tears.

Nay,

While the sweet faint trumpet-voice is clearer
growing:

'Arise, my soul, go forth, and in thy going

Prepare to greet the Day.'

This will I write, to-night.

Duncan Campbell Scott.

The well-known Canadian poet, Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott, has gathered together and published in one volume a number of his poems, under the title of *Lundy's Lane, and Other Poems* (Toronto: McClelland). They are Canadian, with the love of that great land very catching in its warmth of utterance. But they are more. Even the vastness of Canada is not enough to hold the heart of this true poet. He takes the world for his parish. He touches the human heart in many of its experiences, and he touches it always with surprise. For he has a gift of word and phrase that sets him apart.

The range of topic is wide. But always there is the spiritual atmosphere. The following poem is more openly and absorbingly religious than most:

TO THE HEROIC SOUL.

I.

Nurture thyself, O Soul, from the clear spring
That wells beneath the secret inner shrine;
Commune with its deep murmur,—'tis divine;
Be faithful to the ebb and flow that bring

The outer tide of Spirit to trouble and swing
 The inlet of thy being. Learn to know
 These powers, and life with all its venom and
 show
 Shall have no force to dazzle thee or sting :

And when Grief comes thou shalt have suffered
 more
 Than all the deepest woes of all the world ;
 Joy, dancing in, shall find thee nourished with
 mirth ;
 Wisdom shall find her Master at thy door ;
 And Love shall find thee crowned with love
 empearled ;
 And Death shall touch thee not but a new birth.

II.

Be strong, O warring soul ! For very sooth
 Kings are but wraiths, republics fade like rain,
 Peoples are reaped and garnered as the grain,
 And that alone prevails which is the truth :
 Be strong when all the days of life bear ruth
 And fury, and are hot with toil and strain :
 Hold thy large faith and quell thy mighty pain :
 Dream the great dream that buoys thine age
 with youth.

Thou art an eagle mewed in a sea-stopped cave ;
 He, poised in darkness with victorious wings,
 Keeps night between the granite and the sea,
 Until the tide has drawn the warder-wave :
 Then from the portal where the ripple rings,
 He bursts into the boundless morning,—free !

Bruce Malaher.

Whatever else the war has done for Ireland
 it has given her the singing voice. Not that all
 the Irish poetry that is pouring forth is warlike.
 When the singing voice is given it sings also of
 home and rest and love and the cornfields. So
 sings Mr. Malaher in *The Wizard's Loom* (Stone-
 ham ; 3s. 6d. net), unaffectedly, religiously, as the
 following testify :

DEUS UBIQUE.

There is incense in the air
 And holy water in the dew,
 A shrine beyond the thicket there
 Under a spreading yew.

Countless candles brightly gleam
 On an altar strewn with flowers,
 Where the sparkling woodland stream
 Flows through liliated bowers.

I will tether now my steed
 To a bending willow near,
 And worship in this quiet mead,
 For God is surely here.

THE DOOR.

Dark, dark the portals that are grimly frowning
 In this dread hour which has o'ertaken me ;
 High towering crags the sombre lintel crowning,
 Obscure God's light, God's air, relentlessly ;
 About my feet vast depths abysmal lie,
 And now, behold !
 I stand alone, who am about to die.

Here, king and peasant, rich and poor, have
 passed
 To Death—Door of Eternity—
 And on its threshold now stand I, at last,
 All powerless to turn aside and flee ;
 But stay, I tremble and I faint no more !
 Because I see
 A Golden Glory shines beneath the Door.

John Collins Rose.

There are various ways of regarding Nature—
 the utilitarian, the scientific, the artistic, the reli-
 gious way. Mr. Rose finds all ways good except
 the merely utilitarian. In this poem he combines
 the scientific and the religious point of view :

SOLOMON'S SEAL.

One sturdy spandril, pea-green, arching, bears
 Seventeen ribbed leaves of graceful loveliness.
 Some shining as if varnished, some less bright,
 O'ershadowing 'neath their canopy, eleven rows
 Of fairy hanging lamps surpassing praise ;
 Farthest from earth hang two sets, each two lamps ;
 Then three of three lamps each ; then, where the
 strength
 Of Nature's plan is greatest, five sets each four
 lamps ;
 Then, nearest earth, one final set of three ;
 A tale of thirty-six, all told. All wax-like,
 cream,
 Suffused with greenest daintiness. Some, yet,
 are closed,

Others, full open to the air, display
 Their doubly triple lips, while, far within
 Their dainty, secret, sexual array
 In fulness of perfection charms the sight.
 Men say it is the Seal of Solomon; as for me
 I feel assured it is a Seal of God.

So doth this plant, at its appointed time,
 Bloom in full air; in sight of men on earth,
 And many of God's creatures small and great;
 Then, having worked its work of use and ornament,

The power, that bade it rise, bids it withdraw.
 And pensively it hangs awhile, at rest,
 Admiring springing strength of sister-flowers,
 Till by the cleansing wind, or gardener's hand,
 All sight of it above-ground disappears;
 But still the root retains its pristine force
 Thro' summer heat, cool rain, and winter snow,
 Perfecting in its secret cells the forms
 By which, in splendour, it shall re-appear.

So may we men, awhile upon this earth
 Work out our work; then by the Gardener's
 hand,
 Beneath the earth, regain our ancient germ;
 And at a time appointed re-appear,
 If here, or otherwise, the Gardener knows.

