

a "church" and not a "sect") must be big enough and wide enough for all sorts and conditions of men. Her clergy must not all be trimmed to one pattern. We want to-day as ever, the fervid Peter, the indomitable Paul, the scholarly Luke, the practical James, the loving, contemplative John. We want Apologists and Revivalists, those who appeal to the head and those who appeal to the heart, those who walk the cloister, and those who go to the streets and lanes and highways and hedges. We cannot all be perfect in every branch; but we want experts in all the branches. And the city should furnish these.

But the parson of a small town has all the classes one would meet in a large city, with only enough of each class to be a disturbing element for the others. He can't pose as a "specialist"; he must be a "general practitioner." And a happy man is he if he can suit them all; for he has a far more difficult rôle to fill than the city pastor.

But to return to the question: To whom shall I preach next Sunday? I think—after taking everything into consideration—I shall preach to the Greys. G. J. L.

LAKE LYRICS.

THE final test of a poem or a book of poems is the mood in which it leaves its reader. Melody is a powerful attraction, but the addition of melody to a poetic production cannot give worth to worthlessness. "And he sat him down in a lonely place, and chanted a melody loud and sweet," has a rhythmic cadence very slightly superior to, "The little dog laughed to see such sport, and the dish ran away with the spoon." Colour is a great charm, when it is the natural hue of life and strength, but when instead of showing beneath the transparent texture of the verse it is laid on with carefully artistic touches it will not bear investigation, it is the synonym of falsity and pretence, it fills the wholesome soul with pity and horror. Form is abominable, but form is the chief merit of a geometrical figure, and a geometrical figure does not move us. To be stirred, lifted, carried out of ourselves, forced to see that nothing is common and unclean, this is of incomparable importance.

And this is what W. W. Campbell has achieved in his "Lake Lyrics." The impenetrable beauty and tranquility of the lake region, the majesty of its dawns, the pathos of its twilights, and its sweet summers and wolfish winters are all here, produced by superfine touches, that please from their very exquisiteness, by bold strokes which compress a season or a scene into a single sentence, and make one see the entire picture at a glance, and chiefly by a profound romantic enthusiasm, which though it is no more than the Canadian lakes deserve, is a great deal more than they have ever before received. Not the scene alone, but the atmosphere of the lakes is recalled or created by a perusal of the Lyrics. They are a record of impressions and sensations, finely and delicately expressed. Twelve of them appeared in the Songs of the Great Dominion—a preponderance that is only an additional proof to those already existing of the good judgment shown by the editor in his most difficult task. Here is an aspect of the lakes that has not been presented in any of them:

Out in a world of death far to the northward lying,
Under the sun and the moon, under the dusk and the day;
Under the glimmer of stars and the purple of sunset-dying,
Wan and waste and white, stretch the great lakes away.
Never a bed of spring, never a laugh of summer,
Never a dream of love, never a song of bird,
But only the silence and white the shores that grow chillier and
dumber.
Wherever the ice winds sob, and the griefs of winter are heard.
Lonely hidden bays, moon-lit, ice-rimmed, winding,
Fringed by forests and crags, haunted by shading shores;
Hushed from the outward strife, where the mighty surf is grinding,
Death and hate on the rocks as sandward and landward it roars.

But this is not so ghostly as the "Legend of Dead Man's Lake." It is a poem to be read in a whisper and with bated breath. What subtle suggestions of horror there are in the first of these concluding stanzas:

And ever at midnight, white and drear,
When the dim moon sheddeth her light,
Will the startled deer, as they speed by here,
Slacken their phantom-like flight;
And into the shade that the forest hath made,
A wider circle they take.
For they dread lest their tread wake the sleep of the dead
In the bosom of Dead Man's Lake.

And as long as it lies with that prayer in its eyes,
And that curse on its white-sealed lips,
Will the lake lie wan, and the years drift on
In their horrible hushed eclipse,
Will the lake lie under the strange, mute wonder
Of the moon as she pallidly dips;
Will the song of the bird there never be heard,
Nor the music of wind-swept tree,
But only the dread of the skies overhead,
That the mists will never set free,
From the terrible spell that there ever will dwell
As long as the ages be.

And there it lies and holdeth the skies,
In a trance they never can break,
While the years they follow the desolate years,
On the shores of the Dead Man's Lake.

"Snowflakes and Sunbeams," published first last winter comprise part II. of the Lake Lyrics. In each of these there is poetic fancy with occasional passages of exceptional power. In personification the poet is always felicitous, as in these lines from "A Winter's Night":

The forest lies
On the edge of the heavens, bearded and brown,
He pulls still closer his cloak, and sighs
As the evening winds come down.

