

bard of optimism ; a rare enough literary product in our pessemistic times.

If the preceding paragraphs are not devoid of expository value, we are now in a position to approach the greatest poem in the volume under review, "The Man With the Hoe," at a decided advantage, being forearmed with a notion of its author's leading ideas. This is all anyone needs, to understand if not appreciate the poem, which is as follows :

"THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

(Written after seeing Millet's world-famous picture.)

Bowed by the weight of centuries, he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox ?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw ?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow ?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain ?

Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land,
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power,
To feel the passion of eternity ?
Is this the dream he dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light ?
Down all the stretch of hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim !
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades ?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose ?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look,
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop,
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed
Plundered, betrayed and disinherited,
Cries protest to the judges of the world,
A protest that is also prophecy.