The drift away from the transcendental in recent American nature verse

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As

A Partial requirement for the degree

Of

Master of Arts

Drake University

June 1918
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The earlier American poets revealed in their works a breadth and richness that has not been surpassed by the virgin poets of any nation. A new country, new fauna and bird life; pioneer conditions and frontier cities; the deep almost impenetrable forests, the wide prairies and flowing streams, huge cities and populations, all these with the songs of the quiet Whittier of New England farm life or the philosophic utterances of Emerson combine (to give) the world a poetry rich in its phraseology and life.

Towards the end we find a new poet and poetry entering the lists. Prophetic, deep, yet at times almost exasperating, the lines of Whitman hold the attention. His attitude toward life: his defiance of all tradition; the brooding, almost revolutionary utterances cause us to wonder whether this freakish appearance will pass, or as he says in 'Poets to Come'

"I myself but write one or two indicative words for the future. I advance but a moment only to wheel and hurry back in the darkness. I am a man who, sauntering along without fully stopping, turns a casual look upon you and then averts his face, leaving it to you to prove and define it, expecting the main things from you."

It is not the purpose of the writer to extol the merits of Bryant or Whitman or to spend time uselessly, writing of those poets whose merits are at present only too well known, but rather to turn attention to the poets who have succeeded these, the poets of the
last forty or fifty years, and selecting a few typical ones, see whether their view of life and nature has followed the great stream of American life from a provincial to a national breadth.

Poetry has always been the storehouse for the world's gems of thought and speech. In it we find the elusive idea of the philosopher, the mystical notion of the theologian and the cross statement of the materialist quoted. Life seems to be a struggle with the inevitable, and an effort to understand it. Such subjects then must form a great part of poetry, and especially the poetry this paper is to consider, nature poetry.

Nature poetry in the past has taken the form of the brooding, spiritual longing of Wordsworth striving to comprehend the great reality beyond nature, or the sensuous, pagan joy of the pastorals of Theocritus and Bion revelling in the physical joys of life.

A glance at the earliest English poems reveals a disregard of nature: all references were to the shepherds and hills of ancient Greek literature. English country and farm life was a drudgery; a place of burial. Nothing appealed to these people but the city with its pageants and courtiers.

With James Thomson's "Snow Scene" (1700-1766) there enters an appreciation of nature and we have an appreciative view of English country life. The maidens are English; the men are laborers not shepherds and a deepening appreciation of nature is felt in "The coming of the Rain" and "Storm in Harvest".
"Grongar Hill", one of John Dyer's poems, reveals a contemplative attitude. Not only the panorama of nature but the quiet dwelling in silent shades attracts the poet. From this we pass to the other poets and find nature attracting men more and more, until at last in Wordsworth's "Lintern Abbey" we reach the highest stage of the spiritual devotion in nature.

For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thought; a sense sublime,
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls thru all things.

In just what connection the later American poets stand, whether soaring aloft with Wordsworth seeking the heart and source of the things or resting contented with Theocritus and Bion in the joys of sense and beauty of nature, is the purpose of the work before us to discover.

The chart of page 57 will show the leaning of the poets to one of the other motive and at the same time it will point to the entrance of a new phase of poetry, both poetical and philosophical budding near the end of the list; with a life-view pregnant with the faith of the twentieth century.
Will the birds, still on the bending boughs,
Sing out their hearts in a mad delight;
And the golden butterflies, pale and suffused,
Shimmer and shine from morn till night?

Will the mock-thrushes on the bending boughs
(For her voice is music, my heart's delight,)
Or the song of the butterflies
In the sun of my love from morn till night?

Louise Chandler Moulton is among the earliest
and sweetest singers. Her choice of subject: her deli-
cate almost fragile phrasing of her finest lines: her
deep, mystic longing for the infinite claiming kinship with the brood-
ing theologian: her infinite joy in nature's sake all reveal
a trait truly Wordsworthian in quality. The nature lover is seen in
the first two poems "My Summer" and "Morning Glory".

MY SUMMER.

Lilies that sway on their slender stalks,
Morn or evening, that nod to the breeze,
Blessed is that hand that first plucked the lily
What a lovely, pensive scene.

Do you think the summer will ever come,
With white of lily and flush of rose,-
With the warm, bright days of joy and June,
So long you dream they will never close?

These two beautiful poems reveal the poet as a nature lover
regaling in the joy and delight of the summer. There is no endeavor
whatever to interpret her feelings or pierce beyond; pure unadulterated
joy of life and its throbbing nature are reflected in these poems. When
we turn to "At First" we find a deeper note entering.

The ocean beats against the stern, rusting shore.
The stormy passion of its mighty heart.
The sky, where no stars shine, is black above,
And there and I sit from the world apart.

The trend of the poem does not alter until the second half of the fourth
verse when the mystery of the ocean, sky and existence creeps upon the
writer as she says:
Will the birds, still on the bending boughs,
Sing out their hearts in a mad delight;
And the golden butterflies, sun suffused,
Shimmer and shine from morn till night?

Why call! Shall weMock the birds on the bending boughs
(For her voice is music, - my heart's delight,)
Or be content like the butterflies
In the sun of my love from morn till night?

It seems but a step until we hear her rioting in "Morning Glory":

Advance toward me, soul not yet determined in the poet's mind.
Earth's awake; neath the laughing skies,
After the dewy and dreaming night, - sing,
Riot of roses and bower of birds, - bloom and glow.
All the world in a whirl of delight.

That was their wild flower loving, and sing and go?
But robin red breast builds his house
Singing a song of the joy to come,
And the oriole trims his golden vest
Glad to be back in last year's home,
And seven that watch the homeward-tarry sails.
Lilies that sway on their slender stalks,
Morning glories that nod to the breeze.
Bloom of blossoms and joy of birds, -
What in the world is better than these?

These two introductory poems reveal the poet as a nature lover
regelling in the joy and delight of the Summer. There is no endeavor
whatever to interpret her feelings or pierce beyond;pure unadulterated
joy of life and its throbbing nature are reflected in these poems. When
we turn to "At Etrat" we find a deeper note entering.

The ocean beats against the stern, dumb shore
The stormy passion of its mighty heart, -
The sky, where no stars shine, is black above,
And thou and I sit from the world apart.

The trend of the poem does not alter until the second half of the fourth
verse when the mystery of the ocean, sky and existence creep upon the
writer as she says:
But in the passion of the winds and wave
Something there seems akin to the and me.

Thy call! Shall we not go, out on that tide,
To touch, perchance, some shore where tempests cease
Where no winds blow, and storm-torn soul forget
Their past disasters in that utmost peace?

"A Summer's Ghost" reveals a mood similar to that of "At Etrat"
but an advance toward some goal yet not determined in the poet's mind.

Can you still hear the merry robins sing,
And see the brave red lilies gleam and glow.
The waiting wealth of bloom, the reckless bees
That were their wild flower loves, and sting and go?

Can you still hear the waves that round the shore
Broke in soft joy and told delusive tales?
We go, but we return; Love comes and goes;
And eyes that watch see homeward-faring sails.

From this poem with its longing, part theistic and part naturalistic
we pass to the deeper, more thoughtful and more intense poems of
"To Night" and "At a Ruined Abbey". The poet feels the mystery of the
Ingxak hereafter oppressing her and calls to the evening's quiet

Bend low, 0 dusky night
And give my spirit rest:
Hold me to your deep breast,
And put old cares to flight;
Give back the last delight
That once my soul possessed,
When Love was loveliest,-
Bend low, 0 dusky night!

Enfold me in your arms,-
The sole embrace I crave
Until the embracing grave
Shield me from life's alarms.
I dare your subtlest charms;
Your deepest spell I brave,-
0, strong to slay or save,
Enfold me in your arms!
How could I listen to the low voice calling,
From entreaty and longing the writer passes to conjecture. Here is the
ruined abbey where the monks have been and gone; nothing of their work
remains—: Have they gone or do they still haunt the place most dear to
them—? Read.

The gray day's ending followed the gray day—
All gray together, ruin and air and sky.—
And a lone wind of memory whispered by,
And told dark secrets on its wandering way:
Thru the blank window's space, like ghosts astray,
Sad crowds of black-winged jackdaws come and went—
Wore the dead monks on some strange penance sent,
Who used within these walls to preach and pray?

Do they return from the far, starry sphere
To their old haunt within these ruins old,
To celebrate perchance, some mystic rite,
Some yearning soul's outcry or pain to hear:
And, when the awful story has been told,
Will priest and sinner vanish on the night?

The conjecture, moody thought of these poems takes the form of open ques-
tion in "At the Wind's Will" as she draws nearer to her interpretation of
nature's secret. She is not striving to reach a reality, of infinite
being, but rather seeking So far, so far have I come,— Will death be an-
nihilation, stoicism, forecast?
The silence dismay me, I wait.

Akin to Louise: Shall I live when their fires are out?
    Shall I reach where they cannot go? S. Henry Van
those of Henry Van Dyke. Oh, Fate, resolve me the doubt,—
    Blown on, strong Wind! I will know.
string: His music is free and exhilarating; it bubbles along merrily like
"At Rest" is the solution of the problem. In "Alien Waters", other voices
call her but she would not listen, for

The poems have a spirit that reminds us of the pastorals of The-
corina and Bion but with this difference. The pastorals have a sensuous
delight in nature interpreted from the point of view of shepherds. They are
How could I listen to the low voice calling,  
"Come hither—leave thy music and thy mirth?"
How could I stop to hear of far-off Heaven?
I lived, and loved and was a child of earth.

As an earth child, a true companion of nature she speaks her conclusion in "At Rest".

Shall I lie down to sleep and see no more
The splendid pageantry of earth and sky—
The proud procession of the stars sweep by:
The white moon sway the sea and woo the shore:
The morning lark to the far Heaven soar;  
The nightingale with the soft dusk draw nigh:
The summer roses bud, and bloom and die—
Will Life and Life's delight for me be o'er?

Nay, I shall be, in my low silent home,
Of all Earth's gracious ministries aware—
Glad with the gladness of the risen day,
Or gently sad with sadness of the gleam,
Yet done with striving, and foreclosed of care—
At rest— at rest! What better thing to say?

There is in this singer a compass that extends from the riotous love of
nature found in Bion and Theocritus to the calm, contemplative, reaching
beyond of Wordsworth. She is not striving to reach a reality, of infinite
being, but rather seeking a consciousness after death. Will death be an-
nihilation, stupification, incarnation or a conscious sleep? The writer
seems to feel a little of Whitman's philosophy creeping into her mind, yet
hardly full enough for us to name it or for it to influence her theory of
death.

Akin to Louise Chandler Moulton's lighter poems are
those of Henry Van Dyke. The singer plays upon a harp of one
string: His music is free and exhilarating: it bubbles along merrily like
the spring brook over its bed of pebbles.

