

ability to express oneself before an audience forcibly, clearly and well is by no means an ordinary accomplishment, and the cultivation of what powers one has in that direction is a thing greatly to be desired. Better speaking, more natural delivery, and an easier flow of language, is sure to follow in every case where a student diligently makes use of the little talent he has, however meagre it may be. The man who knows how to think, and then knows how to put his thoughts into convincing language will never stay long at the bottom.

### ✦ Literature. ✦

#### ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

THE last lecture of the very excellent course of lectures given under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A. of this city promises to be one of the most interesting on the list, and this for two reasons,—the charm of the subject matter, and the personality of the lecturer.

Keats is a poet of whom no lover of literature can hear too much, or too often, particularly when his exponent is himself a young poet of excellent promise, scarcely older than was Keats when he "outsoared the shadow of our night."

Mr. Lampman is too well known to the Canadian reading public to require an introduction. He is, without doubt, the foremost of our younger literary men, and no one can read a half dozen pages of his "Among the Millet" without being struck with the clear, powerful, and melodious ring of his verse. That he has a thorough acquaintance with the best English models is evident, but he gives us no tiresome re-echoes of other poets, nor is there that idle dallying with idle fancies in Ballades and Rondeaux and Roundelays which the mere dilettanti so delights in, and which John Boyle O'Reilly has so finely satirized. Like the true poet he is, Mr. Lampman has gone to nature for his inspiration, and certainly the charms of "that true north," unsung before, have found in him a loving interpreter. Which of us, that has ever dreamed away a day in June among the fragrant pines, but remembers with a thrill how,

"Tenderly still in the tremulous glooms  
The trilliums scatter their white-winged stars ;'  
Or fails to recognize the picture in  
"The old year's cloaking of brown leaves, that bind  
The forest-floor-ways, plaited close and true—  
The last love's labour of the autumn wind—  
Is broken with curled flower buds white and blue  
In all the matted hollows, and bleared through  
With thousand serpent-spotted blades up-sprung,  
Yet bloomless, of the slender adder-tongue."

This has the earnest ring all good poetry must have ; there is nowhere in it that unhealthy pessimism which poisons so much of our poetry with its dreary hopelessness or sickly sentimentality. In his description of the human Mr. Lapman is equally happy. In particular the poem "Between the Rapids," is touchingly real, and the *voyageur* is a finely drawn picture of a restless, roving spirit, looking back with regret to the old life with its "homely hearts that never ceded to range," and yet passing on, though with a sigh ;—

"Once more I leave you, wandering toward night,  
Sweet home, sweet heart, that would have held me in."

In imaginative power, delicacy of description and melodious rhythm lies Mr. Lampman's strength. It is indeed fortunate for Canadian literature that a man of Mr. Lampman's fine quality is giving her poets a standard towards which to strive ; and he is himself steadily improving as some of his late work shows a marked advance on his collected poems. One fine sonnet in particular I cannot forbear quoting. It is entitled,

#### NIGHT.

Come with thine unveiled worlds, O truth of night,  
Come with thy calm. Adown the shallow day,  
Whose splendours hid the vaster world away,  
I wandered on this little plot of light,  
A dreamer among dreamers. Veiled or bright,  
Whether the gold shower roofed me, or the gray,  
I strove and fretted at life's feverish play,  
And dreamed until the dream seemed infinite.

But now the gateway if the all unbars ;  
The passions and the cares that beat so shrill,  
The giants of this petty world, disband ;  
On the great threshold of the night I stand,  
Once more a soul self-cognizant and still,  
Among the wheeling multitude of stars.

E. J. M.

#### LIFE ON A MADAWASKA DRIVE.

The Madawaska is a tributary on the south side of the Ottawa and empties into that river at Arnprior. Its name, which means "hidden," was given to it by the Indians because of the high hills which for the greater part of its course rise upon either side, so that the traveller is not aware that he is approaching a river, until all at once from the brink of its high bank he sees the rapid stream winding along beneath him. About two hundred miles