Lucy Maud Montgomery: the person and the poet

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One of the happiest effects of the renewed interest in Canadian Literature has been the re-discovery of aspects of leading authors which had often been ignored by the literary world. The recent publication of some of Archibald Lampman's love poems is one example of how our appreciation of a standard author has been enlarged.[1] The human tendency to "take as read" or "take as understood" authors who have seldom been thoroughly read or understood is thus being combatted by a number of recent scholarly works.

Among Canadian authors few have been so persistently typecast as Lucy Maud Montgomery. Known world-wide for *Anne of Green Gables*, she is usually described as the author of one good children's classic and as a writer who continued to work the same vein with diminishing returns, although, as I write, considerable research is beginning on her work. The first installment of her journals is in press, and two major bibliographical projects on her are nearing completion.[2] Until the present time, however, Montgomery has been quite neglected, and her short stories and other writings have been very sparsely represented in anthologies. In the same way her poetry has been so totally eclipsed by her novels that until recently it was not considered necessary for any account of her career to give more than passing reference to the poems.

It is, therefore, very exciting to learn that L.M. Montgomery wrote poetry not only in large quantity, but generally of good quality. Her admirers will be especially pleased to learn that her verse possesses many of the qualities of her best prose writing, and demonstrates her characteristic interests in scenes of nature, human feelings, family conflicts, and the stages of life. In some ways her verse shows a wider range than her prose since it is less limited in subject matter and literary models. She herself wrote of her poetry: "I don't know whether I call verse my speciality or not. I know that I touch a far higher note in my verse than in prose. But I write much more prose than verse because there is a wider market for it, especially among the juvenile publications."[3] As time went on the demand for prose gradually squeezed out her time for verse, although she continued to prefer writing verse, and did so whenever she could snatch time or inspiration.

Coming to L.M. Montgomery's poetry for the first time, I was rather surprised by its relative simplicity of style and lack of ornate poetic diction. It resembles more the simpler lyrics of Longfellow than the heavier style of the

pre-Raphaelites and some of our Canadian "Confederation Poets." Although she does have a few favourite "poetical" words such as "adown" and "athwart" such affectations are usually limited, especially in her earlier poetry. Her tendency to see natural objects in human terms ("pathetic fallacy") is with her not simply a literary affectation, since it often is present in her private correspondence. In her poetry there is frequent use of what we might call "The Cloud" mode (after Shelley's poem) in which an inanimate object addresses the reader. We might remember that L.M. Montgomery and some of her favourite models were pantheistic — that is, they believed, or half-believed, that all things possessed souls and were part of the expression of the nature divine. Thus nature is definitely in the foreground of their work.

Readers of large quantities of Victorian verse are often distressed by the rather uninspired nature and repetitiveness of much of it. Only a few Canadian poets from the period are now read often, namely Bliss Carman, Pauline Johnson, and Robert Service. Part of the reason for this decline in interest is the routine nature of much "magazine verse" of the period. Poems on certain set topics — the sea, the seasons, boy's life, courage and endeavour, the family circle, etc. — were used as fillers by popular magazines which were bought chiefly by women, children, and casual readers. The long term effect of producing quantities of verse on a limited number of subjects was often a vague and general style which took refuge in "poetical" phrasing and literary platitudes. Poets such as Tennyson and Masefield who attempted to write verses every day showed a progressive decline in poetic verve and expressiveness. L.M. Montgomery is no exception to the rule that the demand for quantity rather than quality eventually showed itself in repetitiveness and undistinguished work. Since, however, she switched her energies to prose fairly early in her career the effects are not as blatant as might be expected.[4] Her genuine enjoyment of verse and the thrill of self-expression were only somewhat diminished by her marketing of poetry.

