

Selected Poetry

Nature's Thanksgiving

Sweet rhapsodist, to whom the serenade
That, day-long, thou dost from unwearyed throat
Pour forth in treble of thy woodland note,
Amid the leaf-gloom singing unafraid;
To whom, upborne from censers flowers have made,
Floats incense skywards where the sun's gold boat
Oars westward in the blue to lands remote;
To whom smile fields their thanks for summer's aid?
Unthinking questions; yet how seldom seen
A church door open; temples everywhere
Stand dark and silent that for God were meant;
Nature alone gives thanks; in pious mien
Early and late with song and thriller
She kneels in adoration, lowly bent.

—J. R. CLEMENS, in *America*.

The Great Seducer

Who looks too long from this window
At the gray, wide, cold sea,
Where breakers scour the beaches
With fingers of sharp foam;
Who looks too long through the gray pane
At the mad, wild, bold sea,
Shall sell his hearth to a stranger
And turn his back on home.

Who looks too long from his window,
Tho' his wife waits by the fireside,
At a ship's wings in the offing,
At a gull's wings on air,
Shall latch his gate behind him.
Tho' his cattle call from the byreside,
And kiss his wife, and leave her,
And wander everywhere.

Who looks too long in the twilight,
Or the dawnlight or the moonlight,
Who sees an anchor lifted
And hungers past content,
Shall pack his chest for the world's end,
For alien sun—or moonlight,
And follow the wind, sateless,
To disillusionment!

COLE YOUNG RICE, in *The Century*.

Two Sewing

The wind is sewing with needles of rain:
With shining needles of rain
It stitches into the thin
Cloth of earth—in.
In, in, in.
(Oh, the wind has often sewed with me!—
One, two, three.)

Spring must have fine things
To wear, like other springs.
Of silken green the grass must be
Embroidered. (One and two and three.)
Then every crocus must be made
So subtly as to seem afraid
Of lifting color from the ground.
And after crocuses the round
Heads of tulips, and all the fair
Intricate garb that Spring will wear
The wind must sew with needles of rain,
With shining needles of rain
Stitching into the thin
Cloth of earth—in,
In, in, in—
For all the springs of futurity.
(One, two, three.)

—HAZEL HALL, in *Current Opinion*.

A Dream

It was fanned of unseen fires,
The fires that chasten and smart,
Of my seared soul's white flame,
And the red flame of my heart.

Of the fierce white heat of youth
And the glow of its passion fire
Youth, the Dreamer, who fashions
And colors the Heart's Desiré.

With dead dreams half forgot
The living ore was wrought,
Till it shaped itself in my heart,
Took form, and came forth—a thought

It burned as a star in the dark,
In its travail hour of birth,
As a diamond deep in the womb
Of the fruitful red-brown earth.

Like the rhythm of joyous sound,
Like a gleam of tremulous light,
It fell on men's wond'ring ears,
It glowed and sang in their sight.

They pondered it o'er and o'er,
They sundered it part from part.
The song that was half my soul,
The word that was all my heart.

"He has lost the clue," they said—
"The clue and the golden key."
But it—it was all my life
For it came from the soul of me.

—CATHAL O'BYRNE, in the *Irish World*.

Light-Foot

GREEN TATTERS.

Green tatters flung to every wind,
Swinging from the crooked arms of walnuts,
Flying from the storm-tops of maples,
Every poplar a-flutter
With green and silver,
Bending, bending, bending.

When did it happen?
When were these green tatters
Flung out to every wind?
When did the new grass
Go blazing over the hills?
Who can remember
When the sky was heavy with bare branches?
Who can remember
Any day not filled with green and silver
Bending, bending, bending?

RUNNERS.

Moonseed and honeysuckle
Running along old walls
Fling out bare arms, bend down a peach tree,
And so clamber
Out into the roadside,
To loaf in the deep grass.
Curl about blackberry canes
And shake down storms of white petals.
Away and away, following
A lazy mud-road,
Out between the tumbled fences,
Out among the pastures.

Oh runners,
Let me go with you,
Let me clamber over an old wall,
And breaking through blackberry canes,
Let me follow you
Barefoot along a thick roadside,
Away and away.
Wait for me, I am coming,
Moonseed and honeysuckle!

BERNARD RAYMUND, in the *Nation and Athenaeum*.



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