

times, when I said not a clap from the whole house, that I had found a true intonation or an exact and speaking gesture; and then, messieurs, I have known what pleasure was, what it was to do a thing well, what it was to be an artist."

That has always seemed to me a pretty good philosophy for a writer, too, especially a Canadian; for the Canadian writer as a matter of necessity has to look abroad for most of his income and his fame. He may not have to go about the world singing nonsense for coppers. There may be times indeed when like Vauversin he will be applauded as an artist, and on the boards of Paris itself. But like Vauversin he should think nothing of that. What matters first and last is within himself, a passionate care for his craft. If he lacks that he has nothing. If he has that, nothing else matters, whether he sells his work at home or abroad, for coppers or a fortune, and no matter what diabolical whispers he may hear behind the leaves. I hope that some of you here will turn your ambitions to the pen and take up the task of refuting the late Mr. Shaw.

TO A UNIVERSITY

By JULIA GRACE WALES

One came a missioner from your grey towers
 That soar between green earth, blue heaven, to ply
 The teacher's task in one of those *high schools*
 (Fit words to hold the space and air of learning)
 Erected on the sightly hills of towns
 Above bright river reaches; with pointer moving
 Across the maps of the world, told the incredible
 Story of man's quest; opened the pages
 Of poetry and woke the inward ear.
 Crisp were our new books, lofty the windows.
 The morning light illumined the near page
 And whitened the far towers.

And still they rise

Between an autumn earth and darkening heaven,
 In fateful days a handhold of the spirit—
 Grey crags above the void, those granite towers.