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About the Institute

The Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation, a research division of Carnegie Mellon University, specializes in the history of botany and all aspects of plant science and serves the international scientific community through research and documentation. To this end, the Institute acquires and maintains authoritative collections of books, plant images, manuscripts, portraits and data files, and provides publications and other modes of information service. The Institute meets the reference needs of botanists, biologists, historians, conservationists, librarians, bibliographers and the public at large, especially those concerned with any aspect of the North American flora.

Hunt Institute was dedicated in 1961 as the Rachel McMasters Miller Hunt Botanical Library, an international center for bibliographical research and service in the interests of botany and horticulture, as well as a center for the study of all aspects of the history of the plant sciences. By 1971 the Library's activities had so diversified that the name was changed to Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation. Growth in collections and research projects led to the establishment of four programmatic departments: Archives, Art, Bibliography and the Library.

Triads (Swinburne)

I

The word of the sun to the sky,
The word of the wind to the sea,
The word of the moon to the night,
What may it be?

II

The sense of the flower of the fly,
The sense of the bird to the tree,
The sense of the cloud of the light,
Who can tell me?

III

The song of the fields to the eye,
The song of the lime to the bee,
The song of the depth to the height,
Who knows all three?

A Birth-Song

Out of the dark sweet sleep
Where our dreams laugh or weep
Borne through bright gates of birth
Into the dim sweet light
Where day still dreams of night
While heaven takes form on earth,
White rose of spirit of flesh, red lily flower,
What note of song have we
Fit for the birds + thee,
Fair nest long couched beneath the mother dove:

Tray, in some more divine
Small speechless song of thine
Some news too good for words,
Heart-hushed + smiling, we
Bright hope to have of thee,
The youngest of God's birds,
If thy sweet sense might mix itself with ours,
If ours might understand
The language of thy love,
Ere thou become the tongue of market house:

Relics

This flower that smells of honey & the sea,
White limestone, seems in my hand to be
A white star made of memory long ago
Lit in the heaven of dear times, dead to me.

x x x x x

And thou, as white, what word hast thou to
bring?

If my heart bearken, whereof wilt thou sing:
For some sign surely thou too hast to bear,
Some word far south was taught thee of
the spring.

x x x x x

Of days more sweet than thou wast wont to
smell,

Of flower-soft thoughts that came to flower & fell,
Of loves that lived & lilies life & died,
Of dreams now dwelling where dead roses dwell.

Two Leaders

II

With all our hearts we praise you whom ye hate,
High souls that hate us; for our hopes are higher,
And higher than yours the goal of our desire,
Though high your ends be as your hearts are great.
Your world of gods & kings, of shrines & state,
Was of the night when hope & fear stood nigher,
Wherein men walked by light of stars & fire
Till man by day stood equal with his fate.
Honour not hate we give you, love not fear,
Last prophets of past kind, who fill the dome
Of great dead Gods with wrath & wail, nor hear
Time's word & man's: 'Go honoured hence, go
home,
Nights childless children; here you hour is done;
Pass with the stars, & leave us with the sun.'

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Treachery

She had amid her twilight bound
Green leaves to rival their dark hue;
How could such locks with beauty bound
Dry up their dew,
With them though & though?

She had within her dark eyes lit
Sweet lies to ban all doubt away;
Yet did those lies in darkness lit,
Burn but a day
Not yet 'n still their light stay.

She had within a dust of words
A vow in simple splendour set;
How, in the memory of such words,
Could she forget
That vow — the word of it?

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Walter de la Mare

An evening

Put by thy days like withered flowers
In twilight hid'd away!
Dewy shall uphold thee bowers
Sweeter than they.

How'dst not from swiftness of the stream
The shallowest course of tears!
Pools still as leaves shall lovelier dream
In future years.

Squander thy love as she that flings
Her soul away on night, —
Loveliest are love's far echoes,
Height unto height!

○ ^{make} ^{no} compact with the Sun
No compact with the Moon!
Night falls full-cloaked, & light is gone
Sudden & soon.

From
Court de Grâce

Such was the barb, O Keats (vain
As yew would have),
Troubled in its calm flight the lovely
Cantard thy youth, thy faith; abashed
the brave

Untarnishable sweetness of thy heart:
How should these dullards dream
They winged the dark
That pierced thee, silent, in the
unawakening grave!

Autumn

There in wind where the rose was;
Cold rain where sweet grass was;
And clouds like sheet
Stream o'er the steep
Grey skies where the lark was.

Night still where your hair was;
Night warm where your hand was;
But phantom, forlorn
Beneath the thorn
Your ghost where your face was.

Sad words where your voice was;
Tears where my heart was;
Child, even with me,
Silence where hope was;

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The Death of Adam
Laurence Binyon.

"Not with the easy victory of gods
Triumphant, but in suffering ^{more} divine;
Since that which drives them to unnumbered
woes,
Their burning deep unquenchable desire,
Shall be their glory, & shall forge at last
From fiery pangs their everlasting peace"

To the Summer Night

"Why have we sailed so patiently to bend
This bow of old world life? Unto what mark?
For what have set to our desire no end,
Skered to the utmost stormy sea our bark,
Piercing with eagle thought the frozen dark,
Been bold to pay & spend
Our warm blood, hazarded wild odds, & let
The bright world perish? What fair prize to get?
What thing is this no speech could ever frame,
No hundred creeds ever imprison yet?
We breathe for it, & die, yet never named its
name."

Umbria

Deep Italian day with a wide-washed
splendour fills
Umbria green with valleys, blue with a
hundred hills.

Dim in the south Soracte, a far rock
faint as a cloud

Rumours Rome, that of old spoke over
earth, "Thou art mine!"

Mountain shuddering mountain circles
no forest-braved

Heaped upon each horizon in fair
uneven line;

And white as on builded altars tipped with
a vestal flame

City on city, afar from the thrones of
the mountain shine,

Kindling, furs that name them,
many a memoried fosse,

Out of the murmuring ages, flushing the
heart like wine.

Pilgrim-dressed Assisi so there; Spoleto
proud

With Rome's imperial arches, with
hanging words divine:

hunts Falco hives above the hazy
vale

Of sweet Clitumnus loitering under poplars
pale;

O'er Foligno, Trevi clings upon Apennine.

And over the Umbrian earth — from where
with bright snow spread

Towers abrupt Leonessa, huge, like a dragon's
chine;

To western Ammiata's mist-apparelled head,

Ammiata that sailors watch on wide

lie in the jealous gloom of cold & secret shine
Tyrrhenian waves,

Or Gorgon-sculptured chamber born in old
rock caves,

hiding their dreams from the light, the austere
Strabon dead.

O lone forests of oaks & little cyclamens red.

Flowing under shadowy silent boughs benign,
Streams that wander beneath us over a pebbly bed,

Hedges of dewy hawthorn & wild woodbine!

Now as the eastern ranges flush & the high air
chills

Blowing meadowy vale, blackening heaths of
pale,

Now as in distant Todi, left the sacred
sign

To wearying travellers — light o'er hollow Tiber
gleam,

Now our voices are stilled & our eyes are given
to dream,

As night, up bringing o'er us the ancient stars
a new,

Stars that triumphing Caesar & lender Francis
knew,

With fancied voices mild, august, immortal,
fills

Umbria dim with valleys, dark with
hundred hills.

Words

Words, breathing words, full-murmuring
syllables!

How you enrich the thoughts that dwell in you
With far-brought perfume, that no meaning
tells

Get thro' the mind to flower in thoughts anew!

Sometimes how lulling like the rain's soft veil,
Then vivid as the pressure of a hand,
How filled with fair surmises like a sail
Before the blue coast of some foreign land.

O words, you live & therefore you can die,
Ill-yoked, imprisoned, damed in a dull
task!

So callous tongues may use you, but not I,
Who for your grace, a woeful live, ask

Dead things may kill; & you being
dead on tomb

The frozen thought that once you doth
in bloom.

"a harbinger in the breeze of June
Hath such melodious poise!"

Robert-Briggs

So sweet - love seemed that April morn,
When first we kissed beside the thorn,
So strangely sweet, it was not strange
We thought that love could never change.

But - I can tell - let truth be told -
That love will change in passing old;
Though day by day is nigher to see,
So delicate his motions be.

And in the end 'twill come to pass
Quite to forget what once he was,
No even in fancy to recall
The pleasure that was all in all.

His little spring, that sweet we found,
So deep in summer floods is drained,
I wonder, bathed in joy complete,
How late so young could be so sweet.

A Book of Verses
W. E. Henley

To my Wife

Take, dear, my little sheaf of songs,
For, old or new,
All that's good in them belongs
Only to you;
And, singing as when all was young
They will recall
Those times, lived in forgotten
The best of all.

A Room with a View
E M Forster

"Life is a public performance on the
redlin, in which you must learn
the metemorphosis as you go along."

"Passion is sanity, & the woman
you love, she is the only person
you will ever really understand."

"The cruellest lay not between
love & duty. Perhaps there never is
such a contest. It lay between
the real & the pretended, & Lucy's
just aim was to defeat herself."

The Quaint Companions

"Awe had fallen on him, & if awe
was born an ardent wish to pin the thought
to paper, to capture it for good. It was
a gruesome thought, that even his will
was leagued against him; but while
half his consciousness shrank from it
appalled, the artist in him, allured
by the thought's poetical promise darts
to it admiringly, tremulous with the fear
that it might escape. With the verbal
artifice whose servitude is complete it is
always so, this instinctive inevitable
apprehension of the spirit. It is the
penalty of his degrading craft. He has
surrendered to a power which holds
nothing sacred, not a son's remembrance,
nor a father's love, nor a husband's
agony — not death, nor devotion, nor
despair, & the power is inexorable &
remorseless. He may forget in honors, &
suffer & suffer simply, like a free man,
but the clank of his chains will jangle
in the swinner-melodies of his life, forcing
him to scrutinize, & analyze, & define,
when he were worthier merely to feel —

Hesbell reports the heart-beats of his
passion, & whittle an aphorism into
his head on the breast of his bride. His
mind is far even able to estimate the
literary value of his soul. When he
finds his child his idolatry shall not
save him from seeking copy in his
emotions, & when he sours by a
false his tears shall not blind him to
the poignancy of phrase that has
been used before.

A Digit of the Moon F.W. Bain

"Love is a triple cord - Love of the
body, the intellect, the soul. And
when all three threads are firmly
bound together then nothing can
break or end it, not even death."

The Budge of Fire

Cl. 10. 10. 10.

Leonardo da Vinci's Note Books

Edited by Edward McCurdy

Duckworth 1906

"Since experience has been the
mistress of whoever has written
well, I take her as my mistress,
to her in all points make my
appeal."

"Then, O God, dost sell unto us
all good things at the price of
labour."

"He who fixes his course by a
star changes not."

read

ur,

2"

W. W. W. W.

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Heshall regards the heart-beat of his
little apparatus with

The Odd-Job Man

Oliver Onions

Dumplings, (logit an
Paul Demetrius)

"The body of a man or the body of
a woman, Murder Oddy, is
great mystery; & I do not now
speak of the lowest kind of love,
which also is of the body, but of the
highest & greater love, which is no
less of the body. No man can explain
his mystery; even lameness - - - it
is not to be explained. x x x Perhaps
two dear friends, who are both so
dear that you would die for either,
you will have sometimes the desire
to lay your hand on the shoulder of the
one, & not the other. Now perhaps
you would die for either, yet this
little thing you will feel for the
one & not for the other. It may be
a lame body - your friend may be a
man; it does not make any difference
- you will have this little impulse
for the one & not for the other.

The Budge of Fire

I do not pretend to explain it, yet the
question, which is the beginning of the
lowest love, is also the last question:
that a man will ask himself ever
of his heart be filled with the
highest & the greatest love. It is
most strange that this flesh
should be the first barrier &
at the same time the last unity
of all.

Late, speaking of Percival Oddy,
"He had no memory of the mystery
of the stranger flesh of which
Demetrius had spoken. He did not
know that it was dear, but not
that dear; fresh & lovely, but not
with the one freshness & loveliness;
honoured, but with another
honour. It was forbidden, but
the tumult of his emotion the
significance escaped him; he did not even
detect the absence of the last
high sanction."

200, 1 was sure

Heskell reports the heart-beat of his
little acquaintance with
Valene Upton by Anne Douglas Sedgwick
on "Her whole existence, until her
marriage, when had dropped, or by trial,
her to graver levels, had been passed
among elaborate social conditions,
wherever she might go. She took the
perfection of a European background -
she had met buds of elegant arts,
there surrounded, nebulae condensed,
here & there, into the fixed stars &
friendships.

"He made her feel as if she
had come upon the great oak-tree,
& sat down to rest in its peaceful
shadow, hearing its gentle happy
boon over her, knowing that it was
she secure strong to she leaned against,
knowing that the happy rest she was
boon for her, because she was there, peaceful
he & confident."

The Budge of Fire
James Flecker.

"We that were friends tonight have found
A sudden fear, a secret flame:"

Mary Magdalen

O eyes that strip the souls of men!
There came to me the Magdalen.
Her blue robe with a cord was bound,
Her hair with denton lilies crowned.
"Arise," she said, "God calls for thee."
Turned to new paths thy feet must be.
Leave the fever & the fest,
Leave the friends to their lowest best.
For thou must walk in barefoot ways
To give my dear Lord Jesus praise."
Then answered I - "Sweet Magdalen,
God's servant, once beloved of men,
Why dost thou change old ways for new,
Thy trailing red for corded blue,
Roses for lilies on thy braid,
Rich splendor for a barren road?"
Gentle of speech she answered me: -
"Sir, I was sick with revelry."

True, I have scarred the night with sin,
A pale & tawdry heroine;
But once I heard a voice that said
(Who lives in sin is surely dead,
But whose turns to follow me
Hearts joy & immortality.)

"O Mary, not for this" I cried,
"Didst thou renounce thy scented pride -
Not for a prize of endless years,
Or barren joy apart from tears
Didst thou desert the courts of men -
Tell me thy truth, sweet May dalen!"

She trembled, & her eyes grew dim:-
"For love of Him, for love of Him."

The Bridge of Fire

"And the stars burn low, & the sky is sapphire,
And the little winds of space are in our hair!
The little winds of space
Blow in the Lord's face,
The only God that lacks not praise & prayer;
Who sole preserves his power
While dynasties devour
Temples & shrines & stones with out repair.
Still he goes forth as strong as ever,
And immortal ridges in the hearts of men!"

The Dance of Love (Dion Clayton Calthrop)

"You told me once that the key
To every man's life hung on a
Chain round the neck of a
woman."

"Nearly all young people explain
youth to their elders as if it were
a new experience lately come upon
the world. There were young
flawless before the Flood."

"Youth is always flying to the
foreards of the Carter & pluck
buttercups."

Nehemiah Grew
An Idea of Phytological History Proposed
1673.

p. 107

"Nor have we reason to fear going too far in the study of Nature, more than the entering into it; because the higher we rise in the true knowledge & due contemplation of this, the nearer we come to the Divine Author hereof. Do to think, that there is any contradiction when Philosophy teaches that to be done by Nature, which Religion & the Sacred scriptures teach us to be done by God; no more than to say, that the Ballance & Wheel is moved by the next Wheel, is to deny, that both the Spring & the other parts are caused to move together by the maker of them. So God may be truly the Cause of this effect, although a thousand other Causes should be supposed to interfere; for all Nature is as one great Engine made by held in his hand. And as it is, the Watch-makers Art, that the Hand moves regularly from hour to hour, although he put not his finger still to it; so it is the divine Wisdom that the Parts of Nature are so admirably put together, that they all so to conspire to all kind of natural operations effects without the extraordinary - immediate influence of the Author of it."

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in a screw of paper, rolled to it two sheets of bread and butter and a pen with the nib and went with my body into the dining-room. The floor was sprinkled with sawdust, and on the benches, by the bare wood tables, sat women in every stage of dilapidation. Apart by themselves were a few highly respectable, with some elaboration of supper, indicating a private store, and a general air of exclusiveness. But the rest, who sat in little groups talking, or by themselves, too weary even to talk, or wandered restlessly from group to group with a sort of painful, peering curiosity, were mostly pathetic, dragged out at heels.

No one regarded me. I went into the kitchen, got a teapot and mug, brewed my tea, and returned to the dining-room, where with my brown paper bundle of belongings beside me, I sat down within reach of the group whose appearance I liked best. I had not very long to wait. A large finger beckoned, and a stout woman, with a good-natured face, said to me—"Come 'ere into our school!" I swept up my paraphernalia and joined them, when, after a few questions as to whether I had been there before, what my work was ("In an office," I explained), and so on, I was "passed," and the conversation became general again.

Two girls were laughing by—a small pocket of the cheapest cigarettes was passed from one to the other. "Oh, my boy!" Evidently this was one of the things that made life tolerable. But my companions took little interest in this transaction—they were preoccupied with their own troubles. Two of them—an elderly woman (the one who had hailed me) and a younger woman with a beautiful Madonna-face—were telling how they were out of work, and had been three days without food that they might have money for shelter. One night they had had to pay a shilling for a bed, and the place had been so infested with vermin that they had been compelled to throw away a whole change of clothes, which were intolerable. Then someone had told them of this place and oh! it was beautiful—such lovely beds—clean!—you wouldn't believe!—and hot water, and clean towels every morning, and beautiful rooms to sit in, and separate cubicles so that you could "keep yourself to yourself." A chorus arose of marvelling praise, with a general air of "It's almost too good to be true." The comparison with other places where they had been compelled to lodge made one shudder. Bitterest of all to the recollection of the young woman was a night when she had been recommended to some religious institution and had arrived late to be told that "only fallen women" were admitted, and that if she came in she would be regarded as "fallen" and kept four months for reformation.

A queer little old woman came sidling in, and, seeing my tea-pot, asked me if there was any tea left in it. I handed over to her teapot and mug, and she drank eagerly. I learned next day that she had been in prison 108 times. "But there's no 'arm in 'er," said my informant—and proceeded to tell me how she had often sought imprisonment for lack of a night's lodging. "Once she went and asked a policeman to take her up. He said that he could not if she committed no offence, but advised her that if she would go into a yard near by and shout "Fire!" he would arrest her for giving a false alarm. This she did and secured her bed at the expense of the State.

Ten o'clock! The portress entered with "Any ladies for bed?" All rose, and I was going to follow her when my indignations told me that they were not most of them going to bed yet, but the dining-room was now closed and we must go into the day-room. Wouldn't I come? So in we turned, and sat on the comfortable high-backed wooden seats with just the right curve, placed back to back, with tables between, so that a certain amount of privacy is secured to the different parties. And there our "school" was reinforced by a young and pretty woman, in wild spirits, who was next day to rejoin her "boss" at Dover, after ten months' absence. It gradually transpired that she had been "a bad 'un," used to drink and swear (she piled contemptuous epithets on her past self), but the Salvation Army had rescued her, kept her for months, and were now paying her lodging at Ashton House and her fare next day to Dover. The "boss," whose letter, in the bosom of her dress, she pulled out and handed to some sympathetic friend to read every now and again, was "so good a lad as ever breathed"; and the happiness of their reunion was loudly prophesied by all her acquaintances, with a broadness of language which called from her a delighted "You make me blush." She seemed on good terms with everyone. Next morning, when she left, it was with many little keep-sakes—a ring from one, a little brooch from another, an ornamental button from a third, and "Good-bye and ever bless you" from one and all. "I do hate saying good-bye," she said; "I'm proper soft."

Most interested, perhaps, of her friends was an old lady, also of our group that first night, whom she called "Mother," saying, "She 'as been a mother to me." She is a peevish, hawking haberdashery, as I discovered when I mentioned that I wanted to buy a needle and wool to darn my stockings, but the Bar was shut. She at once produced all I required, delighted to do a stroke of business. She walks daily many miles in the neighbourhood of Manchester, and has lately been hop-picking, 121 miles' walk each way, in clove—though this nearly wore her out. In all the 242 miles she did not wear one hole in her stockings—cloves don't wear your stockings as shoes do, she told me. Her delight in the Looking-house, which she discovered on her return from hop-picking, is extreme. The bath especially evoked her enthusiastic comment. She is already looking forward to one next Monday—a weekly treat—soap, towel, unlimited hot water, and "All for a penny! It is cheap! and it makes you feel ten years younger!" But she was a great exponent of cleanliness, boasting that she washed herself once a week even when she was at home. These without a penny to spare listened wistfully to the recital of the joys of half-an-hour's soak in a big bath, but they took me down to see what you could get for nothing—the buns with hot and cold water, the freshets, and the "looking-glasses" or all.

I am asked in which room I am sleeping, and when I produce my ticket they regard me pityingly. I have paid 6s., and the 6s. rooms are exactly the same—same beds, same pillows, same everything! The only difference is in the floor, and the stairs are not bad to climb. "You see if you can't get a fourpenny one to-morrow night!" they say. "Tuppence is tuppence, you know!" But now comes "the last host!" To bed, ladies please—for it is eleven o'clock, and all must turn in; and upstairs we go to a young lad

and pointer at a picture, who says "You speak to me now—I tell you—don't you speak to me now—then you'll be all right." But another old lady, who goes to the door to see her old, returns shaking her head and telling us how the young woman wanted her to come and have a drink; and together they draw a moral for the benefit of my youth and inexperience. "Never you drink when you're going for a job. A lady as doesn't drink'll always smell it, and she won't have nothing to do with you." With this excellent advice ringing in my ears I pass through the swing-doors again, and as I reach the street it seems as if, with a click, the interrupted machinery of ordinary daily life is set in motion again. M. R.

THE "RING" PROJECT.

A correspondent writes:—Mr. Denhof sends me the result of his appeal for definite promises of support to his scheme for giving the "Ring" at the Theatre Royal in March next. Manchester has, it seems, after all, done better than any other city in supporting the scheme. Of the £3,500 required to give the "Ring" £2,200 has been promised for tickets. This result seems quite as good as could be expected so long before the date of the performance, and it gives every prospect of ultimate financial success. While acknowledging this, Mr. Denhof writes, however, that he cannot feel himself justified in going on alone. The guarantee is, yet so small that it indicates either a decided opposition to the scheme somewhere or a general disinclination to support the scheme in this way while it is, financially, so much a private speculation. Yet it seems a pity that any scheme for which so much has been done and which promises so well should go down for any scruples of this kind. We might feel sympathy with the most theoretic objection to supporting a purely business undertaking by disinterested guarantees. But this scheme is, after all, something more, and the risk that would be now taken in raising a guarantee fund would be very small. One thing only is necessary to make the thing practicable, and that is organization. To get that the matter must be taken in hand by the recognized leaders of musical organization in Manchester. No one else can succeed, but they could succeed easily. It now lies with them only to say whether Mr. Denhof's scheme shall stand or fall. He will not abandon his scheme definitely for another fortnight, and if a guarantee fund of £1,000 in the meantime raised he will go on with it, provided also some ~~other~~ ^{other} ~~organization~~ ^{organization} in Leeds, for, in order to keep the expense down to practicable limits, it is necessary that at least two towns should take the scheme up.

CRICKET IN AUSTRALIA.

SOUTH AFRICANS' FIRST MATCH.

FINE INNINGS BY J. N. CRAWFORD (PRESS ASSOCIATION SPECIAL SERVICE).

ADELAIDE, SATURDAY.

Following a blank day yesterday owing to rain, the weather was again very dull and threatening when a start was made to-day at the Oval here with the opening match of the South African team's tour—that against South Australia. The attendance during the afternoon rose to 3,500. Cammalle, Campbell, and Hathorn stood down from the visiting side for wickets well taken and tricky; and the only wicket falling to the local side was that of the South African in first. A very poor start was made, as half the side were out for 25. The wicket was not particularly dead, but the stony varied pace of the bowling completely beat Zich, Straker, and Snooks, who all made wretched strokes. Dewallyn joined Faulkner, and fifteen runs were added before he fell to a catch by Campbell. Faulkner and Schwarz remained together when the South African interval arrived with the local at 64 for six wickets, Faulkner then being 29 and Schwarz 8. On the game being resumed Faulkner and Schwarz added 22 runs in ten minutes. The century was signalled when the innings had been in progress an hour and 32 minutes, but directly afterwards Schwarz was bowled by Whitty. Faulkner was then 48, and on being joined by Pearce he only added half a dozen runs before being out to a catch by H. Hill with the total at 89. The Transvaaler, who gave a chance at the wicket when he had made 35, was batting for an hour and twenty-eight minutes, his fine innings being marked by vigorous driving. His chief hits were a six and eight fours. The South African innings, which occupied two hours and a half, was brought to a close for 132.

Whitty took four wickets for 57 runs, Crawford ten for 81, Root one for 50, and Wright the last two for 2.

Mayne and Zechorn began South Australia's first innings, Nourse and Vogler sharing the attack. Zechorn was taken at the wicket by the South African captain, old Vogler's first ball. Clem Hill then partnered Mayne, and the total reached 28, when the Australian captain was dismissed.

Mayne closed books and Zechorn took the fourth wicket and went down at 21. All the time men appeared to be troubled by the speedy bowling. H. Hill joined Crawford, and the 50 went up when the innings had occupied 56 minutes. Hill left at 83, and this brought Chamberlain and Crawford together. The ex-Surrey man hit vigorously, and when Chamberlain was dismissed at 29 his score had reached 40. Campbell came in at the fall of the sixth wicket and played very steadily while Crawford hit freely. At 118 Crawford was out to a smart catch by Snooks at long-off for a vigorous 68, which included several fine drives. He was missed by Dewallyn when he had made 27, but otherwise gave a very fine display. Among his hits were nine fours. At the close of play the total was 129 for nine wickets. Score:—

South Africa.	
W. J. Zich & Mayne & Whitty	0
L. Straker & Zechorn & Whitty	1
F. W. Schwarz & Whitty	2
D. D. Nourse run out	4
G. A. Faulkner & H. Hill & Dewallyn	4
A. J. Snooks & C. Hill & Wright	1
C. B. Dewallyn & Campbell & Crawford	1
H. H. Chamberlain & Whitty	12
C. D. C. Pearce & Wright	1
A. E. Vogler not out	7
S. J. Pearce & Zechorn & Wright	2
Extras	3
Total	132

South Australia.	
Zechorn & Schwarz & Vogler	0
H. H. Chamberlain & Whitty	2
D. D. Nourse & Zechorn & Schwarz	2
C. B. Dewallyn & Snooks & Crawford	11
H. H. Chamberlain & Whitty	12
L. W. Chamberlain & Whitty	11
H. H. Chamberlain & Snooks & Vogler	5
H. H. Chamberlain & Snooks & Vogler	7
H. H. Chamberlain & Snooks & Vogler	7
H. H. Chamberlain & Snooks & Vogler	7
A. W. Wright not out	21
Extras	3
Total (for nine wickets)	109

TO-DAY'S PLAY.

(PRESS ASSOCIATION SPECIAL SERVICE.)

ADELAIDE, MONDAY.

At the conclusion of play in the match with the South Africans on Saturday South Australia were 26 runs on with one wicket still to fall in their first innings. Continuing to-day the home side were all out for 144, an addition of 14 for the first time.

OUR ALLY ON THE WAR.