The poems have a spirit that reminds us of the pastorals of The-
ocritus and Bion but with this difference. The pastorals have a sensuous
delight in nature interpreted from the point of view of shepherds—They are
full of the piping music - the rival songs of the herdsmen and shepherds - the words of lovers and the phraseology of the sheepcote and fields. Van Dyke gives utterance to similar delights but in a different phraseology and from the point of a modern nature lover.

The music he knows is the piping of the birds - the song that of the stream, while the only conversation will be that caused by reflection through the quiet of nature or the quick ejaculation at some splendid catch.

I guess the pussy-willows now Are creeping out on every bough Along the brook; and robin's look For early worms behind the plough.

The thistle-birds have changed their dun The yellow coats, to match the sun: And in the same array of flame The Dandelion Show's begun.

The flocks of young anemones Are dancing round the budding trees; Who can help to go afishing In days as full of joy as these?

Only an idle little stream, Whose amber waters softly gleam Where I may wade thru woodland shade, And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream.

Only a trout or two, to dart From foaming pools and try my art: "Tis all I'm wishing - old-fashioned fishing, And just a day on Nature's heart.

"The Song Sparrow", "The Ruby Crowned Kinglet", "The Maryland fellow Throat", "The Whip-Poor-Will" and "Hermit Thrush" are songs similar to the above. Sweet, clear, musical almost an exact record of nature, but just the riotous lusty, joyous feeling of a good fellow. The third and fourth verses of "Spring in the South" further illustrates this.

Now on the plum-tree a snowy bloom is sifted, Now on the peach-tree, the glory of the rose, Far o'er the hills a tender haze is drifted, Full to the brim the yellow river flows.

Dark cypress boughs with vivid jewels glisten, Greener than emeralds shining in the sun. Whence comes the magic? Listen, sweetheart, listen! The Mocking-bird is singing, Spring is begun.
Hark in his song no tremor of misgiving!
All of his heart he pours into his lay,—
"Love, love, love, and pure delight of living:
Winter is forgotten! Here's a happy day!"
Fair in your face I read the flowery presage,
Snowy on your brow and rosy on your mouth:
Sweet in your voice I hear the season's message,—
Love, love, love, and Spring in the South!

It seems but a step from Louise Moulton and Van Dyke to the
two Canadian singers who have thrilled the great masses of shut-in-
readers of the cities with their rollicking, emotional, yet often thought-
compelling poems. Carmen and Roberts are the true nature poets. They
throb and pulse with the world around them — they are attuned to the mel-
ody of the bird, the soft note of the wind in the trees and the boister-
ous airs from the joyous Spring world of Vagabondia. Still, at times, the
immense silence of the forest — the darkness of the thickly grown trees,
and the quiet calm of evening while floating down stream in a birch canoe
forces from them thoughts as deep and profound as their environment.

Bliss Carmen in "The Pensioners" reveals man's dependency and
kindship with nature.

We are the pensioners of Spring,
And take the largess of her hand
When vassal warder winds unbar
The wintry portals of her land;

The lonely shadow-girdled winds,
Her seraph almoners, who keep
This little life in flesh and bone
With meagre portions of white sleep.

Then all year thru with starveling care
We go on some fool's idle quest,
And eat her bread and wine in thrall
To a fool's shame with blind unrest.
Until her April train goes by,
And then because we are the kin
Of every hill flower on the hill
We must arise and walk therein.

This quiet reflective mood is not the true spirit of Carmen. "Vagabondia" reveals him going thru the land: work and thought hold him not: the earth is rioting with the wealth of nature and he answers and joins in the throng:

in "A Vagabond's Song"

There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow, and the purple, and the crimson keeping time.
The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.
There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

Or again in that rollicking poem "Three of a Kind" in which three jolly vagabonds tramp thru the country in September,

Loafing under ledge and gree,
Leaping over boulders,
Sitting on the pasture bars,
Hail-fellow with storms or stars—
Three of us alive and free,
With unburdened shoulders.

These poems in their rhythm and swing reveal the same charm that attracts one to the pastorals of Bion and Theocritus. They have not, however, that delicacy we expect in such work; they are as noisy as Van Dyke's but not as peaceful as Chandler Moulton's poems. In his
quieter and more thoughtful lines, as we approach and scan closely their content for his attitude toward nature we find that the earth, dusk and quiet, seems to effect and touch the deeper chords of the poet's soul.

"Earth's Lyric" is a poem that shows the approach of the writer to the deeper, or at least, the more thoughtful themes. A further revelation

out his feelings as

From the rearing torrents of spring with its fast advancing life Darmen turns to the quiet flow of the "Grand Pre" with its moonlight, hush, and calm. The ebb and flow of the tide, the trees, canoe, drip of ear; the quiet of evening that comes as the last bird has ceased its song and nature before trembles "no she releases day and embraces night, all cause a profound reverie. to fall upon the poet floating down stream and he strives to push the veil of life back and look beyond, but it is as effectual as trying to roll back the shades of resistless night. The fifth verse of "Low Tide on the Grand Pre" illustrates this feeling.

The while the river at our feet—
A drowsy inland meadow stream—
At set of sun the after-heat
Made running gold, and in the gleam
We freed our birch upon the stream.
Theke dm along the elme at dusk. We lifted dripping blade to drift, Thru twilight scented fine like musk, Where night and gloom awhile uplift, Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.
There is that upon my fingers, And that we took into our hands, Spirit of life or subtler thing—led Breathed on us there, and loosed the bands Of death, and taught us, whispering, The secret of some wonder-thing—e, Vagrant of the stilled gloom.

A further revelation of this mood is felt in a "June Night in Washington". The poet under the influence and spell of the evening breathes out his feelings as naturally as the birds sing.

Slowly, slowly.

The night smokes up from the city to the stars, The faint foreshadowed stars, The smouldering night
Breathes upward like the breath of a woman asleep With dim breasts rising and falling And a smile of delicate dreams.

A spell of the summer night Will of the grass that stirs in its sleep! Desire of the honeysuckle! And further away, Like the plash of far-off waves in the fluid night, The negroes, singing:

Carmen seems a sounding board that sound, sight and even silence of the night vibrate sympathetically upon. In such a mood as this late one even—
ing as the poet sat in his room, a moth came from the night and settled
upon his hand. This awoke the questioning spirit of the poet that once
before gave utterance in "Moonlight on the Grand Pre".

There is dust upon my fingers,
Pale gray dust of beaten wings,
Where a great moth came and settled
From the night's blown winnowings.

Came and tarried, fearless, gentle,
Vagrant of the starlit gloom,
One frail waif of beauty fronting
Immortality and doom;

Thru the chambers of the twilight
Roaming from the vast outland,
Resting for a thousand heart-beats
In the hollow of my hand.

From such language as this resonant with the sigh of ocean and twilight and
song of thrush, he passes to Cleopatra and there asks if this was not the
lotus laid upon her lips. Then his fancy flies to a construction of "this-
tile-drift and sundown" by goblin men ending in the question-
Pilot of the shadow people,
Stirring wither by what star
Hast thou come to hapless port here
Thou gray ghost of Arrochar?

Again he takes a dip into the hidden life behind the cloud of evening:

For man walks the world with mourning
Down to death, and leaves no trace,
With the dust upon his forehead,
And the shadow on his face.

Further vexed by the problem he claims kinship in a spiritual way to the
moth when he says--

Comrade of the dusk, forever
I pursue the endless way
Of the dust and shadow kindred,
Thou art perfect for a day.
Yet from beauty marred and broken,
Joy and memory and tears,
I shall crush the clearer honey
In the harvest of the years.

Thou art faultless as a flower
Wrought of man and wind and snow,
I survive the fault and failure
The wise Fates will have it so.

For man walks the world in twilight,
But the morn shall wipe all trace
Of the dust from off his forehead,
And the shadow from his face.

His mood ended, reverie completed the post leaned far out of the window and
sent his guest into the gloom, then, sinking back in his chair heard:

Far off shore, the sweet low calling
Of the bell-buoy on the bar,
Warning night of dawn and ruin
Loneliness on Arrochar.

Bliss Carmen seems to enjoy the throbs of earth so much that
it is impossible for him to come to a definite point as in Louise Moulton's
"At Rest". His is not the earth, with an awaiting, and a consciousness of
life above, perhaps imparted thru the grasses, but rather the brooding
that comes with the lap of the ocean, the boom of waves on the bar, the
intense quiet of dusk, the ripple of still night—a spiritual longing;
it only reaches the curtain, it cannot lift; just waits.

Between Carmen and Roberts comes George Cabot Lodge,
the apostle of silence. Lodge is the philosophical poet of this period. His poetry does not overcome or cloud his philosophy but rather, his
philosophy strengthens and overshadows his poetry. He falls naturally be-

A4. George Cabot Lodge

apostle of silence, Lodge is the philosophical poet of this period. His poetry does not overcome or cloud his philosophy but rather, his
philosophy strengthens and overshadows his poetry. He falls naturally be-

The apostle of silence, Lodge and lastly Roberts
with a solution and reality beyond both.
The choired sweetness of home-gathered birds,
The tall gaunt shadows and the mellow light.
Lodge is the poet of silence; the reveller in the night; the
devotee of quiet. Because of his unique place, the treatment of Lodge
will be fuller than others.

That we may not think Lodge narrow with too a limited range,
DAWN.

It would be wise to glance at two or three of his poems of the ocean.
The sown of night's delicate whisper, the tense wide stillness of birth,
The holy awaiting of sound, in the soul of the slumberous earth,
The peace compelling our tears for the shame of the agonized flesh.
E're creation has riven its grave-clothes and come on the world afresh.

The dawn that has come like a song aflame on the lips of the world,
The grasses hymn to the dew, and the resonant wave that is hurled
From the reticent soul of the waters and about the death-bed of night
Resurrection pulsating like music; and the heavens enormous with light.

Dear God! how the pulses beat faster, as, lot with the rush of a wind,
From the labyrinth caves of our slumber we feel we have wrought forth a mind;
And the shock as the shock of battle, when our vision rends the veil
As the sun swims in blood on the waters; 'tis the Life of our life doth prevail!

"The Ocean Sings" is the interpretation of the sea's song. The
The exquisite fabric of morning, too pure for the spoken word,
From the cedar-tree woven with twilight has uttered the song of a bird,
'Tis the wild, pure paean of pity, ever new since the world began,
'Tis the sadness fragrant with promise - a day that is given to man!

