

Before she set him there.
And aye she gives him, mindful of her
own,
Peace of the plant, the stone ;
Yea, since above his work he may not
rise,
She makes the field his skies ;
See ! she that bore him, and metes out
the lot,
He serves her. Vex him not
To scorn the rock whence he was hewn,
the pit
And what was digged from it ;
Lest he no more in native virtue stand,
The earth-sword in his hand,
But follow sorry phantoms to and fro,
And let a kingdom go.

—John Vance Cheney, Chicago.

THE INCAPABLE.

The pathos of the world is in his eyes,
Within his brain abortive schemings
roll,
His nerveless hand in impotency lies
With palm held open for the pauper's
dole.
The burden of all ineffectual things
Is in his gait, his countenance, his
mien ;
While round his harassed brow forever
clings
The mocking ghost of what he might
have been.
Here, where men toil and eat the fruit of
toil,
He idly stands apart the whole day
through ;
Here in a land of ceaseless work and toil,
His hand and brain can find him naught
to do.
No sweat of manly effort damps his brow ;
In workshop, field or mart he hath no
place.
To earn his daily bread he knows not
how,
Or, scornful, counts the offered means—
disgrace.
Too proud to dig, yet not too proud to
eat
The bread of strangers to his face and
name ;
Homeless, he wanders with uncertain feet,
Of thrift the scorn, of fate the idle game.
What though he wear the hall-mark of the
schools,
A weakling in the world, he stands con-
fessed ;

For lack of will to use the humbler tools,
He walks the earth a byword and a jest.
The precious promise of his youthful
years,
All unfulfilled, upon his manhood waits.
He wakens to his shame with bitter tears
And knows himself to be the thing he
hates.
Incapable ! His destiny we spell
In logic of inexorable fact :
At naught may his untutored hand excel :
The curse of Reuben blasts his every
act.
The plowman whistles blithely as he goes
And turns upon the world no coward
face,
In joy he reaps that which in hope he
sows,
Nor bows his head to aught but Heav-
en's grace.
The craftsman, too, rejoices in the thing
To fashion which his cunning hand was
taught ;
Of want he feels nor fears the bitter sting.
In manhood's strength his destiny is
wrought.
But this one—futile, hopeless, crushed to
earth,
A prey forever to forebodings grim,
Well may he curse the day that gave him
birth,
And summon God and man to pity him.
—Hamilton Schuyler, Orange, N.J.

A SONG.

(In answer to "The Man with the Hoe.")
From giant-forests hewn,
And golden fields of grain ;
From the furrowed hills and the belching
mills
With their fuel of hand and brain ;
From the mountain's mine-dug depth
To star paths made by men,
Sounds one vast song that rolls along
And circles the world again :
Work—Let the anvils clang !
Work—Let us sew the seam !
Let us bind the girth of the mighty
earth
With the music of our theme !
Sing as the wheels spin round,
Laugh at the red sparks' flight,
And life will flash from the sledge's
clash
Till all the land is light !
Over the deserts' waste
We measure the miles of chain