

# FROM THE MOUNTAIN

BY GEORGE STERLING

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Let us go home with the sunset on our faces—  
    We that went forth at morn,  
To follow on the wind's auroral paces,  
    And find the desert bourn  
The frontier of our hope and Heaven's scorn.

Let us go home with the sunset on our faces—  
    We that have wandered far  
And stood by noon in high, disastrous places  
    And seen what mountains are  
Between those eyries and the morning star.

Let us go home with the sunset on our faces:  
    Although we have not found  
The pathway to the inviolable spaces,  
    We see from holy ground  
An ocean far below without a sound.

GEORGE STERLING.

# THE DIONYSIAN QUALITY IN VICTORIAN POETRY

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

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IN looking over certain prominent, present-day poets, Masfield, Gibson, and Davies, one sees reaction in both form and substance; in form toward greater simplicity and austerity; in substance toward a deeper concern for the immediate. Turn over a volume of Gibson and Masfield, for example, and the very words used are those of common conversation. One opens haphazard at such perfectly simple, straightforward utterances as:

I think of the friends who are dead, who were dear long ago in the past.

Her heart is always doing lovely things  
Filling my wintry mind with simple flowers.

He swabbed the decks with clouts till it was dry.

These bespeak a democratic sympathy with common life that refuses to be above the general understanding even in diction.

The Victorian, however, looked at poetry not only as a high tradition, but as a legitimate profession. This is not by any manner of means asserting that poetry, so seriously envisaged, is necessarily a higher art. Few German poets rank with Heine, who may be said to have treated poetry much as the modern English poets are doing. First he discarded literary conventions and strove definitely to reproduce in his verse the spontaneity and naturalness of daily speech. Moreover, he appealed to very generally dispersed emotions and thoughts.

Returning to the Victorians, we find metaphysics liberally sprinkled over the work of Tennyson, Browning, Swinburne, Shelley, Wordsworth, and here and there an effort at it in that most concrete of workers, Keats. The quality we miss