

c 1877

Fernando Simon





MODERN AMERICAN VERSE

*The varied Book of Life,
How hurriedly we con!
Through pages sown with grief and strife
We reach the colophon.*

*We would peruse it still
Despite its stress, but nay,
It must be closed, saith the Great Will,
And laid aside for aye!*

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

MODERN AMERICAN VERSE

COMPILED BY
ROMA CLAIRE



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FOREWORD

THE main purpose of this collection is to give English readers an opportunity of becoming acquainted with American twentieth-century poetry. With the exception of occasional poems appearing from time to time in English magazines, very little is known of the many volumes of really beautiful poetry which have been produced on the other side by the present generation of American poets.

There is also a special significance in the appearance of such a volume at the present time, when so many evidences are forthcoming of the increasing sympathy between the American nation and our own, and it is hoped that "England's Kid Brother" will consider the publication as in some sense a compliment.

As an anthology it is comprehensive in the sense that every poet of distinction is represented, though exception may be taken to Bliss Carman as Canadian, and Richard Le Gallienne as English; but as both these poets are accepted by the Poetry Society of America as worthy of a place in their Library List of American Poets, I felt fully justified in including them in this collection.

In the difficult task of selecting from a vast wealth of poetical material, I was fortunate in securing the valuable co-operation of some of the poets themselves. It is never easy for an anthologist to form an ideal collection if depending entirely upon his own choice, and it is equally certain that "selected by the authors" is no guarantee of a better result. Poets themselves are by

no means always the best judges of their own work, partly, perhaps, because they usually see what was intended rather than what was accomplished, and therefore do not always discriminate between the intention and the performance.

In adopting, therefore, a middle course I trust the volume may prove better than would otherwise be the case, and that, as a result, American poetry may receive that wider recognition and admiration which it assuredly deserves.

ROMA CLAIRE.

September 1918.

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MODERN AMERICAN VERSE

At the World's Heart

CALE YOUNG RICE

I LEANT my ear to the world's heart,
 (Beat, beat, beat !)
I leant my ear to the world's heart,
 Where all its voices meet.
I heard them sound together,
 I heard them surge alone,
The far, the near, and the nether,
 The known—and the unknown.
From desert they rose and mountain ;
 From city and sea and plain ;
And the voices, all, to one voice
 Blent in the bitter pain :

*We are the people of Sorrow,
Haled from the silent earth.
 Happy is it,
 Happy is love—
Happier should be birth !
We come to the land of the living,*

MODERN AMERICAN VERSE

*We go to the realm of death,
We bide for a day
And then . . . Away!
O why are we given breath!*

I leant my ear to the world's heart,
(Leant, more nigh!)
A saddened ear to the world's heart,
Fain for a sweeter cry.
Then came the murmur of nations,
With languor loud, or need,
The sighing of devastation,
Of deed and dark misdeed;
There came the moan of millions
Against their tyrant kind,
But in it I heard great Hope's word
Groping, a way to find:

*We are the people begotten
Between Delight and Pain;
Certain is birth,
Certain are they
To breed our like again.
But though we have filled the valleys
And the sea and the hills with death . . .
It shattered there
Into the prayer,
O why are we given breath!*

I leant my ear to the world's heart,
(Long, then, long!)
A closer ear to the world's heart,
And lo—it beat more strong!
And the building of human beauty,
The crushing of human crime,
The music of human duty
Outclarioned fate and time.

Yet over the cry of sorrow
And doubt that is ever brief
There rose the lay of a New Day,
The high voice of Belief :

*We are the people of Patience,
Who wait—and look before.
Silent is birth,
Silent the tomb,
But silent Life no more !
Our Gods are becoming One God,
And tho' there is ever death,
We yet shall learn,
At some day's turn,
Why—why we are given breath !*

The Inn of Earth

SARA TEASDALE

I CAME to the crowded Inn of Earth,
And called for a cup of wine,
But the Host went by with averted eye
From a thirst as keen as mine.

Then I sat down with weariness
And asked a bit of bread,
And the Host went by with averted eye
And never a word he said.

While always from the outer night
The waiting souls came in
With stifled cries of sharp surprise
At all the light and din.

“Then give me a bed to sleep,” I said,
“For midnight comes apace”—
But the Host went by with averted eye
And I never saw his face.

“Since there is neither food nor rest,
I go where I fared before”—
But the Host went by with averted eye
And barred the outer door.

A Spring Blessing

G. S. VIERECK

SPRING's blessing be upon you, dear !
Such is the prayer most meet for one
Whose eyes look up so starry-clear—
With all his flowerets new-begun
Still may he bless your pathway, dear,
Who weaves his golden threads around
Your heart and mine together bound !
Because your eyes are starry clear—
Spring's blessing be upon you, dear !

Spring's blessing be upon you, child,
When all the earth with longing swells,
And lilies ring their silver bells
For joy that he is nigh,
And open wide their lord to greet,
Adoring humbly at his feet
(" Ah, Spring has come, and Spring is sweet ! ")
Their inmost pageantry,
And all the earth with love is wild—
Spring's blessing be upon you, child !

Waiting

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I THOUGHT my heart would break
Because the Spring was slow.
I said, "How long young April sleeps
Beneath the snow!"

But when at last she came,
And buds broke in the dew,
I thought of my dead love,
And my heart broke too!

Mysteries

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

LIFE holds unmeasured sanctities,
Immortal glories—sun and moon,
The quiet stars, the western skies,
And the deep wonder of ripe June.

The hills, the hosts of flowers ; the mood
Of Autumn, and the rippling rain ;
Beauty no heart has understood,
Passion that makes no moment vain.

It is so strange—this gift of breath,
This pageant of the earth and sea ;
Yet stranger far than Life or Death
Is this, O Love—your need of me.

Fulfilment

LOUIS V. LEDOUX

HAPPY : yea, happy for ever and aye !
Scarlet bursts through the eastern gray
 And the night is past ;
For a woman's lips and a woman's hair,
And the soul of her womanhood, wonderful, fair,
 Are mine at last.

Dawn was near, but no whisper told
Why the stars went out and the world grew cold
 As the void above ;
When suddenly out of the darkness sprang
My passionate rose, and the whole world sang
 Of love, of love.

Now happy, yea, happy for ever I stand,
The rose of passion within my hand,
 And the day may close
With the dust of worlds on the midnight strown,
For I hold forever, forever my own,
 The passionate rose.

The Queen's Fleets

THOMAS AUGUSTUS DALY

TAKE for thy throne, my queen, this niche my hand
Hath carved for thee,
Here in the gray breast of this dune of sand
That afronts the sea.

In sovereign state aloof, the solitude
Hedging thee round, as once thy maidenhood,
Make me no partner of thy thought or speech
This hour when day and darkness meet,
But count me merely jetsam of the beach,
Here at thy feet.

It is mute beauty's hour. No late bird sings ;
Voiceless, serene,
The sea dreams ; silence holds all lovely things—
And thou art queen !
For Silence, in the twilight's gold and red
Behind thee, sets a crown upon thy head.
Send forth, O Queen ! thy fleets upon the main,
Send forth thy daring fleets of thought,
And let me wait to hail them home again
With riches fraught.

But fancy captained, send thy fleets afar
To win the sea ;
Send them to know what spoils in ocean are,
What mystery.

What beauty in all things that "suffered change"
In coral caves to "Something rich and strange."
Then bring them home, and I with kingly might
 Will take their treasure, as it lies
Safe-harboured in the starlit, purple night
 Of thy dear eyes.

A Statue in a Garden

AGNES LEE

I WAS a goddess ere the marble found me.
Wind, wind, delay not,
Waft my spirit where the laurel crowned me !
Will the wind stay not ?

Then tarry, tarry, listen, little swallow,—
An old glory feeds me :
I lay upon the bosom of Apollo !
Not a bird heeds me.

For here the days are alien. O, to waken
Mine, mine, with calling !
But on my shoulders bare, like hopes forsaken,
The dead leaves are falling.

The sky is gray and full of unshed weeping,
As dim down the garden
I wait and watch the early autumn sweeping,
The stalks fade and harden.

The souls of all the flowers after have rallied.
The trees, gaunt, appalling,
Attest the gloom, and on my shoulders pallid
The dead leaves are falling.

Via Amorosa

CALE YOUNG RICE

(TO A. H. R.)

WHEN we two walk, my love, on the path
The moon makes over the sea,
To the end of the world where sorrow hath
An end that is ecstasy,
Should we not think of the other road
Of wearying dust and stone
Our feet would fare did each but care
To follow the way alone ?

When we two slip at night to the skies
And find one star that we keep
As a trysting-place to which our eyes
May lead our souls ere sleep,
Should we not pause for a little space
And think how many must sigh
Because they gaze over starry ways
With no heart-comrade by.

When we two then lie down to our dreams
That deepen still the delight
Of our wandering where stars and streams
Stray in immortal light,
Should we not grieve with the myriads
From east of Earth to west
Who lay them down at night to drown
The longing for some loved breast ?

Ah, yes, for life has a thousand gifts,
 But love it is gives life,
Who walks thro' his world alone e'en lifts
 A soul that is sorrow rife.
But they to whom it is given to tread
 The moon path and not sink
Can ever say the unhappiest way
 Earth has is fair to the brink.

The Hunting of Dian

GEORGE STERLING

IN the silence of a midnight lost, lost for evermore,
I stood upon a nameless beach where none had been
before,
And red gold and yellow gold were the shells upon that
shore.

Lone, lone it was as a mist-enfolded strand
Set round a lake where marble demons stand—
Held like a sapphire-stone in Thibet's monstrous hand.

And there I beheld how One stood in her grace
To hold to the stars her wet and faery face,
And on the smooth and haunted sands her footfall had
no trace.

White, white was she as the youngest seraph's word,
Or milk of Eden's kine or Eden's fragrant curd,
Cast in love by Eve's wan hand to her most snowy bird.

Fair, fair was she as Venus of the sky,
And the jasmine of her breast and starlight of her eye
Made the heart a pain and the soul a hopeless sigh.

Weak with the sight I leaned upon my sword,
Till my soul that had sighed was become an unseen chord
For stress of music rendered to unknown things adored.

Surely she heard, but her beauty gave no sign
To me for whom the hushed sea was odorous as wine,—
To me for whom the voiceless world was made her silent
shrine.

And she sent forth her gaze to the waters of the West,
And she sent forth her soul to the Islands of the Blest,
Below a star whose silver throes set pearls upon her
breast.

But chill in the East brake a glory on the lands,
And she moaned like some low wave that dies on frozen
sands,
And held to her sea-lover her sweet and cruel hands.

Then rose the moon, and its lance was in her side,
And there was bitter music because in woe she cried,
Ere on the hard and gleaming beach she laid her down
and died.

I leapt to her succour, my sword I left behind ;
But one low mound of opal foam was all that I could find,
A moon-washed length of airy gems that trembled in the
wind.

I knelt below the stars ; the sea put forth a wave ;
The moon drew up the captive tides upon her shining
grave,
As far away I heard the cry her dim sea-lover gave.

The Gift

BLISS CARMAN

I SAID to Life, "How comes it,
With all this wealth in store,
Of beauty, joy and knowledge,
Thy cry is still for more ?

"Count all the years of striving
To make thy burden less,—
The things designed and fashioned
To gladden thy success !

"The treasures sought and gathered
Thy lightest whim to please,—
The loot of all the ages,
The spoil of all the seas !

"Is there no end of labour,
No limit to thy need ?
Must man go bowed for ever
In bondage to thy greed ?"

With tears of pride and passion
She answered, "God above !
I only wait the asking,
To spend it all for love !"

I Will be Worthy of It

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

I MAY not reach the heights I seek,
My untried strength may fail me ;
Or, half-way up the mountain path,
Fierce tempests may assail me.
But though that place I never gain,
Herein lies comfort for my pain—
I will be worthy of it.

I may not triumph in success,
Despite my earnest labour ;
I may not grasp results that bless
The efforts of my neighbour.
But though my goal I never see,
This thought shall always dwell with me—
I will be worthy of it.

The golden glory of Love's light
May never fall on my way ;
My path may always lead through night,
Like some deserted by-way.
But though life's dearest joy I miss,
There lies a nameless strength in this—
I will be worthy of it.

Song of a Queen of Lombardy

AGNES LEE

*Only an hour, and his heart was beating,
Now he laughs in a ghostly sheeting,
Still in his dream the sin repeating.*

Sea, sea,
Quiet me.
Wash off my crown and my dress.
Throw the weight of your wave,
Cover me with forgetfulness,
And let me sleep in my grave!

*This is the night the trees were shaken.
This is the night of the souls forsaken.
This is the night he shall not waken.*

Sea, sea,
Quiet me.
Cool of the infinite,
Over my forehead roll!
Bury my body's hands of white,
And the crimson hands of my soul!

Converse of Angels

HERMANN HAGEDORN

LISTEN, Ithuriel. Do you hear the sound of weeping ?
It riseth from the earth, it riseth night and day.
The noble hands, the noble eyes have gone astray,
The noble spirits, born to fly, in dust are creeping.
Hark ! 'Tis their hunger. Thus they cry, awake or
sleeping.
Desire for shells and bells hath made their souls its
prey ;
It burns their youth, their dreams, their loves, their
lives away ;
And of a burnt field, lo, no man shall make a reaping.

Ithuriel, I would that one day from this throne
The Lord would let me go down to the dusty plain,
Crying : " All's well, oh, rebel man, save you alone !
Be still, tumultuous soul ; fold those hot hands that
strain
Forever against God ! " Ithuriel, might their moan
Not yield to ecstasy, and unto peace the pain ?

Up a Hill and a Hill

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

Up a hill and a hill there's a sudden orchard slope,
And a little tawny field in the sun ;
There's a gray wall that coils like a twist of frayed-out
rope,
And grasses nodding news one to one.

Up a hill and a hill there's a windy place to stand,
And between the apple-boughs to find the blue
Of the sleepy summer sea, past the cliffs of orange sand,
With the white charmed ships sliding through.

Up a hill and a hill there's a little house as gray
As a stone that the glaciers scored and stained
With a red rose by the door, and a tangled garden way,
And a face at the window, checker-paned.

I could climb, I could climb till the shoes fell off my feet,
Just to find that tawny field above the sea !
Up a hill and a hill—oh, the honeysuckle's sweet !
And the eyes at the window watch for me !

A Song of the Sunrise

GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD

THE night breaks. The light shakes
Down from the sky.
The darkness trembles : shivers, dissembles,
Unwilling to die.
And facile and fleet, on dusky feet,
Out of the dripping sunlight tripping,
Shadows pass by,
All sprinkled and spattered
With golden rain,
All shivered, all shattered, like dream-ghosts scattered
By the waking brain.

The light dawns. The night mourns,
And the stars shiver.
The moon pales. The loon wails
Far down the river.
And strong in the might of the perfect delight,
Fearless and bold with its wealth of gold,
Stronger than sadness,
Brighter than gladness,
Mad with the madness
Of victory won—
Above night's gloom, above life's bloom,
Higher and higher, like a passioned desire,
To the highest height of earth's blinded sight
Rises the Sun,
And the battle's done.

Yet afar, unforgetting,
Hid by the hill,
Night awaits the day's setting,
Revengeful and still.

Motherhood

AGNES LEE

MARY, the Christ long slain, passed silently,
 Following the children joyously astir
 Under the cedrus and the olive-tree,
 Pausing to let their laughter float to her.
 Each voice an echo of a voice more dear,
 She saw a little Christ in every face ;
 When lo, another woman, gliding near,
 Yearned o'er the tender life that filled the place.
 And Mary sought the woman's hand, and spoke :
 " I know thee not, yet know thy memory tossed
 With all a thousand dreams their eyes evoke
 Who bring to thee a child beloved and lost.

" I, too, have rocked my little one.

O! he was fair!

Yea, fairer than the fairest sun,
 And like its rays through amber spun
 His sun-bright hair.
 Still I can see it shine and shine."

" Even so," the woman said, " was mine."

" His ways were ever darling ways,"—

And Mary smiled,—

" So soft, so clinging! Glad relays
 Of love were all his precious days.

My little child!

My infinite star! My music fled!"

“ Even so was mine,” the woman said.

Then whispered Mary : “ Tell me, thou,
Of thine.” And she :

“ O, mine was rosy as a bough
Blooming with roses, sent, somehow,
To bloom for me !

His balmy fingers left a thrill
Within my breast that warms me still.”

Then gazed she down some wilder, darker hour,
And said, when Mary questioned, knowing
not :

“ Who art thou, mother of so sweet a flower ? ”

“ I am the mother of Iscariot.”

A Song in April

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

SUN !—and the rush of the rain
Swift through the lilac lane ;
 The joy o' the world and the grief o' the world
Beat at my window-pane.

Love !—and the ancient tears ;
Hope !—and a hundred fears.
 The light o' the world and the dark o' the world,
They follow us down the years.

To a Tenant

THOMAS AUGUSTUS DALY

You found this house, dear lady, overrun
With noisome things that wait upon decay,
All pent within it mouldering in the gray,
Sick gloom of long disuse whose webs were spun
Through all its halls. You entered, and the sun
And God's air coming with you, swept away
All ugliness and squalor, on that day
When first your life-long leasehold was begun.