It is worth noticing before we go farther with this poet some

words in the first stanza: "night's delicate whisper" - "tense wide still-
ness" - "holy awaiting of sound" - "soul of slumberous earth" - "peace com-
pelling" - "e're creation has riven its grave-clothes"; all these are reso-
nant with silence, sadness, almost nothingness.
A further illustration is felt in "Sunset" -

The sea a great vague mistiness of blue,
And a thread of murmur drawn about the shore,
The journeying of wind across the moor
Even and slow and delicate with dew.
The peace of ancient sorrow comes anew,
The resignation of a great despair
And falling of all struggle into prayer: -
The promise of a day is proved untrue.
The choired sweetness of home-gathered birds,
The tall gaunt shadows and the mellow light,
The tiresome leaves that fold against the tree;
Within the heart unutterable words,
A day that dies and never more shall be.

That we may not think Lodge narrow with but a limited range,
Seeking link at the word quoted and unquoted. Life's question is so—
it would be wise to glance at two or three of his poems of the ocean.

As Carmen, Moulton and Van Dyke hear the call of nature so do Lodge
receive his call to interpret the song of the sea: living:
That's the world's way.

"Carmen" said the ocean * I have songs to sing,
And need thine utterance, as Apollo's self
Necessity, his lyre to perfume the world.
With chants of soul and body, both divine.*
Thou a spray-drop hang on slippery verges;
"Carmen" said the Ocean, soft; and *I, Beloved,
Alone upon thine breast I heard and knew and knew it;
And marvelled and was dumb." And then the sea:
"Speak!" and I said "By what"? and She, "By love".

"The Ocean Sings", is the interpretation of the sea's song. The
They shall cease, the echoes cease and perish;
Rises alone the Soul's gigantic silence.

Careful of man's welfare but unappreciated by man.
"The Gates of Life" reveals an intimate, almost reverential mood for night
I have glorified God in my descent,
But in my wakened soul,
I have praised him in tempest and calm,
I have mirrored his proper refugence
As I slept in the infinite palm.

The sea speaks as one in whom all the feelings of the universe are throbbing.
Rises alone the Soul's gigantic silence.

These poems are but the harbingers of such songs as *The Gates of Life*, "The End", "To Silence", where the poet begins to draw closer
like colourless rays.
and deeper into his subject. The "Noctambulist" reveals the mind of the man whilst, "The Heritage" and "The Passage" lead to the conclusion unconsciously breathed in "Nirvana". "The Song of the Sword" is the connecting link of the work quoted and unquoted. Life's question is answered.

Seek thy soul, and, finding, cease from struggle;

Cease, forget the song of life and living:

That's the world's way.

The balance only lifts of all

Then the Soul's way: lapse from sound to silence,

Merge Oblivious in entire ceasing

In thy native's, the matrix ocean,

Thou a spray-drop hung on slippery verges;

Ah! the world's way-thing to be no longer;

Thine the soul's way, thou hast seen and known it!

Like an empty tale the world's shall vanish,

Frail as a dream, and life be quite forgotten.

What of Life-songs then, and what of death-songs?

Sound of fury down the babbling ages,

They shall cease, the echoes pass and perish;

On the void the 'establishment eternal

Fades alone - the Soul's gigantic silence.

"The Gates of Life" reveals an intimate, almost reverential mood for night

but it is only as it reveals sorrow, solitude, silence.

I am drenched with the night, I am drunk

with the wine she prepares for the spirit.

I am bathed in her solitudes, filled with her proper propensities mad.

With perilous visions of realms that my soul, is it strong, may inherit,

With the simple and adequate bounty of natural things: I am sad.

With the solemn completeness of joy that abides in the centres of sorrow.

The sadness of life understood in its prophecy, loved in its pain,

I am alien to yesterday, held on the heart-beat of time, the tomorrow

Return and its temperance fall on my zenith like colourless rain.
At the close of the tenth stanza he has the question -

Shall life turn to death in the living?
Oh Heart! could the flesh but endure the full
splendour of life and enduring
Dissolve in the quiet perfection of death
without hope, without pain.

Before the sound of the question uttered in these few lines has faded
from our ears we hear the answer echoing thru the verse of "The End"

Those only who suffer and struggle know.
The balance only lifts of all,
The hemlock almost seems divine
To us, whose lips have touched the wine
That makes God's lips grow musical.
We seek neither the sense nor the spirit that we read
And they who neither know nor feel,
Are strange to us nor understand-
I lay my lips upon thy hand
And joy and pain grow tense as steel.

Now we pass to his great apostrophe "To Sileno".

Lord of the deserts 'twixt a million spheres,
Child of the moon-dawn and the naked moon,
Close comrade of the whispered afternoon,
Angel of mercy, whose absolving tears
Erase the discord of our human fears:
Thy lap is frighted with the dawn, thy heart
Is warm about the sunset, for thou art
The woof and fabric of eternal years.
Thy hand is soft upon the troubled eyes,
And, in the palace of thy sister Sleep,
Thy peace remains when Life's last echo dies.
Thou art more tender than the raptured breath
That sounds a Virgin's breast, and thou dost keep
thy kiss to lay upon the brows of Death.

The spirit of Lodge is further felt in "The Noctambulist"-

I'm a Noctambulist! - for in the Dark
Journeys are endless; and the virtue is
Of life's pure essence, which we term the soul,
To find small profit in appointed ends,
And weary of a measurable world.
I'm a Wotanivist! and in the Night
The star-traced, trackless ways return no more...
Thus have I learned that only in the dark
The freedom and the kingdom of the spirit
Are ours to seek;

Passing "The Heritage" with its assertion of man's independ-
ence we come to the revolt in "The Passage"—

We are done with the Gods of our old adoration, we acknowledge
that particular past, the God of our old adoration,
But we go, for behold! after long preparation what no man
has dared to discover we dare!
Till the Body and Soul and all time
Shall be blended,
Aspiration and virtue and crime
Comprehended,
We must fathom the sense and the spirit till we stand
self-possessed of the whole,
Onward ever and outward ever, over the uttermost
verge of the soul!

Then we come to Nirvana I and II wherein the poet reveals himself;

NIRVANA I.

And shall we find thee? Shall the tired soul
Toiling in gross dull clay, doomed to abide
In blunted oblivion, condemned to hide
Its eager wings impatient of control,
And God-lit eyes that yearn to view the whole
Of the divinest splendour glorified
In earth's rare visions — shall it feel the tide
Of thy calm love in endless pity roll?
Oh! let the inward vision drink the light
Of think effulgent countenance! Then might
This immaterial dream of Thee and Me
Dissolve away like moon-dusts in the morn
And we could lapse in silence from the scorn
Of Destiny to thy great unity.

NIRVANA II.

Woof of the scenic sense, large monotone
Where life's diverse inceptions, death and birth,
Where all the gaudy overflow of earth
Merge — they the manifold and thou the One.
Increate, complete—when the stars are gone
In cinders down the void, when yesterday
No longer spurs desire starvation — gray,
When God grown mortal in man's hearts of stone,—
As each pulsation of the Heart Divine
Peoples the chaos or with falling breath
Beggars creation, still the soul is thine!
And still untortured by the world's increase,
Thy wide, harmonic silences of death;
And last — thy white uncovered breast of peace.

George Cabot Lodge occupies a unique place among nature poets.

Nature charms him as it does the other poets, but he does not emphasize that particular aesthetic side. For Lodge the problem of the universe is ever present. The creation, life, and the unknown future are threaded throughout his poems. It is not possible to read the "Dawn" without feeling that the poet has exceeded his subject and really let his mind picture a greater creation, that of life. The first stanza with its peaceful quiet moment gives way before the hymn of the grass and the song of the dew, while around the light of the heavens and pulsation of resurrection carry us on speedily to the apostrophe to God in the third stanza. The fourth returns to the movement of stanza one, but with the added feeling of pity that takes from the day its exhilaration and intoxication for men.

It is this added and often intrusive note in Lodge's poems that attracts the attention. No matter how sweet the day at dawn, there is an undertone of sorrow. The sun cannot set without the realization that a morning's promise has been unfulfilled: the sea and wind cannot move without a thread of murmur or "the peace of an ancient sorrow" or "the resignation of a great despair" creeping over us. Should the soul try to escape from this environment or try to reach beyond this sphere there is disappointment and death.

The soul's struggle and helplessness is shown in the eighth stanza of the "Song of the Wave."
This is the song of the wave, that died in the fulness of life. The prodigal this, that lavished its largess of strength in the lust of attainment. Aiming at things for Heaven too high, sure in the pride of life, in the richness of strength, so it tried the impossible height, till the end was found: where ends the soul that yearns for the fillet of morning stars, the soul in the tail of the journeying worlds, whose eye is filled with the Image of God. The soul in the tail of the journeying worlds, whose eye is filled with the Image of God, and the end is Death!

But Death is the crux of the problem. What is death? A sleep, a silence, or a gathering into the unity of a Being who directs and controls the universe. It is here that some words take on an added significance.

"Peace" and "silence" are found in almost every poem and form the central or final thought that the stanzas are built upon. The boast of the ocean is not its beauty, its pity, its song, but rather "my silence the strength of the Soul." "The Song of the Sword" finishes its discussion of finality, when "sound" and "fury" cease and "the echoes pass and perish" with-

On the void the establishment eternal Rides alone - the Soul's gigantic silence.

"Wind of Twilight" adds a little to this thought when the poet says -

Give me the steady silence: sea, sky, shore, etc.

So that it is a natural transition or continuation to read the apostrophe "To Silence." But having narrowed the subject to one phase we have not solved the problem. In what sense are we to understand Silence? Is it death - God - or a state between the two?

That the poet had no intention of leaving the question unanswered is seen in "The Passage" where he says "We must fathom the sense of the spirit till we stand self-possessed of the whole, Onward ever and outward ever, over the uttermost verge of the soul!
"The Noctambulist" is a reinforcement of this idea. In the night, where the journey's are endless through sleep and vision, he may go out beyond to human limitations and reach the mysteries beyond. So, through these different agencies peace, night, darkness, and silence he seeks for the power beyond and expects to find these, or some one of them as that which he seeks or finds them all a part of one great unity. Does He? I believe Nirvana I and II contain the answer.

"Afoot", "The Jonquil", "The Quest of the Arbutus" (and "The Pipes of Pan" reveal in Charles G. Roberts that kinship with nature so evident in Bliss Charles G. Roberts. It is the physical joy of the early Greek poets, nature for nature's sake; a desire to give vent to emotions stirred by the myriad songs of earth.

But in "Ave" and "Kinship", the former a declaration of nature's first call to him, the latter a longing for something deeper than mere physical joys, we find the beginning of that movement so pronounced in the latter day poets; a worship of nature; prostration of devotees before her shrine, and a desire to interpret the earth in such terms as

Mother, God and the like-

Back unto the faithful healing
And the candour of the sun;
Scent of woods and valley stirring
At the sweet touch of God;

Back to knowledge and renewal,
Thy to fashion and reveal,
Take me, Mother - in compassion
All thy hurt ones fair to seal.
Ave.