The freshness of much of L.M. Montgomery's verse is perhaps best explained by the remarkable correspondence between the markets she wrote for and her own loves and enthusiasms. The magazines wanted poems about fishing boats and storms at sea. She was born within walking distance of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and always loved sea and shore in all their moods. The magazines wanted poems about spring and meadows and woods. She loved the outdoors and spent most of her free time among the trees, brooks, and fields. Thus Miss Montgomery was not obliged to tear at her hair in order to meet the editors' requirements. Perhaps these did have an influence, however, in that there are very few detailed descriptions in her nature poems. She usually sketches a scene in outline and does not enumerate the names of flowers, plants, and trees, as does, for example, Lampman. In her letters, however, she often describes natural scenes in detail, proving that she was quite familiar with the names of things. It may be that she was inclined to think that poetry should lean toward

the general and universal.

L.M. Montgomery wrote of her childhood "I had *no* companionship except that of books and solitary rambles in wood and fields."[5] With respect to books her home did not provide many companions. There were few novels or magazines, and Lucy Maud learned early to revel in poetry. Longfellow, Tennyson, Whittier, Scott, Byron, Milton, and Burns were read and reread and became part of her world. She remained true to her first loves and, years later (February 1896), when she received her first cheque for her writing she used the money to buy the poems of Tennyson, Byron, Milton, Longfellow and Whittier. Her sincere appreciation for some often rather middling poets — Longfellow, Whittier, Scott, Ingelow, and Hemans — no doubt aided her contentment in following the same path herself.

She recollected having written her first verses when she was nine, and first submitting a poem to an editor at the age of twelve. In August 1890 (aged 15) Lucy Maud journeyed by train to Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, to live with her father and his second wife. She stayed there one year and her experiences in the new setting and her regular correspondence with friends at home seem to have given considerable impetus to her writing. That year also saw her first appearance in print — namely, a poem entitled "On Cape Le Force" printed in the Charlottetown *Daily Patroit,* November 26, 1890. Before the year was out she had several more pieces in print, which reinforced her interest in writing. The attempt to be reunited with her father, however, was at best a partial success, and she gladly returned to Cavendish in August 1891. The verses from this year show considerable technical ability and human interest, but also a certain bookishness and verbal infelicity which she was soon to leave behind.

Lucy Maud continued her writing back in P.E.I., although she also gave heed to preparing herself to teach in the local schools. In 1894 (aged 19) she first broke into the wider North American literary market with a poem in *The Ladies' World,* a popular American magazine for women. The two subscriptions she received as payment for this poem were the first tangible reward for her writing.

A year at Dalhousie College in Halifax (1895-6) was both an academic and literary success and marks a new era in her self-confidence and literary verve. We are told that "she always maintained that her contacts with Professor [Archibald] MacMechan inspired her, and enabled her to write with greater facility and effectiveness than before."[6] In one week of February 1896 work of hers was accepted by three different editors for publication and for all three pieces she was paid. Perhaps the proudest achievement was the acceptance of her poem "Fisher lassies" by the *Youth's Companion,* possibly the leading juvenile publication in America; the resulting cheque was for twelve dollars.

The work accepted that week showed considerable competence, and a growing talent for making the most of any theme or suggestion. Her verses on "Which has the most patience under ordinary cares and trials of life — man or woman?" are worth quoting in part for their new freedom in thought and

expression.

If a man's obliged to wait
For some one who's rather late,
No mortal ever got in such a stew,
And if something can't be found
That he's sure should be around,
The listening air sometimes grows fairly blue...

Some point to Job with pride
As an argument for their side!
Why, it was so rare a patient man to see,
That when one was really found,
His discoverers were bound
To preserve for him a place in history![7]

She returned to school-teaching in P.E.I. with a renewed determination to succeed in the literary world. She developed the habit of rising early each morning in order to get in some time for writing before facing her teaching duties. These years (1896-8) were productive of much good verse, and Miss Montgomery gradually added new names to the list of journals which were accepting her work. The death of her grandfather in March 1898 required her to return to Cavendish to help and care for her grandmother and her property. Lucy Maud remained situated at Cavendish with her grandmother until the latter's death in March 1911, except for one job as reporter-writer for the Halifax *Daily Echo* from October 1901 till June 1902. In Cavendish she continued to write poetry but began concentrating more on prose because of the larger market for it, and her need to supplement the limited family income.

