## BLISS CARMAN

azine a practical success, the wonder is, not that contemporary letters are so poor, but that they are so good.

A ballad like "Tarpeia" or a single lyric like "The Wild Ride," has virility enough to furnish the ordinary minor poet with lyric passion ten times over. I am permitted to quote a version of the latter lyric, longer by two stanzas than that contained in "The White Sail."

"I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses

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All day, the commotion of sinewy mane-tossing horses;

All night, from their cells, the importunate tramping and neighing.

"Let cowards and laggards fall back; but alert to the saddle, Straight, grim and abreast, vault our weather-worn galloping legion,

With a stirrup-cup each to the one gracious woman that loves him.

"The road is thro' dolor and dread, over crags and morasses; There are shapes by the way, there are things that appal or entice us:

What odds? We are knights, and our souls are but bent on the riding!

"Thought's self is a vanishing wing, and joy is a cobweb, And friendship a flower in the dust, and glory a sunbeam : Nor here is our prize, nor, alas ! after these our pursuing.

"A dipping of plumes, a tear, a shake of the bridle, A passing salute to this world, and her pitiful beauty ! We hurry with never a word in the track of our fathers.

"I hear in my heart, I hear in its ominous pulses, All day the commotion of sinewy mane-tossing horses, All night, from their cells, the importunate tramping and

neighing.