

In the fifth and last section of the Poems are contained a number of miscellaneous ballads and other verses, with the two long narrative poems, *David and Abigail* and *The Story of an Affinity*. Some of these poems are good—some are only indifferent. None of them, I think, represent the poet at his best. They are more or less in the nature of lyrical exercises. Yet here, as everywhere in his work, one constantly comes upon lines of rare beauty and value. In *The Lake in the Forest* there are several lines worthy of comparison with the splendid opening quatrain of Fitzgerald's first version of the *Rubaiyat*.

The sun, thy first-born, from the gleaming hills
Uptilts the handles of his jar, and fills
This moss-embroidered bowl of rock and dew
With torrent light and ether.

Sostratus and *Phokaia* are good examples of his classical work. They are written in the long, stately, rhythmical metre which is so eminently in keeping with the Homeric idea.

Mr. Lampman was not one's usual conception of a humorist. He felt too deeply the tragic element in life to devote himself to any extent to the production of humorous or witty verse. Yet he was by no means devoid of the sense of humour, as may be seen at least in two of his sonnets, *The Dog* and *Falling Asleep*.

The poet's death was as peaceful and appropriate as Tennyson's, and it may not be out of place to quote, in concluding this sketch of his life and poetry, the last lines of his own sonnet on *The Death of Tennyson*.

There fell
The last gray change, and from before his eyes,
This glorious world that Shakespeare loved so well,
Slowly, as at a beck, without surprise—
Its woe, its pride, its passion, and its play—
Like mists and melting shadows passed away.