You tell me now your house, this heart of mine,
Is warm and ever-beautiful and fair,
And call me benefactor, nor divine
How little debt you owe, how much I bear
To you who made this shabby place a shrine
On that sweet day when first you entered there.

The Fog

JOHN CURTIS UNDERWOOD

I AM the reek of the days that were and the breath of the
days to be.

All the ghosts of the ages swarm and stir when my hosts
march in from sea ;

Till they sink as the twilight falls afar, and a deeper
shade is laid

On the sodden sands, and the stricken lands grow still
and sore afraid.

And I muffle the siren's warning note, and I baffle the
lighthouse beam.

And the greasy rails down their long blind trails feel the
slackening strength of steam,

And the wheels turn slow and the fires grow low. City
and countryside

Choke in my grip, and sea and ship, where my still gray
squadrons ride.

And I pearl the long gray grasses by the buried seamen's
graves.

Incense of unseen masses I lift from my lone sea caves,
To the sound of a sigh that passes in the hush of the winds
and waves.

And I brood in the silence, lingering under the shroud of
night,

As a widowed mother waits for the birth that brings her
babe to light,

On earth till the birth of the flowers of spring and the
blue birds nesting call.
And I crouch till the stars grow clear again, till the bars
of the morning fall ;
Till I kiss the cheek of a child that smiles e'en the sun
stands lord of all.

For I am the darkness, the doubt, the dread that stifle
your hopes and prayers,
I am the fears of your father's dead, and their mother's
tears and cares.
I am the lives that start and lurk when the brightest
moon burns dim
In the shadows cold, in the mist and murk of the slum's
blind menace grim.

I am the strong man's well of strength, and the ford
where the coward falls,
And the gate that shall wait for all at length through the
everlasting walls.
Spores as of hoarfrost sifted o'er the fruitful field of night ;
Shreds of a banner rifted where dying heroes fight,
Or a curtain caught and lifted when you wake to a world
of light.

To the Unknown Love

ELSA BARKER

SLOWLY the seasons come and go,
And we are still apart !
We know not each the other's face,
Though deep in the lone heart
Burns evermore the flame of hope—
The fever and the smart.

Sometimes within the nether mind
Vague memories arise
Of other times and other climes,
Of lips and brow and eyes.
Sometimes it seems the murmuring breeze
Is heavy with our sighs.

I hear your voice whenever a bird
Pours out its wild love song,
And in the moaning of the sea
When nights are drear and long
My eyes look restlessly for yours
Through every passing throng.

Somewhere you lie alone to-night,
Calling me wistfully.
Oh ! that the earthly veil might fall
And let the spirit see !
It may be only yonder wall
Separates you and me.

The Mystic Rose

ELSA BARKER

I, WOMAN, am that wonder-breathing rose
That blossoms in the garden of the King,
In all the world there is no lovelier thing,
And the learned stars no secret can disclose
Deeper than mine—that almost no one knows,
The perfume of my petals in the spring,
Is inspiration to all bards that sing,
Of love, the spirit's lyric unrepouse.

Under my veil is hid the mystery
Of unaccomplished æons, and my breath
The Master Lover's Life replenisheth.
The mortal garment that is worn by me
The loom of Time renews continually,
And when I die the universe knows death.

When I go Walking in the Woods

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

WHEN I go walking in the woods
I take one thought with me,
 And, unaware,
 I find it there
Beside me in the sea ;
 Yea ! could I fly
 I doubt not I
Would find it in the air ;
Companion of all solitudes—
It is the thought of her.

And when I fall asleep at night,
But for one thing I pray :
 The power that stole
 Away her soul
To bring it back some day ;
 And all my dreams,
 Till morning gleams,
That through the day console,
Smell sweet of her, with her are bright
As with an aureole.

And, sometimes in the afternoon,
When all is strange and still,
 When sunshine sleeps
 In the sea's deeps,
And loiters on the hill,
 I seem to hear
 A footstep near,
A sound of one who creeps
Softly to listen—then, too soon,
The sound of one who weeps.

The Stars before the Dawn

FRANCES DORR SWIFT TATNALL

How warm and near the stars before the dawn
That silent keep the last dim watch ere day ;
How close to earth their tender light is drawn,
To earth so still and gray !

To them no lover cries in fond appeal,
No reveller's songs their watchful silence break,
No piteous phantoms of the night but steal
Away when they awake.

Where weary mothers stumble half asleep
To still with comfort warm a baby's cry,
Where little children dream, their watch they keep
As waning night goes by.

But most of all, I think, they light the way
For little ones who slip beyond our hold,
Who, spite of all our anguish, cannot stay,
But leave our arms a-cold.

For them their tender shining, as alone
Across the misty silences they fare,
Beyond our touch, beyond our fondling gone,
O God ! beyond our care !

A Song for March

THOMAS AUGUSTUS DALY

WHO sings of March must sing the mad,
 Lone man-at-arms, the straggler clad
 In motley white and brown—
 Who in the wake of Winter's flight
 Turns now to caper, now to fight—
 Half hector and half clown.
 One moment from a cloud-capped hill
 He blares his slogan, wild and shrill ;
 The next, with gusty laughter,
 Outsteps the sunbeams as they dance,
 And leers, and flouts with backward glance,
 The maid who follows after.
 O ! sing the maid,
 The light-heart maid,
 Who follows, follows after.

He flees her down the lengthening days ;
 She follows him through woodland ways,
 O'er hills and vales between,
 And sets for mark of victory
 On every bush and hedge and tree
 Her flag of tender green ;
 And when her breath hath spiced the night
 With promise of the warm delight
 Of young June's love and laughter,

No other song may true hearts sing
But "Speed thy passing, March, and bring
The maid who follows after ;
The light-heart maid,
The lily maid,
Who follows, follows after."

The Kiss

SARA TEASDALE

BEFORE you kissed me, only winds of heaven
Had kissed me, and the tenderness of rain—
Now you have come, how can I care for kisses
Like theirs again ?

I sought the sea, she sent her winds to meet me,
They surged about me singing of the South—
I turned my head away to keep still holy
Your kiss upon my mouth.

And swift, sweet rains of shining April weather
Found not my lips where living kisses are ;
I bowed my head lest they put out my glory,
As rain puts out a star.

I am my love's and he is mine for ever,
Sealed with a seal and safe for evermore—
Think you that I could let a beggar enter
Where a King stood before ?

The Armor-bearers

J. C. UNDERWOOD

LORD of the levelled lightnings, of battle's thunder-cloud ;
Thou that dost shake the hearts of men and make and
break the proud,
Granting each race and nation grace, each in its space
allowed :

War in the East is rising, War in the West is rife,
And the nations gird their armor on to grapple for the
life,
Nor shall we stand aloof for long in a world o'erwhelmed
with strife.

Yellow or brown, or black or white, one race shall lead
the van,
And the old gods wake, and the false gods quake,
Buddha, Mohammed, Pan,
Come side by side to conquer Christ in the last crusade
of man.

And the restless city sends us forth to sentinel the seas ;
And the iron lusts that spur the North, through peril and
unease,
Shepherds of fleets and ocean lanes and lives and liberties.
Harlot and thief and money-king, their burdens all we
bear,
Pander and felon, faithless wife, the price we pay they
share,
They that dare take their profit from a starving child's
despair.

Therefore we war with sea and storm that we may war
with men,
Because the blind must lead the blind, the brute be
mastered when
The vials of wrath are emptied out and judgment comes
again.

We are Thine armor-bearers, Lord of all power and
might,
Guarding Thine arms till Thou shalt leave Thy last
frontier of light
And turn to earth to summon us to Armageddon's fight.

Then if our quarrel be unjust when we put out to sea,
Scapegoats the mob before them thrust their shield
defaced to be,
Our navies are as drifting dust, and crimsoned clay
are we.

The Man-Child

ELSA BARKER

O WONDERFUL small being that my Love
Made of his dreams before he dreamed of me.
Trembling I bend above

Your terrifying softness, for I see
Something in you that made the stars afraid
Before their moons were made.
Strong is my soul to dare resistant things,
But with the pressure of your powerless hand
My will is like a bird with broken wings,
And all my words are written in the sand.

And she who bore you is the sacred vase
That held the wine of Love's high sacrament,
The still Madonna, to whose bower was sent
The Angel of God's grace.

No other worshipper will come like me,
O Man-Child with such offerings for your sake,
For I know all the secrets of the sea,
And of men's souls that ache ;
I know the mystery in women's eyes,
The mute word never said,
The laws that are the wonder of the wise,
And why they smile so strangely who are dead.

The Prison

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I WENT through a crowded city—
A city within my own—
Whose houses were of iron
And terrible gray stone.

I saw each awful doorway
With clanging lock and key,
And faces white behind them,
Most pitiful to me.

There was a patient silence
Within this town of tears,
That told me more than lips could
Of long, bleak, maddening years.

That silence . . . and those faces !
They haunt me all the while ;
Yet why should dead men whisper,
And why should dead men smile ?

In Excelsis

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

SPRING !

And all our valleys turning into green,
Remembering—
As I remember ! So my heart turns glad
For so much youth and joy—this to have had
When in my veins the tide of living fire
Was at its flow ;
This to know,
When now the miracle of young desire
Burns on the hills, and spring's sweet choristers
again
Chant from each tree and every bush aflame
Love's wondrous name ;
This under youth's glad reign,
With all the valleys turning into green—
This to have heard and seen !

And Song !

Once to have known what every wakened bird
Has heard ;
Once to have entered into that great harmony
Of love's creation, and to feel
The pulsing waves of wonder steal
Through all my being ; once to be
In that same sea
Of wakened joy that stirs in every tree
And every bird ; and then to sing—
To sing aloud the endless Song of Spring !

Waiting, I turn to Thee,
Expectant, humble, and on bended knee ;
Youth's radiant fire
Only to burn at Thy unknown desire—
For this alone has Song been granted me.
Upon Thy altar burn me at Thy will ;
All wonders fill
My cup, and it is Thine ;
Life's precious wine
For this alone : for Thee.
Yet never can be paid
The debt long laid
Upon my heart, because my lips did press
In youth's glad Spring the Cup of Loveliness !

Destiny

PERCY MACKAYE

WE are what we imagine. And our deeds
Are born of dreaming. Europe acts to-day
Epics that little children in their play
Conjured, and statesmen murmured in their creeds ;
In barrack, court, and school were sown those seeds,
Like Dragon's teeth, which ripen to affray
Their sowers. Dreams of slaughter rise to slay,
And fate itself is stuff that fancy breeds.
Mock, then, no more at dreaming, lest our own
Create for us a like reality !
Let not imagination's soil be sown
With arméd men, but justice, so that we
May for a world of tyranny atone,
And dream from that despair—democracy.

The Givers of Life

BLISS CARMAN

Who called us forth out of darkness and gave us the gift
of life,
Who set our hands to the toiling, our feet in the field of
strife ?

Darkly they mused, predestined to knowledge of view-
less things,
Sowing the seed of wisdom, guarding the living springs.

Little they reckoned privation, hunger or hardship or
cold,
If only the life might prosper, and the joy that grows not
old.

With sorceries subtler than music, with knowledge older
than speech,
Gentle as wind in the wheatfield, strong as the tide on
the beach.

Out of their beauty and longing, out of their raptures and
tears,
In patience and pride they bore us, to war with the war-
ring years.

Who looked on the world before them, and summoned
and chose their sires,
Subduing the wayward impulse to the will of their deep
desires ?

Sovereigns of ultimate issues under the greater laws,
Theirs was the mystic mission of the eternal cause.

Confident, tender, courageous, leaving the low for the
higher,
Lifting the feet of the nation out of the dust and the
mire.

Luring civilisation on to the fair and the new,
Given God's bidding to follow, having God's business
to do.

Who strengthened our souls with courage, and taught
us the ways of earth ?
Who gave us our patterns of beauty, our standards of
flawless worth ?

Mothers, unmilitant, lovely moulding our manhood
then,
Walked in their woman's glory, swaying the might of
men.

They schooled us to service and honour, modest and
clean and fair,—
The code of their worth of living, taught with the sanction
of prayer.

They were our sharers of sorrow, they were our makers
of joy,
Lighting the lamp of manhood in the heart of the lonely
boy.

Haloed with love and with wonder, in sheltered ways they
trod,
Seers of sublime divination, keeping the truce of God.

Who called us from youth and dreaming, and set ambition
alight,
And made us fit for the contest,—men by their tender
rite ?

Sweethearts above our merit, charming our strength and
skill,
To be the pride of their loving, to be the means of their
will.

If we be the builders of beauty, if we be the masters
of art,
Theirs were the gleaming ideals, theirs the uplift of the
heart.

Truly they measure the lightness of trappings and ease
and fame,
For the teeming desire of their yearning is ever and ever
the same.

To crown their lovers with gladness, to clothe their sons
with delight,
And see the men of their making lords in the best man's
right.

Lavish of joy and labour, broken only by wrong,
These are the guardians of being, spirited, sentient and
strong.

Theirs is the starry vision, theirs the inspiriting hope,
Since Night, the brooding enchantress, promised that day
should ope.

Lo! we have built and invented, reasoned, discovered,
and planned,
To rear us a palace of splendour, and make it a heaven
by hand.

We are shaken with dark misgiving, as kingdoms rise
and fall,
But the women who went to found them are never
counted at all.

Versed in the soul's traditions, skilled in humanity's
lore,
They wait for their crown of rapture, and weep for the
sins of war.

And behold they turn from their triumphs, as it was in
the first of days,
For a little heaven of ardour, and a little heartening of
praise.

These are the rulers of kingdoms beyond the domains of
state,
Martyrs of all men's folly, over-rulers of fate.

These we will love and honour, these we will serve and
defend,
Fulfilling the pride of nature, till nature shall have an
end.

This is the code unwritten, this is the creed we hold,
Guarding the little and lonely, gladdening the helpless
and old.

Apart from the brunt of the battle our wondrous women
shall bide,
For the sake of a tranquil wisdom, and the need of a
spirit's guide.

Come they into assembly, or keep they another door,
Our makers of life shall lighten the days as the years
of yore.

The lure of their laughter shall lead us, the lilt of their
words shall sway,
Though life and death should defeat us, their solace shall
be our stay.

Veiled in mysterious beauty, vested in magical grace,
They have walked with angels at twilight and looked
upon glory's face.

Life we will give for their safety, care for their fruitful
ease,
Though we break at the toiling benches or go down in
the smoky seas.

This is the gospel appointed to govern a world of men,
Till love has died, and the echoes have whispered the last
Amen.

Prayer

LOUIS UNTERMAYER

God, though this life is but a wraith,
Although we know not what we use,
Although we grope with little faith,
Give me the heart to fight—and lose.

Ever insurgent let me be,
Make me more daring than devout ;
From sleek contentment keep me free,
And fill me with a buoyant doubt.

Open my eyes to visions girt
With beauty, and with wonder lit—
But let me always see the dirt
And all that spawn and die in it.

Open my ears to music—let
Me thrill with spring's first flutes and drums—
But never let me dare forget
The bitter ballads of the slums.

From compromise and things half done
Keep me, with stern and stubborn pride ;
And when at last the fight is won,
God, keep me still unsatisfied.

Sometimes

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

Across the fields of yesterday
He sometimes comes to me,
A little lad just back from play—
The lad I used to be.

And yet he smiles so wistfully
Once he has crept within,
I wonder if he hopes to see
The man I might have been.

To Song

THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

HERE shall remain all tears for lovely things,
And here enshrined the longing of great hearts,
Caught on a lyre whence waking wonder starts,
To mount afar upon immortal wings ;
Here shall be treasured tender wonderings,
The faintest whisper that the soul imparts,
All silent secrets and all gracious arts
Where nature murmurs of her hidden springs.

O magic of a song ! here loveliness
May sleep unhindered of life's mortal toll,
And noble things stand towering o'er the tide ;
Here 'mid the years, untouched by time or stress,
Shall sweep on every wind that stirs the soul
The music of a voice that never died !

The Young Moses

DON MARQUIS

THE world was at his feet . . .
But overhead, the stars !

From Luxor's roof he saw their light on pillared Karnak
fall,
And knew what gods and ghosts of monarchs,
Alien to his blood,
Kept guard among the shadows there . . .
While far upon the breathing plain
Hushed Memnon brooded, holding at his heart
A golden cry that trembled for the dawn. . . .
Upon a temple's roof at Thebes the young Moses stood
In commune with his dreams. . . .

A kingdom at his feet . . .
Fostered of Pharaoh's daughter,
And a prince in Egypt :
In statecraft, priestcraft, lifecraft, skilled :
Wise in his youth, and strong, and conscious of his
powers :
Dowered with the patience and the passion that are
genius :
Ambitious, favored, subtle, sure and swift—
Already Prince in Egypt !
And later, anything he willed . . .
Fledged early, with a soaring instinct in his wings.

