

"The clock indicates the moment. . . .but what does eternity indicate?"

"Afar down I see the huge first Nothing, the vapor from the nostrils of death,
I know I was even there. . . .I waited unseen and always,
And slept while God carried me through the lethargic mist,
And took my time. . . .and took no hurt from the fœtid carbon."

"See ever so far. . . .there is limitless space outside of that,
Count ever so much. . . .there is limitless time around that.
Our rendezvous is fitly appointed. . . .God will be there and wait till we come."

These doubled and quadrupled points, let us add, pertain to the original, whatever their precise significance may be. Here again is a grand idea, not altogether new; and rough in its present setting, as the native gold still buried in Californian beds of quartz and debris. Nevertheless it is full of suggestive thought, and like much else in the volume—though less than most,—only requires the hand of the artist to cut, and polish, and set, that it may gleam and sparkle with true poetic lustre:—

"A slave at auction!

I help the auctioneer. . . .the sloven does not half know his business.

Gentlemen look on this curious creature,

Whatever the bids of the bidders they cannot be high enough for him,

For him the globe lay preparing quintillions of years without one animal or plant,

For him the revolving cycles truly and steadily rolled.

In that head the allbaffling brain,

In it and below it the making of the attributes of heroes.

Examine these limbs, red, black or white. . . .they are very cunning in tendon and nerve;

They shall be stript that you may see them.

Exquisite senses, lifelike eyes, pluck, volition,

Flakes of breastmuscle, pliant backbone and neck, flesh not flabby, good sized arms and legs,

And wonders within there yet.

Within thereruns his blood. . .the same old blood. . .the same red running blood

There swells and jets his heart. . . .There all passions and desires. . . .all reachings and aspirations:

Do you think they are not there because they are not expressed in parlors and lecture-rooms?

This is not only one man. . . .he is the father of those who shall be fathers in their turns,

In him the start of populous states and rich republics,

Of him countless immortal lives with countless embodiments and enjoyments.

How do you know who shall come from the offspring of his offspring through the centuries?

Who might you find you have come from yourself?"