Her work on the *Daily Echo,* I suspect, had a negative effect on the freshness and individuality of her poetry. In Halifax she taught herself to write verse amidst all the noises and distractions of a newspaper office. Her friend Ephraim Weber admired her ability to write a poem like "Sea gulls" in a printing office.[8] Yet we may wonder if her talent for producing something to order on any subject wasn't stretched too far under these circumstances. After 1901 her verse seems increasingly to rely on generalized memories and technical facility rather on direct and immediate feelings or impressions. At any rate as the first decade of this century proceeds we find more and more literary touches in her poems that we might wish away and fewer markedly individualized sentiments. By 1906 it is not uncommon to find her writing such garishly poetical posings as the following piece entitled "Twilight":

From vales of dawn hath Day pursued the Night
Who mocking fled, swift-sandalled, to the west,
Nor ever lingered in her wayward flight
With dusk-eyed glance to recompense his guest,
But over crocus hills and meadows gray

Sped fleetly on her way.

Now when the Day, shorn of his failing strength,
Hath fallen spent before the sunset bars,
The fair, wild Night, with pity touched at length,
Crowned with her chaplet of out-blossoming stars
Creeps back repentantly upon her way
To kiss the dying Day.

Another factor was at work which may be noted in the verses of many middling poets. They often begin by writing about what they know and their own experiences. Gradually those scenes, ideas, and incidents which are of real interest to the writer and have real literary possibilities are used up. At this point the writer tends to become increasingly repetitive and starts to compensate by verbal dexterity and literary ingenuity for the absence of fresh inspiration. It is at this point (about 1904) that L.M. Montgomery turned more and more to prose and, in fact, began to write what later became *Anne of Green Gables*.

Many of the poems which L.M. Montgomery wrote between 1891 and 1901 do reflect the life she lived in Cavendish and are the more interesting for that. As one of her strongest talents lay in evoking the past, she continued to use these memories in her poems and novels. A typical early poem is "The gable window" (published 1897) which begins:

It opened on a world of wonder,
When summer days were sweet and long:
A world of light, a world of splendour,
A world of song.

'Twas there I passed my hours of dreaming.
'Twas there I knelt at night to pray:
And, when the rose-lit dawn was streaming
Across the day,

I bent from it to catch the glory
Of all those radiant silver skies
A resurrection allegory
For human eyes!

The summer raindrops on it beating,
The swallows clinging 'neath the eaves,
The wayward shadows by it fleeting,
The whispering leaves...[9]

In such a poem Miss Montgomery was able to combine real experience with her love for dreaminess and evocation of the past. The descriptive passages

in these early poems often seem particularly graphic and homey, as in the poem "I wonder" (published 1896).

The sun is set, it is faintly light.
The pink in the west is chill and bright.
Voices are somewhere, the air is still,
A fox is barking on Crow Nest Hill.
Through the long dim lane, to the pasture bars,
John drives the cows 'neath the early stars.
He is looking up through the trees at the Hall.
"The grand old house is ablaze with light;
The heir gives his birthday ball tonight.
The captain's sons are home from town.
They have brought their dogs and horses down.
There's no lack of dinners and balls and wine,
For their city friends, white-handed and fine.
I saw the heir as he rode today,
Scented, and trim on his prancing bay.
Disease on his form and left its trace,
And a frown disfigured his thin, dark face.
I wonder if he would give his wealth.
For my brown-limbed strength and ruddy health.
I wonder," says John. "I wonder."[10]

Her early nature poetry also has an energy sometimes lacking in her later work, as in lines from "In haying time" (published 1897):

The fields at dawn are silver-white,
And wet with their baptismal dew;
They ripen in the long, rare noons,
Beneath a dome of cloudness blue.
And in the twilight's purple dusk,
How solemn, hushed, and dim they lie!
At night the mellow moon looks down
From silent, star-sown depths of sky.