He mused, and for an infinite moment
All the world streamed by him in a mist . . .
Cities and ships and nations,
Temples and armies, melted to a mist, and swirling past
 beneath the stars ;
And a faint tumult filled his ears of trumpets and the
 clash of brazen arms,
The wind and sound of empire,
And he felt the mighty pulse of his own thought and will
 transmuted to the tread of marching hosts
That shook the granite hills,
And saw chained kings cringe by his chariots, lion-
 drawn . . .
And felt himself on Seti's throne and crowned with
 Seti's crown,
And all earth's rhythms beating to his sense of law,
And half earth's purple blood, if so he would, poured out
 to dye his robes with deeper splendour . . .
And all the iron delight of power was his . . .
This Egypt was a weapon to his hand,
This life was buoyant air, and his the eagle's plume.
For one measureless moment this vision moved and
 glittered,
Rushing by . . .
Master of men he knew himself ; he thrilled ;
There was an empire at his feet.

But overhead, a God . . .
Implacable divinity that, as he looked, was of a sudden
 manifest
In all the burning stars . . .
Relentless, searching spirit,
Cruel holiness that smote him with the agony of love,
Stern sweetness piercing to the soul,
Silence articulate that turned the universe to one un-
 spoken word,

Violent serenity that plucked at his roots of being . . .
And a voice that answered him before he questioned
it. . . .

For one eternal instant Moses stood,
The cup of empire lifted to his lips,
And struggled with the God that is not if we are not
He. . . .

And then . . . descended from the temple's roof,
And took his slow way through the shadowed town
Unto the quarter where an outcast people and oppressed
Labored beneath the lash
And put their lives and hopes into the bricks because
there was no straw,
And cast his lot in with those sickly slaves,
To lead them, if he might, from bondage . . .

The Weed's Counsel

BLISS CARMAN

*Said a traveller by the way
Pausing, "What hast thou to say,
Flower by the dusty road,
That would ease a mortal's load?"*

Traveller, hearken unto me!
I will tell thee how to see
Beauties in the earth and sky
Hidden from the careless eye.
I will tell thee how to hear
Nature's music wild and clear—
Songs of midday and of dark
Such as many never mark,
Lyrics of creation sung
Ever since the world was young,
And thereafter thou shalt know
Neither weariness nor woe.
Thou shalt see the dawn unfold
Artistries of rose and gold,
And the sunbeams on the sea
Dancing with the wind for glee.
The red lilies of the moors
Shall be torches on the floors,
Where the field-lark lifts his cry
To rejoice the passer-by,
In a wide world rimmed with blue,
Lovely as when time was new.

MODERN AMERICAN VERSE

And thereafter thou shalt fare
Light of foot and free from care.

I will teach thee how to find
Lost enchantments of the mind,
All about thee never guessed
By indifferent unrest.
Thy distracted thoughts shall learn
Patience from the roadside fern,
And a sweet philosophy
From the flowering locust tree—
While thy heart shall not disdain
The consolation of the rain.
Not an acre but shall give
Of its strength to help thee live.

With the many-winter'd sun
Shall thy hardy course be run,
And the bright new moon shall be
A lamp to thy felicity.
When green-mantled spring shall come
Past thy door with flute and drum,
And when over wood and swamp
Autumn trails her scarlet pomp,
No misgiving shalt thou know,
Passing glad to rise and go.

So thy days shall be unrolled
Like a wondrous cloth of gold.

When gray twilight with her star
Makes a heaven that is not far,
Touched with shadows and with dreams,
Thou shalt hear the woodland streams
Singing through the starry night
Holy anthems of delight.

So the ecstasy of earth
Shall refresh thee as at birth,
And thou shalt arise each morn
Radiant with a soul new-born.

And this wisdom of a day
None shall ever take away.

What the secret, what the clue
The wayfarer must pursue ?
Only one thing he must have
Who would share these transports brave.
Love within his heart must dwell
Like a bubbling roadside well
For a spring to quicken thought,
Else my counsel comes to naught.
For without that quickening trust
We are less than roadside dust.
This, O traveller, is my creed—
All the wisdom of the weed !

*Then the traveller set his pack
Once more on his dusty back,
And trudged on for many a mile
Fronting fortune with a smile.*

Worth While

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent
When nothing tempts you to stray,
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul astray ;
But it's only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire,
And the life that is worth the honour on earth
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered to-day—
They make up the sum of life ;
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile—
It is these that are worth the homage on earth,
For we find them but once in a while.

The Inn of the Beautiful Star

MAY RILEY SMITH

AMONG the places where you have been,
 In your wanderings near and far,
 Have you ever slept in the world's great inn,
 The Inn of the Beautiful Star ?
 It is down at the end of Poverty Lane,
 In the country of everywhere ;
 The way to it is straight and plain,
 A newsboy will guide you there.

No landlord tells you your rent is due,
 No matter how long you stay ;
 No lackeys attend you, but *qui voulez-vous ?*
 There is nothing at all to pay ;
 No housemaid knocks at your chamber door,
 No matter how long you dream ;
 You eat what was left from the day before,
 And drink from the nearest stream.

Its walls are ample, full wide its beds,
 Its ceilings are blue and gold ;
 There is turf, sometimes, for the sleepers' heads,
 And sometimes leaves for the cold.
 The stars that shine in the heavenly space
 Are the only lamps there are ;
 So the poet who slept there named the place
 The Inn of the Beautiful Star.

Hotel of Beautiful Star ! all claims
To prestige thou dost defer,
But the world would stare could it read the names
On thy ponderous register ;
For poets, artists, and fleeing kings,
And statesmen of great renown,
Have sought the shelter thy blue roof flings,
And slept on thy pallets brown.

“Oh, well! with your struggle and want and stress
The world has little to do ;
And when you have climbed your way to success,
It makes obeisance to you !
What matter ? At last, though you fail or win,
You shall sleep whoever you are,
In a little underground room of this inn,
The Inn of the Beautiful Star.”

Hymn before Birth

JOHN NEIHARDT

SOON shall you come as the dawn from the dumb abysm
of night,
Traveller birthward, Hastener earthward out of the
gloom !
Soon shall you rest on a soft white breast from the
measureless mid-world flight ;
Waken in fear at the miracle, light, in the pain-hushed
room.

Lovingly fondled, fearfully guarded by hands that are
tender,
Frail shall you seem as a dream that must fail in the
swirl of the morrow :
Oh, but the vast, immemorial past of ineffable splendour,
Forfeited in the pangful surrender to Sense and to
Sorrow !

Who shall unravel your tangle of travel, uncurtain your
history ?
Have you not run with the sun-gladdened feet of a thaw ?
Lurked as a thrill in the will of the primal sea-mystery,
The drift of the cloud and the lift of the moon for a law ?
Lost is the tale of the gulfs you have crossed and the
veils you have lifted :
In many a tongue have been wrung from you outcries
of pain :
You have leaped with the lightning from thunder-heads,
hurricane-rifted,
And breathed in the whispering rain !

Latent in juices the April sun looses from capture,
Have you not blown in the lily and grown in the weed ?
Burned with the flame of the vernal erotical rapture ?
And yearned with the passion for seed ?

Poured on the deeps from the steepes of the sky as a
chalice,
Flung through the loom that is shuttled by tempests at
play,
Myriad the forms you have taken for hovel or palace—
Broken and cast them away !

You who shall cling to a love that is fearful and pitied,
Titans of flame were your comrades to blight and
consume !

Have you not roared over song-hallowed, sword-stricken
cities,
And fled in the smoke of their doom ?

For, ancient and new, you are flame, you are dust, you
are spirit and dew,
Swirled into flesh, and the winds of the world are your
breath !

The song of a thrush in the hush of the dawn is not
younger than you—
And yet you are older than death !

The Old Road to Paradise

MARGARET WIDDEMER

*Ours is a dark Eastertide, and a scarlet spring,
But high up at Heaven's gate all the saints sing,
Glad for the great companies returning to their King!*

Oh, in youth the dawn's a rose, dusk an amethyst,
All the roads from dusk to dawn gay they wind and twist,
The old road to Paradise, easy it is missed!

But out on the wet battlefields few the roadways wind,
One to grief, one to death—no road that's kind—
The old road to Paradise, plain it is to find.

*(St Martin in his Colonel's cloak, St Joan in her mail,
King David with his crown and sword—oh, none there be
that fail—
Along the road to Paradise they stand to greet and hail!)*

Where the dark's a terror-thing, morn a hope doubt-
tossed,
Where the lads lie thinking long, out in rain and frost,
There they find their God again, long ago they lost.

Where the night comes cruelly, where the hurt men moan,
Where the crushed forgotten ones whisper prayers alone,
Christ along the battlefields comes to lead His own.

Souls that would have withered soon in the world's hot
glare,
Blown and gone like shrivelled things, dusty on the air,
Rank on rank they follow Him, young and strong and fair!

*Ours is a sad Eastertide, and a woeful day,
Yet high up at Heaven's gate the saints are all gay,
For the old road to Paradise—'tis a main travelled way!*

Summons

LOUIS UNTERMAYER

THE eager night and the impetuous winds,
The hints and whispers of a thousand lures
And all the swift persuasion of the Spring,
Surged from the stars and stones, and swept me
on . . .

The smell of honeysuckles keen and clear,
Startled and shook me, with a sudden thrill
Of some well-known but half-forgotten voice.
A slender stream became a naked sprite,
Flashed around curious bends, and winked at me
Beyond the turns, alert and mischievous.
A saffron moon, dangling among the trees,
Seemed like a toy balloon caught in the boughs,
Flung there in sport by some too-mirthful breeze . . .
And as it hung there, vivid and unreal,
The whole world's lethargy was brushed away ;
The night kept tugging at my torpid mood
And tore it into shreds. A warm wind blew
My wintry slothfulness beyond the stars ;
And over all indifference there streamed
A myriad surges in one rushing wave . . .
Touched with the lavish miracles of earth,
I felt the brave persistence of the grass ;
The far desire of rivulets ; the keen
Unconquerable fervour of the thrush ;
The endless labors of the patient worm ;

The lichen's strength ; the prowess of the ant ;
The constancy of flowers ; the blind belief
Of ivy climbing slowly toward the sun ;
The eternal struggles and eternal deaths—
And yet the groping faith of every root !
Out of old graves arose the cry of life ;
Out of the dying came the deathless call.
And, thrilling with a new sweet restlessness,
The thing that was my boyhood woke in me—
Dear, foolish fragments made me strong again ;
Valiant adventures, dreams of those to come,
And all the vague, heroic hopes of youth,
With fresh abandon like a fearless laugh
Leaped up to face the heaven's unconcern . . .
And then—veil upon veil was torn aside—
Stars, like a host of merry girls and boys,
Danced gaily round me, plucking at my hand ;
The night, scorning its ancient mystery,
Leaned down and pressed new courage in my heart ;
The hermit thrush, throbbing with more than song,
Sang with a happy challenge to the skies ;
Love, and the faces of a world of children,
Swept like a conquering army through my blood—
And Beauty, rising out of all its forms,
Beauty, the passion of the universe,
Flamed with its joy, a thing too great for tears,
And, like a wine, poured itself out for me
To drink of, to be warmed with, and to go
Refreshed and strengthened to the ceaseless fight ;
To meet with confidence the cynic years ;
Battling in wars that never can be won,
Seeking the lost cause and the brave defeat.

This is Another Day

DON MARQUIS

I AM mine own priest, and I shrive myself
Of all my wasted yesterdays. Though sin
And sloth and foolishness, and all ill weeds
Of error, evil, and neglect grow rank
And ugly there, I dare forgive myself
That error, sin, and sloth and foolishness.
God knows that yesterday, I played the fool ;
God knows that yesterday, I played the knave ;
But shall I therefore cloud this new dawn o'er
With fog of futile sighs and vain regrets ?

This is another day ! And flushed Hope walks
Adown the sunward slopes with golden shoon.
This is another day ; and its young strength
Is laid upon the quivering hills until,
Like Egypt's Memnon, they grow quick with song.
This is another day, and the bold world
Leaps up and grasps its light, and laughs, as leapt
Prometheus up and wrenched the fire from Zeus.

This is another day—are its eyes blurred
With maudlin grief for any wasted past ?
A thousand thousand failures shall not daunt !
Let dust clasp dust ; death, death—I am alive !
And out of all the dust and death of mine
Old selves I dare to lift a singing heart.
And living faith ; my spirit dares drink deep
Of the red mirth mantling in the cup of morn.

A Golden Lad

DON MARQUIS

(D. V. M.)

*"Golden lads and lasses must
Like chimney-sweepers come to dust."*—

SHAKESPEARE.

So young, but already the splendour
Of genius robed him about—
Already the dangerous, tender
Regard of the gods marked him out.

(On whom the burden and duty
They bind, at his earliest breath,
Of showing their own grave beauty,
They love or they crown with death.)

We were of one blood, but the olden
Rapt poets spake out in his tone;
We were of one blood, but the golden
Rathe promise was his, his alone.

And ever his great eye glistened
With visions I could not see,
Ever he thrilled and listened
To voices withholden from me.

Young lord of the realm of fancy,
The bright dreams flocked to his call
Like sprites that the necromancy
Of a Prospero holds in thrall.

Quick visions that served and attended,
Elusive and hovering things,
With a quiver of joy in the splendid
Wild sweep of their luminous wings ;

He dwelt in an alien glamour,
He wrought of its gleams a crown,—
But the world, with its cruelty and clamor,
Broke him and beat him down ;

So he passed ; he was worn, he was weary,
He was slain at the touch of life ;—
With a smile that was wistful and eerie
He passed from the senseless strife ;—

So he ceased (is their humor satiric
These gods that make perfect and blight ?)—
He ceased like an exquisite lyric
That dies on the breast of night.

The Road to Tartary

BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER

I LEFT the dusty travelled road the proper people tread—
Like solemn sheep they troop along, Tradition at their
head ;

I went by meadow, stream, and wood ; I wandered at
my will ;

And in my wayward ears a cry of warning echoed still :
“ Beware ! beware ! ”—an old refrain they shouted
after me—

“ The road that thou art going is the road to Tartary. ”

I clambered over dawn-lit hills—the dew was on my
feet ;

I crossed the sullen pass at night in wind and rain and
sleet ;

I followed trains of errant thought through heaven and
earth and hell,

And thence I seemed to hear again that unctuous
farewell,

For there I dreamed the little fiends were pointing all
at me :

“ The road that thou art going is the road to Tartary. ”

From all the pious wrangling sects I set my spirit free ;
I own no creed but God and Love and Immortality,
Their dogmas and their disciplines are dust and smoke
and cloud,

They cannot see my sun-lit way ; and still they cry aloud,
From church, conventicle, and street, that warning old
to me :

“ The road that thou art going is the road to Tartary. ”

I found a woman God had made, the blind world tossed
aside—

It had not dreamed the greatness hid in poverty and
pride.

I left the world to walk with her and talk with her and
learn

The secret things of happiness—and will I now return
To that blind, prudish world that shrugs and lifts its
brows to me :

“ The road that thou art going is the road to Tartary.”

Nay ; we will go together, Love—we two to greet the sun.
There are more roads than one to heaven, perhaps more
heavens than one.

Here on the lonely heights we see things hid from those
who tread

Like sheep the dusty trodden way, Tradition at their
head.

We sense the common goal of all—in Mecca we shall be,
Though the road that we are going seem the road to
Tartary.

On the Upward Road

CALE YOUNG RICE

WITHIN a city I paused, in pity
Of human sorrow and human wrong ;
Of bitter toiling, of sad assoiling,
Of fatal foiling to weak and strong.

I paused where centred on sin throngs entered
A door of evil and lust and greed.
I saw dark faces whereon disgraces
Had writ their traces for all to read.

I said : *It is human, nor man nor woman
Is worse or better than men before.
Since time's beginning there has been sinning,
While time is spinning there shall be more.*

*For spite of sages that search the ages
Back to the Mammoth and Saurian,
That find a growing, an upward flowing
Of Good all-knowing, man is but man.*

*In spite of heavens, in spite of leavens,
Of yeastly yearnings to run and climb,
He is no surer that life is purer,
Or that a Juror sits over time.*

*He takes the seasons, each with its treasons,
Of heat or tempest, of sun or snow,
Half doubtful whether a better weather
Would work together with one so low.*

*His gods are many, or one, or any ;
He must have worship to hush his fear.
So all the spaces through which thought races
He fills with faces that hide—yet hear.*

*Or when death sickens his heart it quickens
His need, so lonely for love's applause,
That of his dreamings—the merest seemings
Of deathless gleamings, he makes him Laws.*

*And with repentance will serve their sentence—
In hopes of gaining again one breast.
The universes that doom disperses
His faith immerses in Life all-blest.*

*He is so little that his acquittal,
Of all great Nature impels him to,
He cries for bravely : yet ever gravely,
Or sad, or suavely, the skies will woo.*

*But doubts while wooing, so keeps pursuing
Two roads—one starry and one of earth.
Nor ever clearer seems one, or nearer
His goal—or dearer in weal or worth.*

*Thus, in a city, impelled by pity
More than despair I paused and cried.
But in my being a deeper seeing,
A truer pleaing to me replied :—*

*You speak in passion—in the dark fashion
Of those who suffer because they grope ;
To whom despairing seems the true daring
When doubt long-faring no door can ope.*

*For 'tis not certain that sin's dark curtain
Of imperfection hangs still so black ;
That man has lifted no edge, nor rifted
No fold, or sifted light through no crack.*

*He stumbles ever, in his endeavour,
And seems no better than he has been.
But life is vaster, and he more master
Now, if no faster he sinks in sin.*

*And, too, his duty is not mere beauty
Of moral being, he is a Child
Of higher station, of all creation—
Whose aspiration runs thro' him wild.*

*A thousand courses on him life forces,
A thousand visions that bring a need.
To search abysses for all he misses :
From all he wisses to frame a creed.*

*So all the wages that thro' the ages
He, Nature's vassal, with toil has won,
All secrets looted, all lies refuted,
Must be computed as good well done.*

*Praise then be to him that strongly thro' him
There flows the effort to find the goal
That faith defeated, by false gods cheated,
And oft unseated, still rules his soul.*

The Factories

MARGARET WIDDEMER

I HAVE shut my little sister in from life and light,
(For a rose, for a ribbon, for a wreath across my hair,)
I have made her restless feet still until the night,
Locked from sweets of summer and from wild spring
air ;

I who roamed the meadowlands, free from sun to sun,
Free to sing and pull the buds and watch the far wings
fly,

I have bound my sister till her playing-time is done—
Oh, my little sister, was it I ? Was it I ?