MARQUIS INOUE ON BRITAIN'S RESOLVE.

RECEPTION BY THE KING.

On his arrival at Yokohama on board the Empress of Russia on August 22 the ex-Japanese Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Marquis Katsunobu Inoue, who was accompanied by the Marchioness Inoue, commiserated to a number of journalists and friends who had come to welcome him some of his impressions of England, where he had represented the Mikado for three and a-half years. In speak-

ing to a representative of the *Osaka Mainichi* Shimbun he said:—
I feel a debt of profound gratitude towards the British Royal Family and the British people for their great kindness and cordiality during my stay in England. Indeed I can never forget it. The friendly treatment extended to me has been without precedent. What added to my

curious phenomenon that it is not from the Government, but from a section of the people, that an increase of taxation is favoured. In fact, *The Times* and some other influential papers are urging the Government to increase the taxes. From this single fact it may be easily inferred how rich Great Britain is in resources.
On the other hand, it is becoming more obvious every day that Germany is in a wretched condition. It has been a favourite policy of Germany to prevent her internal conditions becoming known. Her authorities have resorted to the dubious methods of circulating garbled and false reports of victory, but nevertheless her true condition is being constantly revealed to the world by neutrals. It is an undeniable fact that in Leipzig and other German cities anti-war riots have frequently occurred. In short, in consequence of the strict blockade enforced by the Allies, Germany's communication with the outside world is completely cut off, and she is suffering keenly from a scarcity of commodities. It is reported that the rice and barley crops in Germany for the present year are good, and she may be able to manage



A BIT OF KOBE HARBOUR.

to meet her own demands for those articles but she is said to be in dire need of some.

THE MILITARY POSITION.

The British and French Armies have assumed the offensive for a few months and have reaped good results, but it seems that any gigantic battle is desirable.

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The Widow on the Bye Sheet by John Masfield
(The widow speaks after her son has been hanged)

"Oh, how his little face come, with by his hair,
Dear little face. We made his room so snug;
He sit beside me in his little chair,
I give him real tea sometimes in his mug.
He liked the velvet on the patchwork rug.
He used to stroke it, did my pretty son,
He called a Bunnay, white Jimmie done."

Lascelles Abercrombie.
"The Sale of Saint-Thomas"

"Now, Thomas, know thy sin. It was not fear;
Easily may a man crouch down for fear,
And get use up on former knees, & face
The leading storm of the world with graver courage.
But prudence, prudence is the deadly sin,
And one that groweth deep into a life,
With hardening roots that clutch about the breast.
For this refuses faith in the unknown powers
Within man's nature; shrewdly bringseth all
Their impetuous & strange eagerness
To a judgment bought by safe experience
Various desire into the scope of the right."

But it is written in the heart of man,
That shall no longer be than thy desire.
Thou must not therefore stop thy spirit's sight
To pore only within the candle-gleam
Of conscious wit & reasonable brain
But search into the sacred darkness lying
Outside thy knowledge of thyself, the vast
Measureless fate, full of the power of stars,

The unresisting heavens of thy soul
Keep thy desire closed in the room of light—
The labouring fires of thy mind have made,
And thou shalt find the vision of thy spirit
Pitifully dazzled to so shrunken a ken,
There are no glorious pursuances about it.
Thou send desire often forth to scan
The immense night which is thy great soul;
Knowing the possible, see thou thy beyond it
Into impossible things, untried ends;
And thou shalt find thy knowledge's desire
Grow large as all the regions of thy soul,
Whose firmament hath cover'd the Ark of Being,
And of created things reach the ends.

Francis Cornford
"The Old Witch in the Copse"

I am a Witch, & a kind Old Witch,
There's many a one knows that—
Alone I live in my little dark house
With Pillycock, my cat

A girl came running through the night,
When all the winds blew free:—
"O mother, change a young man's heart
That will not look on me.

O mother, brew a magic mead
To ~~steal~~ ^{change} his heart so cold"

"Just as you will, my dear," said I;
"And I thank you for your gold."

So here am I in the walled copse
Where all the twigs are brown,
To find what I need to brew my mead
As the dark of night comes down

x x x x x x x

Pelleywuh mine, my hands are full
My pot is on the fire.
Parr, my pet, this food shall get
Her fool's desire."

Stanzas on Oliver Cromwell by Dryden

His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone,
For he was great, ere Fortune made him so;
And wars, like mist that veil against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow."

The Pang more sharp than all
Coleridge

x x x x x x x

¹¹¹
Like a loose blossom on a fresh night
He flitted from me -- & was left behind
(So if to them his father he ne'er did plight)
Of either sex & answerable mind
Two playmates, twin-berths of his foster-dame: --
The one a steady lad (Esteem he might)
And kindness is the gentler sister's name.
Dim likeness now, though fair she be & good,
Of that bigger boy who hath us all forsook; --
But in his full-eyed aspect when she stood,
And while her face reflected even look,
And in reflection kindled -- she became
So like him, that almost she seem'd the same!"

x x x x x x x

V

Can wit of man a heaven grief reveal?
Can sharper ~~not~~ pang from hate or scorn arise?
Yes! one more sharp there is than deeper lies,
Which fond Esteem but mocks when he would heal.
Yet neither scorn nor hate did it devise,

But sad compassion + a strong zeal!
One pang more blighting - keen than hope betray'd!
And this it is my woeful legs & feet,
When, at her Brother's heat, the turn-born maid
With face averted & unsteady eyes,
Her transient playmate's faded ribs pets on;
And only shrinking from her own designs
Enacts the fairy Boy that's lost & gone.
O worse than all! O pang all pangs above
Is kindness counterfeiting absent Love!"

"Frost at Medungru" Clewde
Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the red-breast Sun & song
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of myrry apple-tree, while the night thatches
Smokes in the sun-shaw; whether the eave-drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent circles,
Linneth thinny to the quiet moon!"

Alceste Gilbert Murray

" I have sojourned in the Muse's land,
Have wandered with the wandering star,
Seeking for strength, & in my hand
Held all philosophies that are;
Yet nothing could I ~~see~~ hear or see
Stronger than Her which Needs must Be.
No Orphic ruse, no Thracian scroll,
Hath magic or avert the morrow;
No healing all these medicines have
Apollo or the Asclepead gave;
Pale herbs of comfort in the bowl
Of man's wide sorrow."

From a Letter of Francis Thompson to Mr. Meynell.

Everard Meynell's Life of F.T. p 298

(On adequacy of intercourse)

"First, then, there is one defect to communication which exists alike, if at all, for the generality, he is omnipresent with the sensitive & meditative who are destitute of nimble blood. I mean the slow & undetermined beginnings of their thoughts. For example, such a person is looking at a landscape. Her (suffer me to use the feminine pronoun - it takes the chill off the egotism of the thing, & assume even by way of speech, that in analyzing my own experience I am analyzing yours) companion asks her, "What are you thinking of?" A child under such circumstances (to illustrate by an extreme antithesis) would need no questioning. No word, positive thoughts & sensations have to themselves a glit & unpremeditated voice. But she? She is hardly thinking: she is feeling. Yet 'feeling' is too indeterminate & distinctive a term: say, her state is too sub-intellectual for the term to be adequate. It is sensoriness instilled with mind; it is mind subdued to sensoriness. She feels in her brain. She thinks at her periphery. It is blended lively in of intellect & sensation; it is the repurcular of thought.

It is a state where no possible utterance could be made.
Therefore in the subtle stage cannot pass into words because
it lacks the detail; as the voice, with an division, cannot
pass into speech. ... Yet she began to utter herself, &
enraged the people who, at a moment's notice, can take
rough paths of their thoughts. ... One cannot at the first
signal mobilise one's words. How one wonders in the
men, who, with an infinitely smaller vocabulary,
have it always in a war-footing, & can instantly
concentrate on a given subject."

p 231

"Woman repels the great & pure love of man in proportion
to its purity. This is due to an instinct that she lacks
the habit or power to analyse, than the love of the pure
slightly lover is as deep, so vast in its withheld emotions,
as her entire self would be unable to pay back. Though
she cast her whole self down to an eager self, it would
disappear as a water-drop in the ocean. And though the
lover asks no more than her little tremulous self may
think fit to give, she feels that so vast a love claims
of right requity her total surrender. Though the lover
be generally unexpected, than wonderful gift, she
feels, exacts no less than all, other she cannot
with her entire potency - abandonment of love

adequate the heavy movement poured round it.
So, with unobstructive fear, the revolt for a love which
her all cannot equal. Though the lover asks no
more than she please to give, his love asks her very
being, demands a continued upward strain. The
narrow vessel dreads to crack under the overflowing
love which ^{surges} sweeps into it. She shrinks with terror;
she turns to the lover whose shallow love has sought to
frighten her; she can halt where she pleases, for there
is total surrender. It is an easy beginning, which seems
to involve so little & involves — how much! For she
does not understand how once she begins to love, her
nature will not rest short of supreme surrender ()
assume an average nature capable of love), & then
she will end by washing her whole self on the throne of
which will reject & anticipate it (which) she recoiled
with dislike & fear from the great love which would
have absorbed & repaid it an hundred-fold.

The Champa Flower
(Rabindranath Tagore)

Supposing I became a champa flower, just for fun, & grew on a branch high up that tree, & shook in the wind with laughter & danced upon the newly budded leaves, would you know me, mother?

You would call, "Baby, here are you?" & I should laugh to myself & keep quite quiet.

I should shyly open my petals & watch you as you work.

When after your bath, with wet hair spread on your shoulders, you walked through the shadow of the champa tree to the little court where you say your prayers you would notice the scent of the flower, but not know that it came from me.

When after the midday meal you sat at the window reading Ramayana, & the tree's shadow fell over your hair on your lap, I should fling my little shadow on to the page of your book, just when you were reading.

But would you guess that it was the tiny shadow of your little child?

When in the evening you were to the couch with the lit lamp in your hand, I should suddenly drop on to the earth again & be your own baby once more, & beg you to tell me a story.

"Where have you been you naughty child?"

"I won't tell you, mother." That's what you - I will
say then.

An Unmarked Festival. Alice Meynell.

There's a feast undated, yet
Both our true lives hold it fast, —
Even the day when first we met.
When a great day came & passed,
— Unknown then, but known at last.

And we met: You knew not me,
Mistress of your joys & fears;
Held my hand that held the key
Of the treasure of your years,
Of the fountain of your tears.

For you knew not I was I,
And I knew not it was you.

We have learned — as days come by,
How a flower struck root & grew
Underground, & no one knew.

Day of days! Unmarked it rose,
In that hour we were to meet;
And forgotten passed. Who knows,
Was earth cold or sunny, sweet
At the coming of your fear?

One more day, we thought; the measure
Of such days the year fulfils.
Now, how dearly would we treasure
Something from its fields, its rills,
And its memorable hills.

The Visiting Sea. Alice Meynell
As the unbartering tide doth roll,
Home from the ^{deep} ~~deep~~ along the whole
Wide shaming strand, & floods the caves,
— Your love comes falling into happy waves
The pen sea-shore of my soul.

But inland from the sea-ward spaces,
None knows, not even you, the places
Dimmed, as your coming, one of eyes;
— The little solitudes of delight
This tide constrains in dim embraces.

You see the happy shore, wave-rimmed,
But know not of the quiet dimmed
Recess your coming floods & fills,
The little pools and happier hills,
My silent nolets, over-dimmed.

What, I have secrets from you? Yes.
None, visiting Sea, your love doth press
And reach in further than you know,
And fills all these; &, when you go,
There's loneliness in loneliness.

Renoucement by Allen Meynell

I must not think of thee; or, tired yet strong,
I turn the pages that lurk in all delight—
The tongue of thee — + in the blue Heavens' height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song

Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This heart, the tongue of thee waits, hidden yet bright.
But it must never, never come in sight;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives place to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I need must loose and spare,

Must I will, as I can, to ~~and~~ ~~away~~
When the first dream thou comes with the first sleep
I see, I see, I am gathered to thy heart.

The Lover Urges the Better Thief. (Alba Wynne)

My fair, no beauty of thine will last
Save in my love's eternity.

My smiles too light thee furfully,
As lost for ever - their mome^{nt} past -
Except the few that ^{to} grieve ^{to} me.

Thy sweet words vanish day by day,
As all breath of mortality;
The laughter, ^{thine}, must cease to be,
And all thy dear ^{to} pass away,
Except the few that ^{to} sing ^{to} me.

Hide them within my breast, oh, hide
All thou art both should go from thee.

Be kinder to myself & me,
My cupful from the river's tide
Shall never reach the long sad sea.

November Blue (Alice Meynell)
(The golden time) the electric light seems to give a complementary
colour to the air in the early evening)

O heavenly colour, London town
Has blurred it from her skies;
And, hooded in an earthly train,
Unheaven'd the city lies.
No longer standard-like this hue
Above the broad road flies;
Nor does the narrow street the blue
Near slender pennon-wise.

But when the gold & silver lamps
Colour the London dew,
And, misted by the winter damps,
Blue comes to earth, it walks the street,
It dyes the wide air through;
A mimic sky above their feet,
The throng is crowned with blue

The Modern Mother (Alice Meynell)

Oh, how his

Vital filial passion overcharged is this!

To the musing breast

This child runs, as a child ne'er can rest
Upon the life-beat & the unexpressed!

Unhinged, unsmothered!

A little tenderness, this mother thought

The utmost of his need!

(?) She looked for gratitude; 'concern' indeed

With that much tear her nine years' love had bought.

Never even with less.

This mother, giver of life, death, peace, distress,

Desired ah! not so much

Thanks & forgiveness, & the passing touch

Expected, & the shy, the brief caress.

O filial lights

Shine in these child's eyes, these new, these bright

Unbelievable stars! Their rays

Are near the common earth, guides in the maze,

Retinal, true, keen in the dusk of days.

At night (by Alice Meynell)
to W.M.

Home, home from the beyond far & clear,
Hither the soft wings sweep;
Flocks of the remnants of the day draw near
The sweetest doors of sleep.

Oh, which are they that come through sweetest light
Of all these homing birds?
Which with the straightest & the swiftest fly - ?
You wads come, you wads!

A Poet of One Mood (Alice Maynard)

A poet of one mood in all my lays,
Raising all life to sing one only love,
Like a west wind across the world I move,
Sweeping my harp of floods mine own wild ways.

The countries change, but not the west-wind days
Which are my songs. My soft skies shine above,
And on all seas the doves of a dove,
And on all fields a flock of silver greys.

I make the whole world answer to my art
And weave monotonous meanings. In your ears
I change not ever, bearing, for my part,
One trayer tear is the treasure of my years,
A small cloud full of rain upon my beard
And in mine arms, clasped, like a child in tears.

Thomson J.A.K. The Greek Tradition. 1915

Introduction by Gilbert Murray:—

"If a scholar attempts to understand his subject with this degree of thoroughness; if he tries really to feel the meaning & the connotations of every important word, if he faces each familiar thought or phrase with a sense of strangeness & then tries to trace the path by which such strange things become natural inevitable; then, if he has the requisite equipment of learning & imagination & sensibility, he is sure to produce work of real beauty & value, & equally sure to leave much of his work uncertain & inconclusive & his full purpose unachieved. So that some readers will certainly delight in him, while some no doubt will continue to wonder why such books should be written & printed."

= p. 16 on Herodotus

"His attitude on the subject is agnostic & critical.

So indeed is his whole intellectual temper — a fact not always adequately realized. He says more than once (I am bound to repeat — as is currently said) — 'I know that it is the proud view of all early, spoken literature: the necessity of handing on the traditions — (but) I am not in the least bound to believe it'

p 187

"I conclude that poetry is still essentially a spell or charm (carmen) awakening or reawakening the sense that we are organic with the world."

p 197

"Poetry links the experience of today with the total experience of humanity; its substance is 'what has been & may be again.'"

p 200

"Poetry stores the unshared - accumulated memories, under the memories the instincts that make us cherish them, of all the generations. It gives us the sense of boundless hazards & uncalculable emotions."

p 207

"The tuberman thinks that the animals he tames & hunts, the plants he eats, the spirits he worships, are all members of one great family. The birds & beasts & blossoms are (he speaks) our elder brothers & know a good deal more than we, especially about the weather. You might say, we have got over all that. Yes, we have. But it is still driven a-drum into our subconsciousness. There. It must be there, because we've for ages & ages the most potent conviction of the human mind. x x x
Read any descriptive poetry & see how little it moves you until it strikes the mysterious note that merges your soul in nature's.
The description of poetry is a medium or conductor

between the experience of the individual & the total
experience of the race is perhaps only a translation
into concrete terms of the definition suggested by
metaphysicians when they say that the business
of poetry is to reveal the universal in the particular.
If only remains a question, how does it apply to rhythm —
a vital element in poetry? Well, rhythm is the
soul of dancing. It has an intoxicating effect; I
mean, it excites one part of our nature & dulls
another. Just as suggestible people may be
hypnotized by a monotonous sound, we may suppose
that the regular beat of metrical rhythm lulls
the waking consciousness into a partial sleep, thus
allowing the subconscious part of our mind to have
its chance. The first poetry was a spell to help in
the magic of the dance; the first poets were
magicians; & the magician knows the entrancing
influence of rhythm. When you see this power is
indeed a mystery. All we know is: $\chi\omicron\sigma\epsilon\upsilon\tau\epsilon\sigma$
o $\kappa\omicron\sigma\mu\omicron\sigma$, the universe beats & measures,
our very blood is rhythmical. Not poetry nor the
dance created rhythm; rather the universe — for
rhythm created them. — And that is perhaps all
that can be profitably said about rhythm.

p. 216

Homer "Open the bottle & eat the bread"

Translation (antenna not mentioned)

Set Bacchus from his glassy prison free,
And ship white Ceres her nut-brown coat."

In Early Spring (Alice Meynell)

O Spring, I know thee! Seek for woe no more
In the young children's eyes.

Not I have learnt the year, know the year
Leaf-folded under.

None ear, awake to silence, can fetch
The cuckoo's fearful bell.

I wander in a grey time that endures
June - the wild hedge-roses.

A year's procession of the flowers doth pass
My feet, along the grass.

And all you wild birds sing ye, I know
The notes that stir you so,

You sing you half-dead in the dim dear
Beginnings of the year.

At these young days you would not you part;
I have it all by heart.

I know the secrets of the seeds of flowers
Hidden or warm with thaws,

And how, in tender Spring, the cuckoo shall
After his arrival.

But not a flower a song I ponder is
My own, but memory's.

I shall be silent on these days desired
Before a world inspired.
O all born buds, compose your old song-phrases,
Earth, thy familar dances!

A face moved upon the dusky heights,
Between his stars downward night,
His purpose in his heart. Watched, & gaze,
The screaming of his face:
There was the scene, fled from earth & skies,
Held in his grey young eyes.
My heart all the summer wait his choice,
And wonder for his voice.
Who shall forbidd his songs, & who aspire
Nun to divine his lyre?
In earth, we know thy dimmest mystic,
Nun his land of his.

in Vercorah (Shee Bregnell)
written between Munich & Verona)
mountains pricked into pointed firs
A melancholy sky.
in distance was the German line,
The Heide fields lay high.
swarthy Alps I travelled forth
It was the north, the north;
Bound for the Room was I.

seemed to hear the streams that-day;
I met opposed, understood
The northward rivers on their way.
My heart against the flood—
My heart that pressed to rise & reach,
And felt the love gathering speed,
Of fountains, in its blood.

But oh the unfolding South! the burst
Of summer! Oh to see
Of all the southward looks the first—!
The travell'g heart were free
In endless streams, that strife was stopped;
And down a thousand vales I dropped,
I flared to Italy.

Edgcombe, W. A mixed fruit. Engadin Press
Co. Samaden 1914

To the Second Beat

There is pity, unconsciously tinged with contempt as a rule,
For the fool;

For the man, in the region of sport, we're accustomed to class

As an ass;
For the hopelessly futile inadequate duffer,
Whom we patiently try not ungladly to suffer
At the heights of ineptitude daily he seems to surpass!

Our compassion, compelled when we see him unmanly, unmanly,
Is deserved;

For his lack of "the goods" antenatal conditions, are known
To atone
In their Nature, by some unaccountable slip, meant
To endow him at birth with a better equipment,
But she failed at the last, & the fault is in no wise his own!

Admiration, though oftentimes coloured with envy, is due
To the flier
Who continues in athletics, with conscientious effort to flip
To the top;
Being dowered with more than their portion of muscle
They emerge as the victors from every tussle
And serenely (hills floundered by their betters) unvanquished they stop.

But the praises we fling them with reckless & prodigal waste (2)
Are misplaced,
When we know, as they smother their rival who patiently plods,
That the odds
From the first are mysteriously cast in their favour,
And their pursuers would seem of enchantment to savour,
For they owe their success not so much to themselves as the gods!

All our sympathy surges, & with it the cry of "hard luck!"
For the plucky
Harris shown by the fellow compounded of rugged rough
Tempered stuff;
By the second-rate man who, though he scarcely a flyer,
Is with dogged & ceaseless persistence a tryer,
And whose best, though his always is good, is just his goodness!

Though he knows he is destined to gather no laurels nor fan
At the game,
Still he plays it for all he is worth like a sterling good man,
And in show
Though his skill may were o'erstay his pace is
He's the hustler - the spinner - the ultimate boss;
The rear - the sweeper, the thrower & the backbone of sport.

To The Chambermaid

Not for languages distinguished,
Not with learning overlaid,
When I any needed thing wished
I as fast was half afraid
How to state my requirements to
The buxom chambermaid.

Was she French, or was she German,
Maid of Italy, or Swiss?
Nothing served me to determine
How to lose the doubtful Miss;
So I fired away at random and got
Along like this.

Buen giorno signorina,
Guten Morgen Fra'moiselle;
Pourquoi donc, Sie haben been a
Pretty longish time my gel;
Hj a vinga cong, maaten eine rang
The blessed bell.

Paty moi des heuses Wasser
Pour le bain, verstehen Sie,
mark, Ie mer a small tharassa
(Ther's fresh, you know, fr sea);
I would bathe my sylph-like figure, maiden,
unsewed by three.

Tous les matins, in my Zimmer
Faites des Bad, le petit bain;
Nicht vergessen, bring' Sie immer
Beaucoup grosser essue-mains;
Auch le savon, quel vous voulez, oder
parfumé or plain.

Bette bronzy meine Kleider,
 Faites nettoyer mes bottines
 While ye rest beneath the cider ~~tree~~
 + dam complètement serene
 Tell the clock in yonder steeple strikes
 The hour of nine fifteen.

Je desire, pour mit. cavacher,
 Schnell, le petit déjeuner;
 Let no both your footstep slacker,
 Hübsches Mädchen haste away,
 Allez vite, Maquis faulting for my
 morning tasse de thé.

These we talked; all comprehending
 She would deftly close eye
 With a wealth of gesture lending
 Picturesque wares to the shade,
 Murmuring at all my orders "Presto
 abbatissimo."

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These my spring letter from Julie Hebe
 Sings to mitigate my lot.
 You will do the same if she be
 Able to remove the rot
 You, like me, will haul upon her in this
 hopeless polyglot.

Furis Comraim

When the last competition is over,
 The End of all Things is in sight
 And the last of Earth's waters has vanished
 Away in the long Ewigkeit,
 Then the Monarchs of Spat shall hold Council,
 The just god of Games shall preside
 At the last of all Feats, & the greatest,
 & Our ultimate fate to decide!

There are some who played merely for stakes
 Who set on their skin, foul & fair;
 For the spirit of Contest they knew not,
 They all had some grievance to air;
 Who eternally cackled & grumbled,
 And uttered their petrifol bleat
 If there weren't any prizes to play for
 Or when they encountered defeat.

Then Reward shall be endless competing
 In contests that never are done,
 'Mid perpetual disputing & wrangling
 For stakes that can never be won!
 They shall play in the Outenoi Darkaen,
 On pitches of cinder & coals,
 Until ages & ages of striving
 Have chastened their poor litlusauts!

6

There are some "played the game" to enjoy their lifetime
For their pure delight of the Thing;
Never hankered for honours nor prizes,
Nor kudos achievement or prizes;
Who could take nasty knocks with a flourish,
Not grinning should all lucks begin,
And who put all their worth into trying
But how how close a brain!

These have earned the Great Chiefs' invitation
To meet the past Heroes of Sport:
To forget them together, recounting
The clean honest fights they have fought!
They shall enter the Innermost Circle,
For there there are riches in store
In the mighty-majestic Valhalla,
To dwell there in peace evermore!

The vague uncertain clime
Enriching the midday

get to help at night; moreover, I soon
found it was, I could not get wholesome food - By
this means, in a week or so, I became not over
capable in my upper stories, & set off pell-mell
for Mayate, at least a hundred & fifty miles,
because, forsooth, I fancied that I should
like my old lodge here, & could continue to do either
trees - Another thing I was too much in
distress, & consequently was obliged to be in a
continued burning of thorns, as an only resource."

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1.
The Poems of John Keats.

Introduction by E. de Selincourt 1906. Methuen

b. 1795 - West County father who came up to town as a youth & became an ostler at the Swan & Hoop, Finsbury Pavement. Married his master's daughter & succeeded to the business. Medical studies, apprenticed to a surgeon at Edmonton & afterwards studied at St. Thomas' Hospital. But his heart was not in his profession - Charles Clarke, the son of Keats' school master at Enfield, had begun to foster the love of literature in him & first made Spenser known to Keats. Keats' earliest known composition is the Imitation of Spenser - Later in 1815 he came under the spell of Chapman's translation of Homer, the early work of Milton, the poems of Fletcher & William Browne. Leigh Hunt became his admirer & example.

At a time he regarded him as a disciple regards his master. In 1816 (aged 21) he finally determined to follow exclusively the career of a poet & for that time onwards the history of his life cannot be separated from that of his work.

The first poem of the first vol, the one under the heading for Hunt's "King of Rimini" "Places of nestling green for poets made"

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"expresses a yearning for beauty, it degenerates into an indiscriminate catalogue of natural delights, associated with the vulgar & monkish sentiment, & expressed with all the indefiniteness of the abstract manner of Hunt."

Hunt recognized his genius for the first & encouraged him at the time when encouragement was of the greatest value. This Hunt's poem kept alive Keats' first dream - more capable of quickening the intuitive side of his nature. Thus Hunt he got to know Henry in the January "whose chief claim to the recollection of posterity, in spite of the huge canvases that he spent his life in filling, lies in his recognition of the supreme value of the Elgin marbles;" John Hamilton Reynolds, Benjamin

Barley, & Charles Sumner Brown, & a slight acquaintance with Shelley, Lamb, Haylett & Harriet Smith

"his intellect developed in the closest relation with two masters who in different ways could teach him what he needed most to learn. These were Shakespeare & Wordsworth. The first was the medium of the retirement which followed on his dedication of his life to poetry, was to begin of real study of Shakespeare

in Oedipus & in Sleep Poetry "only by human sympathy can the poet reach the summit of his power."