Each passing hour of night and day
Some new and rare enchantment brings,
In flowers that bloom and winds that blow,
And joy of shy, blithe, living things
That hide within the meadows green,
Or murmur in the drowsy fields;
And all the golden air is sweet
With incense rose-red clover yields.[11]

The demand for her stories, serials, and novels took away most of her time for writing verse. On November 10, 1907, she wrote to Ephraim Weber: "Do you know I haven't written a single line of verse since July. I'm going to try to write a poem tomorrow."[12] Following the success of *Anne of Green Gables* (1908), L.M. Montgomery turned increasingly to writing novels, resolving to

give up all "hack work." She had little trouble now publishing her verses and in 1916 brought out a collection entitled *The watchman and other poems*. As this is the only book of her poems yet printed, it is a little unfortunate that it is somewhat unrepresentative since it omits many of her early poems, and includes most of her later more ambitious and "literary" pieces. No second edition was required and Miss Montgomery's reputation as a poet has declined steadily since that time.

It would be a mistake, however, to divide Miss Montgomery's poetical work into an early and satisfactory period and a later and unsatisfactory period. Inspiration comes and goes, and much of her earlier poetry is poor while some of her later poetry is quite good. She continued to write verse almost up to her death, and took great pleasure in it. One later poem which shows both inspiration and technical maturity is "Night" (published 1935):

A pale enchanted moon is sinking low
Behind the dunes that fringe the shadowy lea,
And there is haunted starlight on the flow
Of immemorial sea.

I am alone and need no more pretend
Laughter or smile to hide a hungry heart,
I walk with solitude as with a friend
Enfolded and apart.

We tread an eerie road across the moor
Where shadows weave upon their ghostly looms,
And winds sing an old lyric that might lure
Sad queens from ancient tombs.

I am a sister to the loveliness
Of cool, far hill and long-remembered shore,
Finding in it a sweet forgetfulness
Of all that hurt before.

The world of day, its bitterness and cark
No longer have the power to make me weep,
I welcome this communion of the dark
As toilers welcome sleep.[13]

For L.M. Montgomery writing poetry was more than a literary activity; it was almost a form of Holy Communion. To read poetry was to glimpse into the realm of ideal beauty. God spoke to man through Poetry and Nature. In this trinity God was the most remote and inscrutable member. Indeed because we only see God darkly through his creation and the writings of great men, all dogmas (said the Transcendentalists) are merely human products. The poet is then a kind of priest who interprets the universe to men, who unfortunately are not wise enough to acclaim their insights.

There was a distinct element of snobbery in this new religion, for in order to be a transcendentalist it was almost a requirement to be either a writer or an artist. Lucy Maud herself often wrote sarcastically about the homely Presbyterianism of her background, although she carefully maintained the forms of Christianity all her life. Indeed Jesus was merely transformed into a wise and poetical teacher — one of the many precursors of Emerson.

One unfortunate effect of transcendentalism in literary circles was a distinct division of everything into either beautiful, poetical, spiritual and intellectual, or ugly, commonplace, materialistic, and stupid. Most aspects of the world around us, including people and institutions, tended to fall into the latter group. Among people only a few "kindred spirits" transcended the usual prosaic and unideal modes of existence. The poet was foremost among those who aspired to a truer and more beautiful life and scorned the mundane realities of everyday living. Miss Montgomery approvingly quoted Emerson on ideal *versus* real life: "In the actual — this painful kingdom of time and chance — are Care, Canker and Sorrow: with thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity — the rose of joy; round it all the Muses sing."[14]

