

‘AMONG THE MILLET.’

“Hail Lampman ! prone to pensive mood,
In love with nature's virginhood,
Among the Millet and the daisies.”

CLIO.



WE Canadians appear to have an insatiable hankering after what is foreign. The epithets, *foreign*, *European*, and sometimes even *American* fascinate us to such a degree that we eagerly grasp at what is proffered to us preceded by any of them. This longing is not confined simply to fashions or politics, but has unfortunately found its way into literature. The literary atmosphere of the country is so thoroughly permeated with the poison of this hydra that many worthy men have passed and some are yet passing away almost unnoticed; men who have sung and who still continue to sing in language unexcelled, the superb beauties of our fair country. It is truly a disgrace, to say the least, that, in our eager race after alien authors, we forget native literators. How can the majority of Canadians be so unpatriotic, so blind to the future glory of their country, as to allow an O'Brien, a Foran, a Lampman, a Duvar, a Carmen or any other of our literary-lights, to pass by "unhonored and unsung?" This negligence, this culpable ignorance may perhaps be accounted for by the Divine saying, "A Prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

To learn the high degree of excellence attained by our poets, the unbiased thinker has but to compare their works with those of foreigners, American or European, as he chooses. For the present we shall content ourselves with "*Among the Millet*," a collection of his poems which Mr. Archibald Lampman most appropriately designates by this very euphonious title.

Mr. Lampman was born on the seventeenth of November, 1861, in Morpeth,

Kent County, Ontario, of an Irish-German family of United Empire Loyalists who emigrated to Canada in 1783; hence he is a staunch Canadian by birth and sentiment. His early education having been well attended to, he graduated with honors from Trinity College, Toronto, at the youthful age of twenty-one. Having removed to Ottawa he, in the following year, 1883, was appointed to the Civil Service, in the Post Office Department, where we find him at the present day. He is of slight stature and apparently delicate; but so little of "youthful grace" does time "pilfer" from him that one can scarcely believe that he has lived to enjoy the beauties of thirty-four summers. He is a polished conversationist and, as may readily be inferred from his writings, possesses a pleasing and graceful flow of words.

In 1888, the twenty-seventh year of his age, his poems appeared in book-form, most affectionately dedicated to his wife. The very title of the book, "*Among the Millet*," while proving him to be an admirer of the beautiful in nature, at the same time evidences his poetic genius. These three words contain a volume in themselves. Agreeable to the ear by their harmony, they fill the imagination with an abundance of pleasing thoughts. Recalling some beautiful scenery, they lead one once more, light-hearted and gay, over hill and dell, through meadows of the brightest green; the senses all the while resting upon the surrounding beauties; the soft zephyrs gently fanning the heated brow; the sweet song of the birds falling upon the ear in pleasing strains and dilating the heart with an indescribable joy; or they find you comfortably reclining on a swath of new-mown hay, enjoying the perfume of the sweet-