I have robbed my sister of her day of maidenhood,
(For a robe, for a feather, for a trinker's restless spark,)
Shut from Love till dusk shall fall, how shall she know
good,

How shall she go scatheless through the sunlit dark ?
I who could be innocent, I who could be gay,
I who could have love and mirth before the light went
by,

I have shut my sister in her mating time away—
Sister, my young sister, was it I ? Was it I ?

I have robbed my sister of the lips against her breast,
(For a coin, for the weaving of my children's lace and
lawn,)

Feet that pace beside the loom, hands that cannot rest,
How can she know motherhood, whose strength is
gone ?

I, who took no heed of her, starved and labour-worn,
I, against whose placid heart my sleepy gold-heads lie,
Round my path they cry to me, little souls unborn—
God of Life! Creator! It was I! It was I!

Gipsy Feet

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

OH, gipsy hearts are many enough, but gipsy feet are few !
Many's the one that loves to dream night-long of stars
 and dew ;
Many's the one that loves the scent of wood-smoke by
 the way,
And turns a leaping, longing heart to every dawn of day.

Gipsy hearts are many enough, but gipsy feet are few—
Ah, how ill it is to bide unloosed the long year through !
Up and down the loud gray streets, stared at, staring
 back,
Through tarnished trails of the staggering sun and soot-
 fog ochre-black ;

Dressed in heavy and sober togs, eating of heavy fare,
Hailed by only the screaming street, " Mind ! step lively
 there ! "
Crook-backed over a dusty desk,—bothering to and fro
There in the dull and airless house,—Ah, to cut and go !

Up the hill-roads into the day ! Over the seaward fells,
Watch the thistle-down dip, and hear the thin sheep's
 huddling bells ;
Run like fire along the field, worship the heart of the
 wood,
Kneel by the spring that splits the rock, and find the
 white rain good.

—Oh, gipsy hearts are many enough, but gipsy feet are
few,
And secret gods must we worship still, if we worship fire
and dew;
For we must bend at the dusty desk, and over the counter
lean,
Toil and moil in the sun-starved house, though leaves
blow red or green.

God, great God of the wind's caress, God of the sea's
salute,
Why are we chained and muzzled and meshed more than
our brother the brute?
Shall there be never a day that all of the gipsy hearts may
greet,
Laughing out at the lure of the sun for the lift of the
gipsy feet?

But oh, though that day is far to come, and the feet
forget to go free,
Pray God that the hearts may not forget the hurt and
the ecstasy!
Pray God that never the fret may fail while the Spring
comes over the year,
That never the thin gay Autumn dawns may seem less
wild and dear.

For shall it not be height of Heaven, wonderful, swift and
sweet,
If into the paths of perilous death may wander the gipsy
feet?
May wander free with the risk of the road, the road that
the glad Dead know,
Out where the fires of God flame high, and the winds of
God lean low!

Pro Patria Mori

RICHARD BURTON

As a gold and scarlet sunset
Glories a sombre day,
That else were all unmemoried,
Dying in dusk away.

Great acts man's day emblazon,
God's lilies out of life's mud ;
The splendid flower of heroes
Out of a soil of blood.

The date of the deed ? Who recks it ?
Such moments are timeless things.
Of old, Leonidas thrills us,
He travels on Fame's wide wings ;

Or, blithe through the Russian bullets,
Rushes the Light Brigade
To death—and the whole world echoes
The sound of the charge they made.

And now,—with the ancient valour,—
In the clutch of a tropic sun,
Our own Rough Riders conquer,
Though the foe be four to one.

The date of the deed ? 'Tis nothing !
Count it by tears or cheers,
For the men who die for Country
Have naught to do with the years.

The Real Thing

JOHN CURTIS UNDERWOOD

YES, you're down, you're dazed, you're sore,
But you'll get up again.
Take the count and watch his arm if you've got head
 enough.
If the girl's gone and she never will come back, alive,
There're as good as she on earth still. On my word there
 are.
If it's money, you'll make more. The world is full of it,
Full of people simply waiting to give up to you.
If it's drink, there's time to sidestep till the final round.
If you're sick and sad, the better times are bound to come.
If you're hungry, there are others that are hungrier.
If you've lost a friend forever, you'll get next to him
Just by making other friends like him and keeping them.
If it's death itself you're facing, so's the world as well.
If he can't be countered longer, every one of us
Soon or late must go against the big black heavy-weight.
He's your sparring partner merely. If he knocks you out,
It's because your trainer simply thinks you need a rest.
So it's up to you to show him you're no quitter yet.
Other rings in heaven or hell there are you're scheduled
 for
Where you've got to go against the real thing, some time,
 soon or late.
Men like you have landed knockouts in defeat's own face.
Get one blow in first. Last one round more, for God's
 sake, man!

Landscapes

LOUIS UNTERMAYER

(TO CLEMENT R. WOOD)

THE rain was over, and the brilliant air
 Made every little blade of grass appear
Vivid and startling—everything was there
 With sharpened outlines, eloquently clear,
 As though one saw it in a crystal sphere.
The rusty sumac with its struggling spires ;
The golden-rod with all its million fires
(A million torches swinging in the wind) ;
A single poplar, marvellously thinned,
Half like a naked boy, half like a sword ;
Clouds, like the haughty banners of the Lord ;
A group of pansies with their shrewish faces ;
Little old ladies cackling over laces ;
The quaint, unhurried road that curved so well ;
The prim petunias with their rich, rank smell ;
The lettuce-bords, the creepers in the field—
How bountifully were they all revealed !
How arrogantly each one seemed to thrive—
So frank and strong, so radiantly alive.

And over all the morning-minded earth
There seemed to spread a sharp and kindling mirth,
Piercing the stubborn stones until I saw
The toad face heaven without shame or awe,
The ant confront the stars, and every weed
Grow proud as though it bore a royal seed ;
While all the things that die and decompose
Sent forth their bloom as richly as the rose. . . .

Oh ! what a liberal power that made them thrive,
 And keep the very dirt that died, alive.
 And now I saw the slender willow tree
 No longer calm or drooping listlessly,
 Letting its languid branches sway and fall,
 As though it danced in some sad ritual ;
 But rather like a young athletic girl,
 Fearless and gay, her hair all out of curl
 And flying in the wind—her head thrown back,
 Her arms flung up, her garments flowing slack,
 And all her rushing spirits running over. . . .
 What made a sober tree seem such a rover—
 Or made the staid and stalwart apple trees
 That stood for years knee-deep in velvet peace
 Turn all their fruit to little worlds of flame
 And burn the trembling orchard there below.
 What let the heart of every golden glow—
 Oh ! why was nothing weary, dull, or tame ?
 Beauty it was, and keen, compassionate mirth,
 That drives the vast and energetic earth.

And with abrupt and visionary eyes
 I saw the huddled tenement arise ;
 Then where the merry clover danced and shone
 Sprang agonies of iron and of stone ;
 There where green silence laughed or stood enthralled
 Cheap music blared and evil alleys sprawled,
 The roaring avenues, the shrieking mills ;
 Brothels and prisons on those kindly hills—
 The menace of these things swept over me ;
 A threatening, unconquerable sea. . . .

A stirring landscape and a generous earth !
 Freshening courage and benevolent mirth—
 And then the city, like a hideous sore. . . .
 Good God, and what is all this beauty for ?

The Modern Saint

RICHARD BURTON

No monkish garb he wears, no beads he tells,
Nor is immured in walls remote from strife,
But from his heart deep mercy ever wells ;
He looks humanely forth on human life.

In place of missals or of altar dreams,
He cons the passioned book of deeds and days ;
Striving to cast the comforting sweet beams
Of charity on dark and noisome ways.

Not hedged about by sacerdotal rule,
He walks a fellow of the scarred and weak.
Liberal and wise his gifts, he goes to school,
To justice ; and he turns the other cheek.

He looks not holy, simple is his belief,
His creed for mystic visions do not scan,
His face shows lines cut there by others' grief,
And in his eyes is love of brother-man.

Not self nor self-salvation is his care ;
He yearns to make the world a sunnier clime
To live in, and his mission everywhere
Is strangely like to Christ's in olden time.

No mediæval mystery, no crowned
Dim figure, halo-ringed, uncanny bright,
A modern saint : a man who treads earth's ground,
And ministers to men with all his might.

The Child in Me

MAY RILEY SMITH

SHE follows me about My House of Life—
 (This happy little ghost of my dead youth !)
 She has no part in Time's relentless strife,
 She keeps her old simplicity and truth,
 And laughs at grim mortality—
 This deathless child that stays with me—
 This happy little ghost of my dead youth !

My House of Life is weather-stained with years—
 (O Child in Me, I wonder why you stay ?)
 Its windows are bedimmed with rain of tears,
 Its walls have lost their rose—its thatch its gray :
 One after one its guests depart—
 So dull a host is my old heart—
 O Child in Me, I wonder why you stay !

For jealous Age, whose face I would forget,
 Pulls the bright flowers you give me from my hair
 And powders it with snow—and yet—and yet
 I love your dancing feet and jocund air,
 And have no taste for caps of lace
 To tie about my faded face :
 I love to wear your flower in my hair !

O Child in Me, leave not My House of Clay
 Until we pass together through its Door !
 When lights are out, and Life has gone away,
 And we depart to come again no more,
 We comrades, who have travelled far,
 Will hail the twilight and the star,
 And gladly pass together through the Door !

A Song for Healing

CALE YOUNG RICE

(ON THE SOUTH SEAS)

WHEN I return to the world again,
The world of fret and fight,
To grapple with godless things and men,
And battle, wrong or right,
I will remember this—the sea,
And the white stars hanging high,
And the vessel's bow
Where calmly now
I gaze to the boundless sky.

When I am deaf with the din of strife,
And blind amid despair,
When I am choked with the dust of life
And long for free soul-air ;
I will recall this sound—the sea's,
And the wide horizon's hope,
And the wind that blows,
And the phosphor snows
That fall as the cleft waves ope.

When I am beaten—when I fall
On the bed of black defeat,
When I have hungered, and in gall
Have got but shame to eat,
I will remember this—the sea
And its tide as soft as sleep,
And the clear night sky
That heals for aye
All who will trust its deep.

Portrait of an Old Woman

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

SHE limps with halting, painful pace,
Stops, wavers, and creeps on again ;
Peers up with dim and questioning face,
Void of desire or doubt or pain.

Her cheeks hang gray in waxen folds
Wherein there stirs no blood at all.
A hand like bundled cornstalks holds
The tatters of a faded shawl.

Where was a breast, sunk bones she clasps ;
A knot jerks where were woman-hips ;
A ropy throat sends writhing gasps
Up to the tight line of her lips.

Here strong the city's pomp is poured . . .
She stands, unhuman, bleak, aghast :
An empty temple of the Lord
From which the jocund Lord has passed.

He has builded him another house,
Whenceforth his flame, renewed and bright,
Shines stark upon these weathered brows
Abandoned to the final night.

Water Fantasy

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

O BROWN brook, O blithe brook, what will you say to me
If I take off my heavy shoon and wade you childishly ?

O take them off and come to me,

You shall not fall. Step merrily !

But cool brook, but quick brook, and what if I should
float

White-bodied in your pleasant pool, your bubbles at my
throat ?

If you are but a mortal maid,

Then I shall make you half afraid.

The water shall be dim and deep,

And silver fish shall lunge and leap

About you, coward mortal thing.

But if you come desiring

To win once more your naiadhood,

How you shall laugh and find me good—

My golden surfaces, my glooms,

My secret grottoes, dripping rooms,

My depths of warm wet emerald,

My mosses floating fold on fold !

And where I take the rocky leap

Like wild white water shall you sweep ;

Like wild white water shall you cry,

Trembling and turning to the sky,

While all the thousand fringed trees

Glimmer and glitter through the breeze

I bid you come ! Too long, too long,
You have forgot my undersong.
And this perchance you never knew :
E'en I, the brook, have need of you.
My naiads faded long ago—
My little nymphs, that to and fro
Within my waters sunnily
Made small white flames of tinkling glee.
I have been lonesome, lonesome ; yea,
E'en I, the brook, until this day.
Cast off your shoon ; ah, come to me,
And I will love you lingeringly !

O wild brook, O wise brook, I cannot come, alas !
I am but mortal as the leaves that flicker, float and pass.
My body is not used to you ; my breath is fluttering
sore ;
You clasp me round too icily. Ah ! let me go once more !
Would God I were a naiad-thing whereon Pan's music
blew :
But woe is me ! you pagan brook, I cannot stay with you.

Earth's Easter

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

EARTH has gone up from its Gethsemane,
And now on Golgotha is crucified ;
The spear is twisted in the tortured side ;
The thorny crown still works its cruelty.
Hark ! while the victim suffers on the tree,
There sound through starry spaces, far and wide,
Such words as in the last despair are cried :
“ My God ! my God ! Thou hast forsaken me ! ”

But when earth's members from the cross are drawn,
And all we love into the grave is gone,
This hope shall be a spark within the gloom :
That, in the glow of some stupendous dawn,
We may go forth to find, where lilies bloom,
Two angels bright before an empty tomb.

The Gift

LOUIS V. LEDOUX

LET others give you wealth and love,
And guard you while you live ;
I cannot set my gift above
The gift that others give.

And yet the gift I give is good :
In one man's eyes to see
The worship of your maidenhood,
While children climb your knee.

Serenade

LOUIS V. LEDOUX

OUT of the dusky midnight,
Over the silver dew,
A spirit came
With a heart of flame
Singing of you, of you.

Dawn rose over the mountains,
Gold on the farthest height ;
And the robins sang
Till the wildwood rang
Only of love's delight.

Midnight and dawn and sunset,
Rose of the East and West,
Again I wait
At your garden-gate,
And the thorn is in my breast.

The Bend of the Road

GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD

Oh, that bend of the road, how it baffles, yet beckons !
What lies there beyond—less or more than heart reckons ?
What ends, what begins, there where sight fails to follow ?
Does the road climb to heaven, or dip to the hollow ?
Oh ! what glory of greenness, what lights interlacing,
What softness of shadow, what bounty of spacing,
What refreshment of change—aye, what beauty Elysian
The sweep of that curve may deny to the vision !
Oh, my soul yearns for sight ! Oh, my feet long to
follow,
Swift-winged with sweet hope as with ways of a swallow !
Though lonely the way, void of song, void of laughter,
I must go to the end—I must know what comes after.

Ballad of a Child

JOHN NEIHARDT

YEARLY thrilled the plum tree
With the mother-mood ;
Every June the rose stock
Bore her wonder-child :
Every year the wheatlands
Reared a golden brood :
World of praying Rachaels,
Heard and reconciled !

“ Poet,” said the plum tree’s
Singing white and green,
“ What avails your mooning,
Can you fashion plums ? ”
“ Dreamer,” crooned the wheatland’s
Rippling vocal sheen,
“ See my golden children
Marching as with drums ! ”

“ By a god begotten,”
Hymned the sunning vine,
“ In my lyric children
Purple music flows ! ”
“ Singer,” breathed the rose bush,
“ Are they not divine ? ”
Have you any daughters
Mighty as a rose ? ”

*Happy, happy mothers !
 Cruel, cruel words !
 Mine are ghostly children,
 Haunting all the ways ;
 Latent in the plum bloom,
 Calling through the birds,
 Romping with the wheat brood
 In their shadow plays !*

*Gotten out of star-glint,
 Mothered of the Moon ;
 Nurtured with the rose scent,
 Wild, elusive throng !
 Something of the vine's dream
 Crept into a tune ;
 Something of the wheat-drone
 Echoed in a song.*

Once again the white fires
 Smoked among the plums ;
 Once again the world-joy
 Burst the crimson bud ;
 Golden-bannered wheat broods
 Marched to fairy drums ;
 Once again the vineyard
 Felt the Bacchic blood.