O tranquil meadows, grassy Tantramar,
Wide marshes ever washed in clearest air;
Where beneath the pole and spectral star
The dear severity of dawn you wear,
Or whether in the joy of ample day
You lie and dream the long blue hours away.
Till nightfall comes too soon.
Or, whether, naked to the unstarred night,
You strike with wondering awe my inward sight;
Inconstant, eager, curious, I roamed;
And ever your long reaches lured me on;
And ever over my feet your grasses fanned,
And in my eyes your horizons shone.
But sometimes you would as a stillness fell
And on my pulse you laid a soothing palm
Instruct my ears in your most secret spell;
And sometimes in the calm
Initiate my young and wondering eyes
Until my spirit grew more still and wise.
Purged with high thoughts and infinite desire
I entered fearless, the most holy place,
Rewarded between my lips the secret fire,
The breath of inspiration of my face.
But not for long these rare illumined hours.
But deep surprise and rapture not for long.
Again I saw the common, kindly flowers,
Again I heard the song
Of the glad bobolink, whose lyric throat
Pealed like a tangle of small bells afloat.
Let me hear the wild again.

Kinship.

Back to the bewildering vision
And the borderland of birth;
Back into the looming wonder,
Thecompanionship of earth.

Back unto the faithful healing
And the candour of the sod-Scents of mould and moisture stirring
At the secret touch of God;

Back to knowledge and renewal,
Faith to fashion and reveal,
Take me, Mother— in compassion
All thy hurt ones fain to heal.
Tell me how some sightless impulse,
Working out a hidden plan,
God for kin and clay for fellow
Wakes to find itself a man.

His poems of the woods, the evening, the city, of patriotism rend the veil and find the infinite beyond. But in the whole of his works he seems to have a dualism, an earth and a God using the terms in a sense almost interchangeable, as though his ideas had not taken definite form. A nature worshipper he is still a thief and in "Origins", a poem, an almost evolutionist in conception this stands revealed.

But in the urge intense
And fellowship of sense,
Suddenly comes a word
In other ages heard.
On a great wind our souls
Are borne to unknown goals,
And past the bournes of space
To the unsurpassed face.

It remains for "Renewal" to complete the comparison or contradiction mentioned,

Comrade of the whirling planets,
Mother of the leaves and rain,
Make me joyous as the birds are,
Let me be thy child again.

Show me all the troops of heaven
Tethered in a sphere of dew,—
All the dear familiar marvels
Old, child-hearted singers knew.

Let me laugh with children's laughter,
Breathe with herb and blade and tree.
Learn again forgotten lessons
Of thy grave simplicity.

Take me back to dream and vision
From the prison house of pain,
Back to fellowship with wonder—
Mother take me home again!
From this last poem it can be easily seen that Roberts has advanced from the attitude of Moulton, Carmen and even Lodge. Their attitude was definite: it was reverence for something beyond and behind nature; an inspirer of poets; a creator of nature, a beyondness. Roberts while in a sense following this thought, reduces his being to the limits of the earth. Upon the earth, sympathy and love, are to be found and obligation in its throbbing bosom. Every violet hallowed track, rippled and laughed with water sounds. It is the attitude we feel creeping into Louise Moulton's "At Rest" but, while she is conscious of earth's progress thru the sympathetic tremor earth may impart to her as she lies beneath its surface, Whitmanlike; Roberts' idea is that of an earth, sympathetic, all-knowing, secular, infinite, the mother of the race walking its surface.

Madison Cawein does not veil himself in mystery or spend his verse reaching after the unattainable. The longings of the theist is felt in his poem "In the Shadow of the Seacnes"; but while the mood of the poems are alike, Cawein gives his own interpretation of nature. "Preludes" reveals the attitude of the nature devotee. The song of the wind in the rippling wheat, as the song of the wind in the rippling wheat: It is his shrine, and he bows before it; Fauns and satyrs still live and move thru the forests making themselves known to those eager to understand. "A Dreamer of Dreams" reveals this attitude; nature is sacred, and revelations come only to the chosen and well fitted, the worshippers.

He lived beyond men, and so stood
Admitted to the brotherhood of deities in their lore,
Of beauty—dreams, with which he trod,
Companions like some sylvan god.
And oft men wondered, when his thought
Made all their knowledge seem as naught,
If he, like Eithor's mystic son,
Had not been born for Avalon.

If he, like Eithor's mystic son,
Had not been born for Avalon.

This paper for these and must hasten to trace the evolution of nature in
When wandering mid the whispering trees,
His soul communed with every breeze;
Heard voices calling from the glades,
Bloom-words of the Leionihds;
Or Dryads of the ash and oak,
Who syllabled his name and spoke
With him of presences and powers
That glimpsed in sunbeams, gloomed in showers.

By every violet hallowed brook,
Where every bramble-matted nook
Rippled and laughed with water sounds,
He walked like one on sainted grounds,
Fearing intrusion on the spell
That kept some fountain-spirit's well
Or woodland genius, sitting where
Red, racy berries kissed her hair.

Nature is this poet's master, even his God. Not the companion of Car-
men, the vibrant chord of Moulton, the deep, impenetrable, majestic e-
vening peace of Lodge, or the rattling, noisy voice calling Van Dyke,
but sacred; a deified nature akin somewhat to Roberts; a nature sacred
to the pantheist.

PRELUDES:

There is no rhyme that is half so sweet
As the song of the wind in the rippling wheat;
There is no metre that's half so fine
As the lilt of the brook under rock and vine;
And the loveliest lyric I ever heard
Was the wildwood strain of a forest bird.—
If the wind and the brook and the bird would teach
My heart their beautiful parts of speech,
And the natural art that they say these with,
My soul would sing of beauty and myth
In a rhyme and metre that none before
Have sung in their love, or dreamed in their lore,
And the world would be richer one poet the more.

"Whip-Poor-Will" and "The Idyll of the Standing Stone" are companion poems
to the above. They are pastorals equalling if not surpassing the pastorals
of Theocritus and Dion, almost outpaganing the pagan. We have not room in
this paper for these and must hasten to trace the evolution of nature in
in Gawain as we have done in others.

"In the Shadow of the Beeches" is the door at the beginning of the path—

In the shadow of the beeches,
Where the fragile wildflowers bloom;
Where the pensive silence pleaches
Green a roof of cool perfume,
Have you felt an awe imperious
As when, in church, mysterious
Windows paint with God the gloom?

In the shadow of the beeches,
Where the rock-ledged waters flow;
Where the sun's slant splendor bleaches
Every wave to foaming snow,
Have you felt a music solemn
As when minister arch and column
Echo organ worship low?

In the shadow of the beeches,
Where the light and shade are blent;
Where the forest bird beseeches,
As the breeze is trimmed with scent—
Is it joy or melancholy
That overwhelms us partly, wholly,
To our spirits betterment?

In the shadow of the beeches,
Lay me where no eye perceives;
Where,—like some great arm that reaches
Gently as a love that grieves,—
One gnarled root may clasp me kindly,
While the long years, rolling blindly,
Slowly change my dust to leaves.

The thought of the poet is beginning to shape in this poem and it would be better to trace it through the other poems ere we begin to summarise.

REVELMENT.

A sense of sadness in the golden air;
A pensiveness, that has no part incare,
As if the Season, by some woodland pool,
Braiding the early blossoms in her hair,
Seeing her loneliness reflected there,
Has sighed to find herself so beatiful.
A breathlessness; a feeling as of fear; 
Holy and dim, as of a mystery near, 
As if the World, about us, whispering went 
With lifted finger and hand-hollowed ear, 
Hearkening a music, that we cannot hear, 
Haunting the quickening earth and firmament.

A prescience of the soul that has no name; 
Expectancy that is both wild and tame, 
As if the Earth, from out its azure ring 
Of heavens, looked to see, as white as flame,— 
As Perseus once to chained Andromeda came,— 
The swift, divine revelation of the Spring.

"Imitations of the Beautiful" reveals the pagan, pantheistic attitude of 
Cawein toward nature—

The hills are full of prophecies 
And ancient voices of the dead; 
Of hidden shapes that no man sees, 
Pale, visionary presences. 
That speak the things no tongue has said, 
No mind hath thought, no eye hath read.

The streams are full of oracles, 
And momentary whisperings; 
And immaterial beauty wells 
Its breezy silver o'er the shells 
With wordless speech that sings and sings 
The message of diviner things.

No indeterminable thought is theirs, 
The stars', the sunsets' and the flowers; 
Whose inexpressible speech declares 
The immortal Beautiful, who shares 
This mortal riddle which is ours, 
Beyond the forward flying hours.

It holds and beckons in the streams, 
It lures and touches us in all 
The flowers of the golden fall— 
The mystic essence of our dreams; 
A nymph blows bubbling music where 
Maint water ripples down the rocks; 
A faun goes dancing golden locks, 
And piping a Pandean air; 
Thru trees the instant wind shakes bare.
Our dreams are never otherwise
Than real when they hold us so;
We in some future life shall know
Them parts of it and recognize
Them as ideal substances, whence
The actual is -(as flowers and trees,
From color sources no one sees,
Draw dyes, the substance of a sense)-
Material with intelligence.

In conclusion we have "Beauty and Art" and Cawein speaks-

The Gods are dead; but still for me
Lives on in wildwood brook and tree
Each myth, each old divinity.

For me still laughs among the rocks
The Naiad; and the Dryad's locks
Drop perfume on the wild flower flocks.

The Satyr's hoof still prints the loam;
And, whiter than the wind blown foam,
The Cread haunts her mountain home.

To him, whose mind is fain to dwell
With loveliness no time can quell,
All things are real, imperishable.

Cawein is a pantheist.

The unity he finds in nature is that which is com-
posed of all those things that appeal to the ear and eye and
help to form the "Beautiful". To accomplish this conception
he repeoples the forest and stream with the old mythical
characters and having restored that which our rationalistic
mind has torn away, finds the presence of the 'immortal
Beautiful' unifying nature.

In this poet we observe the beginning of that return
to earth as characteristic of our modern poetry. It is not the
spiritual unity behind nature that the poet seeks, that elusive
presence of Wordsworth's but the unity in nature that is pre-
sent to the senses.
Louise Imogene Guiney seems to be a companion, or near friend of the nature poets, but appears to be suffering from some affliction that prevents her from entering into the fullness of the great fellowship. Her poems are those of one who looks thru a window and describes well, but feebly what is happening outside. Once only does she cross the doorway and enter into the world beyond. "Spring", "October", and "Down Stream" reveal her struggle, whilst the first verse of "Temptation" breathes a determination to return to the earth and its joys, but it is never accomplished.