It is easy to see how such a philosophy could fall into a rather self-indulgent escapism, and this is sometimes the case in her poetry. It also provided the seeds for developing an aloof, critical, and even hostile attitude towards people in the mass. The distinction which Lucy Maud made between herself and others in her neighbourhood is hinted at when she writes of her neighbours' response to *Anne of Green Gables:* "If you have lived all your life in a little village where everybody is every whit as good and clever and successful as everybody else, and if you are foolish enough to do something which the others in the village cannot do, especially if that something brings you in a small modicum of fame and fortune, a certain class of people will take it as a personal insult to themselves, will belittle you and your accomplishment in every way and will go out of their way to make sure that you are informed of their opinions."[15] She often contrasts the beauty of nature with the drabness of the lives she sees around her. She rarely can detail any spark of spirituality or glimmer of romance or intellect in her neighbours or in their faith and thought. "As a rule," she writes, "I am very careful to be shallow and conventional where depth and originality are wasted. When I get very desperate I retreat into my realms of cloudland and hold delightful imaginary dialogues with the shadowy, congenial shapes I meet there."[16]

As with many Romantic writers and some of their modern descendants, she sometimes seems to put a higher premium on writing well than on living well. Energy which she could well have used in her everyday living, especially as she grew older, was applied towards her next poem, story, or novel. Her readers are the beneficiaries of this pursuit of good literary standards. She tried to put herself into her work and often succeeds better than one would expect. Although she confessed disbelief in the deity of Jesus, her poems on the incar-

nation and resurrection are by no means mere formal exercises, or without feeling. Her imaginative power often flashes forth in the unlikeliest places and gives a brief splendour to even the weakest parts of her work.

"No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one, and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other."[17] In spite of her yearning for an ideal, spiritual, and poetical life, L.M. Montgomery was closely tied to some very worldly realities by her need for affection, respect, and recognition. The early death of her mother and her father's subsequent departure for Saskatchewan undoubtedly created a void in her life, and a need for reassurance and praise from her family and close associates. Her maternal grandparents were not easy to please and tended to be gruff and undemonstrative towards their granddaughter. Lucy Maud's pursuit of excellence was perhaps partly motivated by a desire to convince both her family and herself of her own value. She went to great lengths to gain the small-town respectability which privately she scorned. Her services as church organist, Sunday-school teacher, and later minister's wife all went against the grain, yet she agreed to marry a minister, and quickly came to regret it. To her correspondent Ephraim Weber she never tires of enumerating the magazines which accept her work, and how much they pay. In her first letter to G.B. MacMillan she proudly tells how much she earns by writing, although she would have been shocked if one of her neighbours had asked her about it. The only way which she could justify her passion for writing to her family, to her community, and even to herself was by earning money from it, and she set out doggedly to accomplish this.

Poetry began for her as a natural, almost instinctive passion, given impetus by lack of free communication with close family members or suitable companions. Eventually it became a tool for an introduction into the wider world or into the marketplace. But it always retained a confessional element for her, and its importance as an avenue of self-expression remained, especially when the novel became her dominant public medium. This explains in part why her earlier poetry is somewhat fresher, before it had become more of a product for the market, and why she returned to poetry again as she grew older to express some of her deeper feelings.

We have already compared her work with the lyric parts of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poems, and the comparison is instructive. Like Longfellow she blends the on-going Romantic literary tradition with popular interests and contemporary enthusiasms in a way that was very attractive to large numbers of people. As with Longfellow there is also an element of the school-teacher — the desire to impart information or attitudes — in her writing. There is also a very personal element in both poets — a nostalgia sometimes combined with a sense of bereavement. Both Longfellow and Montgomery were much influenced by the death or illnesses of friends and family members as well as by the depressing aspects of national or world politics. A kind of wistful sadness often

possesses them for what might have been or for what could never be. Longfellow, of course, had a larger range of interest than Montgomery. A Longfellow poem, however, such as "The day is done" shows close resemblances to hers both in thought and style. It begins with a reference to the bitter-sweet restlessness that both writers sometimes felt:

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist:
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.[18]

Longfellow goes on to state a kind of "credo" for the middling poet. He argues that the "humbler poet" performs a function which the greater poets are unable to do--namely to provide soothing songs for the care-worn. Their power is attributed to the natural simplicity of the "humbler poet" who has this gift of singing "wonderful melodies":

