

[*The Poetry Review*]

THE LARGER LIBERTY

THE human soul, borne on white wings
of destiny,—

Man's body red with blood-assault
of war,—

Sees Christ outshining Cæsar — like a
Star

Whose whelming Beauty rules the
night's dark majesty.

Man's thought, too long obedient to
despotic laws

Of lawless Kings; too true, too blind;
Now drives through starshine all the
princely minds that pause

Before the day's apocalypse of Mind.

Princes and pomp of old — the pathos
of the past

When law was tyranny and war ro-
mance —

Your love, your kin, your cause betray
you at the last:

Now men strike madness down and
hail the mind's advance.

The princely lie of right divine in
laughter dies,

The pallid, spectral liars cheat the
devil of his praise.

Brave Kings who led your underlings
with license and with lies,

No free man mourns your majesties
in these glad latter days.

[*To-Day*]

AFTER RAIN

BY JAMES H. MACKERETH

So blithely after the rain

The garden gleams and glitters:

Old Sol pops out again,

And every blackbird titters

For mirth in silvery song,

And thrush and finch take part;

To join the madcap throng

The wings, the elfin wings, are in my
heart,

Gay thoughts like dewdrops glisten
in the wild lights of my heart.

Come, Marybud, with me
Under the twinkling skies,

Where every shining tree

Is dazzling shining eyes.

Quick! Marybud, and share

The silver and the blue:

This morn the world's so fair

That love's most happy self is love-
lier too;

Up the rainbow's span of splendor
trips my happy heart to you!

Haste, Fay-o'-dreams! the bees

Pillage the foxglove bells;

With diamonded knees

From floral citadels

They shake the wet sun-sheen

To mimic mists and showers.

Oh, dazzling is the green,

And dazzling to the dancing eye the
flowers;

But oh! the dazzling beauty of a joy
that shall be ours!

Marybud, the big bee's drum

Sounds among the lupin spires.

Hark! the elves' processions come;

List! the tanging elfin lyres

Hum:

Columbines all tip-toe stare;

Magic, magic fills the air!

Marybud, oh, come and share —

Come!

DOUBT NO MORE THAT OBERON

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

DOUBT no more that Oberon —

Never doubt that Pan

Lived, and played a reed, and ran

After nymphs in a dark forest,

In the merry, credulous days,—

Lived, and led a fairy band

Over the indulgent land!

Ah, for in this dourlest, sorest

Age man's eye has looked upon,

Death to fauns and death to fays,

Still the dog-wood dares to raise —

Healthy tree, with trunk and root —

Ivory bowls that bear no fruit,

And the starlings and jays,—

Birds that cannot even sing —

Dare to come again in spring!



The Atlantic

Book Bulletin

THE STORY OF OPAL

The Journal of an Understanding Heart

BY OPAL WHITELEY

The appearance of this Diary in book form has aroused an enthusiasm beyond even our expectations. The general interest is most marked, as shown by these comments taken at random:

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