In Lameria (819) Keats lays aside for the time
the question of the place of human sympathy in art, &
concentrates his power upon a dramatic presentation of the
antagonism between reason & emotion.
magical felicity of phrase

"In the Odes he has no master; & their indefinite
beauty is so diverse & so distinctive an effluence of his soul
that he can have no disciple. All the Odes, with the
exception of the Ode to Sorrow (End. i. v.), & of the exquisite
fragments of an Ode to Inaia, being 5 1819, the mature
period of his workmanship, & all but to Autumn & the
early months of the year. Bound together not only by a continual
recurrence of phrase & cadence, but by a similar train of
thought & unity of feeling, they seem up his attitude to life.
They are an expression in varying keys of emotion of a
mind that has laid the principle of beauty in all things;
& seeks in a world of change & decay, among the fleeting forms
of loveliness, for something permanent & eternal."

"The Ode to Autumn, with its perfect serenity,
fully closes Keats's poetic career. Of his posthumous
poems, all save the Fall of Hyperion & the superb
Lamia, Sleep, Beauty, & the other, would I were steadfast as
thou art, had been already written, & gladly would we
sacrifice even these, if to Autumn could have been his
swan-song, & had he been spared the agony of mind that
followed when he could find no "heart-easing thing" to alleviate
"the tortures of a post-humous life." In the year 1820,
what we associate with the publication of his greatest
work, he was already struggling vainly against a mortal
disease, & harassed by a consuming passion. Some eight
months before this he had met Miss Fanny Brawne, &
his relationship with her throughout is tragic in
its torturing earnestness, born of a love that could look for
no fulfillment of its hopes."

Keats began to give up 1818
Sept-1820 - Sailed for Italy in Decem.
Died Feb 23. 1821.

Heat her will Seven Sargent & Botsch
Orange
Buxta Koma Debelts
Bridge - the old Lorraine of fragments of Kess
Athens
Cher In Belle Dame des Meris

Browning's "One Word More"

"What, there's nothing in the moon notwithstanding?
May: for if that moon could love a mortal,
Use, to charm him (so to put a fancy),
All her magic ('tis the oldest sweet mystery),
She would turn a new side to her mortal,
Side unseen of herdsman, huntsman, steersman —
Blank to Zoroaster in his terrace,
Blind to Galileo in his turret,
Dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats — him, even!"

Populawitz

Who has not heard how Tyrian shells
Enclosed the blue, that dye of dyes
Whereof one drop worked miracles,
And colour'd like Admetus' eyes
Raw with the merchant-sells?

And there's the extract, flash'd of fire,
And priced & saleable as lan-
And Hobbs, Nobbs, Stokes & Nobbs comb
Pur blue and blue line -

Hobbs him's blue, — stray in the tenth cat:
Nobbs him's blue, — claret ^{crowns} his cap:
Nobbs out dares Stokes in azure feat, —
Botanize - Who fished the snare up?
What powder had John Keats?

British Association for the Advancement
of Science.

PORTSMOUTH, 1911.

ADDRESS

TO THE

ZOOLOGICAL SECTION

BY

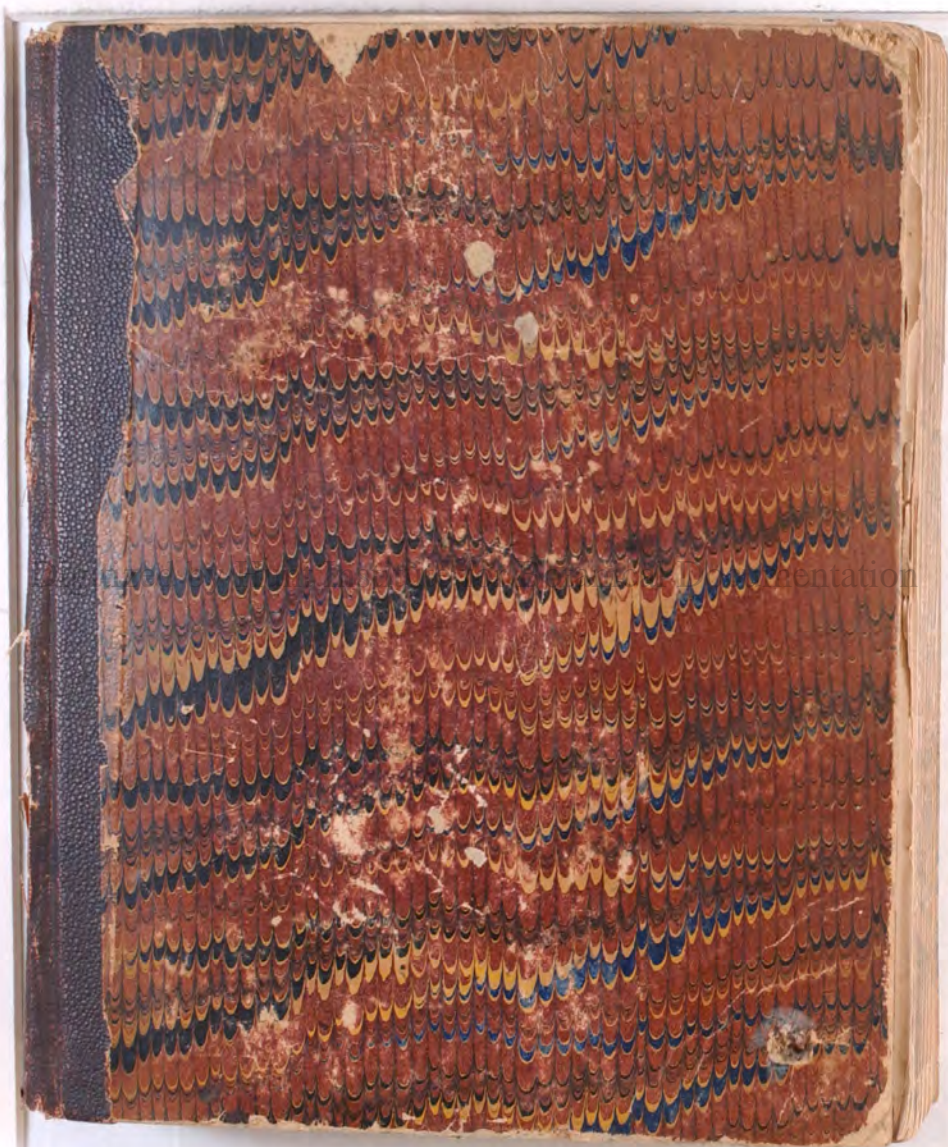
PROFESSOR DARCY WENTWORTH THOMPSON, C.B.

PRESIDENT OF THE SECTION.

Magnalia Natura; or, The Greater Problems of Biology.

THE science of Zoology, all the more the incorporate science of Biology, is no simple affair, and from its earliest beginnings it has been a great and complex and many-sided thing. We can scarce get a broader view of it than from Aristotle, for no man has ever looked upon our science with a more far-seeing and comprehending eye. Aristotle was all things that we mean by 'naturalist' or 'biologist.' He was a student of the ways and doings of beast and bird and creeping thing; he was morphologist and embryologist; he had the keenest insight into physiological problems, though lacking that knowledge of the physical sciences without which physiology can go but a little way; he was the first and is the greatest of psychologists; and in the light of his genius biology merged in a great philosophy.

I do not for a moment suppose that the vast multitude of facts which Aristotle records were all, or even mostly, the fruit of his own immediate and independent observation. Before him were the Hippocratic and other schools of physicians and anatomists. Before him there were nameless and forgotten Fabres, Roesels, Réaumurs, and Hubers, who observed the habits, the diet, and the habitations of the sand-wasp or the mason-bee; who traced out the little lives, and discerned the vocal organs, of grasshopper and cicada; and who, together with generations of bee-keeping peasants, gathered up the lore and wisdom of the bee. There were fishermen skilled in all the cunning of their craft, who discussed the wanderings of tunny and mackerel, sword-fish or anchovy; who argued over the ages, the breeding-places and the food of this fish or that; who knew how the smooth dogfish breeds two thousand years before Johannes Müller; who saw how the male pipe-fish carries its young before Cavolini; and who had



Agnes Arber. 52 Huntingdon R, Cambridge



at scene that occurred when members at Spain, out on board the Standard.

Podgoriza Oct 1898



BROKEN IN THE WAR.

Wounded Montenegro soldier being brought to the hospital at Podgoriza, supported by his mother and his wife, who found him among the dead on the battlefield. This pathetic and eloquent photograph was taken by the special correspondent of "Excelsior."

Commonplace Book II

Agnes Robertson
9 Elsworth Terrace
Pinner Hill
N.W.

19.1.04

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"What is a Classic?" by Saint Beuve
trans. by Elizabeth Lee

"There comes a time in life when, all our journeys over, our experiences ended, there is no enjoyment more delightful than to study & thoroughly examine the things we know; to take pleasure in what we feel, & in seeing & seeing again the people we love; the pure joys of our maturity. Then it is that the word classic takes its true meaning & is defined for every man of taste by an irresistible shower of stars. In fact, be it Heraclitus or another who is the author preferred, who reflects our thoughts in all the wealth of their maturity, if some one of those excellent & antique sounds shall we request an interview at every moment; if some one of them shall we ask a friendship which never deceives, which could not fail us; to some one of them shall we appeal for that sensation of serenity & amenity (we have often need of it!) which reconciles us with mankind & with ourselves."

of all, perhaps"—but it is not fair to anticipate the pleasure which is in store for readers of Mr. Hutchinson's treatise. Of all the myriad writers upon golf he is almost alone in knowing how to impart a literary charm to his pages. Among inland links he has no word to say for Lord Derby's fine green in Swinley Forest. If he has not yet played over it, there is a choice treat in store for him. Wimbledon Common also surely merits mention, were it but for its half-century of popularity; New Zealand, too, by reason of the herculean throes whereby it was torn from the heart of a forest.

The chapters on Oxford and Cambridge golf by Mr. Croome and Mr. Darwin exact a meed of praise, if only on this account, that neither writer stoops to the too prevalent vulgarity of using the term "Varsity". Of the high service rendered by the game to both Universities let Mr. Croome speak from his experience: "Tutors and pupils are prone to regard lectures, statutes and the like from opposite points of view, and are led thereby to underrate the qualities each of the other. But when they golf with one another, the bunkered soon reveals his humanity to the undergraduate, and on his side learns that his junior is not so lacking as might have been supposed in the virtues of discretion and persistency".

This fine volume is profusely illustrated. The colour-prints are finely executed, and Mr. Garden Smith has been most successful in exhuming and reproducing some very interesting drawings and prints of Dutch golf and golfers. The uncomfortable thrill caused by the portrait on p. 22 of a heavily-clad gentleman on skates about to wield an enormous driver may be allayed by contemplating Sir George Reid's fine likeness of Tom Morris, well reproduced in photogravure.

BISMILLAH.

By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

A FLOCK of goats lay on the rocky hill, their parti-coloured backs looking like stones amongst the scrub of lentisk and low palm. The noonday sun had made them drowsy, even the whirring of a dragon-fly as it passed like a humming-bird barely made them raise their heads. Below the hill spread out the bay, blue, calm, and looking almost artificial, or as if drawn by an indifferent painter, it was so conventional, with its white waves breaking upon a pebbly beach in a long, soothing swish. At one end of the bay rose the white town, surrounded by a ruined wall. The houses mounted up the hill in steps, flat-topped, and painted a pale pink or a metallic blue. One or two slender towers and a few palm-trees stood up here and there. No smoke, as if it

goatherd's pipe, cut from a green cane, seemed to fill all the air. A little sandy river ran beneath the fort.

Some rugged cattle, and thin mares with their feet hobbled with a palmetto cord, stood about listlessly. A knot of camels grazed on the sparse and wiry grass. Storks chattered on the thatched roofs of the village by the salt-pans, and the remains of an old Roman port still stood up stoutly after ten centuries of pillage and decay. All was so peaceful and so primitive that if Theocritus had come to life again, he could not but have taken up his pen to write another idyll, to prove the golden age had never passed away.

All round the hillock, upon which, amongst palmetto bushes and the rocks, the goats were lying, ran like a lake a tract of sandy ground, white with the efflorescence of the salt that flowed out from the pans. On it the grass grew sparsely, and little flowers, pink and procumbent, appeared between its stalks. The guardian of the flock lay with his head under a clump of dwarfish palm, his two brown legs, tanned with the sun that he had fought with all his life and that his ancestors brought in their blood from the far Yemen or the Hejaz, looked like the roots of the thick bushes that the sand had left uncovered at his feet. His dark and liquid eyes were not unlike those of the goats he herded, and as he played upon his pipe a strange wild air, the intervals so wild and so uncertain, that a bird might have been deceived by it and flown about him, thinking that one of its own kind was in distress, a little kid, white but for a spot or two about its nose, nestled up to his side. Now and again he patted it, and the two seemed but a little separated from one another, in nature or degree.

As the day wore on the goats slowly began to rise and feed; the boy got up, leaving a little hollow in the sand where he had lain by the palmettos, and, drawing out his sling, lazily sent a stone or two whistling towards the goats. As the stones struck the ground near to the animals they drew their feet together in a bunch, jumped to one side, and then, after stretching out into a long line, dispersed about the stones to graze. A flight of cranes, looking like aerial camels, passed overhead, their shrill, harsh cries lost in the stillness of the air. Nature awoke after its midday torpor, and in the valley the lean Arab mares, dragging their hobbled feet slowly along or rising in a sort of stifled rear, turned their heads towards the breeze as they began to feed. Their foals, that had lain looking as if half-dead, rose to their feet, and, shaking off the sand, whinnied and trotted after them, their stilt-like legs giving them an air of those strange animals drawn by the cave-dwellers upon the rocks.

Slowly the little river filled. Stones on the sandy flat were covered as by magic by the incoming tide, as if the tide that you could

[maeterlinck]

difference is but as
sterned acceptance of life &
; between a large &
& one that is stubborn &

the entering, courageous,
- gladness from sorrow.
to speak, & as often as
in of imposing our own
order that they who
the, conceive the desire to
wor. For in no two
= one that you cherish
to me; nor shall all
hidden springs of my life.
you, in myself, by
why make this the

Wisdom & Destiny [Maeterlinck]

"between sorrow & joy the difference is but as between a gladsome, enlightened acceptance of life & a hostile gloomy submission; between a large & harmonious conception of life, & one that is stubborn & narrow"

"it is only the lofty idea, the untiring, courageous, human idea, that separates gladness from sorrow. Of this idea it is helpful to speak, & as often as may be, not with the view of impressing our own idea upon others, but in order that they who may listen shall, little by little, conceive the desire to possess an idea of their own. For in no two men is it the same. The one that you cherish may well bring no comfort to me; nor shall all your eloquence touch the hidden springs of my life. Needs must I acquire my own, in myself, by myself; but you unconsciously make this the

with them with regard to the more important recommendations of the Committee. At this moment the House of its venerated and loved the Dean of Windsor, through illness is a blow; and at the same time there are new place of the late Mr. Childers, the actuary Brown, the ostiarius, to whose loss Dr. Eliot his opening address. It is difficult to believe Viscount Halifax and the Dean of Canterbury equally opposed to Prayer-Book Revision, & minor and practical changes, it can be carried should be alive to what is going on. It is to one who like myself can remember the about the revival of Convocation by Lord first Government, when Mr. Spencer White Home Secretary, was bombarded with questions House of Commons about it, to see the indifference of the public, and indeed of themselves. But if members of an assembly summoned do not take the trouble to attend wonder if little heed is paid to the proceedings.

Your obedient servant

ERNEST J. A.

WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT AND C
APATHY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

Ardleigh

Colchester

21 Novem

SIR—It will not be long, at the present procedure in Parliament, before the Bill to disendow the Church in Wales comes to the Bolton by-election shows this most clearly to the Bishop of S. Asaph having taken question Mr. Taylor on his veracity in maintaining to the Church of Wales, matters which

Wind in the Duck

So wayward is the wind to-night
I'll send the planets tumbling down;
All the waving trees are tight
In gauges from the moon.

Faint streaky wraps of warring cloud
Are swiftly from the mountains swirled:
The wind is like a floating shroud
Wound tight about the shivering world.

I think I see a little star
Entangled in a knotty tree,
As trembling fishes captured are
In nets from the eternal sea.

There seems a being in the air
Of spirits from the sparkling skies:
There seems a maiden with her hair
All tumbled in my blinded eyes

How they whisper; now they roar
And shall to me another call.

Wind, strike the funnemen - & war! -
The moon, her shining self, will fall

Blow! scatter even if you will
Let spray the stars about my eyes!
Wind, whiten the globe, spill
On me the everlasting skies!

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united nation.

THE KAISER AND GOD.

BY BARRY PAIN.

"I rejoice with you in Wilhelm's first victory.
How magnificently God supported him!"

Led by Wilhelm, as you tell,
God has done extremely well;
You with patronizing nod
Show that you approve of God.
Kaiser, face a question new—
This—does God approve of you?

Broken pledges, treaties torn
Your first page of war adorn;
We on fouler things must look
Who read further in that book,
Where you did in time of war
All that you in peace forswore,
Where you, barbarously wise,
Bade your soldiers terrorize,
Where you made—the deed was fine—
Women screen your firing line,
Villages burned down to dust,
Torture, murder, bestial lust,
Filth too foul for printer's ink,
Crimes from which the apes would shrink—
Strange the offerings that you press
On the God of Righteousness!

Kaiser, when you'd decorate
Sons or friends who serve your State,
Not that Iron Cross bestow
But a Cross of Wood, and so—
So remind the world that you
Have made Calvary anew.

Kaiser, when you'd kneel in prayer
Look upon your hands, and there
Let that deep and awful stain
From the blood of children slain
Burn your very soul with shame,
Till you dare not breathe that Name
That now you glibly advertise—
God as one of your allies.

Impious braggart, you forget;
God is not your conscript yet;
You shall learn in dumb amaze
That His ways are not your ways,
That the mire through which you trod
Is not the high white road of God,

To Whom, whichever way the combat rolls,
We, fighting to the—

easier for me, by telling me of the idea that is yours.

"We should live as though we were always on the
eve of the great revelation; x x x x It must
needs be more beautiful, glorious, & ample than the
best of our hopes; for, where it differs therefrom or
even frustrate them, it must of necessity bring
something nobler, loftier, nearer to the nature of man,
for it will bring us the truth. To man, though all
that he values go under, the intimate truth of the
universe must be wholly, preciously admirable.
And though, on the day it unveils, our material
desires turn to ashes & float on the wind, still
shall these linger within us all we have prepared;
& the admirable will enter our souls, the volume of its
water being as the depth of the channel that our
expectation has fashioned."

"Ennoblement comes to man in the degree that
his consciousness quickens."

Archaic

Another morn doth paint the skye,
And pearle is on the grasse,
A blessed lark sings up on high
To see the black night passe.
With blushes red the rivers wind
Along a rosie plain,
And silver trouts leap up to find
Their morning meate again.

Hark! Hark! The cocks doe crow.
Up! Up! Ye merrie men;
And Vixen steals away unto
Her little cubbies' den.

Blue smoake is curling thro' the vale,
Come the sweet-breathing kine,
A milk-maid setteth down her pail
To rub her mistie eye.
But now the Sun, with jollie mirth,
Doth gladden all the land
And bring another day to birth
From God Almighty's Hand.

Hark! Hark! The cocks doe crow.
Up! Up! Ye merrie men;
And Vixen steals away unto
Her little cubbies' den.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

"It might almost be said that there happens to men only that they desire. It is true that on certain external events our influence is of the feeblest, but we have all-powerful action on that which those events shall become in ourselves — in other words, on their spiritual part, on what is radiant, undying within them. There are thousands of men within whom the spiritual part, that is craving for birth in every misfortune, or love, or chance meeting, has known not one moment of life. * * * And others there are within whom this emotional pain absorbs all.

"The humble thought that connects * * * as an ordinary everyday act of simple kindness, or an insignificant moment of happiness, with something eternal, + stable, + beautiful, is of far greater value, + infinitely nearer to the mystery of life, than the grand + gloomy meditation, wherein sorrow, love, +

The Glimpse

Valter del la Mare

I see,
Past the dark painting of the hour,
Life's ecstasy.

Only a moment; as when day
Is set, & in the shade of night,
Through all the clouds twin-companed her,
Stoops into sight,

Pale, changeless, everlasting Dean,
Gleams on the prone Endymion
Trembles the darkness of his dreams
And then is gone.

despair blend with death & destiny & the apathetic
force of nature."

"see that you give not away the oil of your lamp,
though your lamp be never so small; let your
gift be the flame, its crown."

"A strenuous soul never ceases to take, though
it be from the poorest."

"But if, the better to love you, I deem it my
duty to tear off the wings from my love, your
love being wingless as yet; then shall I have
added in vain to the plaints & the tears in
the valley, but brought my own love thereby
not one whit nearer the mountain."

"To look fearlessly upon life; to accept the
laws of nature, not with meek resignation,
but as her sons who dare to search &

question; to have peace & confidence within
our souls - there are the beliefs that make
for happiness."

"For, indeed, belief & unbelief are mere
empty words; not so the loyalty, the greatness
& profundity of the reasons wherefore we
believe or do not believe."

"We do not choose these reasons; they are
rewards that have to be earned."

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"This is of the nature of wisdom to despise nothing;
indeed, in this world there is perhaps only one
thing truly contemptible, & that thing is contempt
itself. Thinkers too often are apt to despise those
who go through life without thinking. Thought is
doubtless of high value; our first endeavour
should be to think as often & as well as we can;
but, for all that it is somewhat beside the
mark to believe that the possession, or lack,

of a certain faculty for handling general ideas
can interpose an actual barrier between men.
After all, the difference between the greatest thinker
& the smallest provincial burgher is often only the
difference between a truth that can sometimes
express itself & a truth that can never crystallise
into form. The difference is considerable — a gap,
but not a chasm. The higher our thoughts
ascend, the vainer & the more arbitrary seems the
distinction between him who is thinking always
& him who thinks not yet. The little burgher is full
of prejudice & of passions at which we smile,
his ideas are small & petty, & sometimes
contemptible enough; yet place him side by
side with the sage, before an essential circumstance
of life, before love, grief, death, before something
that calls for true heroism, & it shall happen
more than once that the sage will turn to his
humble companion, as to the guardian of truth no
less profound, no less deeply human than his

When'er thou comest, hear my call.
O, keep the promise of my lays,
Take the sweet parable of my days;
I trust thee with the aim of all.

And if thy thoughts unfold from me,
Know that I too have hints of thee,
Dim hopes that come across my mind,
In the rare days of warmer wind,
And tones of summer in the sea.

Thus Alice Meynell, in a beautiful song of the spiritual year. Winter, too, has her own message, and one hears it in the dusk of a Middlesex road as that "ghostly language of the ancient earth" which Wordsworth heard in the hills.

Wordsworth knew the magic of the winter dusk, and for this and other reasons I am glad that Lord Morley tells us in his "Recollections" that he will back himself to find two fine lines in every page of "The Excursion"—that deserted road of poetry. He is on a "good thing." People do not read "The Excursion" for the same reason that they do not walk this winter road. They fly, not from what is there, but from what they miss in the prospect. But the fear of tedium is the beginning of loss, and too often we miss the core of life in our search for its excitement. A man's love of Nature must be measured by the variety of her ministrations to which he responds. In London, I believe, there are a million people who respond only to bluebells. Once a year they come out for bluebells, in nations. They go for them with a stooping fanaticism that paralyzes the rural police. And then they make bluebell trails all the way home, where they have conscripted the last pickle-jar to contain their sweating sheaves. Others—very many—remember the chestnut cones, and the wild rose, and the reeds and leaves of autumn—and much else; not a few lift their hearts to the broad onset and beauty of the year. But the winter dusk falls on the empty road.

The few who walk there know that they are laying up that power to recall the child in the elder which deepens all later interest, and gives us the vision of lives, whole in experience, advancing innumerable strong to the tasks of Earth.

W. W.

BER 23, 1917.

THE I

am. There are moments when the sage realizes that his spiritual treasures are naught; that it is only a few words, a habit, that divide him from other men; there are moments when he even doubts the value of those words. These are the moments when wisdom flows & sends forth blossoms. Thought may sometimes deceive; & the thinker who goes astray must often retrace his footsteps to the spot whence those who think not have never moved away, where they still remain faithfully seated round the silent, essential truth. They are the guardians of the watch-fires of the tribe; the other take lighted torches & go wandering abroad; but when the air grows heavy & threatens the feeble flame, there is it well to turn back & draw close to the watch-fires once more. These fires seem never to stir from the spot where they always have been; but in truth they are ever moving, keeping time with the worlds; & their flame marks the hour of humanity on

THE WINTER DUSK.

THE 10

NATURE ON A MIDDLESEX ROAD.

Weather and darkness hardly explain the solitude of a Middlesex road in a Saturday twilight. One does not look for coveys of London bicycles and white dresses any more than for May-blossom, but this complete desertion of the highway, this gregariousness of absence, this abandonment of the field to the field, and the dusk to the dusk! One would have expected enough of mere whim in London to dot the road with a few dim Londoners. But they fly from the chilly sunset. Those few do not overtake you, nor do you overtake them, on the road. They are already at the nearest station, while the trees draw nearer in the darkness and the "orange light of evening dies away."

Yet this winter twilight is magical while it lasts, and full of postponed reward. Of the whole coming pageant it is the grace and presentiment. And its character is not one of pause or deadness, but of an inner mustering of strength. In the naked and darkened landscape one sees more for seeing less. A painter half-closes his eyes that he may take in shapes and values, but now Nature lowers her light to show you her still presences of line and mass. One sees more of the tree because the leaves are fallen, more of the hedge because it is stripped, more of the sky because less of the earth. Sounds, though now fewest, are clearest, and they reach the ear with single meanings. The stars, never so glorious, seem to be nearer and more utterant when seen through the tracery of the trees, being, as it were, entangled in the meshes of our world.

The trees have become intimate. In summer they belong to the landscape, but now to themselves; and as they loom up have raised their patterns against the sky, and of their faith and rootage in the earth. In summer you look at a tree from afar, but in winter you look into it from below. It was not for nothing that Wordsworth remembered all through his life the ash tree outside his rooms at Cambridge in its winter bareness.

No doubt it is our delusion of a pause, of a long adjournment, that explains this absence of winter footfalls and voices. But the poets and the almanac-makers overstress the Seasons. Nature knows only her revolving year. The names of Summer, Spring, Autumn, and Winter are labels that are continually coming unstuck. We write them in advance as the most assured of events, and spend half the year seeking them. I know journalists, stout, honest fellows, who earn half their house-rent as town-criers of the lost Spring, and as agents-provocateurs of the Dog Days. But Nature's wheel revolves without cog or slot. Yes, even our poets are to blame. They write of the Seasons as though each was entered by a kept gate, and with parley. But a poet of our time—the greatest perhaps in all but display—knew better when she made the Spring say to the Summer:—

Thou unto whom my lyre shall fall,
Whene'er thou comest, hear my call.
O, keep the promise of my lays,
Take the sweet parable of my days;
I trust thee with the aim of all.

And if thy thoughts unfold from me,
Know that I too have hints of thee,
Dim hopes that come across my mind
In the rare days of warmer wind,
And tones of summer in the sea.

