

begin to appear, while here and there is a tender love song, such as 'Love if you love me, love with heart and soul,' or a dainty lyric, as 'Wind of a summer afternoon, hush, for my heart is out of tune.'

There is one sonnet from this book I should like to quote in full. It is,—

#### RECKONING.

"What matter that the sad city sleeps,  
Sodden with dull dreams, ill at ease, and snow  
Still falling, chokes the swollen drains! I know  
That even with sun and summer, not less creeps  
My spirit through gloom, nor ever gains the steeps  
Where Peace sits, inaccessible, yearned for so.  
Well have I learned that from my heart my woe  
Starts. That as my own hand hath sown it reaps.

I have had my measure of achievement, won  
Most I have striven for, and at last remains  
This one thing certain only, that who gains  
Success, hath gained it at too sore a cost,  
If in his triumph hour, his heart have lost  
Youth, and found the sorrow of age begun."

Such a poem as this is rare and to be treasured. It gives us a glimpse into the soul of one who has striven for honor, and when he has attained it, has realized its emptiness. It is infinitely grave and sorrowful. In the fresh, full, pulsing strength of the book, this is the first touch of world's woe, that lays a hand on all of us, sooner or later.

This feeling becomes more marked in 'Songs of the Common Day.' Life, which in youth opens up full of infinite possibilities, begins to grow about him. That the commonplace is the lot of most of us, presses itself upon him. With a noble purpose he seeks to draw out 'the soul of unregarded things.' In this book occur his forty superb nature sonnets.

In 'The Book of the Native,' the fourth, those unfathomable problems, that have ever vexed the mind of man,—problems of life, and death, and that hereafter,—dwell with the poet's soul. In 'Origins,' with a blind, mechanical sort of rhythm, he cons over old facts, questioned, and re-questioned,—