“ Lo, he comes—the dreamer ”—
 Crooned the whitened boughs,
 “ Quick with vernal love-fires—
 Oh, at last he knows !
 See the bursting plum bloom
 There above his brows ! ”
 “ Boaster ! ” breathed the rose bush,
 “ ’Tis a budding rose ! ”

Droned the glinting acres,
" In his soul, mayhap,
Something like a wheat-dream
Quickens into shape ! "
Sang the sunning vineyard,
" Lo, the lyric sap
Sets his heart a-throbbing
Like a purple grape ! "

*Mother of the wheatlands,
Mother of the plums,
Mother of the vineyard—
All that loves and grows—
Such a living glory
To the dreamer comes,
Mystic as a wheat-song,
Mighty as a rose !*

*Star-glint, moon-glow,
Gathered in a mesh !
Spring-hope, white fire
By a kiss beguiled !
Something of the world-joy
Dreaming into flesh !
Bird-song, vine-thrill
Quickened to a child !*

A Watteau Melody

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

OH, let me take your lily hand,
 And where the secret star-beams shine
 Draw near, to see and understand
 Pierrot and Columbine.

Around the fountains, in the dew,
 Where afternoon melts into night,
 With gracious mirth their gracious crew
 Entice the shy birds of delight.

Of motley dress and maskéd face,
 Of sparkling, unrevealing eyes,
 They track in gentle aimless chase
 The moment as it flies.

Their delicate beribboned rout,
 Gallant and fair, of light intent,
 Weaves through the shadows in and out
 With infinite artful merriment.

Dear Lady of the lily hand,
 Do then our stars so clearly shine
 That we, who do not understand,
 May mock Pierrot and Columbine ?

Beyond this garden-grove I see
 The wise, the noble and the brave
 In ultimate futility
 Go down into the grave.

And all they dreamed and all they sought,
Crumbled and ashen grown, departs ;
And is as if they had not wrought
These works with blood from out their hearts.

The nations fall, the faiths decay,
The great philosophies go by,—
And life lies bare, some bitter day,
A charnel that affronts the sky.

The wise, the noble and the brave,—
They saw and solved, as we must see
And solve, the universal grave,
The ultimate futility.

Look, where beside the garden-pool
A Venus rises in the grove,
More suave, more debonair, more cool
Then ever burned with Paphian love.

'Twas here the delicate ribboned rout
Of gallants and the fair ones went
Among the shadows in and out
With infinite artful merriment.

Then let me take your lily hand,
And let us tread where starbeams shine,
A dance ; and be, and understand
Pierrot and Columbine.

The Ways Return

RICHARD BURTON

MANY the ways that man must fare,
The roads run up and down ;
Some thrid the country hillsides fair,
Some slink within the town.

Some tortuous are and hard to keep,
But others slip along
Where gardens grow and fountains leap,
And speech is sweet and song.

Some stretch away 'mid alien sights,
'Midst strange far-lying things ;
Others be near the native lights,
Nor reck of journeyings.

And oh, the lingering, long quest,
The stumblings, triumphs, pain ;
The while man fares it east and west
Ere he returns again.

But one boon, one, is sure to be,
How far so e'er he roam :
At last the wandering ways agree,
At last they lead him home.

A Birthday Song

GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD

OUT and away, my song,
The road is long ;
The time is short ;
For thou by break of day, my song,
Must reach thy port.
Hie through the night !
Catch thee a star-beam for thy steed,
Saddle and curb it to thy need.
With diamonded light,
Bind the whole heavens to its feet,
Then leap into thy seat
And loose it for wide flight !
Joy be thy spur and love thy whip.
For ere the moon hath bent to lave
Her pallid forehead in the wave,
Ere dawn rose paints the mountain tip,
Ere light lies liquid on the bay
And palpitant above,
There, where my heart is, must thou be,
O song of mine, in lieu of me,
And gently lay
Thy little rhymes, all silver sweet
With tender greetings, at the feet
Of one I love,
And shall love long.
Haste thee, oh, haste thee, then, my song !
Near is the day,
Out and away !

The Ballet

JOHN CURTIS UNDERWOOD

LISTEN, the flutes of fairyland are sounding far away,
And the curtain climbs, and the footlights flame like the
dawn of a summer day.
And out of the shadows steal the sprites to whirl like the
winds at play.

You that are free from the bonds of flesh shall see them
dancing there
Through the lights, and the shadows shifting mesh,
immortal, fresh and fair,
Like the living notes of a song that floats for ever in the
air.

Look where one comes to the sound of the drums and
oboes as she trips,
Touching the hidden hands of life with lifted finger tips,
With the smiling pride of the première exultant on her
lips.

She is incarnate joy and youth, beauty whose soul is
grace,
Like the flowers that sway in the breeze of May. And
the Spring has flushed her face,
And the heart of the old world warms to her for an hour
and a breathing space.

And the sombre soul of the city wakes to a season of
delight,
And its plaudits fall as its pulses stir like the roses red
and white
She crushes to her bosom there to bear into the night.

There, there is sorrow and despair and the weight of
lonely years,
She goes to join her sisters there in an ocean salt with
tears,
And the curtain falls. Like a breaking wave her triumph
disappears.

Day after day from the depths of life, from the ends of
the earth they rise,
Wave after wave with its froth and foam and its impulse
towards the skies,
Night after night they cast their spray, and they die as
the daylight dies.

And the line of the ballet surging high like the comber's
curving crest,
Feels the pulse of life as it swells and falls by a purpose
strong possessed,
As passion on through cosmos crawls to a harbour sure
of rest.

The Three Sisters

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

GONE are the three, those sisters rare,
With wonder-lips and eyes ashine.
One was wise and one was fair,
And one was mine.

Ye mourners, weave for the sleeping hair
Of only two your ivy vine
For one was wise and one was fair,
But one was mine.

Tired Mothers

MAY RILEY SMITH

A LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee—
Your tired knee that has so much to bear ;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of shining hair ;
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of small moist fingers, holding yours so tight—
You do not prize this blessing overmuch—
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But if some night when you sit down to rest
You miss this elbow from your tired knee,
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly ;
If from your own the dimpled hand had slipped,
Never to nestle in your palm again,
If the white feet into their grave had tripped—
Ah, I could give you all my pity then !

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown,
Or that footprints when the days are wet
Are ever black enough to make them frown ;
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket on my chamber floor,
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its music in my home once more :

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
And oh, it seems surpassing strange to me
That while I wore the badge of motherhood
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

Nuptial Song

JOHN C. NEIHARDT

Lo ! the Field that slumbered,
Sowed and winter-sealed ;
Thralled and dream-encumbered !
Oh, the maiden Field !
Never Thunder roused her,
Rain or yearning Fire ;
Never Sun espoused her,
Virile with desire.

Yet betimes a vague thrill
Running in a thaw,
Hinted at the World-Will
And the Lyric Law ;
Made her guess at splendor
Bursting out of pain ;
Feel the clutching, tender
Fingers of the grain.

Now an end of dreaming !
Lo ! the lover comes—
Flame-wrought banners gleaming,
Haughty thunder drums ;
Joy- and sorrow-laden,
Eager, wondershod !
Sacrifice the Maiden
On the altar of the god !

Though he come with terror,
 Though he woo with pain,
 Love is never error,
 Kisses never vain.
 Victress in her capture,
 Let the Maiden know
 All the aching rapture,
 All the singing woe !

Hark ! the regal thunder !
 (Oh, the huddled Field !)
 'Tis the Night of Wonder—
 Let the Maiden yield !
 Oh, the quiet after
 All the singing pain !
 Oh, the rippling laughter
 Of the nursing grain !

Older and yet younger,
 Sadder, and yet blessed,
 With a baby-hunger
 Tugging at her breast,
 She shall feel the Great Law—
Love and you shall grow.
 Give her to the wild Awe,
 Let the Maiden know !

Sweeter than all other
 Songs of lip or lyre—
 Every Maid a Mother,
 Every man a Sire :
 Joy beneath the pain warm,
 God amidst the plan ;
 Field unto the Rainstorm,
 Maid unto the Man !

Sometime

MAY RILEY SMITH

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And suns and stars forever set,
The things which our weak judgment here has
spurned,

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue ;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see that, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me ;
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry
Because his wisdom to the end could see.
And even as wise parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if, sometime, commingling with life's wine,
We find the wormwood and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh ! do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace !

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life
And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart ;
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold ;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the chalices of gold.
And when, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet with sandals loosed may rest,
Where we shall clearly know and understand,
Our happy hearts will say that " God knew best."

Where Love is

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

By the rosy cliffs of Devon, on a green hill's crest,
I would build me a house as a swallow builds her nest ;
I would curtain it with roses, and the wind should breathe
to me
The sweetness of the roses and the saltness of the sea.

Where the Tuscan olives whiten in the hot blue day
I would hide me from the heat in a little hut of gray,
While the singing of the husbandmen should scale my
lattice green
From the golden rows of barley that the poppies blaze
between.

Narrow is the street, dear, and dingy are the walls
Wherein I wait your coming as the twilight falls.
All day with dreams I gild the grime, till at your step
I start—
Ah, love, my country in your arms—my home upon your
heart !

Grain

JOHN CURTIS UNDERWOOD

LIGHT was reft from darkness, land and sea appeared,
One unchanging purpose wide the field surveyed.
Strange chaotic forms of life lusted, slew and feared,
Hungered, died and fertilised the soil that love had
made.

Glaciers plowed the prairies, rivers rose and ran.
Earth was robed in verdure. Slowly grew the grain
Towards to-day's perfection. And so the mind of man
Learned to plow and sow and reap and garner home
again.

Here the soil primeval lay till yesterday
Virgin, fair and spared a new-born nation's need to
feed.

Here the happy hunting-grounds where men might love
and slay
Nursed the childhood of the race nor knew the taint
of greed.

Flowers filled the plains with light. Dusky bison hordes
On their last migration passed. Red men, pioneers,
Into silence followed them. And so this earth affords
Food for famished millions and a storehouse for the
years.

Counters for your corners, money for your lust,
Rations for the regiments of tyranny and pain,
Fertile, fair, and undefiled for righteous and unjust
Grows the nation's sacrament of sunshine turned to
grain.

Reapers shear the Golden Fleece. Threshers winnow
fine.
Mill shall grind it into dust, and men the seed shall sow.
Death and resurrection and service, all divine,
From its daily bread of toil the world shall grow to
know.

Leagues of flame aspiring, waves of living light,
Sway across the plains. The winds like seraphs stoop
again,
Hold their breath adoring before the wondrous sight,
Heaven's golden floor on earth, a glory wrought of
grain.

The Child's Heritage

JOHN C. NEIHARDT

Oh, there are those, a sordid clan,
With pride in gaud and faith in gold,
Who prize the sacred soul of man
For what his hands have sold.

And these shall deem thee humbly bred :
They shall not hear, they shall not see
The kings among the lordly dead
Who walk and talk with thee !

A tattered cloak may be thy dole,
And thine the roof that Jesus had :
The broidered garment of the soul
Shall keep thee purple-clad !

The blood of men hath dyed its brede,
And it was wrought by holy seers
With sombre dream and golden deed,
And pearled with women's tears.

With Eld thy chain of days is one ;
The seas are still Homeric seas ;
The sky shall glow with Pindar's sun,
The stars of Socrates !

Unaged the ancient tide shall surge,
The old Spring burn along the bough :
The new and old for thee converge
In one eternal Now !

I give thy feet the hopeful sod,
Thy mouth, the priceless boon of breath ;
The glory of the search for God
Be thine in life and death !

Unto thy flesh, the soothing dust ;
Thy soul, the gift of being free ;
The torch my fathers gave in trust,
Thy father gives to thee !

The Jessamine Bower

CLINTON SCOLLARD

I KNOW a bower where the jessamine blows,
Far in the forest's remotest repose ;
 If once the eyes have beholden the golden
Chalices swinging, farewell to the rose !

Just at the bloom-burst of dawn is the hour
God must have fashioned the delicate flower,
 Wrought it of sunlight, and thrilled it and filled it
With a beguiling aroma for dower.

Here hath the air an enchantment that seems
Borne from the bourn of desire and of dreams,—
 Borne from the bourn of youth's longing where
 thronging
Dwell all love's glories and glammers and gleams.

Here doth the palm-plume o'er-droop and the pine ;
Here doth the wild-grape distil its dark wine ;
 Here the chameleon, gliding and hiding,
Changes its hues in the shade and the shine.

Luring the lights are that falter and fail,—
Beryl and amber and amethyst pale,
 Splashes of radiant splendour, and tender
Tints as when twilight is deep in a dale.

By no bold bees are the stillnesses stirred ;
Scarce is there bubble of song from a bird,
Save for the turtle-dove's cooing and wooing,—
Rapture without an articulate word.

Sway on, oh, censers of bloom and of balm !
Sweeten the virginal cloisters of calm !
Be there one spot lovely, lonely, where only
Peace is the priestess and silence the psalm !

Unrest

DON MARQUIS

A FIERCE unrest seethes at the core
Of all existing things ;
It was the eager wish to soar
That gave the gods their wings.

From what flat wastes of cosmic slime,
And stung by what quick fire,
Sunward the restless races climb !
Men risen out of mire !

There throbs through all the worlds that are
This heart-beat hot and strong,
And shaken systems, star by star,
Awake and glow in song.

But for the urge of this unrest
These joyous spheres were mute ;
But for the rebel in his breast
Had man remained a brute.

When baffled lips demanded speech,
Speech trembled into birth—
(One day the lyric world shall reach
From earth to laughing earth)—

When man's dim eyes demanded light,
The light he sought was born—
His wish a Titan, scaled the height
And flung him back the morn!

From deed to dream, from dream to deed,
From daring hope to hope,
The restless wish, the instant need,
Still lashed him up the slope!

.
I sing no governed firmament,
Cold, ordered, regular—
I sing the stinging discontent
That leaps from star to star.

Sleeping Erinnys

FLORENCE WILKINSON

I AM Erinnys. Pity me. I lie asleep,
And all the sins of all the world
Within my heart I keep.

*She is Erinnys. Pity her. How wan her sleep.
For still across her dreams
A cry for justice streams
And the tall spear is whirled.*

Some sin and smite and laugh. Some quench the hearth
fire's ember.

These may forget and pass. I follow and remember.
I am Erinnys. Pity me. My cheeks are always wet
And my hair wild with haste, I who would fain forget.
My sisters of the joyous birth, you Nectar-Bearing Sweet,
You, Crescent-Crowned beside the spring, you of the
Silver feet,—

Give me one bright Olympian hour, one golden cup to
ken,

Or sleep unvisited by dreams of dooms of sinning men.
Oh, kings and mighty conquerors, lay down your dripping
sword!

My scourge shall goad you to the place where no man
calls you lord.

Oh, all ye fateful lovers desiring overmuch,
Who win a flaming kiss, it is my torch you touch.

Listen, 'tis their remorse unborn that haunts my tongue,
Because, though sinless, I have fled since time was young,
With wastrels, wantons, all the May-day throng,—
Therefore I am unutterably wrung.

*She is the goddess in whose noble eyes
The unendurable accusation lies
That rends the secret heart of such as thou.
Yea, this heartbreaking eloquence of her look
Is for the tears that men have scorned to shed,
And the atonement falls upon her head.
See the spent lines, the darkness on her brow,
The stricken beauty of her lips.
Perhaps thou art the sinner whom she strips.
I am Erinny's of the uplifted snake
And the unsilenced mouth.
I listen, follow, follow, overtake,
It is not mine to waver or delay.
I listen, follow, follow, overtake,
And at the end I slay.*

The Wife of Judas Iscariot

CALE YOUNG RICE

THE wife of Judas Iscariot
Went out into the night,
She thought she heard a voice crying :
Was it to left or right ?

She went forth to the Joppa Gate,
Three crosses hung on high,
The one was a thief's, the other a thief's,
The third she went not nigh.

For still she heard the voice crying :
Was it to right or left ?
Or was it but a wind of fear
That blew her on bereft ?

She went down from the Joppa Gate
Into the black ravine.
She climbed up by the rocky path
To where a tree was seen.

And " What, sooth, do I follow here ?
Is it my own mad mind ?
Judas ! Judas Iscariot !"
She called upon the wind.

“ Judas ! Judas Iscariot ! ”

She crept beneath the tree.
What thing was it that swung there,
Hung so dolorously ?

“ Judas ! Judas Iscariot ! ”

She touched it with her hand.
The leaves shivered above her head,
To make her understand.

“ Judas ! Judas ! my love ! my lord ! ”

Her hand went o'er it fast,
From foot to thigh, from thigh to throat,
And stopped—there—at last.

“ Judas ! Judas ! What has He done,
The Christ you followed so ! ”

More than the silver left on him
Made answer to their woe.

“ Judas ! Judas ! What has He done !
O, has it come to this !

The Kingdom promised has but proved
For you a soul-abyss !

“ Was He the Christ and let it be ? . . . ”

She cut him from the limb,
And held him in her arms there
And wept over him.

