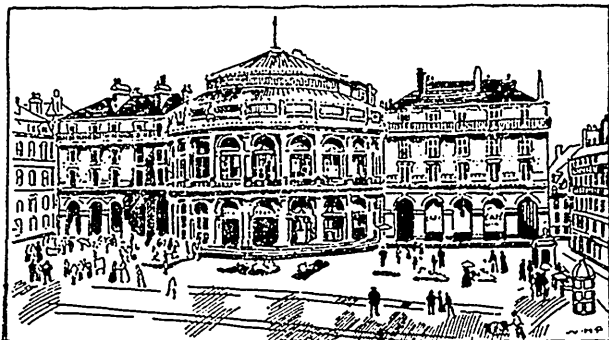


The World's Progress.

DREYFUS.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

Author of "The Man with the Hoe."



LYCEUM AT RENNES, SCENE OF THE COURT-MARTIAL
OF DREYFUS.

I.

A man stood stained ; France was one Alp of hate,
Pressing upon him with the whole world's weight.
In all the circle of the ancient sun,
There was no voice to speak for him—not one.
In all the world of men there was no sound
But of a sword flung broken to the ground.

Hell laughed its little hour ; then, behold,
How one by one the guarded gates unfold !
Swiftly a sword by Unseen Forces hurled
And now a man rising against the world !

II.

Oh, the import deep as life is, deep as time !
There is a Something sacred and sublime
Moving behind the worlds, beyond our ken,
Weighing the stars, weighing the deeds of men.

Take heart, O soul of sorrow, and be strong !
There is One greater than the whole world's wrong.
Be hushed before the high Benignant Power
That moves wool-shod through sepulchre and tower !
No truth so low but He will give it crown ;
No wrong so high but He will hurl it down.
O men that forgo the fetter, it is vain ;
There is a Still Hand stronger than your chain.
'Tis no avail to bargain, sneer, and nod,
And shrug the shoulder for reply to God.

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