Passing by "Divination", "Easter Lily", and "Lily of the Valley" a few verses of the poems mentioned will suffice.

**Spring.**

Again the bloom, the northward flight,
The fount freed at its silver height,
And down the deep woods to the lowest,
The fragrant shadows scarred with light.

O inescapable joy of spring!
For thee the world shall leap and sing;
But by her darkened door thou goest
Forever as a spectral thing.

Again in another poem, "October", I think is the name—

When down the filmy lanes
The two wise sun goes grieving,
A wake of splendor leaving
Upbillowed from the ground;
When at the window panes
The hooded chestnuts rattle,
And there is clash of battle
New England Oaks around.

"Temptation" is our last study.
Oh, then we knights of weather,
We birds of sober feather,
Fill up the woods with revel
And make a mighty shouting
For King October's outing.
The Saracen October
Astride the hurricane.

It is in "Down Stream" that the myriad-life, birds, flowers,
fish and waters press in upon the poet's sight. The river, spring-time,
and resurrected nature at last seem to wake the poet and under its in-
fluence she seems to dream and float on the stream in the quiet after-
noon. But nature is not intimate, a companion, a confidant, a deity;
just a name, place or feeling.

While not entering into the heart of nature as others have
Wren, Bobolink,
Robin, at the grassy brink;
Great frogs jesting;
And the beetle, for no grief
Half across his leaf
Sighing and resting;

In the keel's way;
Unwinding dream at play,
Till from the branches
Chestnut blossoms, loosed aloft,
Graze them with their soft
Full avalanches!

Slave to a dream,
Me no urgings and no theme
Can embolden;
Now no more the oars swing back
Drip, dip, till the black
Waters froth golden.

The memory of "Moonlight on the Grand Pre", "Songs out of Doors", "My Summer" will make it easy for the reader to place the above
poem. "Temptation" is our last study.- year has left me wear;
And the white snows cover; flying, as the sign of your leaving,
Shall rise in heart'sเครื่อง the patient of the wind.

Autumn, Autumn, give me of your yellow,
Give it unto me for hope- the hope I could not hold;
For where your gold is burning, I feel the dream returning,
The darling pain of yearning; whose passing left me old
To be abroad with the rain,
And at home with the forest hush,
With the crag and the flower urn,
And the wan sleek mist uncurled;
To break the lens and the plane,
To burn the pen and the brush,
And, clean and alive, return
Into the old wide world!...

How is it? O wind that bears
The arrow from its mark,
The sea-bird from the sea,
The moth from his midnight lamp,
Fate's self, thou mocker of prayers!
Whirl up from the mighty dark,
And even so, even me
Blow far from the gypsy camp.

While not entering into the heart of nature as others have
done, the mood of Louise I. Quiney is significant. There is the de-
sire, the longing for that which others more fortunate have been able
to enjoy. The first stanza of the above poem reveals her attitude as
akin to that of Cawein. "To turn into the old wide world" and be
a part of nature rather than fill a niche in the artificial hall of
modern life. "The Spring Call" reveals the poet reposing in the midst of
nature:

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a part of nature rather than fill a niche in the artificial hall of
modern life. "The Spring Call" reveals the poet reposing in the midst of
nature:

From one striving to adjust herself with nature
we pass to Theodosia Garrison. In "A Song of Autumn", C. Theodosia
Garrison:

"The Hills" and "The Spring Call" she passes from the
mere nature lover to the disciple whose being vibrates with the notes of
the outside world.

A SONG IN AUTUMN.

Autumn, Autumn, give me your crimson,
Give it me for courage for the year has left me meek;
And your crimson banner flying, as the sign of your defying,
Shall dare my heart's denying the patience of the weak.

Autumn, Autumn, give me of your yellow,
Give it unto me for hope— the hope I could not hold;
For where your gold is burning, I feel the dream returning
The darling pain of yearning whose passing left me old.
Autumn, Autumn, take me to your heart so,
The bold heart, the singing heart, whose strength shall
make me strong;
Send my healed life faring in colors of your wearing,
Your gold and crimson bearing, against a grief too long.

THE HILLS

O my soul, let us go unto our hills,
We were native to them one day, you and I-
Less dwellers of the earth than of the sky
Where the holy sense of silence stays and stills
Like a hand of benediction lifted high.

We stayed in this market-place too long;
We have bartered with the birthright in our breast.
We have shamed us with buffoonery and jest,
Nor raised our eyes to where our hills were strong,
Above this petty region of unrest.

O my soul, let us go unto our hills,
To their wonderful, high silence and their might,
Where the old dreams shall whisper us by night,
Till the sullen heart within us stirs and thrills,
And wakes to weep and wonder with delight
O my soul, let us go unto our hills.

"The Spring Call" reveals the poet romping in the midst of nature—

What was it made me drop the spade and lift
my head to look again?
Was it blowing of the West wind or a bird-song true?
(Oh Red-breast, how you sang it till the bough
beneath you shook again.)
Ah, Spring's come back to Kerry Lad, and all the
world's made new.

Then it 's Hi Terry, Ho Terry, here's the open road
for you.
Leave the old men have the roof and hug the chimney seat.
Then it's Hi Terry, Ho Terry, here's a tinker's load
for you—
A ragged coat, a merry heart, and dancing in your feet.
Sure, all the little willow trees have on their veils o'green again,
All the little, clacking brooks are urging as they run,
They're calling me, they're coaxing me, O, follow now we're seen again
And String's come back to Kerry with the West wind and the Sun.

Then it's Hi Terry, Ho Terry, here's a tinker's meal for you-
The sound of singing fiddles at the cross roads the day,
She lightest feet the parish round tripping through the reel for you;
Ah! clap a primrose in your cap and throw the spade away.

Theodosia Garrison and Louise Imogene Guiney differ greatly
from the previous poets in their attitude toward nature. Moulton, Car-
men, Van Dyke and Roberts speak of nature as it flows in and out of
their senses. Reflection comes as an afterthought or through some in-
cident as "Moonlight on the Grand Pre", "At a Ruined Abbey", etc.,
but in these two later writers, the reflective mood seems uppermost.
"A Song in Autumn" is now a record of some feeling that was forced on
the poet through contact with its vagaries, however a mood that ex-
tracts from Autumn some symbols typifying a virtue the poet covets, e.g.
Crimson, typifying courage- Yellow for hope - Autumn, the sturdy Health
giver.

"The Hills" furnishes a strength and peace that seems to the
city dwellers a balm for the worries of life. It is the longing for a
return to nature so marked in Gavein. The city and its artificiality
seem so much buffoonery and jesting- and the lines "O my Soul, let us
go unto our Hills", the whole spirit of the poet is poured out in pas-
sionate longing.

PART II.

Josephine Preston Peabody seems to be the midway house
between the earlier, more spiritual poems and the later
modern, humanitarian. She seems to have a range that falls between Car-
men and Lodge. "Cow Bells" reveals the thinker who strives to approach
the riddle of the universe: an infinite regress faces her, but in the
one verse quoted from "The Nightingale Unheard" there appears a faith
of life even death. In "The Foundling" we do perceive a not only a

his Mother, the earth, satisfied, contented.

COW BELLS:

O what is there behind the hills,
That all of the bells must know?
Over in all the light that fills
The valley with that glow?

I followed a bell, and it all came true:
Some down, and a yellow-bird;
And Cedars— oh!— and speckled with blue;
And everything else I heard:

Only whatever it is, behind
The bell with the farthest call;
The one I follow and never find,
—The loveliest one of all.

In the "Nightingale"Unheard" there passes a panoramic view of part of Europe. Throughout the journey, in forest, on lake or down stream there is a void in the bird's evening and morning song in the "Nightingale Unheard". In refrain IV of the "Canticle of the Babe" there is a tense grip on nature—:

The grass is full of murmurs;
The sky is full of wings;
The earth is full of breath.
With voices, choir on choir
With tongues of fire,
They sing how Life out-sings
Out-numbers Death.

"The Foundling" reveals the attitude of the later rather than the earlier poets. It points down toward the poetry of today. It looks down and inward, not up and outward.

Beautiful Mother. I have toiled all day;
And I am wearied. And the day is done.
Now, while the wild brooks run
Soft by the furrows—fading, gold to gray,
Their laughter turned to musing — ah let me
Hide here my face at thine unheeding knee
Beautiful Mother; if I be thy son.
The birds fly low. Gulls, starlings, hoverers,
Along the meadows and the paling foam,
All wings of thine that roam
Fly down, fly down. One reedy murmur blurs
The silence of the earth; and from the warm
Face of the field the upward savors swarm
Into the darkness. And the herds are home.

A new atmosphere enters poetry through this poem. It is of the earth;
belongs to the fogs that rise from the rivers: the misty rains that
fall and hug the earth: the birds that rise but return to the earth for
consolation: the lowing cattle at dusk, the soft dark gray of evening:
the myriad chant from the feathery choir and the moist earthy smell of
the newly ploughed sod. The poets who follow, commencing with Moody
and extending down to our present day magazine writers have left the
Heavens, mystery and pure physical day and turned to the earth with its
countenance blotched by hugh buildings, its face seared with railways,
Moody has a problem that keeps him to the surface: the mine and
its body pierced by huge mines and its life marred by the suffering and
inequalities of its inhabitants.

GLoucester Moor.

A mile behind is Gloucester town
Where the fishing fleets put in,
A mile ahead the land dips down
And the woods and farm begin.
Here, where the moors stretch free
In the high blue afternoon,
Are the marching sun and talking sea,
And the racing winds that wheel and flee
On the flying feet of June.

Jill-er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker maid,
The wild geranium holds its dew lid,
Long in the boulder's shade planted,
Wax-red hangs the cup
From the huckleberry boughs,
In barberry bells the gray moths sup,
Or where the choke-cherry lifts high up
Sweet bowls for their carouse.

From her deep eyes of brown...
Jill-o'er-the-ground is purple blue,
Blue is the quaker maid,
The alder-clump where the brook comes thru
Breeds cresses in its shade.
To be out of the moiling street
With its swelter and its sin!
Who has given to me this sweet;
To eat and given my brother dust to eat?
And when will his wage come in?

The above poem of William Vaughn Moody differs
little from the works of the other poets in its earlier
verses. There is the appreciation of life springing on
all sides: the call and response to nature: but the latter part of the
poem ends with a question. While nature may be beautiful and a delight
to the soul of man why is it one is compelled to live in "the moiling
the street" with "its swelter and its sin" while other is free to enjoy life?

Moody has a problem that keeps him to the earth: the sins and
inconsistencies of life impress him. Is man responsible? Why are these
a sweet spring poem, "The Bracelet of Grass" with its human side comes
before us.

