button and the roar of the man-sea crashes in a frothy tide over the soft, lost land? Throw a switch and the face of the moustains and full-throat-ed rivers disintegrates, crumbles? Stack the pyramids so high that the clouds are strangled, dazzle the sun with shimmering rockets, claw at the entrails of the hills—soar, soar, soar? The age is a jungle. The jungle is filled with them. “Visionaries!” Yes, I suppose . . . . . but I can see them lost in the web of this jungle. They can’t wait. They’re afraid of a new Time; and it is coming. By the infinite hours and seconds — it is coming. A great, frightened quiet is coming to outswell the smashed notes and lacerated canvas and grotesque figures. The slam of the age’s door will fade away. Then I can set and watch a moon-blue evening and the ice fingers of the tree limbs. Perhaps I’ll even hear a fur-lined quatrain or a soft brush stroke. I might have time to walk in the snow.

Rhyme For A Volume Of W. H. Hudson

ALLYN WOOD

The speckled adder was his friend
(World, unbend! World, unbend!)
He loved the pampas-without-end,
His purple land; the Orinoco;
The Amazonian Matto Grosso—
Which are rather far from Soho.
Yet Gulf Stream turns to pekos-blend
And London had him in the end.