Thus Alice Meynell, in a beautiful song of the spiritual year. Winter, too, has her onward message, and one hears it in the dusk of a Middlesex road as that "ghostly language of the ancient earth" which Wordsworth heard in the hills.

Wordsworth knew the magic of the winter dusk, and for this and other reasons I am glad that Lord Morley tells us in his "Recollections" that he will back himself to find two fine lines in every page of "The Excursion"—that deserted road of poetry. He is on a "good thing." People do not read "The Excursion" for the same reason that they do not walk this winter road. They fly, not from what is there, but from what they miss in the prospect. But the fear of tedium is the beginning of loss, and too often we miss the core of life in our search for its excitement. A man's love of Nature must be measured by the variety of her ministries to which he responds. In London, I believe,

they reach the end with a glow. The stars, never so glorious, seem to be nearer and more utterance when seen through the tracery of the trees, being, as it were, entangled in the meshes of our world.

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The few who walk there know that they are laying up that power to recall the child in the elder which deepens all later interest, and gives us the vision of lives, whole in experience, advancing innumerable strong to the tasks of Earth.

the deal of the universe. We know exactly how
much the inert forces owe to the thinker; we
forget the deep indebtedness of the thinker to inert
force. In a world where all were thinkers, more
than one indispensable truth might perhaps forever
be lost. For indeed the thinker must never lose
touch with those who do not think, as his thoughts
would then quickly cease to be just or profound.
To disdain is only too easy, not so to understand;
but in him who is truly wise there passes
no thought of disdain, but it will, sooner or
later, ~~be met with full comprehension~~ ^{be met with full comprehension}. The
thought that can travel scornfully over the
heads of that great silent throng, without
recognizing its myriad brothers & sisters that are
slumbering there in its midst, is only too often
merely a sterile vicious dream. We do well
to remind ourselves at times that the spiritual, no
less than the physical atmosphere demands
more nitrogen than oxygen for the air to be
breathed by man.

"It is in our conception of life that real destiny is found."

"To act", says Barres, "is to annex to our thoughts vaster fields of experience."

"Effort was lacking, perhaps, in Emily Brontë's life. In her soul there was wealth of passion & freedom & daring, but in her life similitude, ~~the~~ silence, ~~inertness~~, conventions, & prejudice; the very things that she thought she despised. This is the history of the too ^{meditative} soul.

"It is well that a noble heart should await a great love; better still that this heart, all expectant, should cease not from loving; & that, as it loves, it should scarcely be conscious of its desire for more exquisite love. In love as in life, expectation avails us but little; through loving we learn to love; & it is the so-called disillusion of

T. L. S. 110714 v

That reminds one of the still life of a painter such as Chardin, who by his manner of painting a loaf of bread and a flask of wine seems to invest them with the mystery and beauty of a far landscape. But all true art is for ever discovering such connexions and likenesses, finding the same significance in all things and making them all seem friendly to the spirit. When art ceases from these discoveries the life dies out of it and it becomes a game of mere combinations and repetitions, like so much of our minor poetry.

Times Lit. Sup. Jan 7 1905. Review of the
Huxley Lectures.

No one, not even one with Huxley's capacity and knowledge, can be with impunity for many years a controversialist. The penalty of polemics must be paid. Out of prolonged strife the controversialist sometimes comes with wounds deeper than those which he inflicts. The more successful he is the less become his aptitude and opportunity for the highest work.

pettier love that will, the most simply, faithfully,
feed the immovable flame of the mightier love
that ~~it~~ shall come, it may be, to illumine the
rest of our life."

"Our ideal will never be met with in life unless
we have first achieved it within us to the fullest
extent in our power."

Les Derniers Bretons
Emile Souvestre. II. 1875

p 116

"les docteurs, les docteurs, les
chapelles qui étalent, sur le sol breton,
leurs opulentes dentelles de granit.
Mais l'époque où ces édifices furent
bâti explique les merveilles de
leur construction. Tous s'élevèrent
au commencement du seizième
siècle, au moment où la Bretagne
entraît dans une de ces inspirations
poétiques, plus rares encore chez
les nations que chez les individus,
et auxquelles on doit les chefs-d'œuvre.
Ce siècle fut, dans l'Armorique,
un siècle de virilité pour le géant
populaire. Tourmenté depuis
longtemps d'une ardeur comprimée,
il se mit à transporter des rochers
et à remuer des montagnes afin
d'essayer ses forces. Un besoin de

The Concluding sentence of Kant's Critique of
Pure Reason

"Two things fill the mind with ever new and ever increasing admiration the more thought dwells on them: the starry sky, and the moral law within me." T^h

"DEMONSTRATI

A "demonstration service, organized by Suffragettes, was held Park. The speakers, platforms, and the considerable number military sq, but ma were adherents of the After the meeting calling on men an Prussianism."

The standing com Coucil on Saturday Bill and adopted a r deep sense of wrong manhood of Ireland il portion of the United

"SERENDIPITY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—The writer of the article on "Bookworms in Ward" in *The Times* of today assigns a meaning to the word "serendipity" ("the marvellous collecting" which I think Horace Walpole, the inventor of the term, would fail to recognize. Walpole's own definition, as given in his letter to Horace Mann of January 28, 1754 (Vol. III., p. 264, of Mrs. Toynbee's Edition of the "Letters"), in which he explains the origin of the word, is "accidental sagacity (for you must observe that no discovery of anything you are looking for comes under this description!)"—in other words, it is the gift, or faculty, or "talisman," as Walpole calls it, whereby, while looking for one thing, you find another which you were not in search of at the time. The "New English Dictionary" defines it as "the faculty of making happy and unexpected discoveries by accident."

Your obedient servant,
PAGET TOYNBEE.
Fiveways, Burnham, Bucks, Jan. 4.

ASHTON HOUSE FROM
WITHIN.

"The Women's Lodging-house? First turn to the left; you can't miss it!" And sure enough round the corner it seemed to spring suddenly up before me—a tall red building, with cheerful light in its many windows.

From the darkness of the street through the folding-doors, and a surge of light and pleasant warmth surrounded me. The portress, in her little box, smiled—"A six-penny bed? Clean sheets? Oh yes, There's clean sheets every night in the sixpenny beds. You can get your supper there" (pointing), "and cook it there. You'll be all right."

Bed every half hour. "You be coming round at 9.30, and then again at 10." Grasping my pink cubicle ticket, I pushed on and stood before the Bar, wondering what its resources were. I ventured tea, to which the cheerful little lady within responded—"Penny or half-penny brew?" I hesitated on a halfpenny

old, "respectable" and otherwise, clean and dirty, ragged and tidy, bidding each other cheerily good-night.

In the morning I meet my two out-of-work friends of the night before, and invite them to breakfast, knowing that they have not a penny in their pockets. We have tea, bread and butter, and corned beef, as much as we can eat, working out, I find, at 3d. a head.

But never were such appreciative guests.

"Eh! This breakfast must be costing a tidy lot!" is their favourite comment.

In drugs herself a little woman with extraordinary refined features and tiny hands, but heavy-eyed and evidently of her conversation—"That pub. round the corner . . .

on the booze . . . whisky and port wine corn they knocked me about, bilked me and

awful," with the conclusion, "Must try and square myself to some work."

She is obviously not of the working class, and there is a gleam in her eyes of tragically humorous self-contempt, arousing speculation.

And now we are all scattering—some to the work, some to look for work, some on the tramp. A young woman, weak and dispirited, an

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Manchester Guardian
Nov: 7/10
Monday

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TO A MOUSE.

(On turning her up in her nest with the plough, November 1785.)

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou needna start awa' sno hasty,
Wi' bickerin' brattle!
I wad be laith to rin nu' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry Man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve:
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimeen icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
It's silly wa's the winn's are strowin'!
An' naething now to big a new ane
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary Winter comin' fast,
An' eozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coultter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the Winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mouseie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft agley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee;

But och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear;
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY.

(On turning one down with the plough, in April 1786.)

Wee, modest, crimson-tipp'd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an ev'il hour,
For I maun crush among the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neighbour sweet,
The bonny lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy greet!
Wi' speckl'd breast,
When upward springing blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Couldst thou the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth:
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Aoid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield:
But thou, beneath the random field
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
A soul lifts thy unassuming head
In humble glee;
But now the share uploos thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust:
Till she, like thee, all soil'd is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the c'rd
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And 'whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'd,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

The Life of Florence Nightingale
In Edward Cook 1913

"What nights we have had this last month, though
when one thinks that there are hundreds & thousands
of people suffering in the same way, when one sees
in every cottage some trouble which defies sympathy — &
there is all the world putting on its shoes & stockings every
morning all the same — & the wandering earth going
its inexorable tread — mill through those cold-hearted
stars in the eternal silence, as if nothing were the
matter; — death seems less dreary than life as that
rate."

"There are Perseus & Ganymede as well as burnt or
drowned ones. Society of course does not know them
& Family cannot, because we point out to one another
in our families is, & must be, like that of the moon
to the Earth. The Moon revolves round her, moves
with her, never leaves her. Yet the Earth never sees but
one side of her; the other side remains forever unknown."

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,
on the Approach of Spring.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea;
Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance flies.

Now lay'ricks wake the merry raorn,
Aloft on deasy wing:
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis, wild wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae:
The meanest kind in fair Scotland,
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie Franco,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly ran I in the morn,
As blithe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And many a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman!
My sister and my fae:
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae!
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Ner th' balm that drops on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine!
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!
Ged keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee:
And where thou meet'st thy mother's
friend,
Remember him for me!

O! soon to me may summer suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn wiuds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave!

Tam o' Shanter

But pleasures are like poppies spread—
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!
Or like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;

The Wind Among the Reeds by W. B. Yeats

... Hedh tells of the Rose in his heart.

All things uncomely & broken, all things worn
out & old,

The cry of a child by the roadway, the creak
of a lumbering cart,

The heavy steps of the ploughman, splashing the
wintry mould,

Are wronging your image that blossoms a rose in the
depths of my heart.

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The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong
great to be told;

I hunger to build them anew & sit on a green
knoll apart,

With the earth & the sky & the water, remade,
like a casket of gold

For my dreams of your image that blossoms a rose
in the depths of my heart

The Song of Wandering Aengus

I went out to the hazel wood,
Because a fire was in my head,
And cut + peeled a hazel wand,
And hooked a berry to a thread;
And when white moths were on the wing,
And moth-like stars were flickering out,
I dropped the berry in a stream
And caught a little silver trout.

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

When I had laid it on the floor
I went to blow the fire a-flame,
But something rustled on the floor,
And ^{someone} ~~some time~~ called me by my name:
It had become a glimmering girl
With apple blossom in her hair
Who called me by my name & ran
And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering
Through hollow lands & hilly lands,
I will find out where she has gone,
And kiss her lips & take her hands;
And walk among long dappled grass,
And pluck till time & tides are done,
The silver apples of the moon,
The golden apples of the sun."

Seth makes for the cloths of heaven

Had I the heavens embroidered cloths,
Imwrought with gold & silver light,
The blue & the dim & the dark cloths
Of night & light & the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

Poems by W. B. Yeats

The Countess Cathleen

Cathleen

"He does not formate the world,
But stands before it modelling in the clay
And moulding there his image. Age by age
The clay was with his fingers & pleads hard
For its old, heavy, dull, & shapeless ease;
At times it crumbles & a nation falls,
Then moves away & demn hords are born."

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

When you are old

"How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And ~~loved~~ ^{all} the sorrows of your changing face."

ms

Oh, what to me the little room,
That was brimmed up with prayer & rest?
He bade me come into the gloom,
And my breast lies upon his breast.

Oh, what to me my mother's care,
The home where I was safe & warm?
The shadowy blossom of my hair
Will hide us from the bitter storm.

O, hiding hair & dewy eyes,
I am no more with life & death!
My heart upon his warm heart lies;
My breath is mixed with his breath.

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

I will arise & go now, & go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay & wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honeybee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes
dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, & noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise & go now, for always night & day
I hear lake water lapping with low sound by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

Song from "Anashoga + Vijaya"

"A sad, sad thought went by me slowly :

Sigh, O you little stars ! O, sigh & shake your blue apparel !

The sad, sad thought has gone from me now wholly :

Sing, O you little stars ! O, sing, & raise your rapturous carol
To mighty Brahma, he who made you many as the sands,
And laid you on the gates of evening with his quiet hands."

The Stolen Child

Where dips the rocky highland
Of Sleuth Wood in the lake,
There lies a leafy island

Where flapping herons wake
The dusky water rats ;

There we've hid our fairy vats.
Full of berries,

And of reddest stolen cherries.
Come away, O human child!

To the waters & the wild

With a fairy hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand.

x x x x x x x x x x

Away with us he's going,
 The solemn eyed:
 He'll hear no more the lowing
 Of the calves on the warm hillside;
 Or the kettles on the hob
 Sing peace into his breast,
 Or see the brown mice bob
 Round & round the oatmeal chest.
 For he comes, the human child,
 To the waters & the wild,
 With a fairy, hand in hand,
 From a world more full of weeping than he can understand.

to retain his position—the scientist must have a personal
 of his own. Merely brilliant work does not inspire others
 so emulation: although science depends on the intellect for
 its progress, it is only when that intellect expresses itself in
 human emotions that others are likely to be infected with
 enthusiasm. We think of those who have helped us to re-
 gain our ideals in the past: men with loveable personal
 characteristics, first human, then scientific, imbued with an
 energy altogether surprising, pursuing an end which ever
 recedes as it seems to become more dear. Ostwald, standing
 at the grave of Wailocemus, caught the true spirit when he
 said, addressing the dead: "Und wenn wir betrachten
 vor ihnen stehen, so fühlen wir es lebendig, du warst nicht
 nur ein grosser Forscher, du warst auch ein guter Mensch!"
 And with that we can leave the subject.

Sidney College.

E. E. TURNER.

The New Godling

Said H. G. Wells, I think you'll find
 My God has fresh and charming features.
 At any rate He knows my mind.
 And doesn't talk about 'His Creatures.'
 Better He'll stand harsh Reason's strain
 Than jawch, Zeus and other swain
 Though not, of course, quite on the plane
 Of one and only H. G. Wells.

EDEN PHILLIPOTS.

The Personal Note in Research

In a recent article (*Cambridge Magazine*, May 12) the difficulties in which a young teacher of science finds himself were discussed at some length, and it remains to examine the situation of other scientific men engaged in teaching, in connection with their opportunities for carrying on research. Even when the initial difficulties have been overcome, the teacher will find that his every effort is hampered by shortsightedness on the part of the Higher Authorities. The first evil is the inadequate granting of funds: this makes the salaries quite insufficient, and the teachers have to supplement their incomes from this source by other means—the writing of a text-book to “supply long-felt want” (for the hundredth time!) or the acceptance of examinerships or even of part time posts elsewhere. When spare time is filled in this way it is obvious that research cannot be undertaken. A second point is the fact that teachers are commonly expected to teach in both Day and Evening classes: Berthelot used to insist that Evening schools were a mistake except in cases where purely mechanical instruction was given: he was probably right. At any rate, it is scandalous that the same man should have to teach at all hours of the day, especially in view of the large difference in type between evening students and day students. The former have already themselves done a hard day's work, and tired teachers are the last people to give instruction to tired students, who need very sympathetic treatment. A third deficiency in modern colleges is the tremendous amount of clerical work, mainly in connection with the elaborate “registers” supplied by a grandmootherly Board of Education, in which the teacher has to record all kinds of details, subsequently to be worked up into formidable statistics by the Higher Authorities, so that the public can see what a great deal it gets in return for the microtithe absorbed by the Education Fund from the National Exchequer. Fourthly, we have the examination epidemic, which is the horror of teacher and taught alike. One cannot dogmatise on such subjects, but one or two points seem fairly certain. Examinations are essential until the fresh student has acquired a certain groundwork of facts; but as the teacher gains an increasing knowledge of his class these examinations should assume a different character: and by examining every six months instead of after two or three years the effort on the part of the students would be distinctly lessened, and they could be taught with greater efficiency than those who merely have one grand inquisition just before they leave the University. Sir William Ramsay was in favour of the awarding of degrees in science on professional opinions, but there can be little doubt that without examinations few students can be relied on to work hard, and there is also the fact that it is extremely difficult for a Professor to form absolutely unbiased judgments in these days when inter-collegiate and inter-university rivalry still seem to come before sound learning. And yet until the present examination craze has died down somewhat we cannot hope for a proper acceptance of research.

Other existing defects in our scientific education system will at once occur to those who are connected with it. Let us see, however, what result is produced. A teacher of chemistry in general seldom secures sufficient independence to do research until he is thirty years of age, when his keenness and vigour are beginning to fade; those who attempt to take time by the forelock find themselves suffering from nervous breakdown; those who are less active

in their protests (and these are probably the majority) have no alternative than to become ‘chemical school-masters,’ in whose lives research has existed as a vague aspiration, but now has gone for ever. And thus the cycle closes. Just as one keen worker will stimulate dozens of others to productive activity, so one whose light has been extinguished will but reflect any light his students happen to radiate.

It has been said that no institution in which research does not flourish can ever become a centre of scientific activity. Yet of the three hundred odd colleges capable of turning out research in this country only a few send out publications of an original nature. Some there are who have created schools of research around them, but these are few. We cannot expect anything other than this when we do our very best to crush out individuality by a cramping educational system based upon purely utilitarian standards.

One or two other general considerations will help to complete our picture.

Men are often retained at college, and thus enabled to carry on research simply because they have political or religious views that harmonise well with “the tradition of the old place.” This state of affairs is less evident in the new than in the older universities, and will possibly be of short duration when the present gerontocracy has safely reached Abraham's bosom (as no doubt it will in due course). It seems probable that when the scientific education of this country is properly organised, the tyranny of tradition in thought and the fetish of religious orthodoxy will be ignominiously relegated to the memories of a Brilliant Past.

Another form of tyranny is illustrated by the following incident. A student of science, qualified to undertake research (in which he had indeed been engaged for over two years), paid a visit to a well-known London College, asking permission to do private research in the laboratories. The Professor's reply was that he could not allow private research to go on in the department, but that if the student wanted to use the laboratory he must work with a member of the staff, to wit the Professor himself; in short, he must keep the Professor's own pot boiling. This, from an avowedly honest follower of science is nothing short of preposterous, and such facts cannot be too widely advertised.

Among all these difficulties, which by the way have analogues in other branches of educational activity, have young workers in the past had to carry out research; with the difficulties removed there is every probability that the amount of research would be doubled or trebled and its standard improved at the same time. At the head of affairs we need a scientific man—a “Cultus Minister,” only something a little less Prussian. The tiny grant Mr. Fisher has secured for educational reform shows that he has not realised the needs of the times. He cannot be expected to understand the reforms needed in scientific education owing to his exclusively non-scientific training, but he has made one or two steps in the right direction, and possible when the war is over we can hope that a scientific advisory committee, with no railway managers sitting on it, will be formed to assist the Minister of Education in the required direction.

The German system of education could teach us much; yet we want to avoid Prussianising our educational system.

"A woman of so shining loveliness
That men threshed corn at midnight by a tress,
A little stolen tress."

"Fasten your hair with a golden pin,
And bind up every wandering tress;
I bade my heart build these poor rhymes:
It worked at them, day out, day in,
Building a sorrowful loveliness
Out of the battles of old times."

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

Your neck but lift a pearl-pale hand,
And bind up your long hair with sigh;
And all men's hearts must burn & beat;
And candle-like foam on the dim sand,
And stars climbing the dew-dropping sky,
Live but to light your passing feet."

The Wanderings of Oisín

"many a trumpet-twisted shell
That in immortal silence sleeps
Dreaming of her own melting hues,
Her joys, her ambrosia, & her blues."

"Joy drowns the twilight in the dew,
And fills with stars night's purple cup,
And wakes the sluggard seeds of corn,
And stirs the young bird's budding horn,
And makes the infant ferns unwrap,
And for the peasant paints his cap,
And rolls along the unwieldy sun,
And makes the little planets run."

"the sympathy of the artist, which is half pity, for
everything which has moved men's hearts in every
age."

Dante's Vita Nuova. Trans. by J. G. Rossetti.

My lady carries love within her eyes ;
All that she looks on is made pleasanter ;
Upon her path men turn to gaze at her ;
He whom she greeteth feels his heart to rise,
And droops his troubled visage, full of sighs,
And of his evil heart is then aware :
Hate loves, & pride becomes a worshipper.

O-women, help to praise her in some wise.

Humbleness, & the hope that hopeth well,

By speech of hers into the mind are brought,
And who beholds is blessed oflenwhiles.

The look she hath when she a little smiles
Cannot be said nor holden in the thought ;
'Tis such a new & gracious miracle.

"And then perceiving how frail a thing life is, even though health keep with it, the matter seemed to me so pitiful that I could not choose but weep ; & weeping I said within myself : "Certainly it must some time come to pass that the very gentle Beatrice will die." Then, feeling bewildered, I closed mine eyes."

[The death of Beatrice]

Then lifting up mine eyes, as the tears came,
I saw the Angels, like a rain of manna,
In a long flight flying back Heavenward;
Having a little closed in front of them,
After the which they went & said, 'Hosanna';

x x x x x x x x x x

Her ladies with a veil were covering her;
And with her was such very humbleness
That she appeared to say, 'I am at peace.'

But from the height of woman's fairness, she,
Going up from us with the joy we had,
Grew perfectly & spiritually fair;
That so she spreads even there
A light of love which makes the Angels glad,
And even unto their subtle minds can bring
A certain awe of profound marvelling.

A Shropshire Lad

A. S. Housman

11

Lowest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for eastertide,

Now, if my threescore years + ten
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

Ideas of Good & Evil W B Yeats

"All art is, indeed, a monotony in external things for the sake of an interior variety, a sacrifice of gross effects to subtle effects, an asceticism of the imagination."

The Shadowy Waters W. B. Yeats

"Summer Kyle-na-gna

Where many hundred squirrels are as happy
As though they had been hidden by green boughs
Where old age cannot find them;

"Is Eden out of time & out of space?
And do you gather about us when pale light
Shines on water & fatten among leaves,
And winds blowing from flowers, & whirr of
feathers
And the green quiet, have uplifted the heart?"

"The Gipsy Girl" —

"Come, try your skill, kind gentleman,
A penny for three tries!"
Some threw and lost, some threw and won
A ten-a-penny prize.

She was a tawny gipsy girl,
A girl of twenty years,
I liked her for the lumps of gold
That jingled from her ears;

I liked the staring yellow scarf
Bound loose about her throat,
I liked her showy purple gown,
And flashy velvet coat.

A man came up, too loose of tongue,
And said no good to her;
She did not blush as Saxons do,
Or turn upon the cur;

She fawned and whined, "Sweet gentleman,
A penny for three tries!"
—But oh, the den of wild things is
The darkness of her eyes!

Ralph Hodgson.

The prayers

included the following from the 16th century —
O Lord, support us all the day long of this troublesome life, until
the shades lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world
is hushed, the fever of life is over, and our work is done. Then,
Lord, in Thy mercy, grant us safe lodging, a holy rest, and peace
at the last, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Times
March 8, 1916

PLAIN SPEAKING BY ADMIRAL
SIR H. MEUX.

ADMIRAL SIR H. MEUX (Portsmouth, U.).—I had not intended to interpose in this debate until I had the pain of hearing the speech of the late First Lord. I think the House should know that if the present First Lord is foolish enough to adopt his suggestion and bring back Lord Fisher to the Admiralty there will be consternation throughout the Navy. A week or 10 days ago two or three officers in the Grand Fleet wrote to me and asked me "For God's sake to stop this intrigue," and I intend to if I can. (Hear, hear.) The hon. and gallant gentleman, whom I was disappointed not to see in uniform (laughter), is asking the First Lord to commit hari-kari, and not only him, but the Government. That is the meaning of the intrigue—to turn out the Government and nothing else. When the men in the Grand Fleet read the late First Lord's speech they will say, "Here's a nice state of affairs! (Laughter.) What has the present Admiralty done wrong? What's the matter with Sir Henry Jackson? What is his fault?" I will tell you what his fault is. He does not advertise. (Hear, hear.) He does not have correspondents and newspaper people in his office all day. That is the real reason why this agitation is got up; because the present Admiralty are doing their work to the satisfaction of the Navy and not boasting about it. During the first few months of the war, whenever we had a success and if the enemy had a slight failure, the whole of the Navy were pained by vulgar boasting. When there is loud boasting and official condemnation of our enemy—who in spite of some of their brutalities are a gallant enemy—a quiver of shame runs through the Navy. Besides, everybody with a knowledge of history knows that boasting is unlucky, and when the Navy read the First Lord's speech they will say, "At last we have a ruler who does not grate upon our nerves." (Laughter.) The hon. and gallant member and I have been old friends, and I have received many kindnesses from him, but there are limits of endurance. (Laughter and cheers.) I will not keep the House very long. (Cheers and cries of "Go on" and "They are turning in to hear you.") When the late First Lord and Lord Fisher were at the Admiralty they were at daggers drawn and everybody knew it. Are we to have that all over again? The late First Lord said he could not get proper guidance from Lord Fisher, and that is the man he wants to bring back. Does the House call for Lord Fisher? The Navy has not called for him. I am sorry to say this, because he and I have been friends for many years; but it can't be helped. (Laughter.)

"TOO MUCH MADE OF ZEPPELIN RAIDS."

As to aircraft, I think we are making a good deal too much of these Zeppelin raids. (Hear, hear.) I can say that because we are all in the same danger. Even in this House we are not safe, although I don't suppose there is any truth in the German rumour that any German airman who destroys this House and the members in it will get penal servitude for life. (Laughter.) I do not agree with the First Lord who says he does not blame our rulers for not having Zeppelins. I do, but as that was before the war they is in.

"Wedded Love,"

Thy reverent heart familiarly doth take
Unconscious clasp of high and holy things,
And trusteth where it may not understand.
We have had sorrows, love! and wept the tears
That run the rose-hue from the cheeks of life.
But grief hath jewels as night hath her stars,
And she revealeth what we ne'er had known
With joy's wreath tumbled o'er our blinded eyes.

Inscription over gate of temple garden of Kamakura
"Welcome, stranger, whoever thou art, & whatever thy
 creed may be, only remember that thou treadest
 on ground hallowed by the worship of ages. This is
 the Temple of Buddha, & the gateway of the
 Eternal, therefore draw near with reverence."

Imperial Tokyo by Emily A. Richards
The Gentleman's Magazine.
Sept. 1904.

AN ENCORE.

We have received so many applications for back copies of "The Star" containing the verses "H.I.M. William," by Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, a distinguished American writer, that we reprint them again. They were first quoted in "The Star" about fifteen years ago, from a New York paper, and were reprinted in "The Star" last week.

"H.I.M. WILLIAM."

Translated from a German memorandum found in the Emperor's personal wastebasket. The original has been presented by the finder to the British Museum. — John Kendrick Bangs.

