

Another verse-form which Mr. Lampman has tried and succeeded in is the difficult blank verse line. Much modern blank verse is simply prose cut into lengths, and if it escapes this, the bungler's first fault, it is harsh, or over-elaborated, or gives you the impression of couplets wanting rhyme. Few poets know the art of producing blank verse paragraphs or phrases, a number of lines varied but linked close together. There is no blank verse in the second volume, more's the pity. A finer thing than *An Athenian Reverie* has not been written in the same metre within the last ten years. The movement is Tennysonian and the feeling is pure Greek:

"How the returning days, one after one,  
Come ever in their rhythmic round, unchanged,  
Yet from each loopèd robe for every man  
Some new thing falls. Happy is he  
Who fronts them without fear, and like the gods  
Looks out unanxiously on each day's gift  
With calmly curious eye."

Where, outside of Tennyson, will you find an opening moving so softly, yet with so much grace and dignity? The fascination of Hellas is imperishable. Here in this western commercial world, amid changed conditions of life, and out of sight and out of touch with so many things which carry on that subtle influence, the heart of the poet turns instinctively to the great mother of arts and eloquence, the City of the Violet Crown. The lines describing Lysippe and Theron, the young bride and bridegroom, the bit about the moonlight, the description of the voyagings, the character sketch of Euktemon are all successful pieces of vivid but unstrained delineation. The central situation is figured with much clear delicate force. In the second volume there is a bit of pure fantasy in which the poet imagines himself treading the sea in a path of moonlight, amid all strange figures. Among others are those

"Whose marble lips yet pour  
The murmur of an antique tongue,"

lines which Landor might have signed. But after all the chief inspiration is from Canadian life and Canadian scenery.