

And rapt observant with sagacious art
 Tells how the *waggoner* walks by his *cart*
 Yet pause a moment and the *cart* (how sad)
 Becomes a wagon, Lampman you are mad.
 Yet claims he some blest power had brought him here
 Because his thoughts have grown so "keen and clear,"
 More blest his brooding soft midsummer seems
 For there he sinks forgetful into dreams—
 Official cares and the conflicting deeps
 Have no effect upon the bard who sleeps.

'Tis in his April that he rules a king
 And pours "Libation" to awakening spring,
 'Tis then he hears—for him—the flute like frog
 Trill "sweet voiced" tremulous up from the bog,
 Poor innocents sans heed of pain or ill
 They watch the hours pass and trill and trill.

Yet truth comes sometimes from the suckling's head
 He saw his "soul was for the most part dead,"
 Ingenious youth that truth has long been known
 Nor new that secret which thou thoughtst thine own.
 Yet Lampman shall outgrow his present rhyme,
 And soar to stellar heights, alone sublime,
 For even his frogs display a mind that brings
 Deep contemplation, even to meanest things,
 While the soft cadence of his verse can show
 A depth these poetasters ne'er can know.

Lone daughter of the tribes* to thee was given
 A ray divine, by the all pitying heaven;
 Fond Nature could not see her children fade
 Unmourned, unsung, to drear oblivion's shade,
 And thou wert gifted with a task sublime
 To make the redman's last appeal to time;
 Haply thy muse touched by thy people's doom
 Will pause beside Thayandanega's tomb,
 Or view the bronze memorial that wears
 A native touch of the departed years.
 Sad is thy lot thou spirit formed for tears
 To view the march of the advancing years;
 Before whose tread like foam upon the brine
 Are swept the drifting wrecks of thee and thine;
 Oh strange this scene, the pale-faced sons of toil
 Have swept away the monarchs of the soil,
 And to possession like stern masters come
 And make the redmen aliens at home;

* Pauline Johnson, who occupies poetically the most unique position in history.