“ None in the world shall ever know
Your doubt of Him but I !

‘ Traitor ! traitor ! and only traitor ! ’
Will ever be their cry !

“None in the world shall ever know—
But I who am your wife!”
She flung the silver from his purse:
It made a bitter strife.

It rattled on the ringing rocks
And fell to the ravine.
“Was He the Christ and let it be?”
She moaned, still, between.

She held him in her arms there,
And kissed his lips aright,
The lips of Judas Iscariot,
Who hanged himself that night.

A Lost Love

WILLIAM WINTER

WHITE clouds, lone wandering o'er the wastes that sever
My sorrowing soul from her it loves in vain,
Waft to her heart, whom I have lost for ever,
This last sad cry of passion and of pain.

Tell her for many a year my spirit waited,
Now in faith's rapture, now in doubt's chill gloom,
For her the angel-born, divinely fated
To be at once my glory and my doom.

Tell her I know how very far asunder
The lonely currents of our lives must be ;
For her the summer sky, with roses under,
For me the rain-cloud and the sobbing sea.

Yet, could she feel how dark this world is growing
For him whose sad eyes see her drift away,—
A shadow, ever pale and paler showing
In every twilight, cold, and bleak, and gray—

Perchance her lips, remembering my caresses,
Her heart, yet thrilling with the throbs of mine,
Would once more turn to him whose grief confesses
Love's vain and madd'ning struggle to resign.

Ah, to forget—and conquer in forgetting !
But death alone this stormy heart can quell :—
Sad star of hope, now hasten to thy setting,
And, O, bright goddess of my life, Farewell !

May is Building her House

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

MAY is building her house. With apple blossoms
 She is roofing over the glimmering rooms ;
 Of the oak and the beech hath she builded its beams,
 And, spinning all day at her secret looms,
 With arras of leaves each wind-strayed wall
 She pictured over, and peopleth it all
 With echoes and dreams,
 And singing of streams.

May is building her house of petal and blade ;
 Of the roots of the oak is the flooring made,
 With a carpet of mosses and lichen and clover,
 Each small miracle over and over,
 And tender travelling green things strayed.

Her windows the morning and evening star,
 And her rustling doorways, ever again,
 With the coming and going
 Of fair things blowing,
 The thresholds of the four winds are.

May is building her house. From the dust of things
 She is making the songs and the flowers and the wings ;
 From October's tossed and trodden gold,
 She is making the young year out of the old ;
 Yes ! Out of winter's flying sleet,
 She is making all the summer sweet.
 And the brown leaves spurned of November's feet,
 She is changing back again to Spring's.

TO-MORROW

ROBERT U. JOHNSON

ONE walks secure in wisdom-trodden ways
That lead to peaceful nights through happy days—
Health, fame, friends, children, and a gentle wife,
All Youth can covet or Experience praise,
And use withal to crown the ease of life.
Ah, thirsting for another day,
How dread the fear
If he but knew the danger near !

Another with some old inheritance
Of Fate, unmitigated yet by chance,—
Condemned by those he loves, with no appeal
To his own fearful heart, that ever pants
For newer circlings of the cruel Wheel !
Ah, thirsting for another day,
What need of fear
If he but knew the help that's near ?

The Scarlet Flower

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

It was in the days, in the days of the roses,
When under your kisses my sorrow was sped,
Now autumn blossoms the field encloses,
And autumn blossoms enwreath one head—
And Love and rejoicing and May are dead,
And the world is windy and waste and wide :
And the days of the roses have long since fled,
And the scarlet flower of love has died.

Once thought I your lips with imperishing kisses
To kiss, that as mantles of queens are red.
Once thought I no love in the world as this is,
O beautiful love, O dream that is dead—
But the wind's in the tree tops, the leaves are all
shed,
They are borne down the terrible mountain side ;
All sweet things flee as one summer has fled,
And the scarlet flower of love has died.

The Spirit of Life

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

OUT of the secret of your eyes
Looks up at me, most grave and wise
And weary from long lives of strife,
The ancient mystery of Life,
At the old call to the old pain
Forever re-arisen again :
Their steadfast patience still is set
Against some goal far distant yet.

So many a love have they endured
Long ages past in lives obscured ;
In Nineveh or Babylon
A slave, or from some ancient throne
Looked out like morning, in the dusk
Of cypress dale, or groves of musk,
Trembled through lashes wet with love
Up to the eager eyes above.

When at your sombre breast I lean,
Her tidal ebb and flow between,
Still hear I, as within the shell
Of the great ocean audible,
The sad and inarticulate roar
Of life, and ever toward the shore,
The blood beloved with every breath
Pour on, of void and vasty death.

Yet comes an hour when, face to face,
Fear dies, death fades, and pulses race
Joyous and gladly to the doom ;
When grave your eyes amid the gloom
Burn against mine, looks up anew
Their dreamy lids and lashes through
And blinding tears of mine, to me
The old, sweet lure and mystery,
The spirit of dear Life ; and clings,
Tugs at my heart and sways and sings
The sweet Persuasion like the Spring's,
The insatiate Beauty, at your breast
Clamors and urges with unrest
And smiting shock of lovely pain,
" Be born again, be born again ! "

Wings

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

TAKE down your golden wings now from their hook
behind the door.
The wind comes calling from the West, and you must
fly once more.
Oh, mine are grown too old to fly, my crooked wings and
gray,
But yours are glad with ruffled gold, and you must fly
away.

I found you far across the moors beneath a thorny tree :
The eyes of you were wide as stars above a breathless sea :
But frail you were and faint you were, and nowise gay
and glad,
Save for the leaping golden wings your slender shoulders
had.

And suddenly I led you home, and cherished you. I
wrought
Green robes like April willow-leaves. I coursed the hills
and sought
Strange jewel-seeds and pearly flow'rs to weave about
your hair.
Beneath my hand you bloomed and grew, fair as a flame
is fair.

I hung your wings behind the door lest you should fly
away :

(They being all bubbling gold, but mine,—ah, withered
gray !)

I hung your wings behind the door, for secretly I knew
Your golden wings, your wayward wings, they bode their
time for you.

And now the cottage by the wood, its doorways shall be
dark.

You were its sunshine and its spring, its south wind and
its lark.

Your bed beneath the window-sill must lie unwarmed,
unpressed ;

The briar-rose may bear no more her star-flowers for
your breast.

The dragon-flies across the pools may dart and drowse
all day,

Sapphire and stinging emerald, with slit wings silver-
gray ;

The rabbit up the glen may leap, the rare thrush ring his
chime :—

But you will never come again for noon or twilight-time.

—Take down your golden wings now from their hook
behind the door,

And tie them tight against your back, the bright thongs
crossed before,

The bright thongs strained across your breast to keep
them straight and true,

The golden wings, the wandering wings, that woke my
love for you.

The west wind calls, "Come forth! Come forth!"
Look once within my eyes.

Tell me, "I know you loved me well, but now the whole
world cries!"

Tell me, "You have been kind to me, but ah, I cannot
stay,

A million miles of sea and sun, they whisper me away."

That is enough. I ask no more. I grow too gray to fly.
I can but walk the sheltered woods to watch the year go
by.

The little cottage, dawn and dusk, shall keep me warm.
And you—

That I must give you back your wings too well, too well
I knew!

O Face of Youth that lit my dusk! O Hand too light
to hold!

How should you wait? The west wind cries, who cried
to me of old.

Lean down. I tie the broad, bright thongs to keep them
true and straight:

Your golden wings, your windy wings, that leave me
desolate.

The Cloud

JOSEPHINE PEABODY

THE islands called me far away,
The valleys called me home,
The rivers with a silver voice
Drew on my heart to come.

The paths reached tendrils to my hair
From every vine and tree.
There was no refuge anywhere
Until I came to thee.

There is a northern cloud I know
Along a mountain crest,
And as she folds her wings of mist,
So I could make my rest.

There is no chain to bind her so
Unto that purple height,
And she will shine and wander, slow,
Slow, with a cloud's delight.

Would she begone? She melts away
A heavenly, joyous thing.
Yet day will find the mountain white,
White-folded with her wing.

As you may see, but half aware,
If it be late or soon,
Soft-breathing on the day-time air,
The fair forgotten moon.

And though love cannot bind me, love
—Ah no!—yet I could stay
Maybe with wings forever spread
—Forever and a day.

The Bayonet

DON MARQUIS

THE great guns slay from a league away, the death-bolts
fly unseen,
And bellowing hill replies to hill, machine to brute
machine,
But still in the end when the long lines bend and the
battle hangs in doubt
They take to the steel in the same old way that their
fathers fought it out—
It is man to man and breast to breast and eye to blood-
shot eye,
And the reach and twist of the thrusting wrist, as it was
in the days gone by !

Along the shaken hills the guns their drumming thunder
roll—
But the keen blades thrill with the lust to kill that leaps
from the slayer's soul !
For hand and heart and living steel, one pulse of hate
they feel.
Is your clan afraid of the naked blade ? Does it flinch
from the bitter steel ?
Perish your dreams of conquest then, your swollen hopes
and bold,
For empire dwells with the stabbing blade as it did in
the days of old.

Those who go in Fairy Shoon

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

SWEET child, little child, where hast thou been ?
 " I have been to fairyland to see the fairy queen.
 Her hair shone like the sun to the girdle she had on,
 And the robe that she wore was of green."

Sweet child, little child, how got you there ?
 " Down amid the grasses I found some golden shoon
 Wrought with fine work all about, gold within and gold
 without,
 And curled at the toe like the thin crescent moon.

" Those who go in fairy shoon need not fear at all
 If they go at fall o' dew or with the break of day,
 If they search across the plain, up the high road, down
 the lane,
 But always will their feet find the way."

But what hadst thou to do in sweet fairyland,
 And what didst thou say to the queen
 Whose hair shines like the sun to the girdle she has on,
 And the robe that she wears is of green ?

" She called me her dear and her own little one,
 She took me and she kissed me and she rocked me on
 her knee,
 She took off her golden crown till her hair came dropping
 down,
 And she plucked its biggest jewel out for me."

Sweet child, mine own child, is my breast so cold
That thou shouldst leave it like a bird that flies out of
the storm ?

“ The sorrows in thy breast make it cold to give me rest,
But the bosom of the queen is always warm.

“ Seven girls in yellow gowns always come and go,
Stepping soft like golden rain all about the throne,
And if they go in or out, little bells chime all about,
And they gave me a bell for mine own.”

But what dost thou do in sweet fairyland,
There where the days are all so long ?

“ We pleasure and we sing in the palace of the King,
And thy tears I hear them not for the song.”

My tears are not so loud as to hear them through a song,
It is I who hear them always in my heart.
But those halls, are they not cold, piled of ivory and
gold ?

For thou knowest what a little child thou art.

“ The world is never cold in sweet fairyland,
But the sun is in the garden all the day,
And the roses always blow and the warm winds come
and go

As thick as cherry blossoms in the May.”

But what didst thou see in sweet fairyland ?
Or art thou grown blind with the queen,
Whose hair shines like the sun to the girdle she has on,
And the robe that she wears is of green ?

“ I saw the silver swan that once was a king,
And I played with the dryad in the tree,
But the one I loved the best, prettier than all the rest,
Was the child that my mother used to be.

“ I hugged her and I kissed her and I wanted her for
mine,
I told her of my mother, and I tried to bring her home ;
But she would not leave the queen with her robes that
are of green,
And she ran when I tried to make her come.”

Didst thou love her so, then ? Talk not of her !
Tell me, in sweet fairyland what didst thou hear ?
“ Bird songs and lullabies, like thine own without the
sighs,
And every one I met called me ‘ Dear ’ ! ”

Sweet child, mine own child, what shall I do ?
I who am thy mother, I would I were the queen
Whose hair shines like the gold to the girdle she has on,
And the robe that she wears is of green.

Sweet child, mine own child, for if I were the queen,
Then my bosom were not cold like the wintry storm,
Thou wouldst seek it then, and she whom thy mother
used to be,
For the bosom of the queen is always warm.

“ Thou shalt come to fairyland. Prithee, wilt thou
come ?
I will lend thee for the day my little golden shoon,
Wrought with fine work all about, gold within and gold
without,
And curled at the toe like the thin crescent moon.”

Little child, foolish child, what do I care
Though the toes thereof be curled like the crescent moon ?
My poor feet, alas ! would stray, I should never find the
way,
And I cannot wear those little fairy shoon.

But I will let thee go to dear fairyland,
I—whose bosom is too cold for to give thee rest !
Thou shalt not remember me,—but the child I used to be,
Sweet child, mine own child, wilt thou love her best ?

Sweet child, mine own child, wilt thou love her best,
Better than the fairy queen whose little one thou art ?
But thou shalt not speak of me to the child I used to be,
Lest the sound of my tears reach her heart.

Sweet child, mine own child, get thy golden shoon,
Thou shalt go to fairyland to see the fairy queen,
Her hair shines like the sun to the girdle she has on,
And the robe that she wears is of green.

Halcyon Weather

CLINTON SCOLLARD

HERE'S to the halcyon weather,
And the wild, unfettered will,
The crickets chirring, the west wind stirring
The hemlocks on the hill !
Here's to the faring foot, and here's to the dreaming eye !
And here's to the heart that will not be still
Under the open sky !

Ever the gipsy longing
Comes when the halcyons wing ;
Once you own it, once you have known it,
Oh, the thrall of the thing !
A flute-call and a lute-call quavering loud or low,
It clutches you with its rapturing,
And it will not let you go !

So it's hail to you, my rover,
The god-child of the sun !
In our heir-dom,—freedom from care-dom,—
You and I are one !
One with the many migrants, field-folk feathered or
furred,
Ever ready to rally and run
At the sign of the silvery word !

The ways we were wont to follow,
We are fain of them no more ;
Rather the braided boughs and the shaded
Paths by the rillet shore !—
The tansy hints and the myrrh of mints, and the balms
that the balsams shed,
The berries, crimson-sweet at the core,
By these are we lured and led.

Then here's to the halcyon weather,
And the old untrammelled will,—
Cicadas tuning, the west wind crooning
Behind the crest of the hill !
Here's to the truant foot, and here's to the dreaming eye !
And here's to the heart that will not be still
Under the open sky !

In Summer

TRUMBULL STICKNEY

It's growing evening in my soul,
It darkens in
At the gray window, now and then
I hear them toll
The hour-and-day-long chimes of St Etienne.

Indeed I'd not have lived elsewhere
Nor otherwise,
Nor as the dreary saying is,
Been happier,
To wear the love of life within my eyes.

My heart's desolate meadow ways,
All wet and green,
Opened for her to wander in
A little space,
I'd have it ever so as it has been.

I've lived the days that fly away,
I have a tale
To tell when age has made me pale
And hair of gray,
Excuse the fancy shaking out her sail.

No one shall know what I intend.
Even as I feel,
The aching voices make appeal
And swell and blend,
It seems to me I might stoop down to kneel.

In memory of that day in June,
 When all the land,
Lying out in lazy summer, fanned
 Now and anon
By dying breezes from the Channel strand.

With nothing in our lives behind,
 Nothing before,
In sunlight rich as smelting ore
 And wide as wind
We clomb the donjon tower of old Gisors.

Thro' the portcullis botched in wood
 And up, in fear,
A laddered darkness of a stair,
 Up to the good
Sun-stricken prospect and the dazzling air.

Even now I shade my breaking eyes—
 And by her side,
Since she saw my heart divide
 Like Paradise
For her to walk abroad in at noon-tide.

It swims about my memory,
 I feel around
The country steeped in summers wound ;
 I feel the sigh
That all these years within her breast was bound.

Her fingers in my hand are laid ;
 I seem to gaze
Into the colours of her face,
 And there is made
A quiver in my knees like meadow grass ;

That time I lived the life I have :
A certain flower
Blooms in a hundred years one hour,
And what it gave
Is richer, no, nor more, but all its power.

The chimes have ended for to-day ;
After midnight
Solitude blows her candle out ;
Dreams go away,
And memory falls from the mast of thought.

Deo Optimo Maximo

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

ALL else for use, one only for desire ;
Thanksgiving for the good, but thirst for Thee :
Up from the best, whereof no man need tire,
Impel Thou me.

Delight is menace if Thou brood not by,
Power a quicksand, Fame a gathering jeer,
Oft as the morn (though none of earth deny
These three are dear).

Wash me of them, that I may be renewed,
Nor wall in clay mine agonies and joys ;
O close my hand upon Beatitude !
Not on her toys.

Prayer of Souls in Need

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

LORD of good pilots, Kindly Father, hear us,
And teach our feet to walk Thy ways of pain ;
Lo, once again the awful head of Eros
Rises from seas of passion, and again

The hand to which love's unblessed power is given,
Raising, he hurls a life against the shoal,
And smiling marks adrift 'twixt Hell and Heaven
The shipwreck of a soul !

Genius

FLORENCE WILKINSON

WHAT seest thou on yonder desert plain,
Large, vague and void ?
*I see a city full of flickering streets,
I hear the hum of myriad engine beats.
What seest thou ?*

I see a desert plain,
Large, vague and void.

