

THE DILETTANTE WAKENS

SHAEMAS O SHEEL

OUT of the dim forest
Show me the way,
I am fain at last

Of night and day,
I am weary at last
Of unwearying peace
Where toil begins not
And cannot cease.
I have lain too long
In a purple bed,
On nuts and honey
Too long I've fed,
The rose and poppy
Too long have shed
Ineffable languor
On my head.
Grey and silver
And fawn and mauve,
Dim lakes beneath,
Dim skies above,
Pale wine, pale women,
Pale petals shed,
These did I love
In the life I led.
Alas, alas
For my soul that went
Into the air
On a song soon spent,
With grief not laden
Nor merriment!

Out of the dim forest
I will away!
I will know day

When the strife is sorest,
I will know night
When, Life, thou pourest
Balm on the wounds
Well-earned in the fray.
Bright stars will gleam
In the ale I quaff,
And a jolly company
Catch my laugh,
And the meat be red
As the ale is yellow,
And many a fellow
Share board and bed,
Till I find at last,
On a day all gold,
A woman bold
To cleave to me fast
On a raging sea,
In a forest vast;
In a harsh city,
Till the end be past
Of a life lived free
As seed broadcast!

THE RISE AND FALL OF CRITICISM

WILFRID L. RANDELL

THE first critic, who scrawled with a half-burnt stick on the carapace of a crab or on a smooth fragment of bark a record of his dissatisfaction with a neighbor, probably retired speedily to his cave, igloo, or wigwam and awaited, defiant or scared, the advent of the enraged one—much as the schoolboy of to-day scribbles crude personalities on wall or gate-post and scampers off before he is caught. He knew, as all critics ought to know, that there is a sense in which the deliverance of opinions, laudatory or otherwise, on another person's appearance, speech, behavior, or work is impertinent, in the true meaning of the word. Yet every man has a right to express himself as seems to him best, provided that such expression does not endanger the welfare of the community, although if we consider the ancient chronicles of almost any nation it is obvious that the very stability of governments and kingdoms often depended upon the relentless suppression of the outward signs of adverse opinion. When Batir, the fierce Tartar general of Zenghis Khan, set up his court at Tsaritsin on the Volga, and invited the Grand Duchies of Russia to pay tribute, any criticism of his proceedings on the part of the Grand Dukes—albeit they seem to have had right on their side—was silenced by a brief physical operation which permanently prohibited further rebellion. The wholesale slaughters of Ivan the Terrible, in the same country, effectively damped the ardor of his critics. In the history of our own land similar instances, on perhaps a smaller scale, can be recalled with a moment's thought. A mob in revolt is but manifesting a primitive form of derogatory criticism, just as a crowd with banners and garlands giving honor to a hero exhibits a primitive form of approval. The snarl of labor to-day is but a rough, hardly articulate protest against the behavior of capital.

With the multiplication of printed papers and books, literary criticism, as we know it, showed the beginnings of becoming a profession. The critic, whom for the time we are bound to con-