

## A Wreath of Canadian Song

Up to the hills, where the winds restore us,  
Closing our eyes to the beauty before us,  
Earth with the glory of life on her breast,  
Earth with the gleam of her cities and streams.

"Here we shall commune with her and no other;  
Care and the battle of life shall cease;  
Men, her degenerate children, behind us,  
Only the might of her beauty shall bind us,  
Full of rest as we gaze on the face of our mother,  
Earth in the health and the strength of her peace."

Every blade of grass, every tree and shrub and living thing was a new joy to him and his all-embracing regard assigned to each a place and purpose in God's wonderful Creation. The frogs, piping in the marshes, were the messengers of Nature, commissioned to teach her secrets:

"Often to me, who heard you in your day,  
With close rapt ears, it could not choose but seem  
That earth, our mother, searching in what way  
Men's hearts might know her spirit's inmost dream;  
Ever at rest beneath life's change and stir,  
Made you her soul, and bade you pipe for her."

But it is, perhaps, in the department of didactic and reflective poetry that Archibald Lampman is at his very best. His "Largest Life," of which we give the two concluding stanzas, is one of the most beautiful poems in our literature:

"Nay, never once to feel we are alone,  
While the great human heart around us lies;  
To make the smile on other lips our own,  
To live upon the light in others' eyes: