

And in the disheartening answer,

"We know not, and we know not why we wail."

While it lacks in landscape touches the profuseness and beauty of "Oenone." The beauty of the pastoral elegiac verse enhances the sad Grecian myth, while the classic mother-love of Demeter is enriched by the poets' idyllic method.

"Vastness" is a poem that contains truths as true as they are opposite in the extreme. It furnishes us with a deep insight into the human heart, a clear portrait of the motives that sway the world and an elevating aspect of the destiny of life. With versatility of genius he sketches with the self-same pen of ink the world-wide different aims of men. Sitting down beside those philosophical enigmas that worried his youthful years honest doubt no longer taunts him and the voice of truth prevails. There are more pertinent questions to be answered and unless answered what is it all.

"What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a Moment's anger of bees in their hive?"

In "The Ring" we find that our poet as an artist has lost nought of his strongest characteristic; his knife is just as keen, his pen as smooth as when guided by a younger hand. Artistic in its thought, artistic in its execution, the poem is evolved from an artist's soul. Questions that perplexed his younger mind we find in his earlier poems, but his older mind has gathered strength, and in his later poems they are laid to rest and he has a stronger faith. In "In memoriam" he is searching after immortal love.

"For I long to prove
No lapse of moons can canker love."

Love calls for the spiritual presence of his friend even as he was present in body and calling, she is heard. In "The Ring" his former doubts are radiant points of his faith. The spirit of his lost wife broods over his home and guards his treasures. To minds unaccustomed to climb such heights the atmosphere is too rare for their material minds and his faith seems but a superstition.

The sacredness of love is a topmost rung in Truth's great creed, and marriage without love causes to clang and clank what otherwise would thrill the musician's soul. The old man loved and loves Miriam, but never Muriel, and in marrying her, although he did it for his child's welfare, he transgressed a sacred law, and so he says:

"No second cloudless honeymoon was mine."

A lover's poem is "Happy," and as poetic as it is romantic. In its opening lines its movement and soft cadence almost unconsciously waft our memory to the "May Queen," but as the poem advances, its passionate music pulses and swells, filling the poem with grandest tones. After reading the poem we are impressed with the lightness of speech and manner with which it begins; it seems so incompatible with the subject matter. But when the leper-lover's hut

is reached Love's fingers pull forth every stop of her full heart and press passionate music from its tender chords. She was jealous once, but now her love has gathered strength and pushed the other forth from the temple of her heart, and the chilling breeze of loneliness sweeps through her life, empty without his love. Love without life is preferable to life without love, for

"This wall of solid flesh that comes between your soul and mine

Will vanish and give place to the beauty that endures.

The beauty that endures on the spiritual height,

When we shall stand transfigured, like Christ on Hermon Hill,

And moving each in music, soul in soul and light in light,
Shall flash thro' one another in a moment, as we will."

Her love has become pure, noble, spiritual, and love makes all things beautiful, even a vile leprous flesh.

The story of the leper's life and the maiden's lofty love, together with its strong sentiment on life immortal, form a poem for the people and the poet.

In "The Progress of Spring" we have a delightful view of the beauties of nature cast upon a poetic soul, and radiating in all directions, they shed, with their soft velvet colors, a warm lustre upon our own soul. The gradual glide of Spring in her onward movement, the unfolding flower, and the flooded fountain are scenic touches, graceful and grand. It is a poem we would read on a glad spring day, lying on the soft green bank of the gurgling stream, while the speckled trout glides by, and the gentle breezes rock the new-come tuneful bird perched on the branch, with its fresh green leaves. Its movement is as smooth as the soft sunshine that slides over the fields of Mother Earth in the early morning hours.

"A simpler, saner lesson might he learn
Who reads thy gradual process, Holy Spring."

In life's winter days men should see beyond the snow drops of misfortune the opening bud neath fortune's leaves. There is a spring in life as well as a winter, and changing time will bring it, and after many changes this life will pass into the larger, fuller Life.

"Life, which is Life indeed."

There are many things in this little book that tend to make us forget that we are reading the work of a man of eighty years; but perhaps none possesses more of the lightness that we would expect from a younger hand than "The Thristle." It is so sprightly, so sweet, so full of youthful glee that it seems incredible that such a poem passed through a brain busied for half a century with the subtle reasonings of philosophy and the clamorous claims of science. And yet as the sturdy oak and the silver daisy grow side by side in the self-same emerald patch so even the weightiest thought and the tenderest feeling seems to flourish in the poets' brain.

W. N. H., '91.