

law of "ebb" and "flow", i. e., of the steady resilient wash-wave, till the culminating moment when the billow has curved, and is about to pour shoreward again (the octave), and of the solid inflowing wave, sweeping strongly forward (the sestet), in Keats' words:

Swelling loudly
Up to its climax, and then dying proudly.

In reading Mr. Lampman's poems, from the very first the sympathetic ear catches echoes of that harmonious music of the wild woods to which he possessed the rarely-bestowed key. He says:

Ah, I have wandered with unwearied feet,
All the long sweetness of an April day,
Lulled with cool murmurs and the drowsy beat
Of partridge wings in secret thickets gray,
The marriage hymns of all the birds at play,
The faces of sweet flowers, and easeful dreams
Beside slow reaches of frog-haunted streams.

And in the very last poem he wrote,—the sonnet *Winter Uplands*,—when the hand of Death was even then pressing urgently upon his soul, we find the same sympathetic insight, the same keen perception of secrets jealously guarded from eyes of common men, the same absence of strain and passion. It is not perhaps with significance that while the former poem, one of his earliest, was devoted to Nature's spring-time, his last word was of midwinter, though it was equally free from any bitterness or pessimism which might be connected with the season and the waning sands of his life. It was a part of his broad sympathies that he could find beauty and helpfulness in the storm and stress of our northern winter as well as in the haunting charm of a Canadian summer's day.

In the poem *Heat*, one of the most distinctive qualities of Mr. Lampman's verse,—its almost marvellous picturesqueness and graphic imagery,—is developed:

From plains that reel to southward, dim,
The road runs by me white and bare;
Up the steep hill it seems to swim
Beyond, and melt into the glare.