What seest thou in yonder human face,
Pale, frail and small ?
*I read a page of poetry, of sin,
I see a soul by tragedy worn thin.
What seest thou ?*

I see a human face,
Pale, frail and small.

What seest thou at yonder dim cross-roads
Beside that shuttered inn ?
*Untravelled Possibility,
The Inn of Splendid Mystery.
What seest thou ?*

I see the dim cross-roads
Beside a shuttered inn.

The Rubicon

W. WINTER

ONE other bitter drop to drink,
And then—no more ;
One little pause upon the brink,
And then, go o'er ;
One sigh—and then the lib'rant morn
Of perfect day,
When my free spirit, newly-born,
Will soar away !

One pang—and I shall rend the thrall
Where grief abides,
And generous Death will show me all
That now he hides ;
And, lucid in that second birth,
I shall discern
What all the sages of the earth
Have died to learn.

One motion—and the stream is crost,
So dark, so deep !
And I shall triumph, or be lost
In endless sleep.
Then onward ! Whatsoe'er my fate,
I shall not care !
Nor Sin nor Sorrow, Love nor Hate,
Can touch me there.

Love's Light World

DANA BURNET

SUPPOSE I should fashion you Love's light world,
With a cool dim wood where the Spring shines through,
And a hill beyond, where the sun stays late,
And a thrush to sing in the hedge for you ?

Suppose I should paint you a silver brook,
With violets marching in wind-blown crowds,
And rushes to nod in a hidden nook,
And lilies asleep like a nest of clouds ?

Suppose I should hollow a secret place,
With wild-rose edges and meadowsweet,
And a little wind to spread the lace
Of dream-spun cobwebs at your feet ?

Suppose I should build you a garden wall,
With stars thrust over, of flowers tucked through,
And nightingales sobbing, and vines over all,
And chinks where the gods may peep at you ?

Garden and wood and the hill beyond,
A hedge through the dawn and brook to the sea—
Suppose I should fashion you Love's light world,
Would you go there to live with Love and me ?

Counsel to Beggars

JOSEPHINE PEABODY

O, CAME you by the same road too,
The road that called to me ?
And fellow farers will you learn
What shelter there may be ?

There's daybreak there to fill your heart,
Red wine for half the way ;
And gold there is of sunset, then,
To last another day.

(And fill your pockets with the same,
Altho' your need be small,
Take all the bounty while you may
To have some wherewithal.)

And if you see the new moon,
I bid you tell the news,
And lend the slender silverness
For other poor to use.

And if your heart be sudden light,
And yet you know not why,
I counsel you to hold the joy ;
Let pride of woe go by.

And if your feet be wearied out,
And you would rest therefore,
Seek out some house ; but look you leave
Your sandals at the door.

For you shall find—tho' sad to find
Where houses be so few—
Your too much sorrow irks a friend
If ever it irked you.

Take heart. And if the open air
No shelter seems to be,
Yet there you shall—and only there
Have all that you can see.

To a Bird at Dawn

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

O BIRD that somewhere yonder sings,
In the dim hour 'twixt dreams and dawn,
Love in the hush of sleeping things,
In some sky sanctuary withdrawn ;
Your perfect song is too like pain,
And will not let me sleep again.

I think you must be more than bird,
A little creature of soft wings,
Not yours this deep and thrilling word—
Some morning planet 'tis that sings ;
Surely from no small feathered throat
Wells that august, eternal note.

As some old language of the dead,
In one resounding syllable,
Says Rome and Greece. And all is said—
A simple word a child may spell ;
So in your liquid note impearled
Sings the long epic of the world.

Unfathomed sweetness of your song,
With ancient anguish at its core,
What womb of elemental wrong,
With shudder unimagined, bore
Peace so divine—what hell hath trod
This voice that softly talks with God !

All silence in one silver flower
Of speech that speaks not, save as speaks
The moon in heaven, yet hath power
To tell the soul the thing it seeks,
And pack, as by some wizard's art,
The whole within the finite part.

To you, sweet bird, one well might feign—
With such authority you sing
So clear, yet so profound, a strain
Into the simple ear of spring—
Some secret understanding given
Of the kind purposes of Heaven.

And all my life until this day,
And all my life until I die,
All joy and sorrow of the way,
Seem calling yonder in the sky ;
And there is something the song saith
That makes one unafraid of death.

The Monsoon Breaks

CALE YOUNG RICE

(INDIA)

I

PANTING, panting, panting,
O the terrible heat !
The fields crack,
And the ryot's back
Bursts with the cruel beat.
The wells of the land are empty,
Six hundred feet, in vain,
The oxen lower the buckets o'er,
And draw them up again.

Panting, panting, panting,
Parched are the earth and sky,
The elephant in the jungle
Sucks root and river dry.
The tiger in whose throat
The desert seems to burn,
Paces the path,
The pool path—
But only to return.

O the terrible heat !
O the peacock's cry !
The whine of monkeys in the trees,
The children crawling on their knees.
O the terrible heat !

The gods will let us die :
 Shiva and Parrati and all
 To whom we beat the drum and call,
 Vouch to us no reply.

II

Panting, panting, panting :
 The plague is drawing near,
 Hot is the sun, hot is the night,
 And in the heat is fear.
 The plague, of famine, mate,
 Is fumbling at the latch.
 Soon his step—
 Death-step!—
 Listening we shall catch.

O! . . . soon his step!
 There's heard the funeral chant;
 There's smelt the funeral pyre;
 The ghat is red with fire.
 O the terrible heat!
 The gods are adamant.
 Will the monsoon
 Let us swoon
 Unto the last heartbeat?

III

Panting, panting, panting . . .
 Go up toward the sea
 And look again, ye holy men,
 To learn if clouds may be.
 Go up into your temples
 With sacrifice and song,
 Call to the gods,
 The cruel gods,
 Who beat us down with rays like rods;
 Say that we wait too long!

Say that the wells are dry,
Say that our flesh is sand,
Say that the mother's milk is pain,
The child beats at her breast in vain,
Say that we curse the land.
O the terrible heat !
Say that even the moon
In fiery flight
Scorches the night,
O bring us the monsoon !

IV

Panting, panting, panting ;
The nautch-girl cannot sing,
But drops her vina in the dust
And sinks, a shrivelled thing.
The fakir has acquired
No merit for six days,
But at the tank,
The shrine's tank,
That never before of vileness stank,
Babbles of water sprays.

V

O the terrible heat !
How long must we endure ?
The holy men have come again ;
The beating drums are fewer.
A cobra in their path
Licked out an angry tongue
Into the air—
O with despair
Is even the serpent sting !

VI

Panting, panting, panting :
 The night again ; and day ;
 And day again ; and night again,
 Burning their endless way.
 The furnace sun goes down,
 The branding stars come out
 And sear the eyes
 Like fiery flies
 Settling on them—O ye skies,
 A drop for us, we pray !

But one—upon the tongue !
 To let us know you care.
 But one—though I be wrung
 Of breath sent up in prayer.
 O the terrible heat !
 Again the beating drums.
 What do I hear ?
 A cry ? a cheer ?
 The priests are chanting ? nearer, near ? . . .
 Is it the monsoon comes ?

The priests are chanting ! . . . O,
 What word is on their lips ?
 "The monsoon breaks ! The monsoon
 breaks !"
 A darkness sudden grips
 My eyes : is it the shroud
 Of blindness, or—a cloud ?
 The monsoon breaks ?
 The rain awakes ?
 Out of the darkened sky it shakes.
 Louder they cry, and loud !

O loud ! until at last
The people hear bedazed ;
The sick who drank of burning air,
The weak, the well, the crazed !
The temple's sacred cow
Lows gently at the door ;
The fakir makes his vow
And chants his vedic lore ;
But all lift up
Their lips' cup
And drink more of it, more !

And singing fills the air ! . . .
And soon the summer's song
Of greenness covers all the earth,
For long the rain is, long !
The rice is flooded far ;
While Shiva, Indra, all
The gods, who are the world's laws,
Are lulled to sleep
In temples deep,
By praises without pause.

Dolorosa

TRUMBULL STICKNEY

THOU hadst thy will.
How weary sounds the rain !
The firelight wanders in the window-pane,
Thou art still.

Let me a space,
Now that the daylight dies,
Lie back against thee, and with upward eyes
Love thy face.

Forgive my fear,
But—darling—hold me fast !
A little while the heartache will be past—
Patience, dear.

Give me thy hands,
And, bending closely o'er,
Lay thy two lips to mine for evermore—
Death commands.

The Invisible Helpers

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

THERE are, there are
Invisible Great Helpers of the race.
Across unatlased continents of space,
From star to star,
In answer to some soul's imperious need,
They speed, they speed.

When the earth-loving young are forced to stand
Upon the border of the Unknown Land
They come, they come—those angels who have trod
The altitudes of God,
And to the trembling heart
Their strength impart.
Have you not seen the delicate young maid,
Filled with the joy of life in her fair dawn,
Look in the face of death, all unafraid,
And smilingly pass on ?

This is not human strength ; not even faith
Has such large confidence in such an hour.
It is a power
Supplied by beings who have conquered death.
Floating from sphere to sphere
They hover near
The souls that need the courage they can give.

This is no vision of a dreamer's mind.
Though we are blind
They live, they live,
Filling all space—
Invisible Great Helpers of the race.

In Old Toledo

THOMAS WALSH

Old Toledo—citadel
Where the outlawed visions dwell
On the mitred crags of Spain,
What grim earthquake heaved you high
Out to brave the sands and sky,
Gothic sphinx—for Time's disdain ?

From your stronghold yet looks down
Spain's old challenge in your frown,
Though in dust are scimitars,
Crowns, and croziers, and by night
Greco's visions, ghosts of light,
Pace your alleys from the stars.

Here the sandalled feet have trod
In their anarchy of God ;
Here was seen His aureole ;
Violence of heaven at heart,
Here they scourged and prayed apart
In seraglios of the soul.

Sultans, kings, and primates gone—
Crescents, Cross, and gonfalon
Shine but down a sunset world ;
Yet the chimes of hope and love
Murmur round your slopes above
Where the poppies are unfurled.

The Old Soul

EDITH M. THOMAS

"Not in entire forgetfulness"

THE Old Soul came from far,
Beyond the unlit bound ;
There had gone out a star,
And a great world was drowned,
Since birth and death and birth
Were hers upon the earth.

For she had robed anew
Time and time out of mind ;
And, as the sphere of dew
Unshapes into the wind,
Her raiment oft had cast
Into the wasting past.

There was no dizzying height
She had not sometime trod ;
No dungeon known of night
But she had felt its rod ;
The saint, assoiled from sin—
And saint's arch-foe, had been !

At cruel feasts she sat
Where heartless mirth ran high ;
Through famine's portal strait
Had fled with wailful cry ;
All human fates had proved—
And those from man removed !

Yea, she had worn the guise
Of creatures lashed and spurned,
Even of those whose eyes
May not on heaven be turned ;
No house too dark or base
To be her tarrying-place !

The Old Soul came from far ;
And, all lives having known,
She nowhere touched a bar,
But all was as her own :
And this could none forget
Who once her look had met !

The Old Soul came from far,
Moving through days and ways
That are not—and that are !
She turned on all her gaze—
Illumed—deceived—illumed ;
Yet still the road resumed.

The Old Soul came from far,
And toward the far she drew : . . .
“ Turn home, mine avatar ! ”
That Voice, long lost, she knew ;
She heard, she turned—was free—
No more to dream, but Be !

Orisons

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

ORANGE and olive and glossed bay-tree,
And air of the evening out at sea,
And out at sea on the steep warm stone
A little bare diver poising alone.

Flushed from the cool of Sicilian waves,
Flushed as the coral in clean sea caves,
"I am!" he cries to his glorying heart,
And unto he knows not what: "Thou art!"

He leaps, he shines, he sinks, he is gone;
He will climb to the golden ledge anon.
Perfecter rite can none employ
When the god of the isle is good to a boy.

A Song of the Deserted Nest

EDITH M. THOMAS

I SING the Nest Deserted,
Whence young and old have flown—
The house that Love once builded,
Yet Love hath left it lone !

The very air did brood it,
And brush with sighing wing ;
The passing summer shower
Thereon its tears would fling.

The bough that roofed the nestlings
(Yet not their flight restrained)
Shed down a leaf of crimson,
Not frost but pity stained.

Then she whose work is beauty—
The elfin spinner grim,
That nest with gossamer covered,
To make its sorrows dim.

And since to cradling music
'Twas used, both eve and morn,
I send a song, to friend it,
From out a heart as lorn :

I sing the Nest Deserted,
Whence young and old have flown—
And Love, the builder, vanished
In distant skies unknown !

“Scum o’ the Earth”

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

I

At the gate of the West I stand,
On the isle where the nations throng,
We call them “scum o’ the earth”;

Stay, are we doing you wrong,
Young fellow from Socrates’ land?—
You, like a Hermes so lissome and strong,
Fresh from the master Praxiteles’ hand?
So you’re of Spartan birth?
Descended, perhaps, from one of the band—
Deathless in story and song—
Who combed their long hair at Thermopylæ’s pass? . . .
Ah, I forget the straits, alas!
More tragic than theirs, more compassion-worth,
That have doomed you to march in our “immigrant
class”
Where you’re nothing but “scum o’ the earth.”

II

You, Pole, with the child on your knee,
What dower bring you to the land of the free?
Hark! does she croon
That sad little tune
That Chopin once found on his Polish lea
And mounted in gold for you and for me?

Now a ragged young fiddler answers
 In wild Czech melody
 That Dvořak took whole from the dancers.
 And the heavy faces bloom
 In the wonderful Slavic way ;
 The little, dull eyes, the brows a-gloom,
 Suddenly dawn like the day.
 While, watching these folk and their mystery,
 I forget that they're nothing worth ;
 That Bohemians, Slovaks, Croatians,
 And men of all Slavic nations
 Are " polacks "—and " scum o' the earth."

III

Genoese boy of the level brow,
 Lad of the lustrous, dreamy eyes
 Astare at Manhattan's pinnacles now
 In the first, sweet shock of a hushed surprise ;
 Within your far-rapt seer's eyes
 I catch the glow of the wild surmise
 That played on the Santa Maria's prow
 In that still gray dawn,
 Four centuries gone,
 When a world from the wave began to rise.
 Oh, it's hard to foretell what high emprise
 Is the goal that gleams
 When Italy's dreams
 Spread wing and sweep into the skies.
 Cæsar dreamed him a world ruled well ;
 Dante dreamed Heaven out of Hell ;
 Angelo brought us there to dwell ;
 And you, are you of a different birth ?—
 You're only a " dago,"—and " scum o' the earth " !

IV

Stay, are we doing you wrong
 Calling you "scum o' the earth,"
 Man of the sorrow-bowed head,
 Of the features tender yet strong,—
 Man of the eyes full of wisdom and mystery
 Mingled with patience and dread ?
 Have I not known you in history,
 Sorrow-bowed head ?
 Were you the poet-king, worth
 Treasures of Ophir unpriced ?
 Were you the prophet, perchance, whose art
 Foretold how the rabble would mock
 That Shepherd of spirits, erelong,
 Who should carry the lambs on his heart
 And tenderly feed his flock ?
 Man—lift that sorrow-bowed head,
 Lo ! 'tis the face of the Christ !

The vision dies at its birth.
 You're merely a butt for our mirth.
 You're a "sheeny"—and therefore despised
 And rejected as "scum o' the earth."

V

Countrymen, bend and invoke
 Mercy for us blasphemers,
 For that we spat on these marvellous folk,
 Nations of darers and dreamers,
 Scions of singers and seers,
 Our peers, and more than our peers,
 "Rabble and refuse," we name them,
 And "scum o' the earth," to shame them.
 Mercy for us of the few, young years,

Of the culture so callow and crude,
Of the hands so grasping and rude,
The lips so ready for sneers
At the sons of our ancient more-than-peers.
Mercy for us who dare despise
Men in whose loins our Homer lies ;
Mothers of men who shall bring to us
The glory of Titian, the grandeur of Huss ;
Children in whose frail arms shall rest
Prophets and singers and saints of the West.

Newcomers all from the eastern seas,
Help us incarnate dreams like these.
Forget, and forgive, that we did you wrong.
Help us to father a nation, strong
In the comradeship of an equal birth,
In the death of the richest bloods of earth.

Dawn in the Desert

CLINTON SCOLLARD

WHEN the first opal presage of the morn
Quickened the east, the good Merwan arose,
And by his open tent door knelt and prayed.

Now in that pilgrim caravan was one
Whose heart was heavy with dumb doubts, whose eyes
Drew little balm from slumber. Up and down
Night-long he paced the avenues of sand
'Twixt tent and tent, and heard the jackals snarl,
The camels moan for water. This one came
On Merwan praying, and to him outcried—
(The tortured spirit bursting its sealed fount
As doth the brook on Damavend in spring)
"How knowest thou that any Allah is?"
Swift from the sand did Merwan lift his face,
Flung toward the east an arm of knotted bronze,
And said, as upward shot a shaft of gold,
"*Dost need a torch to show to thee the dawn?*"
Then prayed again.

When on the desert's rim
In sudden awful splendour stood the sun,
Through all that caravan there was no knee
But bowed to Allah.

