

## A Wreath of Canadian Song

### DAY.

"The Day hath burst exuberant from out the pearl-grey Dawn.

She flings aside her crimson robe behind the golden hills,

And comes in all her nakedness, her every veil withdrawn,

In glory so effulgent that it troubles as it thrills.

"The cicada is screaming high her pæan to the heat,

The tender morning flowers have hid their faces from the glare,

As dancing through the swooning land Day reels with burning feet,

The red hibiscus flaunting in her iridescent hair."

Archibald Lampman has been spoken of as "Keats re-incarnated" and the phrase may not ill describe him. Quick with the subtle touch of genius, his work proclaims throughout the poet "born, not made." But we prefer to think of him as standing alone, the unique product of our own young land, with nothing to gain by comparison with any other.

Clearness of vision, keen insight into the purposes of existence and the workings of the human mind, and a rare command of language, which enabled him to put his beautiful thoughts before us with appealing directness and unaffected simplicity, are his characteristics, and they give him title to a foremost place amongst the poets Canada has so far produced. His poetry was the natural and inevitable overflow of the music within his soul. Song was as the breath of life to him:—