

Nothing, for example, could be more winning in unstudied simplicity, more [graciously touched with haunting quiet, than these lines:

“When on the marge of evening the last blue light is broken,  
And winds of dreamy odor are loosened from afar,  
Or when my lattice opens, before the lark has spoken,  
On dim laburnum-blossoms and morning's dying star,

“I think of thee, (O mine the more if other eyes be sleeping!)  
Whose great and noonday splendor the many share and see,  
While sacred and forever, some perfect law is keeping  
The late and early twilight alone and sweet for me.”

And so we lay aside [this thin little volume of exquisite poetry, reassured that [it is only the blind who can believe that the poets are all dead to-day, while there walks among us a very child of the old Greek spirit,

“Whose random hand  
[Struck from the dark whole scenes like these,  
Archaic beauty, never planned  
Nor reared by wan degrees,

“Which leaves an artist poor, and art  
An earldom richer all her years;”

We lay it aside with one quotation more, summing up in a single couplet, itself worthy of the Greek Anthology, the light-hearted philosophy of that elder paganism, a hundred times overthrown by the casuistries of the schools, yet always returning with its unobtrusive solace, dauntless and unperturbed, to our human need at last. How large and sweet a benediction of farewell within the small compass of a score of words!

“Praise thou the Mighty Mother for what is wrought,  
not me,  
A nameless nothing-caring head asleep against her knee.”

BLISS CARMAN.