Come read to me some poem
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour;
And tonight I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gush'd from his heart,
As showers from the cloud of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

When through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have the power to diet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.[19]

Longfellow and L.M. Montgomery both belonged to "Young America" when pioneering was still a contemporary phenomenon and urbanization could still be overlooked. Miss Montgomery's generation was perhaps the last to be dominated by rural or small-town writers. Archibald Lampman grew up in small towns such as Morpeth, Perrytown, Gore's Landing, and Cobourg. Charles G.D. Roberts spent his most impressionable years in Westcock, N.B., while Wilfred Campbell lived in Wiarton for some years. Wilson MacDonald was born in Cheapside, and Pauline Johnson grew up a few miles from Brantford. The chief centres of Canadian writing at the turn of the century were Fredericton and Ottawa.

The total lack of sympathy between these late Romantics and the modernist school results partly from this rural-urban split. Modernism in poetry derives almost entirely from the metropolitan centres — Paris, London, New York, and Chicago — and its chief practitioners have neither experience of nor interest in the world of nature. Such leaders as T.S. Eliot and Ezra Pound were in fact expatriates. Modernism naturally took as its chief theme the alienation of urban man, thus invoking its own nemesis. When modernism reached Canada it naturally gravitated to the largest centres — Montreal and Toronto — from where it carried on warfare against the tradition of nature poetry and popular verse.

The split between late Romanticism and Modernism was also one of feeling *versus* intellect. The Romantics loved poetry partly as a way of expressing their feelings, and as a mode of vicariously enjoying the feelings of others. L.M. Montgomery wrote to G.B. MacMillan regarding her admiration for Robert Burns: "What a magnificent creature he was: I've loved his poetry ever since I was a baby. A great many poets appeal only or almost only to the intellect. Burns appeals to the heart and in this I think is the secret of his power. He makes his verses *live* with the richness of his own nature. . . He gave voice to the song that sings itself in *all* human hearts. . ."[20] Burns represents a high point in the early Romantic movement, a level which later poets such as Montgomery often attempted to reach but with varying success. The continuing popularity of Romantic verse reinforces the Romantic claim to speak to and for large numbers of people. It may perhaps be said that people tend to be united by feelings and divided by philosophies.

L.M. Montgomery's own best poetry is usually an overflow of her feelings or an expression of her moods. In a good example of this is the poem which express her joy on the birth and infancy of her first son Chester. Further inspired by a visit of her dear cousin and friend, Fredericka Campbell, the two conspired to write humorous verses: "Fredericka and I have such fun in the mornings when I bathe and dress him in the kitchen while she is washing the breakfast dishes. We talk the most delicious nonsense to him, make all the funny impromptu rhymes we can about him, and act the fool generally, none daring to make us afraid. Here for example is this morning's classic on "The pirate

Wag'' — which is one of Frede's nicknames for him:

There was a pirate known as Wag
Whose Sunday name was Punch;
He sailed upon the raging main
And ate his aunts for lunch.

He liked them fricasseed and stewed;
But sometimes for a change,
He broiled them nice and tenderly
Upon his kitchen range.

But he preferred them piping hot
Served up in a tureen,
Fried in deep fat a golden brown
And decked with paisley green.

And when an aunt was saucier
Than usual Waggy said,
'I'll have you made into a hash
You gristly old Aunt Frede.

But when Aunt Stella was served up
Wag wouldn't touch a bite,
He said, 'If I et her I'd have
Most awful dreams tonight.'

