

"Bowman, shout for Gamelbar;  
Winds, unthrottle the wolves of war!  
    Heave a breath,  
    And dare a death,  
For the doom of Gamelbar!  
    Wealth for Gamel,  
    Wine for Gamel,  
Crimson wine for Gamelbar!"

Perhaps the deep, rich, and controlled piety of Dr. Carman, rather than his poetry, has attracted the attention of the world, a piety which has been characterized "as the most consummate and most comprehensive thing about him". This exemplary piety is seen in the poem which begins:

"One day as I sat and suffered  
A long discourse upon sin,  
At the door of my heart I listened,  
And heard this speech within:

The word that lifts the purple shaft,  
Of crocus and of hyacinth,  
Is more to me than platitudes,  
Rethundering from grain and plinth."

This is similar to Wordsworth's:

"One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach us more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good,  
Than all the sages can."

Wordsworth's proposition has been adjudicated by many good men and true in both philosophy and poetry as not only undemonstrable, but unthinkable, and Carman's indifference to that verdict only establishes the superiority of a piety, which, instead of wrestling with the unthinkable, proceeds calmly to build upon it. His genius appears where he knew when to remove his hand from the lyre.

Herein is shown that the minor poet is abreast of the times. He lives as a man of his age. He sees clearly that, in order to correct all epicureanism, man must leave the club and boudoir and take to the openfields. He has a sustaining faith that an amiable exhaustion, instead of receiving its death-blow from the cosmic fist, will get a new spiritual warrant from the buttercups and daisies. In order to love our brothers as ourselves, we must go and live with the