The opal heart of afternoon
Was clouding on to throbs of storm,
Ashen within the ardent west
The lips of thunder muttered,harm,
And as a bubble like to break
Hung heaven's trembling amethyst,
When with the sedge-grass by the lake
I bracelleted her wrist.

And when the ribbon grass was tied,
Sad with the happiness we planned,
Palm linked in palm we stood awhile
And watched the raindrops dot the sand;
Until the anger of the breeze
Child all the lake's bright breathing down,
And ravished all the radiances
From her deep eyes of brown.
We gazed from shelter on the storm,
And thru our hearts swept ghostly pain
To see the shards of day sweep past,
Broken, and none might end again.
Broken, that none shall mend,
Loosened, that none shall tie
O the wind, the wind, will it never end?
O the sweeping past of the ruined sky!

Moody is a replica of his name. The mood of dissatisfaction
impending sorrows, injustice, questioning is felt throughout all his poems.

He feels deeply for his fellows who have to toil for bare existence.

His revolt takes the form of an indictment of God in "On the River"-

The faint stars wake and wonder,
Fade and find heart anew;
Above us and far under
Sphereth the watchful blue.

Silent she sits, outbending,
A wild pathetic grace,
A beauty strange, heart rending
Upon her hair and face.

A spirit cries that sever
The cricket's level drone!
O to give her endeavor
And let love have its own!

Within the mirrored bushes
There makes a little stir;
The white-throat moves, and hushes
Her nestlings under her.

Beneath, the lustrous river,
The watchful sky overhead,
God, God, that Thou should'st ever
Poison thy children's bread.

The peace and solitude of nature's heart serves only to heighten the
contrast of her unfairness in dealing with men and men. While bowing
his heart in worship before her shrine the bitter cry is wrung from his
lips at the unfair favour God has shown to some men while neglecting
others. Human feelings and limitations are but emphasized by the spirit aroused thru contact with nature.

John G. Neihardt's "Ballad of a Child" is a pretty poem, human, but pagan in spirit. The challenge of the rose bush, vine and plum tree are heard as they show their off-springs and ask the poet if he has any children like their progeny. Later the poet brings out his child to convince the tree etc. In this we find a spirit that recognizes life and sympathy in all nature.

Yearly thrilled the plum tree with the mother-mood;
Every June the rose-stock bore her wonder-child;
Every year the wheatlands reared a golden brood:
World of praying Rachels, heard and reconciled!

"Poet", said the plum trees singing white-and-green,
"What avails your morning, can you fashion plums?"
"Dreamer" crowned the wheatlands rippling vocal sheen, See my golden children marching as with drums?

The poet's answer is couched in just such terms as above.

Happy, happy, mothers! Cruel, cruel words!
Mine are ghostly children, haunting all the ways:
Latent in the plum bloom, calling thru the birds,
Rumping with the wheat-brood in their shadow plays!
Gotten out of star-glint, mothered of the Moon;
Nurtured with the rose-scent, wild, elusive throng!
Something from the vine's dream crept into a tune;
Something of the wheat-drone echoed in a song!

Later, when he brings his child to show to the wheat, vine, etc., he describes it in the following words -

Star-glint, moon-glow, gathered in a mesh!
Spring-hope, white fire by a kiss beguiled!
Something of the World-Joy dreaming into flesh!
Bird-song, vine-thrill, quickened to a child!
The words of the poet might be those of some refined pagan: attuned to nature he hears it speak: his child itself is but the composition of the elements of nature that surround him. The kinship is close and intimate.

"August Moonlight" Richard Le Galliene's poem is quite Wordsworthian in its attitude, though not in verse form.

The solemn light behind the barns,
The rising moon, the cricket's call,
The August night, and you and I.—
What is the meaning of it all?

Has it a meaning after all?
Or is it one of Nature's lies,
That wet of beauty that she casts
Over Life's unsuspecting eyes?

The web of beauty that she weaves
For some strange purpose of her own,—
For this the painted butterfly,
For this the rose, — for this alone!

Strange repetition of the rose,
And strange reiterated call
Of bird and insect, man, and maid—
Is that the meaning of it all?

If it means nothing, after all!
And nothing lives except to die—
It is enough — that solemn light
Behind the barns, and you and I.

From the songs of Galliene and Niehardt it is but a step to the poems of Herman Hagedorn, the real interpreter of the twentieth century thought. "Rebels" and "Songs from the Rockies" are pleasing nature poems worthy of any of our poets, but in "The Worshippers", "The Greater Birth" and "Winter" we have the boldest assertion of any poet concerning the earth as the center, God and all.
REBELS.

You and I and the hills!
Do you think we could live for a day,
With the useless, wearying wrongs and ills
And the cherished cares away?
Rebels of progress and our clay-
Do you think we could live for a day?

You and I and the dawn,
With the great light breaking thru,
And the woods astir with a wakened fawn,
And our own hearts wakened, too;
With the bud in the hollow, the bird on the spray,
Do you think we could live for a day?

You and I and the dusk,
With the first stars in the glow-
And the faith that our ills are but the husk
With the kernel of life below;
With the joy of the hills and the throb of May,
Do you think we could live for a day?

"The Worshippers" is an advance on this poem and full of the paganistic
tendency noticed in this second part.

A shrine stood in the forest
And we too knelt and prayed—
You to the kindly Master
I to the hill and glade.

Ah, humbly you prayed for the virtue
God gave as a crown at your birth;
You pleaded for grace and the spirit—
And I for the gifts of earth;

For comforting arms of Nature,
For the flash of a bird on the wing,
For the cold, white promise of winter
And the warm, fulfillment of spring;

For the whole great circle of marvels
With me as a link in the chain!
You prayed to the king of your silence,
And I to the wind and rain.—

Your hand touched mine and I held it,
And the spirit cried low in the cleft;
We kissed and forgot our pleadings
And Nature and shrine and God.
"The Greater Birth" is a statement of his relation to earth or God.

I slept, I woke. The sun was mine;
The sky, the birds, the fields my own!
And I was neither man nor god-
Nature was I, alone.

The springs of earth coursed in my veins,
From head to heart, from hill to sea;
The trees were my stalwart sons, the flowers-
My daughters that played on the lea.

The sky was my dear love, bending down;
And I sang to her softly, I sang to her loud-
And, Ah, my voice was the voice of the wind
That chases the sea-born cloud.

I felt the heart-throbs of the world
Beating in me the greater birth;
And I sang, I laughed, I creid in my glee
That I was a part of earth!

Yet though the sunshine glistened fair,
And clear springs sparkled in the sod,
I trembled as I raised my eyes,
For I was a part of God.

No more fitting emphasis or climax to this view could be found than the refrain in "Winter":

For Nature my Mother is old and chill
And hath more need of me.
Marvel of marvels, Church of God-
Mother, I come to thee.

Henry Wood's "Song of the Grass" is written in the same style that the earlier poets wrote of insects and birds; but a new era has dawned: the soil, the grass, the leaves, the inanimate, all now have voices. In this poem we have an introduction to the more passionate songs of Oppenheim, Holmes and Morgan.
The nearer we draw to the magazines and writers of today the more we are impressed by the decidedly paganistic tendency of their literature. It is true that the aeroplane, automobile and rapid traction have materialized men's thoughts and tended to turn them to earth's activities rather than life's subtleties, but this has not narrowed but rather enlarged men's vision. When the people turn their faces upward, to where life Guided and gather it till it had grown it is not seeking a visionary deity, illusive and mystical, but to watch the mists cleared for it, bright, bright, bright by propelling, the law is the bird-like flight of their fellow-man skimming thru space. That this feature of life has brought forth a new interpretation is seen in some of the finer poems written upon this subject. The machine, sensation and fear have now passed from man and he is able to talk of earth and nature thru this new avenue, unimpeded by those things that have been man's inheritance since his appearance on earth.

On the earth the increase of culture, the multiplication of wealth, the common knowledge of the poet's priceless store, the intermingling of literatures and races; the universality of life's fundamentals, e.g. (Joy, Sorrow, Struggle, etc.) the stress and tenseness of living, and love and hate. But even and a daring brave
the accessibility of the earth's hidden places, all have caused men to appreciate the earth more than before. True some are pessimistic such as Moody but others, realizing the immensity of life's social structure, the closeness of man both physically and mentally to the earth, the dependency of our civilization upon the treasures spawned by earth have felt that this earth is divine: that it has a spirit; and just as it cares for the innumerable life drifting across its surface today here, tomorrow gone, so it broods over man, its last and greatest production.

James Oppenheim's "Earth Song" is resonant with this mood and spirit: it is no weak and puny voice but rather -

Leaped then my heart with my power: I longed for my own.
I longed to pour life out and mother it till it had grown
Greater than I - no tongues have my seas and my sands-
Oh. I yearned for the brains that could think out my gropings, the hands
To fashion my love into deeds - the lips to give speech
To the splendor I dwelt in; I longed to lift up and reach
Into thought, into words, into deeds, into millions of love.

Pitiful creatures I spawned in the unceasing sea,
In the unstirring hills; but yet ever more, more of me
I put in the sparks and they grew: some life-splendor fresh,
Some makeshift of feet, some glimmering of feeling of flesh,
And I aged with despairing ages, till strange children walked
On the radiant hills and in strange ways they talked,
My poor dim children! Then with my might of mights,
Caught in birth throes, caught in a fire of the heights
Of creation, I strained thru that life to my utmost span,
And, lo, on my breast lay my one sheer miracle - Man!

O man, if you could but know what a glory you are!
Into you went the fire of the sun, my star;
Into you went the million of ages of me;
Into you went the million of ages to be;
And love and desire and dream and a daring brave
From me rose in you as the sea leaps up in a wave. Shall my mighty dream fail? Children, oh, children of me, How long shall you shun your mother of mothers and be Self-willed creatures that kill and find God in the skies? O nearer is God: and under your feet he lies: Flesh of his flesh are you, and soul of his soul. And you cannot escape him: the long seas billow and roll, The clouds break over the hills and the fields wave wheat, But wherever you step it is I that am under your feet. O children, children, what have I striven and could not! I spread out my wings to gather you close, and ye would not! Ah, few that came to me - yet you have lived in that few; It was I that arose in your Christ, it was I, I that grew In your Darwin, Your Dante; it was I that pulsed in the air, Wild flavored, cool, sunbaked, when your Whitman was there! Turn away from all littleness, children! Come now to me, Fulfilling yourselves and your mother in all that may be.

Such a poem reveals on the part of the author a definite conclusion. Oppenheim seems to have advanced the thoughts of the other poets and focussed them in one centre, the earth. He seems to be the centre: All of the later poems point in this direction, or, with this as a beginning, rise from Oppenheim and continue outward.

