

heart. This is not the place to dwell at any length upon his contributions to the poetic wealth of the world; but to sharpen the appetite of my readers, let me bring them into close sympathy with him—then get his soul for yourself. Nature is his great theme, and you might say his heart was ever overflowing with his love towards the object that ever gave to him, and to whom he ever gave in return.

"And here among the scented swatches that gleam,

Mixed with dead daisies, it is said to lie
And watch the grass and few-clouded sky,
Nor think but only dream."

He was at home here:

"And those high moods of mine that sometimes made

My heart a heaven, opening like a flower
A sweeter world where I, in wonder, strayed,
Bégirt with shapes of beauty and the power
Of dreams, that moved through that enchanted clime,

With changing breaths of rhyme."

Again:

"The world is bright with beauty, and its days
Are filled with music; could we only know
True ends from false, and lofty things from low;

Could we but tear away the walls that graze
Our very elbows in life's frosty ways;
Behold the width beyond us with its flow,
Its knowledge and its murmur and its glow,
Where doubt itself is but a golden haze.
Ah, brothers, still upon our pathway lies
The shadow of dim weariness and fear,
Yet if we could lift our earthward eyes
To see, and open our dull ears to hear,
Then should the wonder of this world draw near

And life's innumerable harmonies!"

As Enoch walked with God, so in another way, meaning the same thing, Lampman walked with Nature, saw Nature, and heard her innumerable harmonies, singing in his finely attuned ears. With him Nature is not merely something to look at, but is a great teacher.

"Oh, light, I cried, and heaven, with all your blue,

Oh, earth, with all your sunny fruitfulness,
And ye, tall lilies, of the wind-vexed field,
What power and beauty life indeed might yield

Could we but cast away its conscious stress,

Simple in heart, becoming e'en as you."

The stormy night produces an exquisite ode, and he says:

"Darkling and strange art thou, thus vexed and chidden;

More dark and strange thy veiled agony,
City of storms, in whose grey heart are hidden
What stormier woes, what lives that groan and beat?

Stern and thin-cheeked, against time's heavier sleet,

Rude fates, hard hearts, and prisoning poverty."

So we might go on showing how related and inter-related the things of sense and time are in his ethereal moods, and in his beautiful songs. Many of his expressions will, I think, become popular in speech. For example:

"The shining field of heaven."

"I saw the haggard dreadfulness
Of dim old age and death."

"Dead in the depths of the struggle for gold."
"Impetuous deeds that woke the God within us."

"A miracle of color and of beauty."

"But youth is blind, and wisdom comes too late."

"Happy is he
Who fronts them without fear, and like the gods,

Looks out unanxiously on each day's gift
With calmly curious eye."

But we must conclude this brief and necessarily imperfect sketch of our departed friend. Like all good men, he will live, tho' dead, far more truly in Canadian life now. In a deep, true sense his presence abides with us, and will, more and more as the tides of life roll on. He was a Canadian, and a Canadian singer. It is of Canadian skies, flowers, birds, and streams that he sings, and he has taught us, as few could do, how to see the beauty of the earth on which we live. I hope that my Canadian readers—who are all lovers of Canada—will procure his volumes, will read them, will study them, until his clean, pure thoughts, or soul, will pass into theirs, and that then they will realize, as he did, what a grand heritage God has given us, in what is now called Canada.

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