

*"I gather my poems out of the heart of the clover,
Out of the wayside weeds, out of the meadows about me—
In gleams from the dewdrop's soul, from wings of birds
 shaken downward,
Poems the night-rain brings, shot through the beeches
 incessant;
Poems the grasshopper sings, beating his noonday labor;
The gossamer web is a rhythm, blown from the valley of
 Quiet—
A rondeau that turns on itself, folded in shimmering
 garments;
And, when the whirling flakes are tangled, at dusk, in the
 thickets,
The voice of Song outcries in the bleat of lambs on the
 hillside.*

*"All things sing to me—cry: laughter, or tears, or music.
The storm hath its rhythmical beat; the day its musical
 cadence:
Ever an ebb or a flow—a flame, or a mournful nightfall,
A rivulet, bearded with moss, to me is Theocritus singing;
A violet, bursting in spring, thrills me with exquisite music;
A child's voice, heard in the dusk, shakes me with infinite
 pathos,
The flash of the daybreak's sword, the march of the midnight
 planets,
The sweep of the mighty winds, the shout of the prophet-
 voiced thunder,
Restlessly throb in my soul, and shape themselves into
 measure."*

CHARLES J. O'MALLEY,