Friend Soul

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

FROM the zest of the land of the living,
From work and reflection and play,
From the getting of love and the giving
I hasten away.

For I have a friend from the highland
Who's larked with me long on my plain ;
And now to his glamorous sky-land
We're posting amain.

Up yonder his mansions are legion ;
Though he's met on the street with a stare
Here, where I'm the lord of the region,—
So turn about's fair.

We leave the snug inn on the highroad.
I wave to my valley with pride.
Then we turn up the beckoning by-road
And swing into stride.

Return to New York

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

FAR and free o'er the lifting sea, the lapsing wastes and
the waves that roam,
Hour by hour with sleepless power the keel has furrowed
the soft, sad foam ;
Slowly now, with steadier prow, she steals through the
dim gray fog-banks home.

Faint and far from across the bar the first lines burn of
the cloudy day,
From whistle and horn in the twilit morn low murmurs
are wafted across the bay.
The fleet, sweet swing of the sea-bird's wing beats down
the darkness and dies away.

Dawn,—and lo, as the drifted snow that melts from
the sun on a mountain height,
As the veils from a bride that fall and divide, the fog-
veils sunder and leave in sight,
Like Venice, dim on the water's rim, the city, my mother,
bared and bright.

In the first hours her stately towers and clustered summits
show faint and fair :
Mother, mother, to thee and none other the heart cries
out in the morning there !
Solemnly, slowly, the white mists wholly fade, and the
whole, sweet form lies bare.

Hail, all hail, with the dawn for veil, the sea for throne,
and the stars for crown !

Mother, thy son, his journeying done, triumphantly
here at thine heart bows down ;

Love that sings, on the sea-wind's wings runs on to greet
thee his very own.

Driftwood

TRUMBULL STICKNEY

I

HEAVEN is lovelier than the stars,
The sea is fairer than the shore,
I've seen beyond the sunset bars
A colour more.

A thought is floating round my mind,
And there are words that will not come :
Do you believe, as I, the wind
Somewhere goes home ?

II

In grassy paths my spirit walks,
The earth I travel speaks me fair,
And still thro' many voices talks
Of that deep oneness which we are.

I love to see the rolling sod,
Mixing and changing, ever grow
To other forms—and this is God
And all of God, and all we know.

I love to feel the dead dust whirled
Above my face, to touch the dust,
And this large muteness of the world
Gives me vitality of trust.

Here on the earth I lie a space,
 The quiet earth that knows no strife;
 I mix with her and take my place
 In the dark matter that is life.

III

I saw the moon and heard her sing,
 I heard her sing and saw the moon,
 For light and song went wing and wing.

So many a ship and many a star
 Abroad the sky and sea are two:
 We know it not for being far.

So two fair flowers make a whole
 In corner meadows of the spring:
 It takes two hearts to make a soul.

And down the cloudy days they fare,
 Married in Beauty as of old,
 The lovers through the infernal air.

IV

Between the sun and moon
 A voice now vague, now clear—
 Do you hear?—
 Says "Wander on."

And on the hearthstone black
 The embers poignantly—
 Do you see?—
 Spell "Come back."

To Francisco Goya

IN THE GALLERY OF THE PRADO

THOMAS WALSH

THEY fawned upon you—kissed your brawny hands
And laid aside their masks and cloaks, that you
Might paint their ivory pallor, veined with blue,
Their periwigs and jabots and their slight
Beflowered waistcoats and bejewelled strands—
They laid their scorn aside in their delight.

You dreamt a parchment beauty from the soul
Of Venice, and revealed it deathless there
In spite of deadened eyes and lips' despair;
Then as illusion's very shadow died,
The brigand that was in you gained control,
And with your peasant fist you slew their pride.

The daub of rouge upon a leering hag
Is where you struck your Queen; that reeling string
Of rogues and cripples wrongs your Spain, whose
King
You set on high to mock her starving lands,
An imbecile upon a bloated nag—
You struck them, Goya—yet they kissed your hands.

The Enchanted Sheepfold

JOSEPHINE PEABODY

THE hills far off were blue, blue,
The hills at hand were brown,
And all the herd-bells called to me
As I came by the down.

The briars turned to roses, roses ;
Even we stayed to pull
A white little rose and a red little rose,
And a lock of silver wool.

Nobody heeded—none, none ;
And when True Love came by,
They thought him nought but the shepherd
boy :
Nobody knew but I.

The trees were feathered like birds, birds ;
Birds were in every tree,
Yet nobody heeded, nobody heard,
Nobody knew save me.

And he is fairer than all—all ;
How could a heart go wrong ?
For his eyes I knew, and his knew mine,
Like an old, old song.

Vis Ultima

CALE YOUNG RICE

THERE is no day but leads me to
A peak impossible to scale,
A task at which my hands must fail,
A sea I cannot swim or sail.
There is no night I suffer thro'
But Destiny rules stern and pale :
And yet what I am meant to do
I will do, ere Death drops his veil.

And it shall be no little thing,
Tho' to oblivion it fall,
For I shall strive to it thro' all
That can imperil or appal.
So at each morning's trumpet ring
I mount again, less slave and thrall,
And at the barriers gladly fling
A fortitude that scorns to crawl.

Beyond the Dark

WILLIAM WINTER

THERE'S a region afar from earth
Should be very happy to-day ;
For a sweet soul, ripe for its birth,
Has flown from its prison away.
And I think, as I muse alone,
While the night is falling around,
Of a cold, white, glimmering stone,
And a desolate, grassy mound ;
Of eyes that will shine never more,
Of hands that have finished their task ;—

If, at last, all things will be well,
In the morning beyond the dark ;
What secret the pale lips could tell
Of the sleeper silent and stark.
But there comes a murmur of trees,
That wave their glad branches, and bring
Blossoms and leaves to shake in the breeze,
From miraculous spring to spring ;
And they whisper that all is well,
For the same hand is guiding us all,
Whether 'tis felt in man's death-knell,
Or in Autumn leaves as they fall.
And so many have gone before,
That the voice of another sphere
Floats oft from o'er a sable shore,
And pierces the shadow of fear.

O heart that forever is still,
Thou wilt ache with trouble no more,
Nor know of the good or the ill,
Of a lunatic world's uproar !
Nor care for the great or the small
Of a strange, bewildering life,
That oft seems dust and ashes all,
And is mostly a vapid strife !
For the end is the peace of grass,
And the Spirit, ever to be :
One for us to feel as we pass,
The other encompassing thee.
Clouds sail, and the bright waters flow,
And our spirits must journey on ;
But it cannot be ill to go
The way upon which thou hast gone.

The Hospital

DANA BURNET

I

ON the green hill, above the breathless town,
They built a House of Hope and Death, and there,
Tracing the white road through the flame-fringed dusk,
Then dragged their broken bodies for repair.

All down the Work the word went whispering :
" *Upon the high hill stands the House of Hope !* "
And the white hands were many in the dusk,
And the slow feet fell throbbing on the slope.

They were the Builders, broken at their task ;
The wounded and the dying, and they came,
Each with his separate cross upon his soul—
But none cried " Holy, holy ! " at their name.

None saw the thorns upon the sweating brows,
Nor heard their spent souls crying through the dawns ;
To you and me, Far Citizen, it was
Only a needed sacrifice of pawns !

II

I saw them at the windows of their House,
Hopeful and hopeless, all the wistful-eyed,
Watching the far, faint sails along the sky,
Their eyes upon the distance till they died.

Below them was the endless shining sea,
And the great moon rode up behind the hill ;
And they sat at their windows wistful-eyed,
And on their knees their knotted hands lay still.

They could not laugh at twilight and go free,
Nor lie with pleasure, nor go up to fame,
They were but Workmen, wounded unto death,
Poor pawns that died to speed the Master's game.

At evening wound the noisy work-trains home,
And labour ceased, and love ran through the town ;
But they were only Faces in the dusk,
They could not don their laughter and go down.

A Prayer

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

OUT of the deep I cry to thee, O God !
I fain would bring my soul safe up the sky—
This shining jewel rainbowed like a tear,
This star in the body that belongs to heaven.
With all the straining strength of my poor might,
I stagger with it up the dreadful way—
O, but I fear unless some succour comes,
Some kindness of some angel, or some help
From watching planet sad to see me climb,
That in some gulf the precious thing must fall.
For I am weak and weary, and all my will
Went in the miles behind me, and no more
Remains in me to face the frowning height.

Ah ! is my soul, that is so much to me,
Nothing to thee, O God ?
See in my hands that I stretch up to thee
The lovely thing thou gavest, let it not
Die ere I die—but rather pluck its light
Out of my brain, while still it brightly burns,
Not with my body gutters to decay.
Out of the deeps I cry to thee, O God !
I fain would bring my soul safe back to thee.

Virgo Gloriosa, Mater Amantissima

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

VINES branching stilly
 Shade the open door
 In the house of Zion's Lily
 Cleanly and poor.
 O brighter than wild laurel
 The Babe bounds in her hand,
 The King who, for apparel,
 Hath but a swaddling band,
 And sees her heavenlier smiling than stars in His
 command.

Soon mystic changes
 Part Him from her breast,
 Yet there awhile He ranges
 Gardens of rest.
 Yea, she the first to ponder
 Our ransom and recall,
 Awhile may rock Him under :
 Her young curl's all
 Against that only sinless love—loyal heart of all.

What shall inure Him
 Unto the deadly dream,
 When the tetrarch shall abjure Him,
 The thief blaspheme,
 And scribe and soldier jostle
 About the shameful Tree,
 And even an Apostle
 Demand to touch and see ?
 But she hath kissed her flower where the wounds are
 to be.

The Glacier

FLORENCE WILKINSON

I AM the mother of rivers,
And out of my bosom of snow,
Restless, tormented and leaping,
My passionate children go.

They spring from the deathly silence
Of a white and passionless life,
Yet far below in the valleys
Goes the rumour of their strife.

They gnash their teeth in the darkness
Of the dolomitic gorge ;
They plunge from the porphyry precipice
Like a thunder-driven gorge.

I sit unattainably splendid,
Folded from peak to peak.
O thou last-born of my bosom,
What goest thou forth to seek ?

I am white as the whiteness of dawning ;
I lift a perpetual brow,
A frozen and pitiless beauty,
Yet once I was driven as thou.

I mounted to crests of anguish ;
I sank to the cruel crevasse ;
Yet even from this is calmness,
And lo ! it has come to pass.

I was sculptured mid-sea of my passion
Millions of ages ago.
My lips are locked ; I am speechless ;
But I know, my child, I know

Love's Codicil

THOMAS WALSH

WHAT though my name may sound no more
 Across the laughter of your days,
What though our little paths of yore
 You may forsake for other ways ;
Though other radiant eyes you see
 When glory's morn is round you blowing,
 And brighter smiles to yours are glowing—
When you are sad, remember me.

'Twill e'en be gladness should you know
 A faithful love, and share a dream
Wherein no part is mine—but oh,
 There is a torment most extreme
Will rack the very ghost I be
 Should you despair or think me sleeping
 If sorrow's vigils you are keeping—
When you are sad, remember me.

The Burning Heart

EDITH M. THOMAS

I WHOM the fires of life, each day,
Do heat to pallor—I who sway
Forever in the breath of strife,
Not master but the slave of Life,
 A burning heart I bear!
Yet Death will full extinction give,
 Or kindly Age a bound will set;
So, if I live, I shall outlive;
 And if I die, I shall forget—
 I shall not always care!

Not then, as now, at Anger's shock
This burning heart its walls shall knock;
Now shall its hopes, o'erdarkened soon
Amidst a crucifixion noon,
 Waste into moaning air!
I, Passion's compassed fugitive,
 Shall find release or refuge yet;
For, if I live, I shall outlive;
 And if I die, I shall forget—
 I shall not always care!

The White Comrade

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

UNDER our curtain of fire,
Over the clotted clods,
We charged, to be withered, to reel,
And despairingly wheel
When the bugles bade us retire
From the terrible odds.

As we ebbed with the battle-tide,
Fingers of red-hot steel
Suddenly closed on my side.
I fell, and began to pray.
I crawled on my hands and lay
Where a shallow crater yawned wide ;
Then,—I swooned.

When I woke it yet was day.
Fierce was the pain of my wound ;
But I saw it was death to stir,
For fifty paces away
Their trenches were.
In torture I prayed for the dark
And the stealthy step of my friend
Who, staunch to the very end,
Would creep to the danger-zone
And offer his life as a mark
To save my own.

Night fell. I heard his tread,—
Not stealthy, but firm and serene,
As if my comrade's head
Were lifted far from that scene
Of passion and pain and dread ;
As if my comrade's heart
In carnage took no part ;
As if my comrade's feet
Were set on some radiant street
Such as no darkness might haunt ;
As if my comrade's eyes
No deluge of flame could surprise,
No death and destruction daunt,
No red-beaked bird dismay,
Nor sight of decay.

Then, in the bursting shells' dim light,
I saw he was clad in white.
For a moment I thought that I saw the smock
Of a shepherd in search of his flock.
Alert were the enemy, too,
And their bullets flew
Straight at a mark no bullet could fail ;
For the seeker was tall and his robe was bright ;
But he did not flee nor quail.
Instead, with unhurrying stride
He came,
And, gathering my tall frame,
Like a child in his arms. . . .

Again I swooned ;
And awoke
From a blissful dream
In a cave by a stream.
My silent comrade had bound my side.

No pain now was mine, but a wish that I spoke,—
A mastering wish to serve this man
Who had ventured through hell my doom to revoke
As only the truest of comrades can.
I begged him to tell me how best I might aid him,
And urgently prayed him
Never to leave me, whatever betide ;
When I saw he was hurt,—
Shot through the hands that were clasped in prayer !
Then, as the dark drops gathered there
And fell in the dirt,
The wounds of my friend
Seemed to me such as no man might bear.
Those bullet-holes in the patient hands
Seemed to transcend
All horrors that ever these war-drenched lands
Had known, or would know, till the mad world's end.
Then suddenly I was aware
That his feet had been wounded, too,
And, dimming the white of his side,
A dull stain grew.
“ You are hurt, White Comrade ! ” I cried.
His words I already foreknew ;
“ These are old wounds,” said he,
“ But of late they have troubled me.”

To a Scarlet Tanager

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

MY Tanager, what crescent coast,
Curving beyond what seas of air,
Invites your elfin commerce most?
For I would fain inhabit there.
Is it a corner of Cathay
That I could reach by caravan,
Or do you traffic far away
Beyond the mountains of Japan?

If, where some iridescent isle
Wears like a rose its calm lagoon,
You plan to spend a little while,
An April or a fervid June,
Deign to direct my wanderings,
And I shall be the one who sees
Your scarlet pinnacle furl its wings
And come to anchor in the trees.

Do you collect for merchandise
Ribbons of weed and jewelled shells,
And dazzle colour-hungry eyes
With rainbows from the coral wells?
But when your freight is asphodels,
You must be fresh from Enna's lawn!
Who buys, when such a merchant sells,
And in what market roofed with dawn?

Much would it ease my spirit if
To-day I might embark with you,
Low-drifting like the milkweed skiff,
Or voyaging against the blue,
To learn who speeds your ebon sails,
And what you do in Ispahan ?
Do you convey to nightingales
Strange honey-dew from Hindostan ?

With you for master-mariner
I yet might travel very far ;
Discover whence your cargoes were,
And whither tending, by a star ;
Or what ineffable bazaar
You most frequent in Samarkand ;
Or even where those harbours are,
Keats found forlorn, in fairyland.

Le Morte d'Arthur

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

"Men say in many parts of England that King Arthur is not dead . . . rather will I say: here in this world he changed his life."—MALORY.

HE passed in mystery from mortal sight
Upon the waters that enshrined his sword.
There was no man whose eyes had seen the blight
Of death upon the face of Britain's lord,
And all of Arthur that was left his land
Was a great memory like an armoured ghost,
That steeled the sinews of the English hand,
And thundered in the waves of England's coast.

Time made of Arthur and of Avalon
A poet's dream to please an idle hour,
While England through triumphant years went on,
Proud in great riches, confident in power,
Girding the world with her imperial sway—
Too busy and too prosperous to see
The eastward threatening of a certain Day
That should make different all the days to be.

Before its dawn there came a man, whose eyes
Were strange alike to pity and to fear—
Not cruel, but unsparing, in the wise
Of those who see eternity too near.
Upon this quiet doer of his deed
Flamed the red morning of a world in dust.
"Trust him!" cried England in her final need,
And royally he rose to meet her trust.

Out of the stubborn stuff of youth untaught
He shaped an army to his high desire.
Unhastening, unfaltering, he wrought
Amid the rising tide of blood and fire
A living shield for England's labouring heart—
The breaking heart that is too great to fail!
And then—as if time's curtains drew apart
To welcome back a kingly ghost in mail—

He passed in mystery from mortal sight.
The waters took him, as it was of old.
The tale of how death came to England's knight
Never by any mortal may be told.
All we have left of Kitchener lives on,
Steel-sinewed in the army that he made.
There may be joy to-day in Avalon
For the home-coming of a hero's shade.



