

“ Out of the dreams that heap,
The hollow hand of sleep,
Out of the dark sublime,
We journey, one by one.
The puppets of our sires,
We work out blind desires.
In ignorance we stand
With fate on either hand ;
And question stars and earth
With wonder in our eyes.”

But, though he may not understand, he has unshaken faith,—

“ Little Brothers of the clod,
Soul of fire, and seed of sod,
We must fare into the silence
At the knees of God.”

This latest book, to me, marks a transition in Roberts' inner life. His soul is combatting great thoughts. His horizon widens. The world becomes richer and fuller about him. Through this period of change, of restless seeking, and struggling with the mysterious unknowable, his faith shines clear, and will presently lead him up to a future, incomparably fuller than the past.

In closing this review of Roberts' poetry, I mention one last poem, one of the sweetest, kindest, simplest lyrics, and one so characteristic of the poet's style,—‘The Heal-All,’ and from this, quote one verse, which seems to me to express the creed of Roberts' life,—

“ Thy simple wisdom I would gain
To heal the hurt Life brings,
With kindly cheer, and faith in pain,
And joy in common things.”

ERNESTINE R. WHITESIDE, '98.