Oh Me!
Oh My!
And likewise I!!!
Sit still, my curie, while I orate
Me, I, Myself, The Throne, The State,
I am the earth, the moon, the sun
All rolled in one!
Both hemispheres am I,
Oh My!
If there were three, the Three
I'd be.
I am the Dipper, Night and Day,
The North and Southern Poles, the Milky
Way.
I am they that walk or fly on wing,
Or swim or creep . . . I'm everything.
It makes me tremble like the aspen tree,
To think I'm Me!
And blink like stars up in the sky
To think I'm I—
And shrink in terror like a frightened elf
To realise that I'm Myself.
Ye blithering slaves beneath My iron heel,
What know ye of the things I feel?
Didst ever wake at dead of night,
And stand in awe of thine own might?
It took six days to make the land and sea,
But centuries were passed in making Me,
The universe an easy task! but I—
Oh my!

By the Ionian Sea
George Gissing

"So hard a thing to catch & to retain, the mood
corresponding perfectly to an intellectual bias—"

"No, it is not merely the difference between homely
Anglo-Saxon & a language of classic origin,
there is a radical distinction of thought. These
people have an innate respect for things of the
mind, which is wholly lacking to a typical
Englishman."

"All around lay orchards of orange trees, the
finest I had ever seen, cover their solid masses
of dark foliage, thick hung with ripening fruit,
poured the splendour of the western sky. It was
a picture unsurpassable in richness of tone;
the dense leafage of deepest, warmest green
glowed & flashed, its magnificence heightened by

MISS CAYELL'S

I had done one better than this I would say, standing, as I do, in view of God and eternity, I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone.

We partook of the Holy Communion together, and she received the Gospel message of consolation with all her heart. At the close of the little service I began to repeat the words, "Abide with Me," and she joined softly in the end.

We sat quietly talking until it was time for me to go. She gave me parting messages for relations and friends. She spoke of her soul's needs at the moment and she received the assurance of God's Word as only the Christian can do.

Then I said, "Good-bye," and she smiled and said, "We shall meet again."

The German military chaplain was with her at the end and afterward gave her Christian burial. He told me:—"She was brave and bright to the last. She professed her Christian faith, and that she was glad to die for her country." "She died like a heroine."

H. STIRLING T. GAHAN,
British Chaplain, Brussels.

Outside official circles full vent is given to the feelings of execration aroused by this latest German atrocity. Even German-Americans feel constrained to record how shocked they are. "It is a terrible thing, and such things should have to happen," is the comment of Mr. Hermann Ridder. "Though he applauded the sinking of the Lusitania Mr. Ridder cannot stomach the needless execution of a helpless noble-minded woman." "There are times," he confessed, "when the German commanders do things in the heat of war which even our own people cannot uphold."

The blaze of the countless golden spheres adorning it. Beyond, the magu sea, purple & crimson as the sun descended upon the vanishing horizon. Pastward, above the slopes of Sela, stood a moon almost as its full, the yellow of an autumn leaf, or a sky soft-flushed with rose.

In my geography it is written that between Catanzaro & the sea lie the gardens of the Hesperides.

ALL SOULS' DAY. SOLDIERS OF YPRES. 1914-1917.
Who comes? Who gives our password, with the sight to join our ranks?
"Soldiers of England."
"NAY. Not these, we know our own. No host like this Bore arms for England."
"Yet we are her sons."
"Whence come you?" "From your Calvary of Ypres. That holy spot where valour reached a height. And, unsupported, held and saved the World. You cause more nearly to the high ideal Of One Who died for men than e'er you dreamed. There, where for God and Right—naught else—you raised The standard in the face of a awful odds. One watch-word only, "Duty," on your lips. Your passion steadfastly endured, your faith. Your unconsidered sacrifice, has drawn A world of men adance to serve the cause. We are of those who follow where you led. We hold aloft the standard you bequeathed. We keep the gate to Britain that you barred. So dare we fight, and when our task is done So dare we follow where you serve to-day."
"Now God be thanked, and be you welcome—friends!"

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MISS CAVELL'S LAST HOURS.

CHAPLAIN'S REPORT.

TRIBUTE FROM THE ENEMY.

"SHE DIED LIKE A HEROINE."

A description of the last visit of Mr. Gahan, British Chaplain at Brussels, to Miss Cavell, the English nurse who was executed by the Germans on the morning of October 12 for having aided soldiers of the Allied Armies to escape from Belgium, was issued last night by the Press Bureau.

With it was published a report by Mr. Whitlock upon his efforts, on behalf of the institution of which Miss Cavell was head, to obtain the delivery of her body. So far the rigid German regulations have been a bar to the granting of this request.

We have received many letters protesting against the inhumanity of Miss Cavell's execution, and of these we publish a selection, including letters from Sir Arthur Evans, the Dowager Countess of Jersey, and Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Mr. Whitlock's report on his efforts to gain a reprieve for Miss Cavell was received too late in America for editorial comment, but the news has aroused widespread indignation.

MR. GAHAN'S ACCOUNT.

The text of Mr. Gahan's memorandum is as follows:—

On Monday evening, October 11, I was admitted by special passport from the German authorities to the prison of St. Gilles, where Miss Edith Cavell had been confined for 10 weeks. The final sentence had been given early that afternoon.

To my astonishment and relief I found my friend perfectly calm and resigned. But this could not lessen the tenderness and intensity of feeling on either part during that last interview of almost an hour.

Her first words to me were upon a matter concerning herself personally, but the solemn asseveration which accompanied them was made expressly in the light of God and eternity. She then added that she wished all her friends to know that she willingly gave her life for her country and said:—

I have no fear nor shrinking; I have seen death so often that it is not strange or fearful to me.

She further said:—

I thank God for this ten weeks' quiet before the end.

Life has always been hurried and full of difficulty.

This time of rest has been a great mercy.

They have all been very kind to me here. But this I would say, standing, as I do, in view of God and eternity, I realize that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone.

We partook of the Holy Communion together, and she received the Gospel message of consolation with all her heart. At the close of the little service I began to repeat the words, "Abide with Me," and she joined softly in the end.

We sat quietly talking until it was time for me to go. She gave me parting messages for relations and friends. She spoke of her soul's needs at the moment and she received the assurance of God's Word as only the Christian can do.

Then I said, "Good-bye," and she smiled and said, "We shall meet again."

The German military chaplain was with her at the end and afterward gave her Christian burial. He told me:—"She was brave and bright to the last. She professed her Christian faith, and that she was glad to die for her country." "She died like a heroine."

H. STERLING T. GAHAN,
British Chaplain, Brussels.

CHRISTMAS
A.D. 1902

If I could find the little Year,
The Dappy Year, the glad New Year—
If I could find him setting forth
To seek the ancient track—
I'd bring him here, the little Year,
Like a pedlar with his pack.
And all of golden brightness,
And nothing dull or black
And all that heart could fancy,
And all that heart could lack,
Should be your share of the pedlar's
When he undid his pack. ware,
The best from out his treasure
A smile of yours would cogx,
And then we'd speed him on his way,
At midnight's falling strokes;
And bid him hurry round the world
And serve the other folks!

L.F. DAY.

NEW YEAR
A.D. 1903

R.E. DAY.

Lecture by T.G. Bonney, 1904

"The recognition of differences is chiefly useful
in interpreting the significance of resemblances."

1903 13. Mecklenburgh Sq: 1904
What says the NEW YEAR? All that has not been
Shall be with me.
And all that bygone years have never seen.
THIS year shall see
Then wherefore grieve?
We know the rogue is laughing in his sleeve —
Yes! Yes! yet we believe.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. By Van Wyck Brooks.
(Grant Richards.) 1st ed.

For artistic
sincerity does, without doubt, consist precisely
of getting the real self into art, of externalising
in forms the profoundest intuitions of the
heart.

"There is no finality in the pursuits of men, &
scientific treatises live, if they live at all, by
their gift of expression. In this respect they
differ not from other works of art in prose
or verse."

Musings with one method. Blankwood.
Mch 1916

"The Fore-runner" by Dmitri Merezhkowski 1902
Sayings put into the mouth of Leonardo da Vinci
"Great love is the daughter of great knowledge"

Death "man (who, ceases in desire, joyous in
impatience, ever awaits a new spring, & thinketh that his
desire is slow in its fulfilment) does not know that he
expecteth but his own destruction & his end. But this
expectation is the quintessence of nature, the soul of
the elements, & finding itself in the soul of man, it is
the desire to return from the body unto Him who
made it."

"a little knowledge puffs up; great knowledge
makes humble. Blasted ears raise proud heads;
those full of grain bow down."

"Levani Oculos" (press me in ms by James
Robertson, ^{authenticum} Bashford)

"Mahomed, here the mountains stood
Aloof from his so strong desire,
Mahomed, being great & good—
And likewise free—concealed his eye
And since then with my eye not be bene
Mahomed to the mountains went.

I too, a clerk in Bedford Row,
Long years the mountains yearned to see
And since to them I could not go,
Pleading that they might come to me,
"If faith," I said, "can mountains move,
How surely should they come for Love."

And so, today I watch them crowd
Range upon range, above my head
Crested with golden cloud
And snow-white Andes, capture-led,
Yea, Himalayas crowned with snow
Above my head in Bedford Row."

The Tragic Comedians... G. Meredith

"She had so shifted & wound about, & so pulled her
heart to pieces, that she could no longer sanely &
with wholeness encounter a shock: she had no
sensations firm enough to be stamped by a signet."

Maria Edge-
worth, an old lady when Mrs. Jameson met her.
She wrote a letter in which her goodness and
shrewdness mingle:—

"I have always believed that great talents,
or abilities, or genius, by whatever name we
choose to call intellectual superiority, is, or was,
naturally—originally—connected with what we
call good heart and kind benevolent feelings,
that prompt to all the social and moral virtues.
I have found this in many instances, and as I
grow old—and very old—it is delightful to find
fresh instances and proofs of my being in the
right."

The concluding passages of the letter advised
Mrs. Jameson never to sell her copyrights.

Life of Walter Bagehot. Mr. Russell
Barrington
1914

W. B. - "The First Edinburgh Reviewers"
"A clear, precise, discriminating intellect shrinks
at once from the symbolic, the unfounded, the
indefinite. The misfortune is that my stream
is true. There certainly are kinds of truths,
borne in as it were instinctively on the human
intellect, most influential on the character &
the heart, yet hardly capable of stringent
statement, difficult to limit by an elaborate
definition. Their course is shadowy; the mind
seems rather to have seen than to see them,
more to feel after than definitely apprehend
them. They commonly involve an indefinite
element, which of course cannot be stated precisely,
a first-principle, an original tendency,
of our intellectual constitution, which it is
impossible not to feel, & yet which it is hard
to articulate in terms words"

Essais de Montaigne. Edition of Pierre Coste
1727.

Chi puo dir com'egli arde, è in picciol fuoco
(Petrarch)

Qui peut dire à quel point il est enflammé,
ne sent qu'une ardeur mediocre."

Life of Walter Bagehot. (Mr. Russell Barrington)
1914

"The most benumbing thing to the intellect's routine,
the most bewildering is distraction" W. B.

In letter to his fiancée

"The only thing I maintain is that I have a spring &
energy in my mind which enables me to take some
hold of good subjects & makes it natural & inevitable that
I should write on them. I do not think I write well, but I write,
as I speak in the way (I think) that is natural to me, &
the only chance in literature, or in life, is to be yourself. If
you try to be more you will be less."

John Addington Symonds by Van Wyck Brooks
(Frankford) 1914

p 64

"The true artist, it is said, will doubt himself to the end of his days but will never doubt his vocation."

p 198

Letter of J.A.S. to Mr. Brown, July 2, 1891

"You know how little I seek after fame, & how little I value the fame of famous men. You do know how much I value self-effectuation; how I deeply feel it to be the duty of a man to make the best of himself, to use his talents, & make his very defects serve as talents, & to be something for God's sake who made him. In other words, to play his own note in the universal symphony. We have not to ask whether other people will be affected by our written views of this or that; to me, for my part, I find now, with every day I live that my written views have had a wide & penetrating influence where often least expected. That is no affair of mine, any more than if a sunflower be yellow, or a butterfly be flitter. The point for us is to lay all parts of ourselves into vital

correlation, so that we shall think nothing, write nothing, love nothing, live in relation to the central personality — the being of which no prominence is that's our destiny

The head cannot understand any work of Art without the aid of the heart.

GOETHE

+ duty in this short life. And my conclusion is that, in this one life, given to us on earth, it is the man's duty, as recompense to God who placed him here, a Nature, Nature of us all — & the man's highest pleasure, as a person *individuum* — to lay all factors of his being into correspondence for the presentation of himself in something. Whether the world regards that final self-presentation of the man or not seems to me just no matter. So Jenny

And one said to me, 'I sing to God,' so, I say, let us
sing to God. ... If all men & women lived like
this, the symphony of heaven would be a
splendid thing to listen to."

THE TIMES, SATURDAY, JULY 28,
1914

THE SPEAKER.
hypocrites
the reader st.
note in his vol.
in his bearing, which drove the money-changers
from the Temple.

In seasons of spiritual revival all men seem
to catch something of the same inspiration; it is
not they who speak, but the Spirit within them.
Teachers of schools widely-sundered are at one
here; the note of passion is found in George
Fox and in Blaise Pascal; it is heard wherever
the facts of the Faith cease to be traditions, or
secondary interests, and become the only
realities. At the last the secret lies in the dis-
covery of God, or, as the saints have always put
it, in the revelation of God within them. Passion
will never be regained by much thinking and
analysis. No preacher can become passionately
inspired by taking thought, or by exhorting him-
self, or by calling to mind the saints of the past.
He must be forced back, first of all, upon the last
realities.

It is idle to imagine that the war has done
this for all men, or even for vast numbers; but
it is clear that for some the war has meant the
deliberate concentration of the whole being upon
the things that matter; it has brought them face
to face with the realities by which men live;
and these men may come out of the storm with a
burden, divinely given, to declare to others. The
Thing itself as they have seen it will make them
prophets, apostles, and evangelists. The great
note will be heard again.

The Winding Road

Elizabeth Godfrey

"Tympan sharp, awake!
For though the world drift from us like a sigh,
Music is master of all under the moon!"

W.B. Yeats

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these:
A crimson touch on the hard-wood trees;

A vagrant's morning wide & blue
In early fall, when the wind walks, too;

A shadowy highway cool & brown,
Alluring up & enticing down.

An open hand, an easy shoe,
And a hope to make the day go through.

Bliss Carman

PASSION IN RELIGION.

THE NOTE OF INSPIRATION.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

The note of passion is missing in most of the voices which speak of religion to-day. The preacher, like the political speaker, fears to let himself go; he respects sobriety and restraint; he is master of himself, and is not carried along by a force which has captured him and will not let him go; there is little of the demonic in the preaching of to-day. There is no mistaking the note of passion; it can be neither simulated nor silenced. But without it the fullness of the Christian Faith can never be expressed; when the time is come for some fresh outburst of life the note will be detected again. Men will speak once more with the abandonment and inspiration and passion which glow for ever in the Holy Scriptures.

There are parallels in all creative work to this experience of the soul. No great writer is without moments when he is led in glorious captivity by his theme. Then the material, slowly and often tediously gathered, takes fire. The pen cannot keep pace with the torrent of thought. Such moments may recur only after long intervals; no artist could live under the continuous pressure of that hand which is laid upon him. But at times another "girds him and leads him," and he is spent after it is over. Inspiration is never sheer joy; it is joy mingled with agony.

Since religion is of all concerns the inclusive and all-important, it would be strange if there were only cold and restrained speech on the lips of prophets and seers. There is, indeed, room for such sobriety; it is found in the Book of Proverbs and in the Epistle of James; but there is another note in the Holy Scriptures, the note of a burning inspiration; who can miss it in Isaiah? The prophets of Israel were not for ever speaking upon religion; but when they came out of the silence there was always the demonic element waiting to blaze out. It could not be silenced; what could men do with prophets who cried, "Thus saith the Lord"? They were so manifestly not their own masters; sometimes they would have fled from their task, but they could not; His word was in them like a consuming fire.

What is true of the prophets is no less true of the Apostles. They were not always under the same pressure; they had their spells of quiet and peaceful witness; but there came moments when in the thick of a conflict they fought the good fight as men possessed by a divine fury; who can miss that note in the Epistle to the Galatians? The very language shows the strain through which St. Paul was passing. There is a higher sanction still. Words in the Gospels glow at times with a flame all the fiercer because of the restraint of the Speaker. "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" The passion of the words makes the reader shrink; it must have been some such note in his voice, some such terrible earnestness in his bearing, which drove the money-changers from the Temple.

In seasons of spiritual revival all men seem to catch something of the same inspiration; it is not they who speak, but the Spirit within them. Teachers of schools widely sundered are at one here; the note of passion is found in George Fox and in Blaise Pascal; it is heard wherever the facts of the Faith cease to be traditions, or secondary interests, and become the only realities. At the last the secret lies in the discovery of God, or, as the saints have always put it, in the revelation of God within them. Passion will never be regained by much thinking and analysis. No preacher can become passionately inspired by taking thought, or by exhorting himself, or by calling to mind the saints of the past. He must be forced back, first of all, upon the last realities.

It is idle to imagine that the war has done this for all men, or even for vast numbers; but it is clear that for some the war has meant the deliberate concentration of the whole being upon the things that matter; it has brought them face to face with the realities by which men live; and these men may come out of the storm with a burden, divinely given, to declare to others. The Thing itself as they have seen it will make them prophets, apostles, and evangelists. The great note will be heard again.

tempest we took counsel, though our words could scarce be heard in the wrath of the wind; and some decided to try to reach other wells, three days' journey off, and others decided to remain and trust in God. And many were too weak to move, or had no sufficiency of water for the journey. And such as went forth packed their tents upon their camels as best they could, and after confiding each other to the care of God they sallied forth—and none to this day knows where they died.

And still the wind blew. And all the water that remained in my tent was in a large bowl, for the waterskins had cracked and would no longer hold it; and we placed the bowl up to its rim in the sand, and covered it with a wet cloth.

And I said to the woman, my wife, "God, Who created us, has led us into the pathway of death; but let us not complain. He, and He alone, knows. Our lives and our deaths are in His hands. Many have passed before us and many will follow, and were it not for the child—! Behold! we have still a bowl of water. To-night we will not drink, and in the morning we will give the child to drink his fill, and you

but we will leave a—
190th

planes were brought down
driven down out of control. Two of our machines
are missing, one of which was seen to effect a
landing on the beach at Ostend.
Three
successes
maison
infantry
War
Congressors
Headquarters,
achieved quite a big success. Swinging round
from Paris St. Louis, they crossed the Souches
River, deploying and pushing on along a front
of about 700 yards.
There was still fighting about the Green
Crest, a great slag-heap full of machine-gun
posts and dugouts, and the Canadians were
subjected to a very harassing fire from east of
Press St. Louis. They came to the mouth of a
tunnel in which four machine-guns were en-
placed. With great dash they carried the place,
captured the guns, and took prisoners the ene-
mies of the crew. There was much hand-
to-hand fighting during the early morning.
Pressing positions in particular the path and
190th

STURBOHN RESISTANCE
OVERCOME

Aug 23.—Beginning at about 3 o'clock this
morning quite a small force of Canadians
achieved quite a big success. Swinging round
from Paris St. Louis, they crossed the Souches
River, deploying and pushing on along a front
of about 700 yards.
There was still fighting about the Green
Crest, a great slag-heap full of machine-gun
posts and dugouts, and the Canadians were
subjected to a very harassing fire from east of
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tunnel in which four machine-guns were en-
placed. With great dash they carried the place,
captured the guns, and took prisoners the ene-
mies of the crew. There was much hand-
to-hand fighting during the early morning.
Pressing positions in particular the path and
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"It was cold, though not a breath was stirring; cold with the deathly chill that comes even in summer when night dies, & still with a breathless, waiting hush, for soon day would be born. There was something almost terrible in being out alone in the dim, vast spaces like this. She could almost see the edge of the great earth swing over to meet the sun. A little breeze got up & ran sighing across the grasses at her feet, & a wisp of cloud flushed suddenly like a girl's cheek. Then a bark rose & rounded straight, & as he poured down his shrill melody, a flame sprang into life on the crest of the eastern hill, & a flood of liquid light streamed like molten gold over all the ridges. Phenice let the gate swing to behind her, & stepped out bravely into the sunshine."

"----- That bitterest cup of all that Lover gives his votaries to drink; when the sole thing we can do for our beloved is to let him go"

Poor Human Nature
 Elizabeth Godfrey

"Why; but do you know the sort of people who get through bad illness? Women & sickly folk. These exquisitely balanced organisations resent illness, & not seldom slip out of the world to escape it."

THURSDAY,

you the limits of the Ukraine. Ensign Kundu and Koshin, the commander of the Fourth Army, stand have been arrested. They will be tried by a Ukraine Court on the charge of assisting against legal military authority established by the Ukraine Republic.

It is added that the Ukrainians also occupied the South Headquarters of the Ukrainians also occupied the south-western front of the Eleventh Army on disarming of recalcitrant troops was accompanied by the seizure of a quantity of guns and 10,000 rifles. The Ukraine Republic has announced the decision by the Ukrainian Republic, General Stecherhoff and disarmed the Fourth Army of the Ukraine Republic, covering the territory of the Ukrainian Republic.

PEASANTS AND UKRAINE.
 Peasants have appointed 16 delegates at Khat to settle the conflict between the Ukraine Reds and the Council of People's Commissioners.

RESERVE GUARD REGIMENTS.
 Petrograd, Dec. 28.—The Petrogradsky Regiment has refused to relinquish the guard of the confidence in the and has declared its want of Petrograd, Dec. 28.—The Petrogradsky Regiment not to arrest members of the Assembly.

TWO BANKERS ARRESTED.
 Petrograd, Dec. 28.—M. Vashnigorsky and Pulkoff, managing directors of the International Commercial Bank and the Russo-Asiatic Bank, have been arrested and imprisoned in the Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. Their names were mentioned in Soviet Bulletin, in which General Aleksov published an interest himself in obtaining 300,000 roubles (£30,000) for the starving families of imprisoned officers.—*News.*

MOROCCO DAYS.

THE SACRAMENT OF MARRIAGE.

(FROM OUR MOROCCO CORRESPONDENT.)

Except for the writer's house, half hidden in its gardens and woods, the valley was uninhabited. True that to east and west, on the crown of the hills, lie two Arab villages of thatch huts, with storks' nests perched on their ridge-poles, and half hidden in thick hedges of cactus. But in the valley itself the only inhabited dwelling was the house until the Spaniards, Antonia and her husband and her adopted son, came to the deserted cottage in an abandoned garden half a mile farther up the valley. It had evidently been an irrigated grove at one time, for the remains of its distorted olive trees, cruelly lopped for firewood, still stood gaunt and grotesque, and here and there was the trunk of an almost dead orange tree. The hedges of brambles and cactus had grown out of all shape and form, and cattle had broken great openings where they had passed through to graze on the more fertile land within. In front lies the sea, edged with yellow sands that stretch unbroken, except for the outlet of the little river that flows down the valley, to the town of Tangier over three miles away to the west.

The cottage was the mere wreck of a hut. The door no longer boasted hinges, and there was no glass left in the windows. Many of the tiles of the roof had been blown off by the gales, and it would be difficult to imagine anything more inhospitable and sad.

ANTONIA'S STORY.

In a few days the family were installed, with their miserably inadequate goods and chattels, and already the writer's native servants had been across to offer to help, and the ice had been broken. The reports were not very favourable. The man drank, and his wife Antonia—it was the only name they had discovered—evidently lived in terror of him. The adopted son was a deaf mute, and apparently wanting in the most ordinary intelligence. Their poverty was extreme. But the men, one and all, praised Antonia, her goodness, her cheerfulness, and her patience. They had found out that she could sew, and the next day they brought her across to see the writer—a middle-aged, tired-looking woman, who had evidently known better days. Yes, she could sew. She had been lady's maid to a great Spanish lady before she married, and she would be pleased to come over and work in the mornings. So every morning she came and sat with the Arab servants in the kitchen and won their hearts. She told them of her marriage, of her childlessness, and of how she had found her adopted son, a tiny baby, by the roadside and had brought him home—and of how he had grown up deaf and dumb. Of her husband's cruelty, of his drunkenness, she said nothing, but the Arabs had heard her cries, as in his fury he had beaten her, or, what pained her still more, beaten the boy. They had found out that he had taken the little money she earned, and that had it not been for what she ate at the writer's house, and what she took back for the youth, they would have starved.

The Arabs, in pity for her, waylaid her husband and threatened him, and for a time his behaviour was better, but only for a little while. The clothes that had been given to the boy he took and sold, the fowls and pigs went one by one, and he seemed perpetually drunk; and then one day Antonia sent to say that he had forbidden her to come again. He accused her of having told the story of her miseries, and what she suffered at his hands. It was not true, but she dared not come, so the Arabs took her food, and went and talked to her when the drunken husband was away. Even then she did not complain, but bore with him. Then he began to attack the boy—he was useless; now that there were no pigs and fowls for him to look after he ate their food, and he was accused of God—a deaf mute and an idiot; but to her he was all the world, with his strange, plaintive face and dark eyes, well becom-

of having suffered at his hands. It was true, but she dared not come, so the Arabs took her food, and went and talked to her when the drunken husband was away. Even then she did not complain, but bore with him. Then he began to attack the boy—he was useless; now that there were no pigs and fowls for him to look after he ate their food, and he was accursed of God—a deaf mute and an idiot; but to her he was all the world, with his strange, plaintive face and dark eyes, well behaved and retiring, but without intelligence, except that he seemed to realize Antonia's love for him.

FREEDOM REFUSED.

The writer was sorely troubled, for he feared for Antonia and the boy; so one day the great lady with whom she had been in service came to his house and Antonia was sent for and came. She was much changed, her look was pitiful and scared, her clothes were almost in rags, but clean and as neat as they could possibly be made to look. The great lady kissed her, and Antonia wept; and she told her she must come back to her, and live in her service again, and leave the man who ill-treated her. She should have protection against him; there was nought to fear. To Antonia the gate of heaven was opened. She closed it. In tears she spoke of the boy, she could not leave him. The writer said he would take him into his service to work in the garden—he could sleep with the grooms in the stable and would want for nothing. But still she refused. She was happy with her husband—and she tried to smile through her tears—yes, he drank, but so did so many men, and if he beat her probably she deserved it; women were often unconsciously very annoying. The great lady expostulated; she urged; she commanded, but with no effect. Antonia was obdurate. Then she took her by both hands and looked her straight in the face and said to her, "Antonia, you must tell me. Why will you not accept happiness for yourself and the boy?" For a moment they stood silent facing one another. Then Antonia shuddered a little, tried to speak and failed, and then whispered, "The sacrament of marriage!"

Argument was of no avail—Antonia closed the door of happiness. The recollection of the accumulated misery of all those years of married life, in fear of death always, beaten and bruised, her spirit broken, victim of abuse and cruelty—the sacrament of marriage overruled everything.

And Antonia returned to her hut.

At sunrise she came across, carrying a bundle of clothing. She was pale but quite calm, and a strange, indefinable beauty illumined her face.

"I have brought you back the things that remain of what you gave me," she said, and she opened the bundle—a towel or two, an old blanket, some clothes, pitiful sad things, but neatly folded.

"Why?"

