

"Poems for To-day" is another clarion voice in the chorus of the new day, another protest against injustice and bondage which reminds us of the bold, brave utterances which preceded the Boston Tea Party, and which are, indeed, the precursors of every great reform or revolution which marks the ascent of man. Progress is the law of life, and man's onward movement, when not by evolutionary unfoldment, is through the shock of bloody revolution. It is idle to imagine that the great unrest of the present time will be cured by palliative measures or by further dissimulation and betrayal on the part of demagogues and politicians. The people are thoroughly aroused. *The age of special privilege is doomed.* The industrial millions have beheld the light of a new day; henceforth, it will be folly for politicians to attempt to thwart the people's wishes by longer raising boggy men or by offering makeshifts and compromise measures. When once a people catch a glimpse of justice and freedom from a higher altitude than their fathers beheld them, an era of discontent ensues, in which every lash and blow dealt them through the old system or by classes who have long arrogated rights not based on justice, is keenly felt, and in time determinedly resented. Our people during the past two decades have been reading and thinking for themselves. They have moved rapidly from the old camping grounds. They have slowly come to see that until all special privileges and class laws are abolished, the wealth producers will run the risk of being slaves to the wealth acquirers. The clock is striking twelve. The advance couriers are in the field; another Reformation is being ushered in; the bugle is sounding. There may be Bunker Hills in the early stage of the conflict, but Yorktown is ahead.

"Poems for To-day" is one of the many inspiring voices of the hour. It comes from the pen of a woman keenly alive to the injustice of our present social and economic system. It glows with the enthusiasm for liberty and justice which marks the true reformer. Here are some lines

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which breathe the spirit present on every page. They are taken from the poem entitled "Freedom's Ahead":—

Though our eyes may not behold her,
She is coming on her way;
For her couriers have foretold her,
Through the night and through the day.
East and west they flash the warning,
North and south the message flies;
Lo, it is the New Year morning,
And the dawn is in the skies!

Courage! see the future looming
With its issues grand and vast;
Let the dead, the dead entombing,
Idly wail the vanished past.
Not for us lament or scorning,
Triumph fleet of base emprise:
Lo, it is the New Year morning,
And the dawn is in the skies!

Freedom! let our touch but linger
On thy spotless garment's hem;
Let thy pure anointing finger
Blindness, self-imposed, condemn;
Not in vain, the east adorning,
Shall the sun of healing rise;
Lo, it is the New Year morning,
And the dawn is in the skies!

Though our eyes may not behold her,
She is coming on her way;
Long the ages have foretold her—
Haste! prepare her place to-day!
Heed no longer taunt or scorning;
Higher charge upon thee lies;
Lo, it is the New Year morning,
And the dawn is in the skies!

The following thought-provoking lines ought to set our easy-going pewholders in fashionable churches thinking, if they should be fortunate enough to read them. It might save them a bitter experience after earth-life, for as surely as there is a heaven beyond, so surely will no man enter it until he has learned those lessons which Jesus taught by His life — unselfishness and love for all his fellow-men:—

I cannot image Him, as preachers tell us—
The tender Friend who wept with Mary's tear—
Enthroned on height supernal, and beholding,
Afair, the issue of our conflict here.

Not where, from arch to arch, cathedrals echo
The repetitions vain He scorned of old;
Not where the wealthy and the titled worship,
And dare to name Him Shepherd of their fold;

Not where the gilded throng of fashion gathers,
Heedless of brother's or of sister's moan;
Shining in robes of labor's patient weaving—
Spurning the hand of toil that fills their own.

Not where proud Dives from his blazoned portal,
Regards the wretches shivering at his door,
And gives — to feed the hungry, clothe the naked —
The crumbs of wastefulness from lavish store; —

But where in sordid garrets women shrivel,
And weary feet the tireless treadle speed;
Where even childhood's hours must render tribute
To never ceasing, ever desperate need.

Where, in his cheerless home, the miner cowers
(O God! that we should call such shelter *home*),
And where the factory wheels, incessant turning,
Are tended by each silent human gnome;

Wherever love, more strong than death, endureth;
Where man for men can doom unfaltering meet;
Wherever purity disdains dishonor,
And want and woo their piteous tale repeat;

Walks He not there — the Man of Sorrows — marking
Each bitter tear, each dumb, unspoken grief?
Oh, from of old, acquainted with earth's anguish,
Doth He not yearn to minister relief?

Think you that eye of tenderest compassion
Flashes not with the woo denounced of yore!
Are *these* not, then, *His* brethren? — whom, despising,
Despising, ye pass by and heed no more.

The author is an ardent disciple of Mr. Henry George. Many of the best poems in the work have been called forth in connection with notable passages in the conflict of recent years upon the land question, in which the great apostle of the single tax figured prominently. Here are some stanzas from a poem entitled "Under the Wheel" which is inscribed to Hamlin Garland: —

The wheel of fate hath a measureless round —
A measureless round, and it turneth slow;
And few on the topmost curve are found
Who care for the lives crushed out below.
But silent and sure it circuit keeps;
And still the shadows beneath it steal;
For, sooner or later, all it sweeps
Under the wheel.

There are some in the mire of want who fell,
As the great wheel slackened their straining hold;
Yet kept their souls, as, the legends tell,
The spotless martyrs kept theirs of old,
And some in the furnace of greed are lost
(Nor ever the angel beside them feel),
And out the darkness where some are tossed
Under the wheel.

O terrible wheel! must thou still go round,
While suns and while stars their orbits keep?
Hast thou place, like theirs, in the fathomless bound
Of nature's mystery dread and deep?

Nay! man's injustice, not God's decree,
Marked thy fell pathway; the skies reveal
A day that cometh, when none shall be
Under the wheel.

Many of the poems thrill with an enthusiasm which marks a soul aflame with a redemptive thought that becomes contagious, infecting all true men and women who come under the spell of the enthusiasts. Here are some examples taken from different minor poems:—

The voice of many waters —
Deep and dread!
The trump of resurrection
To the dead!
Hide thy bold front, oppression!
Freedom calls;
And lo! the thronging thousands
Crowd her halls.

The bugle is blown, is blown!
Up, comrades! it calls to the fray;
The tremulous dark is all sown
With gleams of the swift-coming day.
What matter the bivouac dreary?
Like a dream of the night it is sped.
What matter limbs stiffened and weary?
They thrill to new life as we tread.

Hear it ring!
Loud and clear its warnings ring
O'er the dull, unheeding crowd!
Even now the heavens are black;
Even now the lightning's track
Cleaves the cloud!

Hark! they call—
Brothers, sisters, as they fall,
Crushed and vanished in the fray!
Are we guiltless of their blood?
Has our voice the wrong withstood,
While we may?

God of right!
Let Thy arm's resistless might
Sweep aside man's puny will!
Ere blind passion vengeance wreak,
Let the voice of justice speak:
"Peace! be still!"

This volume is an important addition to the *vital* literature of our times. It should be found in the libraries of those who are in sympathy with the broader thought and higher justice of the coming day.

B. O. FLOWER.