And these in a description of the dawn:

And by the wood and mist-clad stream,
The maiden morn stands still to dream.

There is a pictorial quality in nearly everything Mr. Campbell has written, and it is safe to say that any poem of his which does not exemplify this pictorial quality is not in his best vein. One of the hardships that poets have to endure is that having written many things that are very good, they are never forgiven for writing a few things that are merely good. This is a poet who can clothe "gaunt, huge, mis-shapen crags" with beauty and turn the dreariest of winter days into a vision of delight, but who fails to lift us up to any mount of transfiguration when he looks away from nature. Such poems as "Knowledge," and the "Ode to the Nineteenth Century," are not among the best in the book. Taken altogether these poems will give the reader unalloyed pleasure. The subtle and evanescent changes on the face of nature have found a most sympathetic recorder, who is keenly alive to shades of difference so subtle as to be almost supersensuous.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

THE SONNET.—IV.

SONNETS ON SHAKESPEARE.

THAT Shakespeare should have been chosen as the honouring object of much praise in verse can only be regarded as a matter of poetic necessity. It would be surprising, however, that so few sonnets have been dedicated to, or inspired by, Shakespeare, if it were not universally conceded that his wonderful and wide-spreading genius is beyond the grasp of the most brilliant talent. The fourteen-lined vehicle is scarcely large enough to carry so vast a subject, and the absence of almost all personal knowledge of the "miracle of men" closes one avenue of poetic attempt. At the idea of even offering tribute at the steps of his throne the admonitory voice of Wisdom must seem to whisper that he "is a prince, out of thy star." This must not be;—and one cannot doubt that many eulogies, struck off in the heat of admiration, have been despairingly destroyed in after moments of cool reflection. Yet there are a few utterances that have been made during the last three centuries and preserved to us, and among them are three sonnets of varied character but superlative beauty, one of which, being composed by a poet living in Canada, will possess a peculiar interest for some.

Though a few of his contemporaries undervalued Shakespeare and his work through jealous motives, arising from stage quarrels, and many more were unable to distinguish his peculiar excellence owing to the literary prolixity of the times, there were still some who were not slow to express full appreciation of his powerful genius. The best and best known of these poetic testimonials are his friend Ben Jonson's stirring memorial, and Milton's whole-souled epitaph.

Among the lesser literary lights that studied the Elizabethan firmament was one, Hugh Holland,—then a recognized and admired poet; but now unknown except to students. Edmund Boulton, "that sensible old English critic" (as Warton calls him) mentions Hugh Holland in his *Hypercritica* as having produced English poems "not easily to be mended," and the object of this praise wrote commendatory verses which were printed in folio 1,616 of Ben Jonson's works, with others from Chapman, Donne, Beaumont and Fletcher. Holland wrote a sonnet very shortly after Shakespeare's death which is interesting, not only as an early opinion of the great dramatist's merit, but also as an example of the elegiac form of sonnet,—a style happily rare and rarely happy.

The whole poem is strongly flavoured with stage associations, and the allusion in the fourth line is to the old Globe Theatre at Bankside, where Shakespeare acted. The verbal place in the closing couplet is typical of a common custom with verse-writers of that time, and was doubtless considered one of the minor elegances of composition.

The sentence,

Those bays,

Which crown'd him poet first, then poets' king,

seems to point out that Shakespeare was held in the highest estimation by some poets of his day, and the world-wide opinions of later critics merely ratify by elaborate reasonings what Holland has put in a poetic nutshell. The sonnet is written in the form preferred by Sir Philip Sydney, and which found favour with Constable, Barnes and occasionally Drummond. The octave is built on two rhymes, after the so-called "legitimate" pattern, and the sestet consists of a quatrain and a couplet.

UPON THE LINES, AND LIFE, OF THE FAMOUS SUEWICK PORT,
MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Those hands, which you so clapp'd, go now and wring,
You Britons brave, for done are Shakespeare's days:
His days are done, that made the dainty plays,
Which made the globe of heaven and earth to ring:
Dry'd is that vein, dry'd is the Thespian spring,
Turn'd all to tears, and Phoebus clouds his rays;
That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those bays
Which crown'd him poet first, then poets' king.
If tragedies might any prologue have,
All those he made would scarce make one to this,
Where fame, now that he gone is to the grave,
(Death's publick tyring-house) the Nuntius is:
For, though his line of life went soon about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

Another sonnet, published in an old collection of epigrams, etc., entitled "Run and a Great Cast" (by Thomas Freeman, Qto. 1614) was written much earlier, and was addressed personally "To Master W. Shakspeare." It is

composed in the three-quatrain style, and has a curious di-syllabic rhyme in the second quatrain. The line, "But to praise thee aright, I want thy store," recalls the similar acknowledgment of inability to deal with so lofty a theme as expressed by L. Digges in some curious lines prefixed to the spurious edition of Shakespeare's poems, printed in 1640. The lines are:

But why do I dead Shakspeare's praise recite?
Some second Shakspeare must of Shakspeare write.

The sonnet is quaint in all respects; but there can be no doubt of the writer's admiration for the deceased dramatist:

TO MASTER W. SHAKSPEARE.

Shakspeare, that nimble Mercury thy braine
Lulls many-hundred Argus' eyes asleepe,
So fit for all thou fashionest thy vaine,
At the horse-foot fountaine thou hast drunk full deepe.
Vertue's or vice's theme to thee all one is;
Who loves chaste life, there's *Lucrece* for a teacher;
Who list read lust, there's *Venus* and *Adonis*,
True modell of a most lascivious lecher.
Besides, in plaies thy wit winds like Meander,
When needie new composers borrow more
Than Terence doth from Plautus or Menander:
But to praise thee aright, I want thy store.
Then let thine owne works thine owne worth upraise,
And help to adorne thee with deserved baies.

The seal of immortality was never placed so securely as on the works of Shakespeare, and it would be idly presumptuous to make further comment on the subject. It has been said that genius ever remains a secret with itself, and the question has often been raised whether Shakespeare was ever aware of the enduring character of his work. His eightieth sonnet has been brought as evidence on the negative side, as also the thirty-second and other passages; but surely there is abundance of flat contradiction in those other sonnets wherein the immortality of the person addressed is assured through the medium of the poet's own pen. But such discussions are after all of no real value, and chiefly serve to bring out exaggerated and eccentric theories from people who might be more profitably employed without leaving the Shakespearian field of study. In this century Sir William Rowan Hamilton has produced a very fine sonnet on the question of Shakespeare's consciousness of the immortality of his works. The sonnet is none the less remarkable for having been written by one, who at the age of thirteen years is said to have known as many languages, who was a professor of astronomy at the age of twenty-two, and became one of the greatest mathematicians of this century. Mr. Aubrey has recorded in a letter to Mr. William Sharp: "Wordsworth once remarked to me that he had known many men of high talents and several of real genius; but that Coleridge and Sir W. R. Hamilton were the only men he had met to whom he would apply the term *wonderful*."

SHAKSPEARE.

Who says that Shakspeare did not know his lot,
But deem'd that in time's manifold decay
His memory should die and pass away,
And that within the shrine of human thought
To him no altar should be rear'd? O hush!
O veil thyself awhile in solemn awe!
Nor dream that all man's mighty spirit-law
Thou know'st; how all the hidden fountains gush
Of the soul's silent prophesying power.
For as deep Love, mid all its wayward pain,
Cannot believe but it is loved again,
Even so strong Genius, with its ample dower
Of a world-grasping love, from that deep feeling;
Wins of its own wide away the clear revealing.

The above sonnet was written as a rebuke to a class of critics who, struck by a freak of fancy in reading some particular passage, at once resolve their brains into a cullender and strain out nothing but will add to their peculiar theory.

The best evidence of Shakespeare's consciousness of the immortal character of his composition is furnished by himself in his own sonnets, and we quote a few closing couplets to this end:

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

—Sonnet xviii.

Yet do thy worst, old Time, despite thy wrong
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

—Sonnet xix.

So till the judgment that yourself arise
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

—Sonnet lv.

The eighty-first sonnet of Shakespeare will be more appropriately considered elsewhere; but it may be generally remarked in passing that it was a common form of compliment for the poet to assure the object of his ideal love that generations yet unborn should remember her and her incomparable beauty through the medium of his magic goose-quill, and surely such unctuous flattery could not but make a favourable impression on the heart of the fair one so apostrophised. One may easily ascribe too much to the prophetic power of the individual poet by overlooking the fact that such assurances were a complimentary custom of the day; just as the assurances that her eyes were brighter than stars and the rose paled beside her cheeks. Much allowance has to be made for the extravagance of poetic license.

So far as the writer's acquaintance with sonnet literature permits a judgment, there are only three sonnets on Shakespeare in the English language which approach in any degree to the sublimity of the subject, and after reading these three the rest may well be dispensed with, except as curiosities of the brilliancy, universality, and serenity of the great dramatist's mind. Hartley Coleridge has left a sonnet which is said by a worthy critic to be "in all respects adequate to its high theme." The writer reaches sublimity in the first line; the most momentous event to