"Because," she replied, "we have no need of them. The boy is dead. My husband came back from town last night. He had been drinking, and asked for money. He beat me because of the boy, because he had to be fed. Then he called the boy outside into the stable, and there he shot him. He is there now lying dead."

"I CAN DIE NOW."

She was so calm, so gentle. "It is better so," she went on, "but I loved him with all my heart—and he is dead. Your men were so kind to me always—let them have these few things. It is so little, but it is all I have."

"And your husband?"

"I do not know. He did not come back into the house. He was drunk. Probably he went back into the town."

"And you, Antonia?"

"I," she asked, as if surprised: "I can die now. I could not die before, you know, because of the boy."

We went over to the hut. The boy lay face down, dead, upon the stable floor, with a terrible gunshot wound in his chest. The Spanish authorities were notified, but it was long before they came to take the body away, and when the writer got back to his house he found Antonia unconscious, talking a little to herself at times, but quite happily.

They took her to the Spanish hospital on a stretcher, and the Arabs walked beside her along the yellow sands. In the night she died. The great lady, who had been warned, went to see her, and told the writer afterwards that just before she died she seemed to regain consciousness, and said, "You see, I could not leave him—the sacrament of marriage."

True as the Persian fable:—

"I am not the Rose," said the perfumed Earth; "but
cherish me, for we have dwelt together."

(From Phoebe Allen. S.E.P.)

ROBIN'S CROSS.

" A little cross
To tell my loss ;
A little bed
To rest my head ;
A little tear is all I crave
Upon my very little grave."

" I strew thy bed
Who loved thy lays ;
The tear I shed
The cross I raise,
With nothing more upon it than—
Here lies the little friend of Man."

By Darley.



Duane Jones - (talk) "What you have to do is to express yourself -
utter yourself, turn out what is in you - on the side of
beauty & right & truth, & if ever you can't turn out your best
what you know what your best is? x x x (Make the
most of your best - is common sense & morals. x x x We
are a tiny part, however small, of things as they are. If we
believe that things as they are can be made better than
they are, & in their faith get to work to help the betterment to
the best of our ability, however limited, we are, & cannot
help being, children of the Kingdom. x x x 'How do
things as they are strike you?' The question is bald
as an egg, but it is the egg of which blessedness or
unblessedness is everlastingly being hatched for every
living soul*. Of course you can translate it into any
religious language you please; Christian, Buddhist,
Mahometan, or what not. x x x Do you ever think
of this poor old woman, our Mother, trudging on on
forward nothing & nowhere, & seen by all your gods
& flowers & cherubs of her children that love her & she
loves. x x x. Tell me, this weary, toiling, groaning
world of men & women is none other than Our Lady
of the Sorrows. It lies on you & all the faithful
to make her Our Lady of the Glories."

(* of Paul Bourget. "On peut tout demander à
quelqu'un, vois-tu, excepté de changer sa
façon de sentir la vie."

(Dames de Famille. "Le Luxe des Autres")

A History of Ancient Greek Literature Gilbert Murray

The Epic Language, phrases such as

"High West wind shouting over a wine-
faced sea," "The eastern ~~to~~ side where
dew-lies 'till the Dawn-child, amid her palace
& her dancing-grounds, & the rising-places
of the Sun."

Early Attic hymn to Demeter
Persephone "was playing with Okeanos' deep-
breasted daughters, & plucking flowers, roses &
crocus & pretty pansies, in a soft meadow, &
flags & hyacinth, & the great narcissus that
earth sent up for a snare to the rose-face
maiden, doing so ever by God's will to them of the
Many Guests. The bloom of it was wonderful,
a marvel for gods undying, & mortal men;
from the root of it there grew out a hundred heads,

& the incensed smell of it made all the wide
sky laugh above, & all the easter laugh & the
salt swell of the sea. And the girl in wonder
reached out with her hands to take the beautiful
thing to play with; then yawning the broad-troed
ground by the Flax of Nyssa, & the deathless
steeds brake forth, & the Cronos-bombing,
He of the Many Names, of the Many
Guests; & He swept her away on his golden
chariot.

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

The Centaur & the Satyr

(Grewy) "The difference in sentiment is not
great; the centaurs are all the wild forces
that crash & speed & make music in the
Thersolian forests; the satyr is the Arcadian
mountain-goat, the personification of the wildness,
the music & mystery, of high mountains, the
instincts that are at once above & below
reason; his speed personification is Pan, the
Arcadian shepherd-god."

"That fine bloom ~~is~~ + which comes
when the most sensitive language meets
the most exquisite thought, + which "not
even a god though he worked hard" could keep
unhurt in another tongue."

Herodotus. account of Persian religion as
opposed to the Greeks. "Images + temples + altars
it is not in their law to set up — nay, they
count them fools who make such, as I
judge, because they do not hold the gods to be
man-shaped, as the Greeks do. Their
habit is to sacrifice to Zeus, going up to
the tops of the highest mountains, holding
all the round of the sky to be Zeus."

(Hippolytus)

Euripides, "Whatever far-off state there may be that is dearer to man than life, Darkness has it in her arms & hides it in cloud. We are love-sick for this nameless thing that glitters here on the earth, because no man has tasted another life, because the things under us are unrevealed, & we float upon a stream of legend."

Xenophon. "He is Attic in the sense that he has no bombast, & does not strive after effect, & that he can speak interestingly on many subjects 'without raising his voice'."

"the highest of human powers, Language"

(of Isocrates) "He does not understand poetry, & does not approve of music. It is sins of this kind that mankind ultimately cannot forgive, because they are offenses against the eternal element in our life."

The Bacchae of Euripides

Trans by Gilbert Murray

" Knowledge, we are not foes!

Seek thee diligently;

But the world with a great wind blows,

Shining, & not from thee;

Blowing to beautiful things,

On, amid dark & light,

Take life, through the trammellings

Of days that are not the Right,

Breath, clean & pure, & sings

Glorious to God in the height!"

Rilloby - Rill by Henry Newbolt
Grasshoppers four a-fiddly went,
Heigh-ho! never be still!
They earned but little towards their rent
But all day long with their elbows bent
They fiddled a tune called Rilloby-rilloby
Fiddled a tune called Rilloby-rill

Grasshoppers soon on fumes came,
Heigh-ho! never be still!
Fumes asked with a manner of blame
"Where do you come from, what is your name,
What do you want with your Rilloby-rilloby,
What do you want with your Rilloby-rill?"

"Madam, you see before you stand,
Heigh-ho! never be still!
The ~~Original~~ Old Original Favorite Grand
Grasshoppers' Green Herbarian Band,
And the tune we play is Rilloby-rilloby
Madam, the tune is Rilloby-rill" 10.

"There be many shapes of mystery,
And many things God makes to be,
Past hope or fear,
And the end men looked for cometh not,
And a path is there where no man thought,
So hath it fallen here.

"And men in their millions float & flow
And seethe with a million hopes as leaven;
And they win their Will, or they miss their Will,
And the hopes are dead or are pinned for still;
But whose'er can know,
As the long days go,
That the Love is happy, hath found his Heaven!"

Fairies had'n't a word to say,

Heigh-ho! never be still!

Fairies seldom are sweet by day,

But the grasshoppers merrily fiddled away,

O but they played with a will-by-ryllyby,

O but they played with a will-by-ryll!

Fairies slumber & talk at noon,

Heigh-ho! never be still!

But at least the kind old motherly moon

Brought them down in a silver spoon,

And they turned to ask for Rillby-ryllyby,

One more round of Rillby-ryll.

Ah! but nobody now replied,

Heigh-ho! never be still!

When day went down the music died,

Grasshoppers four lay side by side,

And there was an end of their Rillby-ryllyby,

There was an end of their Rillby-ryll,

Love than the Day & the Night;

Be glad of the Dark & the Light;

And avert thine eyes from the love of the wise,

That have honour in proud men's sight.

The simple names of Kind of Humanity

Hate deeds & faith that are truth enough for me!

Mint

1905-1913 by V. T. C. Cochrane

"If this be all, & no more bounds

The unknown sea on which you sail —

No Paradise for little hounds —

If love & loyalty avail

No whit, & faith that shamed the men

Upon whose hearts you laid your spell

Whose house is desolate — why then

Sleep well — sleep well."

(The "Country Life" Anthology of Verse
1905)

The Princess
(A Story from the Modern Greek)
James Elroy Flecker

A princess aimed a privateer to sail the Chersonese,
And fitted it with purple sails to belly in the breeze,
With golden cars & oaken boards & a name writ out in pearls,
And all the jolly mariners were jolly little jerks.

The King's son he came hunting her in frigates two & three,
"Give me one kiss, Princess", he cried, " & take a chip from me.
And would you like the yellow boat or would you like the red,
Or would you take myself & mine, the gold & green instead?"

"Sir, handsome fellow as you are, it's curious, you know,
To ask a maid of kisses in mid-archipelago;
But come & fight with us, young man; the prize is far the
thriftier; 'n' chance the lady won & seized him for a slave."

She drove him to the yellow boat & lashed him to the oar.
"How well, my handsome Prince", he said, "till you can pull no more."
"O, Princess, do be kinder to a valiant boy's appeal,
And take me for the better oar & put me at the wheel."

Wen of Hamiston

"To be wholly devoted to some intellectual exercise is to
have succeeded in life; & perhaps only in law. & the
higher mathematics may this devotion be maintained,
suffice to itself without reaction, & find continual reward
without excitement."

"O, foolish Prince", the Princess cried; "back to your oar & pull,
Row hard & soon we'll anchor in the gulf of Istanboul.
While the slaves collect provisions & the sailors go for drink,
For my chance to find your captain will be better
you think."

A Monument
(After an Ancient Fashion)
by Jolo Anceirin Williams.
"Traveller, turn a mournful eye,
Where my lady's ashes lie;
If thou hast a sweet thine own
Pity me, that am alone;
Yet, if thou no lover be,
Nor hast been, I'll pity thee."

Præraphædite Diaries Letters

Ed. by Wm Bennett

Carlyle (Latter day Pamphlets) says that the
formulation of a purpose into speech is destructive
to the purpose.

" Writing " by V. H. Friedlaender

x x x x x x x x

White & black in a goodly stack,

And a cry to Her who shall be obeyed:

"Have I made a book?" — "You have my made

White & Black

x x x x x x x x

The beat of wings, & Her voice: "Behold!"

A glory, a wonder, a wild delylu;

And, lo, on a page of black & white
} gleam of gold! "

(The "County life" Anthology of Vase)

Leasing's
words: "If God held enclosed in His right hand
absolute truth and in his left simply
the ever-moving impulse towards truth,
although with that impulse were the condition
that I should eternally err—and said to me,
'Choose! I should kneel before His left hand
and say, 'Father, give that to me. Absolute
truth is for Thee alone!'"

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

"Catharine Funze" by Mark Rutherford

"He did not know that happiness is an art."

"No matter how pure the intellectual bond between man + woman may be, it is certain to carry with it a sentiment which cannot be explained by the attraction of mere mental similarity. A man says to a man, "Do you really believe it?" & if the answer is "yes," the two become friends; but if it is a woman who responds to him, something follows which is sweeter than friendship, whether she be bound a free. We cannot be helped; there is no reason why we should try to help it, provided only we do no harm to others, & indeed these delicate threads are the very finest in the tissue of life."

LONDON, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1915.

(Registered as a Newspaper.) PRICE 1d.

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The number of copies of *The Times Literary Supplement* sold last week was 31,937.

"THE LESSON OF THE BOCHE."

"The Boche is saving the world, because he has shown us what evil is." This was said to Mr. Kipling, as he tells us, by a French lieutenant at the front; and these words were in all the peculiar wisdom, and the peculiar calm, of France. We had begun to doubt the existence of evil, said that offering. He might have added that we were in the habit of calling wickedness folly and of thinking that we were both wise and kind when we did so! That is to say, we believed in intellectual evil, not in moral; as if moral evil were merely an illusion produced in us by the harm which intellectual evil does to us; as if, being injured by a fool, we called him wicked out of resentment at the injury.

But if we say that a man seems to us wicked when he is only a fool, we might just as well say that he seems to us a fool when he is really wicked; and, as a matter of fact, thinking of wickedness in terms of folly has led us to think of folly in terms of wickedness. We have a moral impatience of fools because we confuse wickedness with folly; and the confusion does not make us kinder any more than it makes us wiser. Yet we continue to believe that it does make us kinder; and many well-meaning people in England would, no doubt, be shocked by that saying of the French officer and impute it to the exasperation produced by war. They might even call it an unchristian saying; for there is a common belief now that Christian forgiveness consists in forgetting that there is any evil to forgive. No man, it is assumed, can be forgiven unless he is injured unless he can persuade himself that the motives of the man who injured him were really quite good. Unfortunately, if we persuade ourselves that other men's motives are always good, we shall believe also that our own motives are always good. We cannot believe what is untrue about others without believing it about ourselves, and if we forgive them for a wrong reason we shall forgive ourselves for the same reason.

Christian forgiveness, whether it be rational or irrational, is forgiveness of evil that is recognized to be evil, not of evil that must be called folly before it can be forgiven. And the Christian forgives evil in another because he knows that there is evil in himself. "There but for the grace of God goes George Fox," when George Fox said that (if it was he who said it) he was recognizing evil in himself, not refusing to recognize it in the criminal. One cannot but suspect that those who refuse to see evil in others refuse to see it in themselves, and that, if they were once shocked into seeing evil in others, they would believe that there was no likeness between those others and themselves. So there are some who have been shocked by the Germans out of their disbelief in evil and who believe now that the German wickedness is not human, that they are a race of monsters separate from mankind. If they know themselves, they would not be shocked by human nature anywhere else; but you cannot know yourself if you do not believe in evil.

Nor can you believe in evil unless you are aware of it in yourself; and those who are aware of it in themselves will not be shocked by human nature even in their enemies, nor will they despair too quickly of it. "The Boche is saving the world because he has shown us what evil is." While we were ignorant of that, we were subject to illusion and to all the despairs that are the necessary result of illusion. Mankind seemed to us, perhaps, hopelessly foolish and incompetent. They were all well-meaning, but their efforts were frustrated by their own folly. Life was a rather bitter comedy that the gods could laugh at for its futility; and we failed to laugh only because we were fooled actors in it. Now we see that life was a tragedy; and what is tragedy but the affirmation of evil in life, and, with it, the affirmation of good? Tragedy convinces us that there is a real conflict in life between good and evil, not the illusion of a conflict produced by men's folly. So the war convinces us that there is something tangible in life to fight against; and that is not only our own evil, but all the evil that they have chosen to fight for. That evil might be able to have been ours in a hundred minor causes; but now it is arrayed against us and we can see it for the evil that it is so clearly

that we ought never again to mistake its nature in ourselves.

All those doctrines that justify the German war and the German conduct of it are not more folly than any good men might fall into. We see them now in action; and we know that they are the disguise of evil appetites, for the appetites show in all their foulness through the disguise. But we have, in other matters, preached the same doctrines ourselves, without seeing what appetites they encouraged in us. The philosophy of Iago will be plausible and amusing in a cynical comedy. It is because Iago is the villain of a tragedy that we see what his philosophy means, what passions disguise themselves in his denial of virtues, what scruples are laughed away by his cold contempt. In this tragedy of the war Germany is the villain; and she has shown us what evil is, with all its attendant philosophies about it.

A man convicted of cold and deliberate murders seems to us, unless we have the humble wisdom of George Fox, to have nothing in common with other men. He, usually, is silent in his wickedness; but the German's nature is not silent. Consciously and unconsciously it reveals to the world its whole state of mind. It gives reasons both to other nations and to itself why it should do evil. It lays bare the process by which thought can be made the slave of appetite. The reasoning is bad; but now we see that it is the reasoning of the "Germans" and "fools." But because we know they have killed evil. They have allowed their rational appetites to master their thought; and it is their appetites that pervert their thinking. Thought, by itself, could never go so wrong; no man could reason so perversely about a question of astronomy as they reason about their own conduct, for men do not will evil about the stars. It is clear to us now that evil will is the cause, not the effect, of perverse thinking; that wickedness, though it may be foolish, is not folly. And we shall see this, too, in the murderer, if he would tell us all his thoughts. "He, no doubt, has his philosophy, like the Germans; for all men have their philosophy, either controlling their appetites or controlled by them. In all men there is some relation between spirit and flesh, and out of it arises thought to justify that relation, whatever it may be. Evil is a wrong relation between spirit and flesh, a relation in which flesh perverts spirit to its own purposes and in which therefore spirit itself becomes evil by consenting to that perversion. Then there is a low harmony of spirit and flesh that produces evil will and with it bad philosophy.

The Germans utter aloud the philosophy of their nation, as the English do not. It is very like the philosophy of Dostovsky puts in the mouth of one of his evil characters:

What is not nonsense is personality myself. All is for me, the whole world is created for me, all shackle, and even obligations, are only religious obligations when I have something to gain by them. You, of course, cannot see as things like that; your legs are in fetters and your taste is morbid. There is evil will expressing itself in bad philosophy, the flesh exulting over the enslaved spirit. The German does not talk thus about himself, but only about the nation; and he draws a distinction between national and personal egoism. Yet men do the same evil from national egoism as from personal, because there is the same perversion of the spirit in both, the same evil will. And the bad philosophy of the nation justifies the crimes of armies, as if the soldiers who murder and rape and pillage were not men and did not suffer in their human nature for the evil that they do.

Men who have seen this evil know what evil is and can never again call it anything but itself. Folly is weak; but this evil that they have seen is strong. Folly does not know what it wants; but this wickedness does know. It is not purposeless like folly; but has a purpose that must be resisted as a good man could resist an evil purpose in his own mind. And because this evil outside us has shown itself so clearly, we shall now be able to recognize the evil within us and all the philosophies in which it seeks to disguise itself. We shall know that the Germans are

not a race of monsters separate from mankind, since the evil patent in them is the evil latent in all men. And, if we are Christians, we shall not argue that they have done so evil, so that we may forgive them. The man who knows so well for what it is is more concerned to resist it than to hate or punish those who do it. His enemy the evil rather than the evil-doer, the evil either in himself or outside him; and to him hatred is evil, whatever its cause may be, and even when his feelings are honest. But he does not need to call an evil-doer a more fool so that he may not hate him. He can face the truth of human nature in others because he can face it in himself; and whatever it may be, he cannot be shocked by it into panic-stricken cruelty.

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Punch Mar 28. 1917

HERBS OF GRACE.

IV.

THYME.

All things true,
All things sweet—
Summer-dawn dew
And Love's heart-beat;

All things holy,
Hill-flow'rs lowly,
A far church-chime—
These things dwell

In the smell

Of Thyme.

All things clean,
All things pure—
Joys that have been
And faiths that endure;

All things sunny,
Bee-song and honey,
Sheep-walks, rhyme—
These things dwell

In the smell

Of Thyme.

All things set
With sharp sweet pain—
April regret
For vows yet vain;

All things fragrant,
Thoughts long vagrant
From Beauty's clime—
These things dwell

In the smell

Of Thyme.

Imagination or mind employed in prophetically imaging forth its objects, is that faculty of human nature on which every gradation of its progress, nay, every, the minutest, change, depends. Pain or pleasure, if subtly analysed, will be found to consist entirely in prospect. The only distinction between the selfish man and the virtuous man is, that the imagination of the former is confined within a narrow limit, whilst that of the latter embraces a comprehensive circumstance. In this sense, wisdom and virtue may be said to be inseparable, and criteria of each other. Selfishness is the offspring of ignorance and mistake; it is the portion of unreflecting infancy, and savage solitude, or of those whom toil or evil occupations have blunted or rendered torpid; disinterested benevolence is the product of a cultivated imagination, and has an intimate connection with all the arts which add ornament, or dignity, or power, or stability to the social state of man. Virtue is thus entirely a refinement of civilised life: a creation of the human mind; or, rather, a combination which it has made, according to elementary rules contained within itself, of the feelings suggested by the relations established between man and man.

The actions which are classed under the general appellation of marriage, education, friendship, etc., are perpetually going on, and to a superficial glance, are similar one to the other.

But, if we would see the truth of things, they must be stripped of this fallacious appearance of uniformity. In truth, no one action has, when considered in its whole extent, any essential resemblance with any other. Each individual, who composes the vast multitude which we have been contemplating, has a peculiar frame of mind, which, whilst the features of the great mass of his actions remain uniform, impresses the minuter lineaments with its peculiar hues. Thus, whilst his life, as a whole, is like the lives of other men, in detail, it is most unlike; and the more subdivided the actions become; that is, the more they enter into that class which have a vital influence on the happiness of others and his own, so much the more are they distinct from those of other men.

‘ . . . Those little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love,’

as well as those deadly outrages which are inflicted by a look, a word—or less—the very refraining from some faint and most evanescent expression of countenance; these flow from a profounder source than the series of our habitual conduct, which, it has been already said, derives its origin from without.

Drinkwater, in his latest volume *Olton Pools* (Sidgwick & Jackson,
2/6 net)

Because a million voices call
Across the earth distractedly,
Because the thrones of reason fall
And beautiful battalions die,
My mind is like a madrigal
Played on a lute long since put by.

In common use my mind is still
Eager for every lovely thing—
The solitudes of tarn and hill,
Bright birds with honesty to sing,
Bluebells and primroses that spill
Cascades of colour on the spring.
But now my mind that gave to these
Gesture and shape, colour and song,
Goes hesitant and ill at ease,
And the old touch is truant long,
Because the continents and seas
Are loud with lamentable wrong.

The Sea-Captain

I am in love with the sea, but I do not trust her
The tall ships she has slain are ill to forget; ^{yet;}
Their sails were white in the morning, their
masts were split by noon;
The sun has seen them perish, & the stars, & the
moon.

As a man loves a woman, so I love the sea,
And even as my desire of her is her desire of me:
When we meet after parting, we part away
Like lovers joined with lovers; but I do not ^{regret} trust
her yet.

For fierce she is, & strange, & her love is ken & hate;
She must slay whom she desires; she will draw me
Soon a late

Down into darkness & silence, the place of drowned
men
Having her arms about me. And I shall trust
her then.

General Gold.

"REALITY AND PHYSICAL SCIENCE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir.—The leading article on "Reality and Physical Science" in *The Times* of to-day recalls to my mind a passage from a discourse by Pasteur, which you may perhaps think worthy of being reproduced:—

En chacun de nous il y a deux hommes : le savant, celui qui a fait table rase, qui par l'observation, l'expérimentation et le raisonnement veut s'élever à la connaissance de la nature, et puis l'homme sensible, l'homme de tradition, de foi, ou de doute, l'homme de sentiment, l'homme qui pleure ses enfants qui ne sont plus, qui ne peut, hélas, prouver qu'il les reverra, mais qui le croit et l'espère, qui ne veut pas mourir comme meurt un vibron, qui se dit que la force qui est en lui se transformera. Les deux domaines sont distincts, et malheur à celui qui veut les faire empiéter l'un sur l'autre, dans l'état si imparfait des connaissances humaines.

Something very much to the same effect had been said, more than two centuries earlier, by Malebranche, but with that I need not trouble you.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,
F.R.C.S.

September 13.

James. Psychology & Talks to Teachers

"We all intended when young to be all that may become a man, before the destroyer cuts us down. We wish & expect to enjoy poetry always, to grow more & more intelligent about pictures & music, to keep in touch with spiritual & religious ideas, & even not to let the great philosophical thoughts of our time develop quite beyond our view. We mean all this in youth, I say; yet in how many middle-aged men & women is such an honest & sanguine expectation fulfilled? Surely, in comparatively few; & the law of habit shows why. Some interest in each of these

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In the Vacation Court yesterday application was made to Mr. Justice Banks for the sanction of the Court to the extension of the office of the Prudential Assurance Company with reference to the Insurance Act. The hearing was adjourned for a week. Attempts to get the apprentices at other counted against lost time. Their applications were away with, and that overtime worked should be In the Vacation Court yesterday application was made to Mr. Justice Banks for the sanction of the Court to the extension of the office of the Prudential Assurance Company with reference to the Insurance Act. The hearing was adjourned for a week. Attempts to get the apprentices at other counted against lost time. Their applications were away with, and that overtime worked should be

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The Soul of Japan.

In a remarkable article which we published yesterday, our Correspondent at Tokyo sought

to explain the problems which lie before Japan in her new era of Taisho, or Righteousness. He gave expression to misgivings which many men share about the future of the Island Empire. Japan has solved many surface problems during the last fifty years. She has been born anew, but has she found her own soul? Our Correspondent evidently thinks that she has not, and that the leaders of the Japanese nation have a greater task before them than any which confronted the Elder Statesmen of the Meiji era. The Elder Statesmen were intensely practical constructive politicians, but the Japan of the future will not find moral salvation in politics and in executive administration. Many sweet and gracious ideals have been ruthlessly trampled under foot while the Meiji builders were at work. The scaffolding of the structures of the new age is still visible, the dust raised by the workmen still floats in clouds, and meanwhile it seems to many observers that something of the fragrance and simplicity of Japanese life has vanished for ever. If such a loss has been sustained, if material advancement has been purchased at the price of spiritual decay, if the vitalizing essence in which lay the true secret of Japanese greatness is really perishing, then the outlook is dark indeed. Plainly the men who hold in their hands the fate of the Japanese race are filled with deep anxiety. They see the ancient virtues of their people growing dim, the old habits of thrift and sobriety weakening under the allurements of a glittering prosperity, the old ideals of devotion and self-abnegation vanishing in the greedy race for wealth and ease. Their efforts to stem the new tendencies verge upon the pathetic. We hear of rescripts enjoining the moral virtues, of cold and passionless scrutiny of the faiths of other races, of ingenuous conferences to consider whether a new eclectic religion might not be framed and forced upon the people. Japanese administrators will never succeed by methods which AKBAR tried in vain. To produce a new spiritual awakening is beyond the arts of bureaucracy. Reverence for the semi-sacred attributes of the Ruler, intense zeal for the mundane side of national aspirations, will never satisfy the craving Japan still gropes rather blindly to assuage. Even the pure and lofty patriotism of the Ashikaga knighthood had a deeper vivifying influence behind it, an influence which will not be found afresh in Government decrees. Vaster forces must keep

AUGUST 30, 1912.

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sorbed in the spectacle of great nations covering in one leap distances which we took centuries to traverse, that we hardly grasp the truth that the inner mind of mankind is not thus swiftly transformed. It is probable that the tendencies we ascribe to the East are often the reflections of our own shortcomings. Our transition to our present environment was gradual enough, but it has left us vaguely conscious or apprehensive of spiritual decline. We have quickened the pace, but the fever thus engendered has carried us far from the ages of faith. We talk of a new way of life, but pursue it not. The forms of belief in the East are not ours, and never could be ours; but in its own mysterious way the perturbed East perhaps remains nearer spirituality, as it is content to conceive it, than we are ourselves. The essential heart of Japan, which was untold centuries in the making, has not been changed out of all recognition in fifty years. Some years ago an Englishman was walking amid the mountains of Japan soon after sunrise. His path led downwards amid precipitous valleys where the gloom of night still rested. As he passed a lonely cottage an aged peasant woman stepped forward, gently touched his sleeve, and, pointing back, said "Fuji." The wayfarer turned, and his gaze followed her trembling finger upward, beyond fold after fold of dark hills, till it rested upon the glorious snow-clad summit of Fujiyama, gleaming white and spotless in the dawn and looking like a vision of eternal peace. The poor woman wanted the stranger to share her treasure greater than riches—the first glimpse of Fuji at sunrise; it is for such moments that one travels. We believe in the future of Japan. We do not think that a people which has done so much, which derives its strength from such a noble past, will follow a downward path; but the hand destined to turn its gaze anew to loftier visions may not be found among its statesmen and its captains.

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THE ACT AND THE POOR LAW.

In the Vacation Court yesterday application was made to Mr. Justice Banks for the sanction of the Court to the extension of the office of the Prudential Assurance Company with reference to the Insurance Act. The hearing was adjourned. (p. 2)

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"In almost any subject you
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"Wherever a process of life
communicates an eagerness to him who
lives it, there the life becomes
genuinely significant."

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Digitized by Hunt Institute for

The Soul of Japan.

In a remarkable article which we published yesterday, our Correspondent at Tokyo sought to explain the problems which lie before Japan in the new era of Taisho, or Righteousness. He said that the froth upon the deep ocean of Asiatic spirituality. The instincts bred in the days before written history began, the perceptions nurtured when the world was young, and clung to ever since with implicit fervour, are not likely to be eradicated because Eastern races are shouldering rifles and building cotton mills. Mankind in the Orient, far more than in the artificial West, still seeks spiritual guidance in every act of daily life. The myriads of the East have not been deflected from their traditional paths because a few of their leaders have forsaken the ancient ways. The star of Islam still burns fiercely. In India the very foes of British rule perceived that the best way to attract the masses was to profess to have derived religious sanction for their malignant acts. And in Japan, let us remember, the Revolution which has recently been so much in our minds really had its origin in a religious revival. Not the guns of Commodore Perry, but the preaching of an older form of Shintoism, did most to bring about the restoration of the EMPEROR. If moral faith has weakened in Japan, the country still shows unusual signs of spiritual activity in varying forms. New modifications of old faiths are attracting millions. Though Japan awaits anxiously a new flash of Divine illumination, light will assuredly come.

The mistake we men of the West make in contemplating the East is that we fix our eyes too much upon externals. We see the surface, but do not sufficiently discern the spiritual

AUGUST 30, 1912.

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ing in one leap distances which we took cen-
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ies to traverse, that we hardly grasp the
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remains nearer spirituality, as it is content to
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nceive it, than we are ourselves. The essential
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part of Japan, which was untold centuries in
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the making, has not been changed out of
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ll recognition in fifty years. Some years ago
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an Englishman was walking amid the mountains
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of Japan soon after sunrise. His path led
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downwards amid precipitous valleys where the
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oom of night still rested. As he passed a
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solitary cottage an aged peasant woman stepped
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forward, gently touched his sleeve, and, pointing
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back, said "Fuji." The wayfarer turned, and
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his gaze followed her trembling finger upward,
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beyond fold after fold of dark hills, till it
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rested upon the glorious snow-clad summit
i
of Fujiyama, gleaming white and spotless in
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the dawn and looking like a vision of eternal
i
peace. The poor woman wanted the stranger
i
to share her treasure greater than riches—the
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first glimpse of Fuji at sunrise; it is for such
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moments that one travels. We believe in the
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future of Japan. We do not think that a
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people which has done so much, which derives
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its strength from such a noble past, will follow
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a downward path; but the hand destined to
i
turn its gaze anew to loftier visions may not be
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found among its statesmen and its captains.

THE ACT AND THE POOR LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

In the Vacation Court yesterday application was made to Mr. Justice Byles for the sanction of the Court to the extension of the objects of the Prudential Assurance Company with reference to the Insurance Act. The hearing was adjourned. (p. 2)

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away with, and that overtime worked should be counted against lost time. Their applications were refused. Attempts to get the appendices at other points to join the strikers failed.

From Rawley's Life of Lord Bacon (Quoted in
Sleeves, J.W. Francis Bacon. 1910)

"I myself have seen a thousand twelve copies of
the Instauratio, revised year by year one after
another, & every year altered & amended in the
front thereof, till at last it came to that model
in which it was committed to the press; as many
living creatures do lick their young ones, till they
bury them in their strength of limbs" x x x
In the company of his books he did rather drive at
a masculine & clear expression than at any fineness
or affectation of phrases, & all other such
meanings were expressed plain & easy, as being one
thing accounted words to be but subservient or ministerial
to matter, & not the principal."

"He was no plodder upon books"

"And for himself, he contemned no man's
observations, he would light his torch at every
man's candle."

Swinburne

Hymn to Proserpine

(After the proclamation in Rome of the Christian
faith)

"I have lived long enough, having seen one thing,
That love hath an end;
Goddess & maiden & queen, be near me now &
befriend."

Thou art more than the day or the morrow, the
seasons that laugh or that weep;

For these give joy & sorrow: but thou, Proserpine,
sleeps.

Sweet is the treading of wine, & sweet the feet of
the dove;

But a goodlier gift is thine than foam of the grapes
or love.

x x x x x

For the gods we know not of, who give us our
daily breath,

We know they are cruel as love or life, &
lovely as death.

x x x x x
 Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean; the
 world has grown grey from thy breath;
 We have drunken of things Lethean, & fed on
 the fulness of death.

x x x x x
 Though all men abuse thee before me in
 spirit, & all knees bend,
 I kneel not - neither adore you, but standing,
 look to the end.

x x x x x
 This as there, not as there was, on the
 a blossom of flowering seas,
 Clothed round with the world's desire as with
 raiment, & fair as the foam,
 And fleetier than bundled fire, & a goddess, &
 mistress of Rome,
 For thine came pale & a maiden, & sister & savior,
 but ours;
 Her deep hair heavily laden with odour & colour
 of flowers,

The Hill
 (Empire Breaker)
 Breakers, we flung us on the windy hill,
 & sang in the sun, & sand knew the lurchy grass.
 You said, "Through glory & ecstasy we pass;
 Wind, sun, & earth remain, the birds sing still,
 When we are old, an old - "And when we be
 All's over the air is ours; & life human
 Through other lives, other lips," said I,
 - "Heart of my heart, our heaven is now, is soon!"

We can Earth's heart, that beats for man's pride;
 Life is our cry. We have kept the faith! "we said";
 "We shall be done with unbroken freedom - freedom"
 Peace - consumed into the darkness! "... Peace we were,
 And sang, that had such true things to say.
 - And then you suddenly died, & turned away.

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

some estimates for the new drain at the school house?"

After they had talked a quarter of an hour, shuffling papers about and Rusticus making great play with a ruler and compasses, the tea was brought in—nearly an hour late, and my dinner appetite jeopardized in consequence. Rusticus poured out the tea, and the vicar went for the buttered toast with a will. As it was cut for two we came a little short. As the vicar mopped up the last piece dripping with butter, upon which I had set my heart, I hated him more than ever.

"The vicar is a first-class organizer, and we have a confab of this sort several times a week," said Rusticus. "He'll rope you in for all sorts of things when you are settled at 'The Lodge.'"

"Then 'The Lodge' is in this parish?" I inquired.

"Of course it is. He'll have to be taught something about parish work when he gets there, won't he, vicar?"

The vicar smiled a sickly assent, and, having made a good hole in the cake, took his leave. Rusticus fidgeted about the room and, pausing before the bookshelves, blurted out:—"By the way, I wish you'd put the volumes back in their places when you've done with them. I hate to see a room littered with books; and now I must go and heat the gluepot for a job I've got on hand."

Rusticus hastily swallowed another cup of lukewarm tea, and was gone. When I am in the country I am fain to linger over meals lovingly; my host seemed to find them irksome, and less entertaining than operations with the gluepot or conferences with the vicar. Surely local influences did not often work so potently as they had worked with Rusticus. I would never have believed that my friend—a bookworm and fastidious—could have developed into my present host. If these subtle influences had worked such a change in him, what would they do with me? I feared that neither the vicar nor the gluepot would ever be to me what they were to him. Glancing at the clock, I found that it wanted yet an hour and a half to dinner time; and then there was the evening!

A daily programme of this sort would be beyond my powers. I consulted Bradshaw, and found a good morning train which would get me back in time for lunch. "The Lodge" must wait for another tenant.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1917.

White rose of the rose-white water, a silver splendour,
a flame,
Bent down unto us that besought her, & earth
grew sweet with her name.
For thine came weeping, a dove among slaves,
& rejected; but she
Came flushed from the full-flush wave,
imperial, her foot on the sea,
And the wonderful waters knew her, the wind
& the viewless ways,
And the roses grew wiser, & thence the sea—
—blue stream of the bays."

AN ESCAPE.

URBANUS AND RUSTICUS.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

Why do townsmen generally speak of their habitation with apology, but country-dwellers with self-gratulation? "I live in London" is never given out with the ring which accompanies "I live in Yorkshire." I like to visit friends in the country, but there often surges up *amari aliquid* in the scantily veiled claims which almost certainly make themselves heard, sooner or later, as to the superiority of country over town life, and hints of the inevitable deterioration which awaits those who persist in passing their days in the reek of London.

I am now in the country, the guest of Rusticus, a college contemporary with whom I have recently renewed acquaintance. We have just come in from an afternoon walk, undertaken nominally for eupeptic reasons, but I suspect that my host had also in his mind the necessity of killing time between lunch and tea. The walk, I am bound to say, was pleasant, and if something wrong in the heel of my left boot had not troubled me for the last mile it would have been altogether delightful. It was at any rate an agreeable change from Bond-street and Piccadilly. All the same, when I sank into the easiest chair in my host's library, I wondered whether it was not too good to be true that I had done with walking for the day.

Rusticus has become an uncompromising *laudator* of country life. I am at present rather at a loose end, and this visit is the result of a letter from my host in which he set forth authoritatively the attractions of "The Lodge," a place about a mile distant which, as he declared, might have been built for me. During our walk I had been treated to fresh descriptions of its excellences, with occasional hits *selon règle*, at the dire consequences of prolonged life in London. From the cursory survey I had made of "The Lodge" I was inclined to approve of it, and the memory of our ramble now took on a fresh fascination. I recalled the oblique climb up the down side, the welcome halt at the top to delight the eye with the incomparable landscape, the more rapid descent through the wood redolent with subtle odours, and then the sense of remote and simple human life evoked by the reek of wood smoke. As I sat pleasantly tired in a perfect easy chair, lulled into drowsiness by the warm air sweetened by the unmistakable and indefinable smell of old books, I felt that life in the country might have compensations. I began to compare. My own chambers, comfortable as they were, fell far short of my present surroundings. Rusticus seemed free from minor troubles; I felt I could hardly turn out a waster were I settled like him. Naturally there would be some drawbacks. I might miss my club, the afternoon chat, the papers and magazines; also I might find my neighbours a little—a little difficult to meet on the subjects country people specially affect. It was not a matter to be settled in a hurry. It struck me that Rusticus had changed greatly since Cambridge days. Then he had been a collector, and the contents of the library had once filled his rooms. He had a good literary taste, and wrote well enough to win a prize essay. But he seemed to have added little or nothing to his treasures, and to care but little for them, as some of the etchings were hanging awry, and here and there a volume was missing from a set. The room had a neglected look, for he passed most of his indoor time in what he called the "snuggery," where he tinkered golf clubs and tennis rackets, which he rarely handled, or dressed massive boots with strangely smelling compounds, or pored over seedmen's catalogues in the interest of a garden which he seldom entered, leaving it in the hands of a gardener who was occasionally to be found sober.

At last I heard his voice. I also heard some mincing fluty tones which I knew to be the vicar's—a man I disliked at first sight, and he, I am sure, returned the sentiment. "Here's the vicar come in to tea," said Rusticus. "You won't mind waiting a bit, while he and I go over some estimates for the new drain at the school house!"

After they had talked a quarter of an hour, shuffling papers about and Rusticus making great play with a ruler and compasses, the tea was brought in—nearly an hour late, and my dinner appetite jeopardized in consequence. Rusticus poured out the tea, and the vicar went for the buttered toast with a will. As it was cut for two we came a little short. As the vicar mopped up the last piece dripping with butter, upon which I had set my heart, I hated him more than ever.

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Man + Superman
Bernard Shaw

"The reasonable man adapts himself to the world:
the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt
the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends
on the unreasonable men."

Vice is waste of life.

Economy is the art of making the most of life.

He who can, does. He who cannot, teaches.

When a man teaches something he does not know
to somebody else who has no aptitude for it, &
gives him a certificate of proficiency, the
latter has completed the education of a gentleman.

The golden rule is that there is no golden rules.

What is really important in man is the part of him that we do not yet understand:

"The man of genius" x x x x "will x x x work his nerves into rags without payment, a sublime altruist in his disregard of himself, an atrocious egoist in his disregard of others."

"This is the true joy in life, the being used for a purpose recognized by yourself as an ^{mighty} one; the being thought ^{worthy} even not before you are thrown on the scrapheap; the being a force of Nature instead of a feverish selfish little clod of ailments & grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy."

Every man is a revolutionist concerning the thing he understands

"Disobedience, the rarest & most
courageous of the virtues, is seldom distinguished
from neglect, the laziest & commonest of the
vices"

Times. Monday May 24. 1915

LOVE AND WAR.

(From a Soldier at the Front.)

My love that uncommanded flies
To bring me thoughts of thee,
Or paints sweet pictures of thine eyes
To show them forth to me;
How can I bid her go away?
Yet why desire her longer stay?
For when beneath the cannons blaze
Naught but despair I see,
And sigh the uncompleted days
That I have spent with thee.
How can I dam the tears that flow?
How can I do as others do?
For though impassioned hearts may beat
And loving souls may pine,
Yet never love was half so sweet
As that which makes thee mine;
If others' hearts are like to break,
Then needs must mine for thy dear sake.
Haply upon the field some day
Sore stricken I may lie,
Or death perhaps at last may pay
The price of victory,
But death itself can never be
So cruel as the loss of thee.
Ypres, May, 1915. F. C. H.

The Amateur Emigrant (R.L.S.)

"There is nothing more becoming than a genuine admiration; & it shares this with love, that it does not become contemptible although misplaced."

"Manners, like art, should be human & central."

"Culture is not measured by the greatness of the field which is covered by our knowledge, but by the nicety with which we can perceive relations in that field, whether great or small."

"Italian Backgrounds"

by Edith Wharton (Macmillan 1905)

"What the Hermits Saw"

"The old gods Daylight might deny them,
but twilight confessed them still. They made no
effort to recover the supremacy which had been
wrested from them: the gods know when their
hour has come. But they lived on, shrinking
back more + more into their primitive forms, into
the vapour, the tree-trunk, the moon-track on
the beach, or revealing themselves, in awful
fugitive glimpses, to the mortals who had come to
share their forest exile.

In what gentle guise they showed themselves, one
may see in many pictures of the Italian quattro
cento, some of whose lesser painters seem to have
been in actual communion with this pale woodland
Olympus. The gods they depict are not the shining
lords of the Greek heaven, but half-human,
half-sylvan creatures, shy supplicants for mortal

recognition, hovering gently on the verge of
wanescence. x x x x it was Piero di Cosimo
who had the clearest intuition of them. The
gentle furred creature of the Death of Procris
might have been the very faun who showed
Saint Anthony the way; & in all Cosimo's
mythological pictures one has the same impression
of that intermediate world, the twilight world
of the conquered, Christianized, yet still
lingering gods, so different from the clear upper
and ^{of classical} art.

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"An Italian Posting-Man"
"To the mind curious in contrasts - surely one
of the chief pleasures of travel - there can be
no better preparation for a descent into Italy
than a sojourn among the upper Swiss Alps
valleys. To pass from the region of the obviously
picturesque - the country combined, it would
seem, for the delectation of the cœur à

Passover

by V. H. Friedlaender

(The "County life" Anthology of Verse)

The books of life are two;
And on some midday so still,
The Lord shall pass your way, & do
According to your will.

Fa, lo, if your desire
Be set upon the hearth,
Then He will humble you & fire,
Pleasant & of the earth;

And you shall take Delight
For ever in that flame,
But not again shall come a night
When He will call your name.

O, if you count it sin
That darkness wrap his throne,

poërie facile — to that sophisticated landscape where the face of nature seems moulded by the passage passions & imaginings of man, is one of the most suggestive transitions in the rapidly diminishing range of such experiences.

The elements composing the foreground of such Tuscan scenes are almost always extremely simple — slopes trellised with vine & mulberry, under which the young wheat runs like green flame; stretches of corn-clanes & olive orchard; & here & there a farm-house with projecting eaves & open loggia, guarded by its inevitable group of cypresses. These cypresses, with their velvety-textured spires of rusty black, acquire an extraordinary value against the neutral-tinted breadth of the landscape; distributed with the sparing hand with which a practiced writer uses his exclamation-points, they seem to emphasize the more intimate meaning

His breath shall light us therein
The spark that is Divine;

No shelter from the cold,
No ease it shall afford—
But by that gleam you shall behold
The glory of the Lord.

Now choose you! ... nor forget,
Choosing this last alone,
The blood upon the lintel set
For Fa sign; must be your own.

of the scene; calling the eye here to a shrine,
then to a homestead, or testifying by their
mere presence to the lost tradition of some
barren knoll. But this significance of detail
is one of the chief charms of the mid-Italian
landscape. It has none of the purposeless
prodigality, the extravagant climaxes, of what
is called "fine scenery"; nowhere is there
any obvious language to the eye; but the
very reticence of its delicately-moulded lines,
its seeming disdain of facile effect, almost
give it the quality of a work of art, make it
appear the crowning production of centuries
of plastic expression.

Italian Backgrounds.

"In the Italian devotional pictures of the early
Renaissance there are usually two quite
unrelated parts: the foreground & the back-
ground.

The foreground is conventional. x x x x

Tommy Langston Elizabeth.

Poems
William Ambrose Scott
1908

On her real Birthday, 5th September, 1912

Banly-legged bundle, monkey half-curved,
My little daughter in the blanket-curl,
Doric feet in room, the middle leave unsolved
A year or two; Doric frown upon the world,
Reserve your judgment on this life, my Queen;
'Experience does it,' vide Verdant Green.

Oh! Life has drawbacks - injuries edged with lace,
And warts & cork & bulbs - but - while you're here -
Some pleasures too - es., a pretty face,
And young men 'less than kin & more than kind'
And some day you shall balance worst & best,
But now - just drink & sleep & leave the rest.

Some day, when you, through foolishness grow wiser,
Have relished happy days & borne with sad,
(Much longer, as I hope, not many years),
And learned that's just fun being sometimes bad,
Then you shall tell Mother ~~me~~ my dear,
If we did regret or not, to buy you here.

It is only in the background that the artist finds himself free to express his personality. Here he depicts not what some one else has long since designed for him, in another land & under different conceptions of life & fact, but what he actually sees about him, in the Lombard plains, in the delicately-modelled Tuscan hill-country, or in the fantastic serrated landscape of the Friulian Alps. One must look past & beyond the central figures, in their typical attitudes & symmetrical dress, to catch a glimpse of the life amid which the painting originated. Relegated to the middle distance, & reduced to unimportant size, is the real picture, the picture which had its birth in the artist's brain & reflects his impression of the life about him.

W. Clemens Hopmann

Charles Marriott

"Education means finding out exactly the one thing you get most fun out of, & success means following it up for all you're worth. Most people waste half their lives finding out not what they can do best but what they want to do"

The Birth of a Song by Isabel Butcher.

Silence + listenings,

^{Passionate, sense,}

Storing of unseen wings

Just beyond sense.

Beat of approaching wings

Swiftly they throng

Over the heart of things

Flutters a song.

(The County Life Anthology, Verse)

Edward FitzGerald by A. C. Benson

"In one sense, indeed, all art has a symbolic side; a poem & a picture are nothing if they are not typical, if they are not, so to speak, a blank cheque upon the emotions, which those that come after may fill up according to their desires & their emotional capacity."

Le Chandelier - Comédies et Proverbes.
Alfred de Musset

Si vous croyez que je vais dire
Lui j'ose aimer,
Je ne saurais pour un empire
Vous la nommer.

Nous allons chanter à la ronde,
Si vous voulez,
Lui je l'adore, et qu'elle est blonde
Comme les blés.

Je fais ce que sa fantaisie
Veut m'ordonner,
Et je puis, s'il lui faut ma vie,
La lui donner.

Du mal qu'une amour ignorée
Nous fait souffrir,
J'en porte l'âme déchirée
Jusqu'à mourir

Carpenter p 315 (See next 2 pages)

Notes on page of 70 :-

"Feel a curious sense of joy in observing — as
at my eye one is sometimes compelled to do — the
natural & inevitable decadence of some portion of
the body (agassiz), the failure of system
hearing, the weakness of muscles; the aberrations
even of memory — a curious sense of liberation
of obstacles removed. I acknowledge to me the
experience — the satisfaction & the queer sense of
relief — seem utterly unaccountable, & not
to be explained by any of the ordinary theories
of life; but it is there, — & may, after all,
have some meaning."

Mais j'aime trop pour que je die
Qui j'ose aimer,

Et je veux mourir pour ma mie,
Sans la nommer.

Les Caprices de Marianne

lamenting the absence of his mistress Rosalinde
Marianne to Octave who is drinking Lachryma Christi, & who
has laughed at her ironical suggestion that "un à quinze sous
la bouteille" is ~~equally~~ ^{as} good as what he is drinking :-

"Je croyais qu'il en était du vin comme des
femmes. Une femme n'est-elle pas aussi un
vase précieux, scellé comme ce flacon de
cristal? Ne renferme-t-elle pas une ivresse
grossière ou divine, selon sa force et sa
valeur? N'y a-t-il pas parmi elles le
vin du peuple et les larmes du Christ?
Quel ~~misérable~~ misérable cœur est-ce donc que
le vôtre, pour que vos lèvres lui fassent la
leçon? Vous ne boitez pas le vin que boit le
peuple, vous aimez les femmes qu'il aime;
l'esprit généreux et poétique de ce flacon doré,

Carpenter p 305 (see next page)

"There is one thing however that I think I have not sufficiently dwelt on as a valid & permanent object of life - though perhaps in some subtle way it may be implied in what I have said before. I mean self-expression. Constructive expression of oneself is one of the greatest joys, & one of the greatest needs of life; as long as one's life exists - in this or any other sphere - so long I imagine with their need be present, & the joy in its fulfilment. It is a fundamental urge of all creation. At first sight this seems contrary, & indeed hostile to the hole-in-the-centre theory; but probably it will be found not to be so. Probably it is at a great depth the depth & wholeness of self is functioning. Near the surface the self is very definite & constructive in this a thin direction; it is limited in its aims & operations, & so far as actually seems to be a variation in other aims & operations. At the centre it is neither thin nor that, because it's All. It's thin because it has become the Whole.

ces sucs merveilleux que la lave du Vésuve a curvés sous son ardent soleil, vous conduiront chancelant et sans force dans les bras d'une fille de joie; vous roigiriez de boire un vin grossier; votre gorge se soulèverait. Ah! vos lèvres sont délicates, mais votre cœur s'enivre à bon marché. Bonsoir, cousin; puisse Rosalinde rentrer ce soir chez elle!"

Spark L'éternité est une grande aile, d'où tous les siècles, comme de jeunes aiglons se sont envolés tour à tour pour traverser le ciel et disparaître; le nôtre est arrivé à son tour au bord du nid; mais on lui a coupé les ailes, et il attend la mort en regardant l'espace dans lequel il ne peut s'élaner.

Fortunus Tu m'appelles ta vie, appelle-moi ton âme,
Car l'âme est immortelle, et la vie est un jour.

Carpenter, Edward. My Days & Dreams
1916

p 304

"Old people & infirm folk & chronic invalids & the like often get needlessly depressed over the impression that they are a burden & an affliction to their friends, whereas a very little by calling out the sympathies, the energy, the resource & the consideration of those around them they are really conferring the greatest of benefits, & many a household is really supported & held together by them who would otherwise appear as the most frail & useless member of it. As Liao-tze says "The thirty spokes of a carriage-wheel uniting at the nave are made useful by the ~~the~~ hole in the centre where nothing exists," & "To teach without words & be useful with an action, few among men are capable of this."

Fantasia Comme ce soleil couchant est manqué!
La nature est pitoyable ce soir. Regarde-moi un peu cette vallée là-bas, ces quatre ou cinq méchants nuages qui grimpent sur cette montagne. Je faisais des paysages comme celui-là, quand j'avais douze ans, sur la couverture de mes livres de classe."

Fantasia Que ~~ce~~ cela m'ennuie que tout le monde s'amuse ! Je voudrais que ce grand ciel si grand fût un immense bonnet de coton, pour envelopper jusqu'aux oreilles cette sottise et ses sotts habitants

"On ne badine pas avec l'amour"

Le Choeur. "On nous a dit que vous êtes un savant, Monseigneur.

Perdicaris Oui, on me l'a dit aussi. Des sciences sont une belle chose, mes enfants; ces arbres et ces prairies enseignent à haute voix la plus

OUTWARD BOUND.

The Times August 29. 1915

(BY AN OFFICER WHO HAS SINCE FALLEN IN GALLIPOLI.)

There's a waterfall I'm leaving
Running down the rocks in foam,
There's a pool for which I'm grieving
Near the water-ouzel's home,
And it's there that I'd be lying
With the heather close at hand
And the curlews faintly crying
Mid the wastes of Cumberland.

While the midnight watch is winging
Thoughts of other days arise,
I can hear the river singing
Like the saints in Paradise;
I can see the water winking
Like the merry eyes of Pan,
And the slow half-pounder sinking
By the bridge's granite span.

Ah! to win them back and clamber
Beside answ' with winds I love,
From the river's stainless amber
To the morning mist above,
See through cloud-rifts rent asunder,
Like a painted rift unfurled,
Ridge and hollow rolling under
To the fringes of the world.

Now the weary guard are sleeping,
Now the great propellers churn,
Now the harbour lights are creeping
Into emptiness astern,
While the sentry wakes and watches
Plunging triangles of light
Where the water leaps and catches
At our escort in the night.

Great their happiness who seeing
Still with unlighted eyes
Kin of theirs who gave them being,
Sun and earth that made them wise,
Die and feel their embers quicken
Year by year in summer time,
When the cotton grasses thicken
On the hills they used to climb.

Shall we also be as they be,
Mingled with our mother clay,
Or return no more it may be?
Who has knowledge, who shall say?
Yet we hope that from the bosom
Of our shaggy father Pan,
When the earth breaks into blossom
Richer from the dust of man,

Though the high gods smite and slay us,
Though we come not whence we go,
As the host of Menelaus
Came there many years ago;
Yet the self-same wind shall bear us
From the same departing place
Out across the Gulf of Saros
And the peaks of Samothrace:

belle de toutes, l'oubli de ce qu'on a fait."

