vases upon which he had worked but a single day, and upon which
he would have continued to work for months perhaps, had he lived,
have gone into the market as finished pictures, and indeed with these
as with other canvases seen occasionally by his friends and family in
an early state, one questions whether much could have been added,
the impression is so vivid, the picture so solidly modeled, and power-
ful in effect and color.”

The above notes, which it gives The Craftsman great pleasure
to print, were furnished by Mrs. Wyatt Eaton. They were found
among Mr. Eaton’s papers about Millet, after his death, and are
published here without change. The etchings which illustrate the
article were also furnished by Mrs. Eaton and have not, so far as
we know, ever been published. They were made by Mr. Eaton at
Barbizon, while he was working with Millet in the now famous studio,
and present the simple life of the village peasants of that section
of the country with the combination of romance and fidelity which
was so typical of Millet himself.

A SONG OF THE TIDE

LIFT me into thy bark, Love,
My own it is poor and spent.
Take me out of the dark, Love,
To the country of thy content!

I would sit so safe, so still, Love,
Sheltered and sure and strong.
My will my captain’s will, Love,
I have tossed in the tide so long!

Thine eyes are keen to the star, Love;
Thou wilt not take me in.
Thou speedest more fast, more far, Love,
The land of the lights to win.

Thou’lt look not back from the stern, Love,
When my bark is a speck of brown,
To see it struggle and turn, Love,
Or dip in the twilight down.

Agnes Lee.