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## Trinity University Review.

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## Editorial Topics.

### THE ISSUE.

We must apologize for the late appearance of the April issue, but the term did not commence till well on to the end of April and as a result there have been very few college happenings to record.

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### JUNE CONVOCATION.

As the midsummer "exams." draw near they bring with them the longing, the now almost old longing, for the June convocation. To be sure there are now very few men in college who ever had the good fortune to participate in the June convocations, but to a man they would gladly revert to the old order of things. Not only, though, is this the feelings of the under-graduates; we have heard Dons and even members of corporation express their desire for the June convocation. Of course we fully appreciate the position of the governing body in regard to the expense and trouble of the extra convocation in the fall. At the same time we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the men who come up here to take their degrees are put to a great deal of expense and trouble. We are not complaining, but only asking the "powers that be" to see if it would not be possible "to give us back our June convocation."

### ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.—II.

In the February number of THE REVIEW, Lampman's work was illustrated almost altogether from his first published volume, "Among the Millet." It is now proposed to take some notice of his later volume entitled "Lyrics of Earth." Here we find the same sincere love of nature; and the same delighted contemplation of each object in the landscape that has caught the poet's fancy. Here, too, we find the same charm of lyrical grace, and poetic sensibility. The compass of Lampman's work is not wide. It is too narrow to allow him to be called a great poet. But the great poets are few and far between. But where to find any poet who more sincerely loves nature we do not know. It may be that Lampman's absolute devotion to one mistress will prevent his ever being a popular poet. But the music of his verse and the beauty of his pictures are sure to win him many friends and to save his work from oblivion. Read any anthology and

then ask what it is that preserves poetry from being forgotten, and in most cases that which is simple in thought, sincere in feeling, and expressed in musical lines seems to be predestined to live. In Lampman's work these qualities are always present, and in a very high degree. He has his eye on the object. He loves it with sincerity. He thinks it simply. He portrays it musically. *Simple, sensuous and impassioned* is his feeling for nature.

Lampman's love of nature is far stronger and more beautifully expressed than, for example, Alfred Austin's, much as the English poet laureate loves an English spring. The lover-like assiduity of the Canadian poet leads him to watch nature in her varying moods. The changing seasons are dealt with in turn. Even the snow comes in for its song of praise:—

March is slain, the keen winds fly;  
Nothing more is thine to do;  
April kisses thee good-bye;  
Thou must haste and follow too;  
Silent friend that guarded well  
Withered things to make us glad,  
Shyest friend that could not tell  
Half the kindly thought he had!  
Haste thee, speed thee, O kind snow;  
Down the dripping valleys go,  
From the fields and gleaming meadows,  
Where the slaying hours behold thee,  
From the forest whose slim shadows,  
Brown and leafless, cannot fold thee,  
Through the cedar lands aflame  
With gold light that cleaves and quivers,  
Songs that winter may not tame,  
Drone of pines and laugh of rivers,  
May thy passing joyous be  
To thy father, the great sea,  
For the sun is getting stronger;  
Earth hath need of thee no longer;  
Go, kind snow, God-speed to thee!

It is impossible to miss the delicacy of perception and the lingering affection of the poet as he watches the signs of winter depart. The very next poem is "April in the Hills" in the last stanza of which the poet's voice rises into—

I feel the tumult of new birth;  
I waken with the wakening earth;  
I match the bluebird in her mirth;  
And wild with wind and sun,  
A treasurer of immortal days,  
I roam the glorious world with praise,  
The hillsides and the woodland ways,  
Till earth and I are one.

We have not to turn many pages before we find a poem entitled June, which opens with a reference to April and May:—

Long, long ago, it seems this summer morn  
That pale-browed April passed with pensive tread  
Through the frore woods, and from its frost-bound bed,  
Woke the arbutus with her silver horn;  
And now May, too, is fled.  
The flower-crowned month, the merry laughing May,  
With rosy feet and fingers dewy wet,  
Leaving the woods and all cool gardens gay  
With tulips and the scented violet.

Then when the summer has reached her golden close the poet turns to welcome September:—

The kingbird and the pensive thrush are fled,  
Children of light, too fearful of the gloom;  
The sun falls low, the secret word is said,  
The mouldering woods grow silent as the tomb: