

To know thee more my spirit longs,  
O melody of leaves astir;  
O forest, let me sing thy songs,  
O, make me thy interpreter.

This verse shows that Mr. Malloch is possessed by the spirit of wonder, which is the first essential of poetry, and that he has the teachableness which Nature demands of those who would voice her many moods. It shows also that he has that nameless skill which makes words not merely the means of expressing thought, but the means of giving that undertone of sound which makes the lines not merely a melody, but a harmony. The poem from which this verse is taken is the first in the book, and is entitled, "The Melody of Leaves Astir." Our own Lampman need not have been ashamed of that title, or of the three verses which follow it. And, though the songs of this singer range from the vision-weaving of this first poem to the rough burlesque of lumber-camp humor, or the awful tragedy of accident in the woods or on the drive, there seems always the tone of the dreamer who tries to "dream true." Here, for instance, is his portrait of "The Lumberjack." Our readers, we believe, will say that it is a true likeness, and that it reveals something of the inner nature of those unconscious heroes of the solitudes:—

#### THE LUMBERJACK.

An untamed creature of the forest wilds,  
He lives to that wild place a soul akin—  
A man whose days are often steeped in sin,  
And yet whose heart is tender as a child's.

His strength is like the strength of mighty pines,  
His outward form a bark of many scars;  
His head he carries proudly in the stars,  
The while his feet are meshed in tangled vines.

Calamities throw vise-like tendrils out  
To seize him in their hindering embrace;  
The thorns of wrong whip sharply in his face,  
And poisoned things encompass him about.

He braves disease, the storm, the falling tree,  
The near, quick water that would hold and drown;  
But all earth's terrors cannot bear him down,  
Or make this man of dangers bend the knee.

He breathes the air the sturdy maple breathes,  
He walks the soil the selfsame maple feeds;  
To forest sources looks he for his needs—  
Oh, where are trees and men like unto these?

The reader who is familiar with the work of the Canadian poets cannot read this book without being struck, at almost every page, with the resemblance which the work bears to that of "The Khan." It may be a mere accident of originality, or it