

factory to him, and as some of the perceptive critics have pointed out, such as Charles Child Walcott,¹⁸ his naturalism was constantly changing. Finally, though, as I have pointed out, the problem of death forced him back into an acknowledged theistic position after this unsuccessful sortie into naturalism. And now that all the evidence is in, it appears that we should reverse the current critical emphasis which shackles him with being simply a "naturalist," and say that his life and works may be more profitably studied in terms of a theological struggle and resolution.

¹⁸See Charles Child Walcott, *American Literary Naturalism, A Divided Stream* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1956).



Ingratitude

KLEA EVANS WORSLEY

The giant with silver raiment
Strides on distant lands scattering manna.
Then from his height he pulls the strings;
Twisted, tangled strings.
The small disheveled creatures eat the manna
But spit at the giant.
He turns away,
Tears falling from cardboard eyes.