DREYFUS.

By Edwin Markham, Author of "The Man With the Hoe."

A man stood accused: Prison was one Ale of late,
Pressing upon him with the whole world's weight
In all the circle of the ancient sun
There was no voice to speak for him one
But of a proud Song down to his ground.

Hell Limbed its little hour; and then, How one by one the guarded gates unfold
Reality's proud by reason Power being
And Justice, a lone rising against the world.

II.

Oh, longer days as life is deep as Hell
There is a Something sacred and sublime
Moving behind the worlds, beyond our ken,
Weighing the stars, weighing the deeds of men.

Take heart, O soul of sorrow, and be strong;
There is the greater than the whole world wrong
He hearkens before the high Immanent Power
That moves world-shod through aspiring and tower;
He fears no law but He will give it pause;
No wrong so high but He will hurl it down;
Oh, from that Deep the future, it is true,
To send to bayonets, sneer and rod,
And bring the sinner for right to God.

NOTES

Charles Webb, in a late magazine article on "The Antiquity of Children's Literature," says that "Mother Goose's nursery rhymes, dark as those in the Mother Goose collection, have a celtic ring to them, and are of great antiquity. 'Lady Isra, late Mak, By away home,' has Mark said to be an old on the Irish and 'Jack and Jill went up the hill of the days which went from the ark is a clue that in some form or another it is one of the oldest of all. 'Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,' 'Hey a cow jumped over the moon,' is an old astronomical memory. 'Hey, Diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,' 'The cow jumped over the moon,' 'The Dog and the moon' was a common in Egypt. 'There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,' 'Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,' 'Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,' 'Ring a ring o' roses, A pocket full of posies,' 'Ashes, ashes, we all fall down,' 'Ring-a-ring-a-rosy, Ring-a-ring-a-rosy