

have for the author the tenderest associations; for the reader there will be suggestion only in individual phrases—in the universal elements of the scene attempted.

"The Summer Pool" may be compared with Tennyson's lines in "The Miller's Daughter:"

I loved the brimming wave that swam
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,
The sleepy pool above the dam,
The pool beneath it never still.

"Ave; An Ode for the Centenary of Shelley's Birth," is an ambitious poem of some length. It opens with a long and painful description, in the poet's best style, of Tantramar, a locality, in the neighbourhood of the Bay of Fundy, where Mr. Roberts seems to have spent his youth. The marshes of Tantramar are like Shelley's "compassionate breast," wherein dwelt "dreams of love and peace, and the ebb and flow of tides from the salt sea of human pain hissed along the perilous coasts of life and beat upon his brain." Thence he pursues the storm-strained Shelley through many stanzas of turgid declamation, replete with the same unnatural metaphor. But the poem lacks interest. It does not strike home. There is not a phrase which the reader carries away to ponder, as the Scotchman ponders his humour. The poem attempts Shelley's style, and fails because Shelley's style died with him.

Mr. Roberts also draws inspiration from Wordsworth. How well he has caught Wordsworth's tone may be judged by reading together "Tantramar Revisited," and Wordsworth's "Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey." In the latter the scenery is general, and always subordinated to the affecting moral theme which prevails in every line. "Tantramar" opens and closes with reflections of no mean interest, but the intermediate lines run on at great length in an utterly ineffective twaddle of description. He would have learned

the true scope of art had he pondered these lines of Wordsworth:

For I have learn'd
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence which disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts.

The music of colour and scene, or of empty, jingling words, may please some ears, but the music of humanity is the only music which the world will hear from poets.

What has been said of Roberts is also true, in the main, of Lampman. He writes of April, An October Sunset, The Frogs, Heat, Winter, and the like. Though his descriptions are fatal to his merit as a poet, he does not indulge in so much detail as Roberts. He has a habit of broadly suggesting scenes which is very effective, and of going on to treat them in a way that is very tiresome. He does not know when to stop. One of his most interesting poems is entitled "Freedom." The first three stanzas bring us from the unnatural and unbeautiful life of the city into the joy and peace of the country:

Into the arms of our mother we come,
Our broad, strong mother, the innocent earth,
Mother of all things beautiful, blameless,
Mother of hopes that her strength makes
blameless,
Where the voices of grief and of battle are
dumb,
And the whole world laughs with the light of
her mirth.

Here he might have stopped, and he would have produced a poem of much beauty, but yielding to the vicious habit of description, he goes on for seven or eight stanzas to describe the scenery of the country in detail after the moral proposition, the human interest, has been announced. Though his description is detailed, his scenes are larger than those of Roberts, and he is, therefore, enabled to put more suggestion in each line. His diction is more simple, and his metaphors are