When his supply of aunts ran out
Wag used to eat his fists,
And when he went to bed he put
His stockings on his wrist.[21]

It is difficult for us even to imagine the importance of poetry to L.M. Montgomery and many of her contemporaries, and its unquestioned role in their lives. She describes the visit of an old friend to their home — they had been school-mates forty or so years earlier — and wrote of their happy reunion: "Sometimes we quoted poetry. Nora would voice the first line of a couplet and I would finish it. Once in this alternate way we recited the whole of Wordsworth's 'Ode on the Intimations of immortality', lingering over the lines 'Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.'"[22] Poetry was at the centre of Montgomery's life and when we read her verses with this in mind it illuminates both her own experience and that of the era in which she lived.

NOTES

[1]*Lampman's Kate, Late love poems of Archibald Lampman, 1887-1897.* Ed. Margaret Coulby Whitridge. Ottawa: Borealis, 1975.

[2]The first installment of the journals covers the period from 1889 to 1911 (her Prince

Edward Island years) and it will be published by Oxford University Press this fall. The bibliographical projects, both funded by SSHRC, comprise a comprehensive survey of Montgomery's works. In one, Rea Wilmshurst, a private researcher in Toronto, has identified over 500 published poems and the same number of published stories by Montgomery; in the other, Ruth Russell has compiled a comprehensive bibliography of Montgomery's other works (including foreign translations and other media adaptations), as well as a bibliography of other writings about her.

[3]L.M. Montgomery to G.B. MacMillan, December 29, 1903. From *My dear Mr. M: letters to G.B. MacMillan.* Ed. Francis W. P. Bolger and Elizabeth R. Epperly. Toronto: McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 1980, pp. 1-3. (These letters were discovered by Mollie Gillen when she did the research for her biography of L. M. Montgomery, and the complete series is available in the National Archives of Canada.)

[4]A good, brief, readable account of L.M. Montgomery's career is her own series of articles published in *Everywoman's Magazine* (Toronto) between June and November of 1917. This was reprinted as *The Alpine Path: the story of my career,* Toronto: Fitzhenry and Whiteside, 1974.

[5]L.M. Montgomery to G.B. MacMillan, December 3, 1905. *Ibid,* p. 15.

[6]Francis W.P. Bolger, *The years before "Anne",* The Prince Edward Island Heritage Foundation, 1974, p. 146. Archibald MacMechan was Professor of English Language and Literature at Dalhousie, and also known for his poems and essays.

[7]Quoted by Bolger, *The years before "Anne,"* p. 159.

[8]Ephraim Weber and Lucy Maud Montgomery, *The Green Gables letters,* ed. Wilfred Eggleston, Toronto, 1960, p. 17.

[9]These verses are quoted from photo-copies of the original magazine versions which L.M. Montgomery clipped and saved in her scrapbooks. They were supplied to the author through the kindness of Miss Rea Wilmshurst of Toronto. The original poems are in scrapbooks held in the Confederation Centre in P.E.I.

[10]*Ibid.*

[11]*Ibid.*

[12]L.M. Montgomery to Ephraim Weber, *The Green Gables letters,* p. 59.

[13]L.M. Montgomery's scrapbook.

[14]L.M. Montgomery to G.B. MacMillan, *ibid.,* p. 16.

[15]L.M. Montgomery to Ephraim Weber, *The Green Gables letters,* pp. 78-9.

[16]L.M. Montgomery to G.B. MacMillan, *ibid.,* p. 17.

[17]Matthew's Gospel 7:24.

[18]Longfellow

[19]Longfellow

[20]L.M. Montgomery to G.B. MacMillan, *ibid.,* p. 12.

[21]From L.M. Montgomery's journal, Oct. 7, 1912. Kindly supplied by Dr. Mary Rubio. The journals are in the L.M. Montgomery Collection at the University of Guelph.

[22]L.M. Montgomery to G.B. MacMillan, *ibid.,* p. 165.

Kevin McCabe, *a PhD candidate in Classics at McMaster University, was the recent recipient of the prestigious J. H. Stewart Reid Fellowship which is awarded by ACUTE. Mr. McCabe has an interest in L. M. Montgomery and is assisting Prof. John Ferns of the English Department at McMaster prepare a selection of L. M. Montgomery's poetry for publication.*