The title of the book is *Athenais, and Other Poems* (Sampson Low; 5s. net).

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Besides issuing her poems in one large volume, Mrs. Wilcox issues them in separate small volumes under particular titles. One such volume recently issued is called *Poems of Purpose* (Gay & Hancock; 1s. 3d. net). Let us quote for specimen one of the shortest of the poems:

LIMITLESS.

When the motive is right and the will is strong
 There are no limits to human power;
 For that great Force back of us moves along
 And takes us with it, in trial's hour.

And whatever the height you yearn to climb,
 Though it never was trod by the foot of man,
 And no matter how steep—I say you *can*,
 If you will be patient—and use your time.

Brian Brooke.

How often in this war has the fighter been a singer! Nay, every fighter in the British ranks is a singer: it is thus he fights and wins. But how often has the fighter been the maker of songs for the others to sing! Brian Brooke is one. Son of Captain H. V. Brooke of Fairley, Countesswells, Aberdeen, 'near his nursery window flowed the Gaudie, which "rins at the back of Benachie," and through his life ran the inspiration of the Scottish burn, of the wind across the heather, and the "Go back, go back!" of the grouse. But this was only background after all. At first, the boy lived to himself apart, in a world of fairies, gnomes, and spirits of the air, gathering every fragment of fairy lore, and being quite content to sit for hours together under a bush, retelling to himself and the birds the elfish chronicles. To him the fascinating person who lives in a daffodil bell was, at this time, as real as the birds and beasts whom he dearly loved. Frequently in the midst of torrents of rain the red-haired laddie would rush out to place a large leaf over some specially cherished family of nestlings, thus, no doubt, greatly interfering with the domestic arrangements of the mother bird. Once, when he was ill with scarlet fever, he insisted on watching with anguished eyes the dying spasms of a favourite goldfish. Suddenly his face lit up joyously as he exclaimed: "Mother, if that little goldfish dies just before I die, I will hide it away, and then I will take it up to heaven with me."

But first he went to the Colonies—British East Africa, Ceylon, Uganda, Jubaland—not finding any of them heaven. The Masai called him 'Korongo, the big man,' who could kill leopards with a spear. When war broke out he joined the British East African force. Later he fought in France, and fell at Mametz on July 1, 1916, the very first day of the great Somme battle.

Of his songs a volume has been made: *Poems by Brian Brooke* (Lane; 3s. 6d. net). This is one of the shortest and most characteristic:

A ROLLING STONE.

The wind in the thatch is screaming, the tempest
 scurries above,
 And I am sitting and dreaming of hearth-stone,
 marriage, and love.

I dream of a glance of gladness, the touch of a
small hand cool;
Then wake from my dreams of madness, the
thoughts of a childish fool.
For the Bible has stated clearly, men oughtn't
to live alone;
But what when the man is merely a rough and
a rolling stone?
You men in the towns who worry, with papers
and books by day,
Whose days are of noise and hurry, whose
nights are a dazzling play,
Your lives are a constant clamour, a ceaseless
struggle and push,
You know not the peaceful glamour that reigns
in the lonely Bush.
But you've got one thing which never is granted
to those who roam,
Your wife by your side for ever, in the peace
of an English home.
To live with your child beside you, the love of
an honest wife,
Are surely the things to guide you in happiness
through your life.
Surely it's worth the candle to struggle for those
you'll leave,
When your child on your knee you dandle and
know that that child will grieve?
But few in the world will sorrow, and none in
the earth need care,
If I go to my death to-morrow, provided I go
there square.
I have the sport and the pleasure of working
where work is fun,
Reward in a certain measure, when I know
that I worked and won;
Camping in tent or banda, wherever my work
may call,
Usoga, E. A., and Uganda, I've travelled and
worked in all;
But the things worth being alive for—one's
children about one's knee,
And a woman to work and strive for, can never
belong to me.

May Wedderburn Cannan.

'Poetry,' said the Dante scholar, A. J. Butler, 'is the embodiment in dignified language and metrical form of the nobler emotions—so expressed as to give delight to the hearer and arouse the corresponding emotions in him.' If that definition will stand this is poetry:

THE CALL.

I will go North again, for here I am forgetting
The lamps of moonlight swinging in the rowans
silver starred,
For it may be in the quiet of sunrise and sun-
setting
That I shall not remember that the road has
been so hard.

I will go North again, for I can hear no longer
In the hush of twilight stillness the voices of
the sea,
And it may be that the old loves over Time
shall prove the stronger,
And I shall find the lost friends that walked
the moors with me.

I will go North again, for here my heart is
breaking
For the sight of lifting seaweed golden brown
beside the blue,
And it may be from the garden at the cool sea
dawn's awaking
I shall find the heathered roadways that long
ago I knew.

I will go North again, for all the hills are
calling,
I can hear the waves low lapping as they meet
the kindly sands,
And I know above the moor road the soft
West rain is falling,
And I would set my face to it and feel it on
my hands.

I will go North again, I will lie upon the
heather,
I will take the old path shorewards where the
whin is all afire,
And it may be when my comrades and I have
met together
We shall find the old-time glories that our tired
hearts desire.

Yes, Miss Cannan is a poet. There are other poems in the volume, *In War Time* (Blackwell; 2s. 6d. net), which will meet Butler's definition quite as well.

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