

But, blithe and free,  
The maple tree,  
Still tosses to sun and air  
Its thousand arms,  
While in countless swarms  
The wild bee revels there;  
But soon not a trace  
Of the red-man's race  
Shall be found in the landscape fair."

Pre-eminent among our poets for the full, joyous love of nature was the late Archibald Lampman, whose gifted pen was laid by all too soon. This passion is ever present in his verse, and almost every poem tempts to quotation. The closing stanza of Mr. Lampman's "Comfort of the Fields" shows where his heart's affection lay:

"Far violet hills, horizons filmed with showers,  
The murmur of cool streams, the forest's gloom,  
The voices of the breathing grass, the hum  
Of ancient gardens overbanked with flowers:  
Thus, with a smile as golden as the dawn,  
And cool, fair fingers radiantly divine,  
The mighty mother brings us in her hand,  
For all tired eyes and foreheads pinched and wan,  
Her restful cup, her beaker of bright wine:  
Drink, and be filled, and ye shall understand!"



CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

Loving Nature thus we do not wonder that the lovely maple should come in for its meed of attention from this gentle poet. In his poem on "April" occur the following lines:

"In the warm noon the south-wind creeps and cools  
Where the red-budded stems of maples throw  
Still tangled etchings on the amber pools,  
Quite silent now, forgetful of the slow  
Drip of the taps, the troughs, and trampled snow,  
The keen March mornings and the silvering rime,  
And mirthful labor of the sugar prime."

He also gives us this beautiful sonnet:

"The thoughts of all the maples who shall name,  
When the sad landscape turns to cold and gray?  
Yet some for very ruth and sad dismay,

Hearing the Northwind pipe the Winter's name,  
Have fired the hills with beaconing clouds of flame;  
And some with softer woe that day by day,  
So sweet and brief, should go the westward way,  
Have yearned upon the sunset with such shame,  
That all their cheeks have turned to tremulous rose;  
Others for wrath have turned a rusty red,  
And some that knew not either grief or dread,  
Ere the old year should find its iron close,  
Have gathered down the sun's last smiles acold,  
Deep, deep into their luminous hearts of gold."

Charles G. D. Roberts, who has been called the Canadian poet-laureate, and who well deserves the title, has a fine poem entitled "The Maple," from which I quote these lines:

"Let who will sing of the hawthorn in Spring,  
Of the late-leaved linden in Summer;  
There's a word may be for the locust-tree,  
That delicate, strange new-comer;  
But the maple, it grows with the tint of the rose  
When pale are the spring-time regions,  
And its towers of flame from afar proclaim  
The advance of winter's legions.

And a greener shade there never was made  
Than its summer canopy sifted,  
And many a day, as beneath it I lay,  
Has my memory backward drifted  
To a pleasant lane I may walk not again,  
Leading over a fresh green hill,  
Where a maple stood, just clear of the wood,--  
And oh, to be near it still!"

William Wilfred Campbell, our "poet of the lakes," whose muse seems equally happy away from his "blue waves rolling on," gives us, in a poem entitled "Indian Summer," these fine stanzas:

"Along the line of smoky hills  
The crimson forest stands,  
And all the day the bluejay calls  
Throughout the autumn lands.

Now by the brooks the maple leans,  
With all its glory spread;  
And all the sumachs on the hills  
Have turned their green to red.

Now, by the great marshes wrapt in mist,  
Or past some river's mouth,  
Throughout the long, still autumn day  
Wild birds are flying south."

Bliss Carman, Canada's ballad writer *par excellence*, pays his tribute to our tree. From "The Eavesdropper" I quote:

"Outside, a yellow maple tree,  
Shifting upon the silvery blue,  
With small innumerable sound  
Rustled to let the sunlight through.

That livelong day the elvish leaves  
Danced with their shadows on the floor;  
And the lost children of the wind  
Went straying homeward by our door.

And all the swarthy afternoon  
We watched the great deliberate sun  
Walk through the crimsoned hazy world,  
Counting his hilltops one by one."

William P. McKishnie, a poet less known than his talented sister, Jean Blewett, gives us this very pretty descriptive bit: