

PREFACE.

reader turn to pages 57, 63, 70, 90, 92, 96, and analyze the sonnets which confront him. Take, for example, that on

THE SONNET.

"Give me, O Muse, to pour into this chalice
The wines of beauty, wisdom, truth, and love;
Give me thy alchemy thence from above,
To gild them brighter than angels in bliss.

Give me thy wand that with its joyous kiss
I may electrify my themes with life,
Unwonted in this vale of tears and strife,
I touch, and not my high ideals miss.

Then will I sing of God and His great world,
I'll trace His footprints' beauty, good and truth;
I'll see them in our race, the sun, the moon
and stars. I'll see them in the birds; forsooth,
In everything, for they're my constant boon,
And under them I march—God's flag unfurled."

Here no word or phrase may be omitted, or substitute made without marring its perfection. With splendid imagery and pomp of purple word, the poet appeals to the Muse of Poetry for aid and help in the laudable task he is about to undertake. The sonnets which follow would seem to show that the Muse had heard and granted his appeal.

Yet, whatever may be the merits or demerits of the poems, the sonnets themselves do not fail to bear to the reader a certain impression of virility which, per-