At first glance he appears Whitmanlike in his thought but a closer scrutiny shows a difference between the two. Whitman's fellowship is that of man - the immense, everprevailing brotherhood - man the centre and circumference. Oppenheim recognises this but goes beyond. If man is anything; if he accomplishes any wonders it is because he is of his mother, the earth. She is the great power
that has suffered and travailed over his birth and it is the earth
that at last receives man to herself uniting him in death in her unity
and oneness.

God is the earth, and his children direct product. This
appears to be the crux of feeling found in the nature lover of the
twentieth century. There are times when reading the above poem we
are thrown back to Lodge's lines in his "Songs of the Sea" and the
"Wind of Twilight". The versification is somewhat alike and the
treatment of the subject on broad fearless lines, but with this
exception, Lodge uses the earth as an agent to reach his haven,
an earth inactive, peaceful, drugged with sleep while Oppenheim
finds his God under his feet, vibrant, voiceful and energetic.

Oppenheim's "In the Forest" published in the same maga-
zine but in 1909 reveals that humanitarian feeling, the feeling
for fellow man, so -
marked in Moody and other of the poets not mentioned in this brief treatise.

Cover me over, forest wild,
Wind me about with windy boughs,
Wake me, O Mother, your broken child
Who strayed from the beautiful house-

Who strayed from the path with pine-needles brown,

From pool and cleaving, wild rose and brier;
And in the stone-kiln of the terrible Town
Was burnt in the Human Fire!

He knows the Sorrow of Man; he knows
His is the World where the Man-tides drift on thy
But oh, tonight, with wind and wild rose,
Mother he is uplift!

But oh, tonight, with the brown wild dust,
Bluebird and chipmuck, dust-dimmed, night starred,
Let his shattered hands your glories pluck,
Mother, till he sees God!

Closely allied to the "Earth's Song" is "June Rap-

of green and the ecstasy of the poet for that world, then in verse two-

Hush! Here are deeps of green where rapture stills,
Sheathing itself in veils of amber dusk, still walls
Breathing a silence suffocating, sweet,
Wherein a million hidden pulses beat.

Look! How the very air takes fire and thrills
With hint of heaven pushing thru her husk!
Ahh! joys not stopped! 'Tis only more intense

Here where Creations ardors all condense; they form within

The first stanza tells of the world, the second
Here where I crush me to the radiant sod,  
Close-folded to the very nerves of God.
See now! I hold my heart against this tree!  
The life that thrills its trembling leaves thrills me.
There's not a pleasure pulsing thru its veins  
That does not sting me ecstatic pains,  
No twig no tracery, however fine,  
Can bear a tale of joy exceeding mine.

The same ecstasy felt in Oppenheim's "Earth Song" runs thru  
this. The same eager, assured feeling of full fellowship with nature is expressed. It is the song of a nature fanatic.

That we may not think all poetry has become  
void of the feeling of Moulton, Van Dyke and Carmen.
it will be well to glance at Edmund Holmes' poem "The Secret of the Sea".

Tell me, 0 Sea, thy secret; speak to me soul to soul;  
I hear the boom of thy billows; I see them surge and roll;  
There is something that they are saying as they break on thy foaming beach,  
Something that they would tell me if I could but learn their speech.

When the sun is slowly sinking, and the world grows wildly bright,  
And the sea and the sky are mingled in a mist of crimson light;  
Vainly my soul has striven, thru the gates of the glowing West,  
To win the golden shore-line of thine "Island of the Blest".

What do they mean? We know not. Why do they come and go?  
Where is the fount that feeds them? Whence do their storm-winds blow?  
Vain thoughts! With cant and custom the world still walls us in;  
And we may not guess what passes in the hidden depth within.

The last two poets to be mentioned are Malone and Cheney. While belonging to the band of Hagedorn, Oppenheim and Mørgan they form within them a new interpretation partaking of the state and climate. Intense
heat, desert, and earthquake form the greater or major part of their
Desert" we feel the resonant sounds that come from that extensive
though seldom interpreted phase of nature. It is true to the pan-
theistic tendencies of our modern writers.

The air hung feverish; over stubble fields,
A quivering, curling fluid, streamed the heat,
Amid that tanned Sahara's tofrid blaze despair.
The lizard panted on the bleaching stones,
The sparrow panted on her spear of grass,
The dog lay panting under withered weeds,
The horses panted in the sun dried streams,
And men lay panting under yellowing trees.
Deflowered and defoliated plains
Lay sunburnt like a panther's reddish skin,
And gazing upward at the Libyan skies
That glared upon her fierce and pitiless eye:
In supplications for relief appeared around,
The wishful, wistful, haggard face of Earth!

This poem of Walter Malone reminds us of the parallelism of
Whitman. It depicts a hot Southern day in Tennessee perhaps, where he
was judge, and is in keeping with the spirit of modern and Walter
Walter

John Vance Cheney brings the Western coastal atmosphere into
our songs. The sleepy old mission, the drowsy afternoon, the quiet re-

John Vance

The heart reads not the dial of the year
Where always there's a rose,
But it is in "The Desert" and

But it is in "The Desert" and "The Earthquake that the new mysterious
phase of nature asserts itself.
THE DESERT.

A great bare brain, a disillusioned mind,
I lie here, stretching, gray into gray,
One endless level, whither none may say
But one, - the restless and unfellowed wind.
Follow him not, for thou shalt never mind
Green hill nor field, nor spring beside the way;
Only the lizard in the sun at play,
Some spectral thing before thee or behind.
Whatever gleaming tease thee, trust it not,
Nor toward yon pleasant isle set thy feet;
It is a phantom, yea, it is not there.
Turn back from me while yet is thy lot
To drink of life, bitter it be or sweet,
Thou can'st yet - what I can no more - despair.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

Strange stillness; all the light leaves, heavily
They hang in threatening quiet; not a sound
From all the breathless and expectant ground;
The wild horse halts with terror in his eye;
The snug cubs whimper - hark! the old wolves say:
Hid might is twisting in the ominous mound,
Wrenching Day's foot from off his ancient round;
He stands aside; the Spectre passes by.
In the mid-earth, under the unplumbed sea,
The masonry of ages slips, gives way;
Great cities, brave with towers, headlong are hurled
From their stiff insolence, heaped derisively,
Littering whereas the Spectre steps, death gray,
Watched of the unwarmed kingdoms of the world.

In both poems there is a new physical revelation of nature:
it is huge, sensitive and all powerful with destruction throbbing in its heart. No longer are men attracted by the insignificant and apparently small things of life, America has become a nation of huge girth; its muscles bulge thru its strenuous exertion: it moves and speaks in infinitudes: great inventions putting to shame the wonders of the world.
come forth with the birth of day and are forgotten and obsolete by
the rising of the next day's sun. This same change has come into
our poetry, nature and religion, and the effort of this paper has been
to trace the movement of nature from the first poets to those of today.
CONCLUSION.

The greater part of this thesis is taken up with quotations from the poets, and this is as it should be for the writer has not tried to force new interpretations into the poems but rather to trace the growth of certain ideas through their work. This having been done we will take the most significant utterances, and, where the ideas are most suggestive and the tension at the highest, study critically their relation to our subject.

A close reading of the poems of Louise Chandler Moulton will reveal a gradual movement from her first quoted poem "My Summer" to the last "At Rest," (Reiteration is unnecessary so we will glance at the latter poem). The spirit of which "At Rest" is the ultimate expression, begins in "To Night" passes through "At a Ruined Abbey", "At the Winds Will" and reaches its climax in the verse-

Shall I lie down to sleep and see no more
The splendid pagentry of earth and sky-
The proud procession of the years sweep by;

In a panorama all earth's voices and winds and flowers pass before her, ending with the question -

Will Life and Life's delight for me be over?

At this point the poet has reached the place that has baffled all teachers, philosophers, poets and prophets; to leave the subject thus fails of interpretation. Wordsworth on the one hand strives to pierce beyond this to the power behind, while the Grecian poets do not permit any question of such significance to enter their mind. The answer in the following stanza reveals the poet's thought -
May, I shall be, in my low silent home,
Of all earth’s gracious ministries aware-
Glad with the gladness of the risen day
Or gently sad with sadness of the gloom
Yet done with striving, and foreclosed of care-

At rest— at rest! What better thing to say?

Louise C. Moulton is not worried by the thought of the great divine spirit,
and her future in the spirit world. She does not look on nature and from
that to the Being behind, seeking a unity as in Wordsworth and later, in
Lodge. Her grief is at leaving the earth, "The splendid pagentry of earth
and sky"—"The morning lark," "The Nightingale," "The Summer roses"—Shall
she leave these and never know or feel them again?

May, I shall be, in my low silent home,
Of all Earth’s gracious ministries aware-

It is with this idea in mind that I state in "Part I" that the poet re-
sembles Whitman in spirit. He seeks a unity or fellowship with mankind
while Moulton, unconsciously craves that fellowship with earth, that she
may not actually pass from earth and its sensibilities.

The poems of Van Dyke deal with nature from a different stand-
point. They could be called the "Pastorals" of present day poetry for they
reveal an abandon and joy in nature that has all the rhythm and flow of the
early Greek singers. But their interpretation is local and limited. "The
Song Sparrow," "The Ruby Crowned Kinglet," "The Maryland Yellow-Throat",

"The Splendid Pagentry of Earth and Sky," "The Morning Lark," "The Nightingale," "The Summer Roses." Shall she leave these and never know or feel them again?
"The Whip-Poor-Will", "Hermit Thrush" and the quoted poems of the thesis bring into our later poetry the hearty appreciation of nature from one who, although compelled by his duties to live in the cities, knows how to enjoy nature when vacation time permits him to reach the quiet of the woods and hear the call of the birds.

With Bliss Carmen we turn again to the question that seemed to trouble Miss Moulton. The riot of "Vagabondage" is quieted and forgotten in "Moonlight on the Grand Pre" but no satisfaction comes to the poet from his lonely brooding on the river. The mystery of the evening moves him but offers no solution. Unlike Lodge he does not seize one part, "Silence" and try to force his way beyond through that door, but he seems to let the mystery overcome anddrug his spirit, giving a sensation such as we ascribe to an opium eater. Carmen, speaking of that evening, says, in such a spirit

And that we took into our hands
Spirit of life or subtler thing-
Breathed on us there and loosed the bands
Of death, and taught us, whispering,
The secret of some wonder-thing.

It is the same mysterious feeling we find in "June Night in Washington", a dreamy, breathless, mysterious quiet. "Pulvis et Umbra" is Carmen's best effort to solve his problem but it accomplishes no more than "Moonlight on the Grand Pre". In vain he sends his mind back through the past as he tries to solve the mystery surrounding the moth; he cannot, for the same curtain hides the hereafter of both the moth and man from view. The poet takes comfort in the thought that "though"
-man walks the world in twilight
-the morrow shall wipe all trace
Of the dust from off his forehead,
And the shadow from his face.

We do not find the keen analysis in Carmen that we do earlier in Moulton and later in Lodge. He seems to feel a fulness of the senses from the myriad life about him, but when he comes to that point wherein he should pierce through and strive to interpret the mystery that comes at the end of the stream, all his senses are active, and instead of using one as Lodge does, or facing the problem as Louise Moulton, his mood passes easily, without solution, back again to the call of nature and its throbbing, as he hears

Far off shore, the sweet low calling
Of the bell-buoy on the bar,
Warming night of dawn and ruin
Loneliness on Arrochar.

George Cabot Lodge is the unique poet of Part I. A nature poet he does not give himself to abandon, but throughout all the poems we feel a persistence of thought in one direction. Whether it be the ocean or the land, stream or flower, dawn or sunset, there enters in the ever recurring thought of silence. The problem of interpreting Lodge, is whether he has "Silence" as an inert, lifeless, and consciousless God, or that in God, who is the active, creating and sustaining power of the universe, there is found peace, silence, and rest. No one can read "The Gates of Life", "To Silence" and "The Noctambulist" without realizing the central place "Silence" occupies in the poet's thought. "The Passage" shows that longing for oneness with the power beyond the sensuous. But just what is that unity? A nullification of all power and motion - nothingness, or at the centre of the
throbbing universe is there the peace and silence that the poet seeks.

Let us glance at a few lines in Nirvana I and II. Nirvana I reveals nothing that will help us: it is anticipatory.

And shall we find thee? Shall the tired soul Toiling in gross dull clay, doomed to abide In blurred oblivion, condemned to hide Its eager wing's impatient of control, And Godlith eyes that yearn to view the whole Of that divinest splendour glorified In earth's rare visions — shall it feel the tide Of thy calm love in endless pity roll? Oh! let the inward vision drink the light Of thine effulgent countenance! Then might This immaterial dream of Thee and Me Dissolve away like moon-mists in the morn And we should lapse in silence from the scorn Of Destiny to thy great unity.

This simply states his desire but does not throw any light on our question. Nirvana II does — God is one but in the oneness is the many is "death and birth and all life's diverse inceptions" with "all the gaudy overflow of earth merge" in this oneness. That the Being is not "Silence" in the sense of inaction is evident from the lines—

Increate, complete — when the stars are gone
In cinders down the void, when yesterday
No longer spurns desire starvation — gray,
When God grown mortal in men's heart's of stone,—
As each pulsation of the Heart Divine
Peoples the glass or with falling breath
Beggars creation, still the soul is thine!

God has a purpose, is active, grows mortal, his heart pulsates, sometimes beggaring creation or peopling the chaos, yet with it all there is at his heart, unity of purpose, silence, peace as the last lines point out —

And still untortured by the world's increase,
Thy wide, harmonics of silences of death;
And last— thy white uncovered breast of peace.
The "silence" of Lodge is not then, that of the Hindoo worshipper who through inaction loses himself in Nirvana, but rather the peace that is found in the heart of the universe. The thought brings to mind the image of a huge fly-wheel. On the outer edge it may be revolving at a tremendous rate, while in the centre it is almost impossible to trace the motion. In what way is Lodge's conclusion related to our theme? Is he a disciple of Wordsworth dreamily reaching from the sense of peace and harmony to God who is the author, or does he rather place the earth itself as in some way related to God, and silence but the reincarnation of God, as religion claims Christ to be.

The latter I believe is true of Lodge. The fullest manifestation of God is then silence and the centre and core of his being is silence, therefore the truest way home, the surest line to take is silence.

In this there is a drift from God to his reincarnation silence, and there is not the eager, fervent longing of Wordsworth for unity with the infinite, potential and brooding but an accepting of a substitute and a desire to be drawn into it and thru it, to the heart of the universe.

Silence is the mediator, possessing the qualities that make approach to the being beyond possible and a rapt transformation into such puts one in intimate touch with the infinite. But it is "of the earth, earthy". The silence of the
Roberts in "Renewal" and "Kinship" enlarges and adds to the thought found in Louise Moulton's "At Rest". He addresses the earth directly as "Mother" and bids it tell him of the mystery of birth.

Back to knowledge and renewal,
Faith to fashion and reveal,
Take me, Mother - in compassion
All thy hurt ones pain to heal.

Tell me how some sightless impulse,
Working out a hidden plan,
God for kin and clay for fellow
Wakes to find itself a man.

He has the same desire for earth and its joys. To him the earth, comrade of the whirling planets has the knowledge he seeks. To the earth he turns for comfort, as a child to its mother, and at the close of life would say -

Take me back to dream and vision
From the prison house of pain;
Back to fellowship with wonder-
Mother take me home again!

Gawain differs from Roberts in his conception of the earth. In the poets just discussed there has been a desire to find a unity behind the earth. A being who was responsible, or at least who transcended the senses; but in Gawain we go no further back than the earth itself. It seems that the under current of Miss Moulton's "At Rest" and Roberts' "Renewal" is the beginning of a drift from the transcendental of Wordsworth that finds its culmination in Gawain's earth, the all sufficient, the unity, itself the transcendent.
Cawein repeoples the earth with fauns and satyrs; all earth's myths and legends live again: he is a pagan and has a pagan delight in nature. The beautiful is the unifying power in nature. He finds it in the ripple of the forest stream, the silence of the beeches and the fragile bloom of the wildflowers. It permeates the whole of nature and is found in the outdoor clamoring world, for —

The streams are full of oracles,
And momentary whisperings:
And immaterial beauty swells
Its breezy silver o'er the shells
With wordless speech that sings and sings
The message of diviner things.

The poems of Louise Imogen Guiney and Theodosia Garrison add little to the subject before us. They are moodful and mark the desire of the poets for a return to the fulness of nature. They emphasize the pagan element that has been slowly creeping into this poetry and show that the trend is general among nature poets.

Part I thus brings before us a distinct drift from the Wordsworthian idea: doubtful at first in Louise Moulton it increases until in Cawein we find a distinct statement of its direction. Part II will show the modern interpretation of that spirit. Josephine Peabody is the medium of the earlier and later poetry. "Cow Bells" has a feeling in it akin to that of Carmen or Lodge while "The Foundling" introduces the spirit of these later poets.

There is a more materialistic view of the earth. Undoubtedly we must admit that stanza one of "The Foundling" is closely akin to Roberts and Cawein but stanza two introduces the birds, the reeds, the savors of upturned earth at evening and the lowing cattle winding homeward, or waiting
in the yard for walking. The point of view is changing from Heaven to earth; from spiritual to the natural or human.

This human point of view is further emphasized by Moody, It is man finding fault with the power that has permitted inequality, sin and sorrow to blemish the earth. His view of nature is always tinged with some such memory, "On the River", a poem showing the intimate touch the poet has with the moving life about him, ends with -

God, God, that thou shouldst ever
Poison thy children's bread.

Be Gallièné and Neihardt return to the earlier poets' quandary, "August Moonlight" being worthy of a Moulton or Roberts while Neihardt's last stanza of "Ballad of a Child" seems to have the spirit of Gawain plus that of Peabody. But it is in Herman Hagedorn that we find the real interpreter of modern thought. Nature is unequivocally God. To nature his shrine is erected and while others may worship God, he worships the elements, and earth. This is self evident in the third and fourth stanzas of "The Worshippers".

For comforting arms of Nature,
For the flash of a bird on the wing,
For the cold white promise of winter,
And the warm fulfillment of spring;

For the whole great circle of marvels
With me as a link in the chain!
You prayed to the king of your silence,
And I to the wind and rain.

Not only worship but kinship he claims with the earth. Carman and Roberts were instruments keyed to the same pitch as nature surrounding them, but to them it was only one phase of the world—nature. Hagedorn feels the same
sensation throbbing through him, but not as a nature lover, feeling one of these many phases of God, but the world throbbing and beating— the world as God, and he a part of God himself, e.g. last stanza of "The Greater Birth":

I felt the heart-throbs of the world,
Beating in me the greater birth
And I sang, I laughed, I cried in my glee
That I was a part of the earth!

Yet though the sunshine glistened fair,
And clear springs sparkled in the sod,
I trembled as I raised my eyes,
For I was a part of God.

The poems of Woods, Holmes and Morgan but amplify the thought of Hagedorn either by stressing one phase of earth's power as in "The Song of the Grass" or introducing a newer interpretation through climatic conditions or situation as "The Secret of the Sea, "June Rapture" or "The Earthquake", so without further mention of their works we will pass to the poems of James Oppenheim. Throughout the world a cry is heard to return to earth and "In James Oppenheim's poems "In the Forest" and "Earth's Song"

I feel we have reached the place to which the poetry of the modern writers has been gradually drifting. It is pagan from beginning to end. Hagedorn is exceeded and the new twentieth-century pagan introduced without apology or remorse. The earth speaks and calls men from seeking a God in Heaven for men are not the world today in returning to paganism, there is not the slightest desire to interpret God and religion as self-willed creatures that kill and find God in the skies!

Flesh of his Flesh are you, and soul of his soul,
To the Earth And you cannot escape him—
The earth has travailed and struggled to give at last to the world its
work of ages, man. None have been great without its help - all the noblest have sprung from her loins for she says -

It was I that arose in your Christ, it was I, I that grew
In your Darwin, your Dante; it was I that pulsed in the air,
Wild flavored, cool, sunbaked, when your Whitman was there!
Turn away from all littleness, children! Come now to me,
Fulfilling yourselves and your mother in all that may be!

The earth is the creator, sustainer and guardian of man. There is no God but the earth, no future but that connected with it. God is now immanent, he is the earth, that which transcends and helps man; in whom none can fall without his knowledge.

It is man's return to earth for happiness; living, we enjoy our life and do not worry about any mysterious being beyond, unknown and uncaring. The earth worries and struggles and travails that man may be born, and fills him with the wisdom of ages. Philosophy in its reconstruction looks toward such a view. Theology is remodelling its creed. Society is interested in the human, not the divine man, and throughout the world a cry is heard for a return to nature, for an interpretation in which we find the human almost transcending the divine. The Wordsworthian quality in the poems in our Part I soon gives way before the advance of the modern humanitarian and pagan tendency until it is almost lost in the growth of the pagan verse.

Poetry at its best is but the reflector and preserver of the philosophy, art and science of the world and while the writer would not assert dogmatically that the world today is returning to paganism, there is not the slightest doubt that modern civilization has turned its face from the Heavens to the Earth, and through this is striving to interpret God and religion in terms of the known rather than the unknown.
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