Perdican Adieu, Camille, retourne à ton couvent, et lorsqu'on te fera de ces récits hideux qui t'ont empoisonnée, réponds ce que je vais te dire: Tous les hommes sont menteurs, inconstants, faux, bavards, hypocrites, aqueilleux ou lâches, méprisables et enuels; toutes les femmes sont perfides, artificieuses, coeuses, curieuses et dépravées; le monde n'est qu'un egout sans fond où les phoques les plus informes se bécotaient sur des montagnes de fange; mais il ya au monde une chose sainte et sublime, c'est l'union de deux de ces êtres si imparfaits et si affreux. On est souvent trompé en amour, souvent blessé et souvent malheureux; mais on aime, et quand on est sur le bord de sa tombe, on se retourne pour regarder en arrière, et on se dit: J'ai souffert souvent, je me suis trompé quelquefois, mais j'ai aimé. J C'est moi qui ai vécu, et non pas

Separation by Hotel Butcher.

The "Country Life" Anthology of Verse

" Though you have passed so very far away
Your life is mine, as mine is yours, today.
Time, space, are powerless & not as bars
Our joining thoughts to sever.
Dawns, fairs & fairs, & sunsets ^{flaming} ~~flaming~~ ^{Swede}
Still bring you to my side;
And all high hopes that thrive beneath the stars
Are yours & mine for ever.

See, ah! the little things for which, night,

Each day passes by:

The open book, the flower upon the floor.

The dainty disarray,

The sound of passing feet,

The distant door —

Alas, the little things of every day!

The silent ever, my sweet,

The lonely waking —

Alas, ~~Alas~~ ^{alas}! for little things my heart is breaking: "

un être factice créé par mon orgueil et mon ennui

" Bettine "

Bettine Craquez-vous donc, je vous en supplie.
Le Marquis (s'asseyant) A la bonne heure, pourvu
que vous me promettiez, une minute avant
que je sois de trop, d'être assez de mes
amis pour me mettre à la porte.

" Louison " p. 102

La Maréchale " Rien qu'en changeant de robe, on peut changer ^{changer}
d'idée " ^{changer}

Romeo · Juliet

Mercutio

O, then, I see, your Mat hath been with you.

--- she comes

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone

On the forefinger of an alderman,

Drawn with a team of little atomies

Attendant men's noses as they lie asleep;

Her waggon-spokes made of long spinner's legs,

~~Her~~ The cover of the wings of grasshoppers;

Her traces of the smallest spider's web;

Her collars of the moonshiner's watery beams;

Her whip of crickets' bone; the lash of film;

Her waggoner a small gray-coated gnat,

x x x x x x x x x

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut

Made by the joiner squirrel, or old gnat,

Time out of mind the farrier's coachmakers.

Searchlights.

When of a sudden in a calm night sky,
Stencilled upon the dark, I first behold
The silver lances of the searchlights' ring,
Each with its terminal cloud of roving
gold—

Then from her prisoning sky
The spirit of beauty leaps to hail that kindred
thing.

For then to her a moment it appears
As though in this deep, weltering trough of
the world,

We gropers had evolved some noble rite
Of utter loveliness—as though we hurled

Our souls up those bright spears,
Passionate for the stars, children at last of
light!

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

Pump 1917

YESTERDAY IN OXFORD STREET.

YESTERDAY in Oxford Street, oh, what d'you think, my dears?
I had the most exciting time I've had for years and years;
The buildings looked so straight and tall, the sky was blue
between,

And, riding on a motor-bus, I saw the fairy queen!

Sitting there upon the rail and bobbing up and down,
The sun was shining on her wings and on her golden crown;
And looking at the shops she was, the pretty silks and lace—
She seemed to think that Oxford Street was quite a lovely
place.

And once she turned and looked at me and waved her little
hand,

But I could only stare and stare, oh, would she understand?
I simply couldn't speak at all, I simply couldn't stir,
And all the rest of Oxford Street was just a shining blur.

Then suddenly she shook her wings—a bird had fluttered
by—

And down into the street she looked and up into the sky,
And perching on the railing on a tiny fairy toe
She flashed away so quickly that I hardly saw her go.

I never saw her any more, although I looked all day;
Perhaps she only came to peep and never meant to stay;
But oh, my dears, just think of it, just think what luck
for me

That she should come to Oxford Street and I be there
to see!

R. F.

Mon Frère Yves - Pierre Loti

" touffes de primevères semées partout : végétation
hâtives qui n'ont pas pris le temps de voir le soleil,
et qui se pressent sur la mousse en gros
bouquets compacts, d'un jaune pâle de
soufre, d'une teinte laiteuse d'ambre. Les
Bretons les appellent fleurs de lait."

Donc, nous étions dans les bois de Toulven,
bert Pierre et moi, à chercher des fleurs
pendant le conseil de famille.

Nous en trouvions beaucoup, des primevères
jaune pâle, des pervenches violettes, des
bourraches bleues, et même des silènes roses, les
premières du printemps.

Petit Yves en ramassait tant qu'il pouvait,
très agité, ne sachant jamais auxquelles courir,
et possédant de gros soupers, comme accablé
d'une besogne très importante; il me les

THE LETTERS OF AN ENGLISHMAN.

THE LIMITATIONS OF SCIENCE.

The meeting of the British Association, which was brought to a close at Sheffield this week, was not fruitful of surprise or sensation. Its speakers were not facetious, as in days of old. They made no attempt to lighten the gravity of their speech with quips and jests. They did not improve the occasion with moral discourses. Accordingly they have been condemned as dull by the critics, and if they deserve all that is said in their dispraise they may easily retort that it is not their business to amuse or to improve, that science is not even distantly related either to the pulpit or the music-hall.

Indeed, the failure of the learned to excite the interest of the people is in a sense the best proof of their competence. Science has suffered not a little, especially in England, from an unmerited popularity. In the dim eighties of the last century the natural sciences became so many branches of rhetoric. The vague quality, called eloquence, was more highly esteemed than the true spirit of scientific inquiry. Chemists and geologists, who should have known better, thumped their tubs with an unrestrained energy. The pupils of Darwin, who still wears with Newton the wreath of scientific supremacy, discovered in "The Origin of Species" a new method of theology, and thus ignored the teaching of their master. A general superstition grew up that there was nothing which science could not achieve. Not only was it ready to save our bodies in this world; it was ready also to save our souls in the next. Briefly, it seemed to a thousand ardent proselytes most necessary for salvation, and straightway its popularity was assured. The intellectually restless took refuge from a "creed outworn" in a scientific dogma, rhetorically expressed, which they were wholly incapable of understanding. With the hopefulness bred of novelty, they were sure that all would be well, here and hereafter, if only they listened to the rotund utterances of chemical orangelists. And they went to Sheffield thirty years ago in a very different spirit from that which animates them to-day.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF SCIENCE.

With a light heart they surrendered their old beliefs, and were sure that they proceed an intellectual superiority in accepting the freshest nostrum contrived by the biologist.

apportait-bien vite par petits paquets, toutes mal cueillis, à moitié chiffonnées dans ses petits doigts, et la queue trop courte."

suiter.

Times Oct 22, 1910

Thinking for Yourself.

The PRESIDENT of MAGDALEN, when giving away the prizes at Magdalen College School the other day, said that, whereas our public schools teach boys to act for themselves, they do not so well teach them to think for themselves. The distinction here is a very clear one, but it is often overlooked in England. We are apt to assume that a man who can act for himself in an emergency must be able also to think for himself; and yet that very man, who is never perturbed by a sudden danger, may in the quiet processes of his mind be constantly overawed by platitudes. It is the combination of boldness in thought and in action that makes a great man; and great men are rare because that combination is so rare. Without contemplative energy, energy in action has no cumulative power; it avails for each particular emergency, but for that alone. The man of action, who is nothing more, rises to the occasion when he has to do anything out of the common; but when he has done it he sinks back into commonplace and his mind rests there contented as if there were nothing of importance in life except sudden action. We all know that men of original thought are often quite unfitted for action; indeed, the dreamy philosopher is a byword for his want of practical ability, and people wonder that a man who can think so vigorously should act so feebly. We are not aware that the man of action often fails just as much in thought, only because we admire him so much that we do not notice his defects.

We admire the man who thinks for himself very much less; but that is partly because we are apt not to recognize him when we meet him. There are many people who go about saying that they think for themselves; but this generally means that they think for other people. They will make rules for the conduct of the whole world; they will tell us of a number of things that we ought to do and which we should do if our natures were different; they have theories about every conceivable matter which is outside their own experience, but when it comes to learning from their own experience they are no better at it than the rest of us. And our motto should be "Think for yourself!"

THE WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

FLOODED OUT.

By HORACE HUTCHINSON.

Ever since man first began to record his experiences it is evident that of all the formidable phenomena of nature about him none appealed to his imagination with greater force than an extensive flood. It is not surprising that it should be so. Apart from the destruction of life and property wrought by the waters there is the inevitable impression of the subversion of nature's law in the aspect of what yesterday was the solid earth, clad in all its fruitful garments, changed to the likeness of the unstable ocean. It is a trial to man's faith in the safe guidance of the world—as is, indeed, confessed in the Book of the Genesis of all things, wherein it is said that the rainbow was set as a sign in heaven in order that man's confidence might be restored. Besides the general impression of insecurity which the flooding of a wide area naturally conveys, man has numerous occasions to bewail his losses of crops, of domestic stock, possibly of hedges and walls and even of houses, swept away. Yet, when he has exhausted every occasion of complaint and lamentation, it is certain that his sufferings and his inconvenience do not amount to a tithe of those which are the unhappy portion of thousands of the wild things of the earth that are submerged in the common disaster.

Of all the animals that are large enough and of sufficient importance, according to our human reckoning, to come into the account, it is likely that the rabbits are the heaviest sufferers. In the early days of last December there were very extensive floods in much of the Midland districts, and it was stated, no doubt truly, that the rabbits were drowned by thousands. It would be something only in the nature of a miracle that could have saved them. It was observed, at the same time, that nothing like a similar loss occurred among the hares. This really was a comment which was hardly worth the making. It might be realised, by the most elementary intelligence, that the relative fortunes of the two species, in such circumstances, could not well be otherwise. Both have their natural instinct, which they obey with that unhesitating promptitude which is the salvation of their race in the ordinary conditions of their life; but in conditions such as those we are discussing, which are quite other than ordinary, may perchance be the speediest means to their destruction. They have the instinct in common to flee from danger, and the insidiously creeping flood denotes a danger to the one equally with the other, but the direction which the instinct of the one prompts the flight to take is just the opposite of that which is suggested by the instinct of the other. If the acquired habit of the hare prompts it to one direction rather than another in its flight from danger it is towards that upward route which the length of its hinder legs enables it to pursue with such extraordinary speed. It is here—rather as Ibsen's sore-driven heroes always go, "to the mountains"—that it finds its speed of ascent enabling it to leave its vexing enemies behind and below it. This is the lesson that a myriad generations have learnt for it and stored within its brain—inherited as it is of the wisdom of the past. There have been, of the hills,

LOBE.

M

HYPNOTIS

Holland

Few subt and suggest phenomena been not scientific, extraordinary treated as of a charl as duced open mind being pro professore drove M another, ordinary cided fluence not the Even in fr great r investi has be count result hypn, qual and ter luc outg lia th ne w G

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VINCENT DE PAUL.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SAINT.

VINCENT DE PAUL, PRIEST AND PHILANTHROPIST, 1576-1660.
By E. K. SANDERS. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley, 16s. net.)

This book is not among the throng of nice needless books, half historical, half personal, which daily fill the bookseller's counter. Vincent de Paul—the religious, the practical genius; the organizer who saw that organization was fruitless without charity, and charity helpless without organization; the evoker of one of the noblest bands of missionaries at home and abroad that the world has ever seen; the creator of the Sisters of Charity, of homes for deserted babies, of the hospital for the galley-slaves; the philanthropist who was yet a mystic being

mid-ocean, as tranquil as a
This truth, Miss Sanders
before we can understand
that we may avoid what is,
of him—that of a busy phil-
activities. To him his priest-
paramount; his deeds were
emerged clearly from her p-
became absorbed in the cry-
not stand alone. There was a
of the seventeenth century a-
and religious genius like that
poetry in Elizabethan Englan-
fill the stage. There were J
Oratorians, and Ollier, the mit-
Sulpice; there were the Sec-
Sacrament and the Cabala De-
gois de Sales and Mme. de Ch-
Port Royal with

for Botanical Documentation

towards the end of the month.
uniform with "The Tourist's Russia"—which is coming
"Wanderings in the Isle of Wight," by Ethel Hargrove
"The Northward Trek," by the same author; and
written on the lines of the other book on South Africa,
"The Old Transport Road," by Stanley Portal Hyatt,
studies on the lives of the Popes and other Roman dignitaries;
versus census," by E. M. Beardsley, a volume of historical
Thomson, which will be ready early in November; "Home
M. Capes; "The Wonder of Life," by Professor J. Arthur
of those who served with Napoleon, translated by M. Harriet
by Arthur Chaugue, compiled from the diaries and letters
Campaign (1812)," from the French "Fendes d'Histoire,"
sculptor's best work; "Human Voices from the Russian
Saint-Andreas," in two volumes, with reproductions of the
Mr. Melrose announces:—"Reminiscences of Augustus
Prothero.
of Land," and including an introduction by Mr. Rowland
Bevil Tollenach, dealing with "The Occupying Ownership
Another forthcoming volume in the same series is by Mr.
which have caused Ultramen to oppose Home Rule.
to large and many-sided aspirations
on the continued growth of the
as naturally been much discussed in
in the most general view is that
counterbalanced by the falling death-
of an actually declining vitality is
observers, however, have recognized
are not co-ordinate, and that the
Campaign (1812)," from the French "Fendes d'Histoire,"
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which have caused Ultramen to oppose Home Rule.

Westminster Gazette. Jan 27. 1911

A FAREWELL SONG.

(From the Prince to Miss Macdonald of Skye.)

Oh, up and down, and down and up, and the gunboats hot in chase.
The mist drives chill through rainy Skye, but cannot hide your face.

I've gone through murk and sleet,
Flora Macdonald.

I've heard the eager feet
March south with loyal beat,
Flora Macdonald.

I heard the pibrochs calling, as we marched on London town,
The sob of Hieland bagpipes when the day of hope went down.
And these are all forgotten, their voice is dead and still;
I hear your Hieland pity play havoc with my will.

We've gone through wind and sea,
Flora Macdonald.

We've learned to bow the knee.
And we are comrades, we,
Flora Macdonald.

I dreamed of loyal London, and I'm body-sick and tired.
Dead ashes linger only where once the hearth was fired.
And yet my heart leaps eager, like spring beneath the snow;
Your face is like a garden where all the pansies blow.

We've gone through cruel days,
Flora Macdonald.

We're parting at the ways.
God help us through the maze,
Flora Macdonald.

Oh, up and down, and down and up, and the gunboats hot in chase.
The mist drives chill through rainy Skye, but cannot hide your face.

HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

Poem by Carew quoted in
Fitzgerald's Letters

1.
"Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose:
For in your beauty's orient deep,
The flowers, as in their causes sleep.

2.
Ask me no more whether do stray
The golden atoms of the day:
For in pure love did Heaven prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

3.
Ask me no more whether doth haste
The nightingale when June is past:
For in your sweet diuring throat
She warbles, & keeps warm her note.

4.
Ask me no more where those starry lights
That downward fall at dead of night:
For in your eyes they sit, & there
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

5.
Ask me no more if e'er I've met
The phoenix build her spicy nest:
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies!

Letter to Times Oct 8. 1910.

Two verses by a living English author, who, again I venture to think, has ideas, seem to me to sum up the situation. He tells us that the English—

For undemocratic reasons and for motives not of State, arrive at their conclusions—largely inarticulate. Being void of self-expression they confide their views to none, But sometimes, in a smoking-room, one learns why things were done. In telegraphic sentences, half swallowed at the ends, They hint a matter's inwardness—and there the matter ends. And while the Ocell is talking from Valencia to Kirkwall, The English—ah, the English!—don't say anything at all.

The italics are all my own.

Yours faithfully,

A. E. SHIPLEY.

Christ's College, Cambridge, Oct. 16.

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

"It was as if Fate had turned a screw and changed the focus."

Barbara Ladd by C. G. D. Roberts.

From "La Cathédrale" by Roland
(Year of the Great War)

La Forteresse meurt quand on la démantèle.
Mais le Temple, brisé, vit plus noble; et soudain
Les yeux, se soulevant du toit avec dédain,
Préfèrent voir le ciel dans la pierre en dentelle. ...
Rendons grâce aux pointeurs du stupide canon
Puisque de leur adresse allemande il résulte
Une Honte pour eux, pour nous un Parthénon.

The Cathedral
(From the trench of M. Roland)

"Dismantled dies the Fortress, but the Temple
Ruined more nobly lives. At once the eyes,
The roof recalling with disdain, ^{uplifted} ~~gladly perceive~~ ^{the} ~~sky~~
The sky through lace-like stone. ...
Who aimed the witless guns receive no thanks,
Since from their Teuton cunning comes to be
Black Shame for them, for us ^{Barthénon.}

so glorious in his beauty
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seemed
To his great heart none other than a God!
Dask'd thee, 'Gue me immortality.'
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give,
But thy strong Hours indignant wak'd their wiles,
And beat me down & marr'd & wasted me,

and changed the focus.

Barbara Ladd by C. G. D. Roberts.

From "La Cathédrale" by Roland
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Great War)

La Forteresse meurt quand on la démantèle.
Mais le Temple, brisé, vit plus noble; et soudain
Les yeux, se souvenant du toit avec dédain,
Préfèrent voir le ciel dans la pierre en dentelle. ...
Rendons grâce aux pointeurs du stupide canon
Puisque de leur adresse allemande il résulte
Une Honte pour eux, pour nous un Parthénon.

Tithonus (A. T.)

The woods decay, the woods decay & fall,
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes & tills the field & lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.

One only cruel immortality
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever-silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, & gleaming halls of morn.

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man—
So glorious in his beauty & thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seemed
To his great heav'n none other than a God!
Dask'd thee, 'Give me immortality.'

Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give,
But thy strong Hours indignant wak'd their wiles,
And beat me down & marr'd & wasted me,

THE FAIRIES HAVE NEVER A
PENNY TO SPEND.

The fairies have never a penny to spend,
They haven't a thing put by,
But theirs is the dower of bird and of
flower,
And theirs are the earth and the sky.
And though you should live in a palace
of gold
Or sleep in a dried-up ditch,
You could never be poor as the fairies
are,
And never as rich.

Since ever and over the world began
They have danced like a ribbon of
flame,
They have sung their song through the
centuries long,
And yet it is never the same.
And though you be foolish or though
you be wise,
With hair of silver or gold,
You could never be young as the fairies
are,
And never as old. R. F.

Penn 177

And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now,
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
To hear me? Let me go; take back thy gift:
Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men,
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows, & from thy shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,

"one of the charms of a sophisticated
society to turn it into a point and perspective
to the highest contrast between the sexes."
Edith Wharton
(Madame de Merveilles)

A Soldier of life. (Hugo de Schmeun.)

"In love-ness is the usual beginning, & loves love
each other so that each may free the deeper love in
the other — the ritual of delight, here duty & the
possession of service & all good, active, energy-
releasing things flame through heart & body &
mind, where the lovers are one with each other, &
one with all the life of nature & the world, one
with God. To a God is love, & energy is eternally
delight & delight is holiness, for there life lives
at its highest pitch, & the God in man is free. And
all the beautiful means of this communion lie
within ourselves; & we are touched with the
power & colour of joy & delight, for its sake.
In love-ness is the usual path; but the
ways are infinite; any thing in nature can
do it, from a flower to the great sky."

Ere yet they blind the stars, & the wild team
Whirl love thee, yearning for the yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their loosed
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou givest beautiful
In silence, then before thine answer given
Departest, & thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,
In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts!

~~Any day~~ Any me! any me! with what another heart
In days far-off, & with what other eyes
I used to watch — if I be here that watch'd —
The lucid outline forming round thee; saw
The dim curls tangle into sunny rings;
Changed with thy mystic change, & felt my blood

Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
My presence + thy portals, while I lay,
Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
Of April, that + could hear the lips that
kiss'd

Whispering I knew not what would sweet,
Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
While I lion like a mist rose into towers.

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

Let hold me not for ever in their land;
How can my nature longer mix with thine?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, + cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields above the
horns

Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me, + restore me to the ground;

Sadhana . Rahundranath Tagore.

"One day I was out in a boat on the Ganges. It was a beautiful evening in autumn. The sun had just set; the silence of the sky was full to the brim with ineffable peace & beauty. The vast expanse of water was without a ripple, mirroring all the changing shades of the sunset glow. Miles & miles of desolate sandbank lay like huge amphibious reptiles of some antediluvian age, with its scales glistening in shining clours. As our boat was silently gliding by the precipitous river-bank, riddled with the nest-holes of a colony of birds, suddenly a big fish leapt up to the vanishing figure at the colour of the evening sky.

It drew aside for a moment the many-coloured screen behind which there was a silent world full of the joy of life. It came up from the depths of its mysterious dwelling with a beautiful dancing motion & added its own music to the silent symphony of the dying day. I felt as if I had a friendly greeting from an alien world in its own language, & it touched my heart with a flash of gladness. Then suddenly

Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave;
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels!

The man at the helm exclaimed with a distinct note of regret, "Ah, what a big fish!" It was once brought before his vision the picture of the fish caught & made ready for his supper. He could only look at the fish & think of its existence."

The Osbornes E.F. Benson

"Whatever was the truth of the whole matter - if, indeed, there is any absolute truth to be arrived at in the fluid & ever-varying adjustments of our relationships with others - only one attitude is compatible with self-respect; namely, to find out & know like pains of gold all that is fine & generous & lovable in others, & do our best to find something in ourselves worthy of being matched with it. Instead of this, x x x she had, with acute & avid eye, been picking out all that in Claude seemed to her to be trivial or ludicrous or base, & been finding in herself, to match it, intolerance & want of charity.

--- the rather droopy abandonment of self pity & dejection into which her introspection had brought her --

~~"The strange affinities & hostilities of temperament, the inexplicable & undecipherable thing called charm, the attraction & repulsion of character - all this is in the mystical region of the spirit, the region of intuition & instinct, which is far stranger, more vital, & more general region than the intellectual or the artistic."~~

From a Colley Window.

Corshill. Dec. 05

~~"Artistic temperaments which do not express themselves in any of the recognized mediums of art, but which apply their power direct to life itself. I do not mean successful, professional people, x x x; but I mean those who have a fine perception of quality in innumerable forms; who are interested in the salient points of others, who delight to enter into appropriate relations with those they meet, & whom life itself, its joys & sorrows, its gifts & its losses, has certain romantic, beautiful, mysterious charm. Such people have a strong sense of the significance of their relations with others, they enjoy dealing with characters, with~~

Howard's End E. M. Foster.

"The most successful career must show a waste of strength that might have removed mountains, & the most unsuccessful is not that of the man who is taken unprepared, but of him who has prepared & is never taken. On a tragedy of this kind our national morality is duly silent. It assumes that preparation against danger is in itself a good & that man, like nations, are the better for dragging through life fully armed. The tragedy of preparedness has scarcely been handled, save by the Greeks. Life is indeed dangerous, but not in the way morality would have us believe. It is indeed unromantic, but the essence of it is not a battle. It is unromantic because it is a romance & the essence is romantic beauty."

problems, in the situations. Having both interest & sympathy they get the best out of the people; they pierce through the conventional fence that so many put erect as a protection against intrusion.

Francis Colley Windsor

Conclude Nov 05

Dear Madam,
I have enjoyed your letter very much, & I am glad to hear that you are well. I have been thinking of you very much lately, & I hope you are still in the same good health. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you. I have been thinking of you very much lately, & I hope you are still in the same good health. I have been very busy lately, but I have managed to find some time to write to you.

Dear mad, your secret tell me news,
Who should be given the pen,
And see my humble name,
This comes from the knife-part,
The London, fond & idle part,
Then one you were in days gone by
The sun is great & gone.

THE ENGLISH POEMS OF HENRY KING, D.D.
now first collected by LAWRENCE MASON
Ph.D. (Milford. 6s. net.)

lines from
the Epitaph on the Earl of Dorset :—
One that did love for honour, not for ends,
And had the noblest way of making friends,
By loving first.

Fordnightly, May 1904.

THE LEAF OF OLIVE.¹

I.

LET us not forget that we live in pregnant and decisive times. It is probable that our descendants will envy us the dawn through which, without knowing it, we are passing, just as we envy those who took part in the age of Pericles, in the most glorious days of Roman greatness, and in certain hours of the Italian Renaissance. The splendid dust that clouds the great movements of men shines brightly in the memory, but blinds those who raise it and breathe it, hiding from them the direction of their road and, above all, the thought, the necessity, or the instinct that leads them.

It concerns us to take account of this. The web of daily life varies little throughout the centuries in which men have attained a certain facility of existence. This web, in which the surface occupied by boons and evils remains much the same, shows through it either light or dark, according to the predominant idea of the generation that unfolds it. And, whatever its form or its disguise may be, this idea always reduces itself, in the ultimate issue, to a certain conception of the universe. Private or public calamity and prosperity have but a fleeting influence on the happiness and unhappiness of mankind, so long as they do not modify the general ideas with which it is nurtured and enlightened on the subject of its gods, of infinity, of the great unknown, and of the world's economy. Hence we must seek there, rather than in wars and civil troubles, if we would know whether a generation have passed in darkness or in light, in distress or in joyfulness. There we see why one people, which underwent many reverses, has left us numberless evidences of beauty and of gladness, whereas another, which was naturally rich, or often victorious, has bequeathed to us only the monuments of a dull and awe-struck life.

II.

We are emerging (to speak only of the last three or four centuries of our present civilisation), we are emerging from the great religious period. During this period, despite the hopes laid beyond the tomb, human life stood out against a somewhat gloomy and threatening background. This background allowed the

(1) Copyright U.S.A. by Dodd, Mead and Co.

FWH Myers (quoted in Edward
Carpenter by Edward Lewis)

"Genius is ... a power of appropriating the
results of subliminal mentation, to subsume
the supraliminal stream of thought."

A Modern Symposium
Loves Dickinson

The Liberal

"For it is by conflict, as we have now learnt, that
the higher emerges from the lower, & nature
herself, it would almost seem, does not direct
her looks on, as her world emerges in painful
tril from chaos. We do not find her interpellate
zeal intervening to arrest at a given point the
firmament of creation; stretching her hand when she
sees the gleam of the halcyon or the rose to
bid the process cease that would destroy them;
as opposing to the completeness of those lower
forms the number in perfection of ones, or others
may lie beyond him."

The Professor

"If, as some have held, it were necessary to choose
between reason & passion, I would choose reason.
But I find no such necessity; for reason to me
herself is a passion. Men think the life of
reason cold. How little do they know what
it is to be responsive to every call, solicited
by every impulse, yet still, like the magnet,

BATTLE. By WILFRID WILLIAM GIBSON.
(Elkin Mathews. 1s.)

"THE RETURN."

He went, and he was gay to go;
And I smiled on him as he went.
My boy, 'twas well he couldn't know
My darkest dread, or what it meant. . . .
Just what it meant to smile and smile
And let my son go cheerily.
My son . . . and wondering all the while
What stranger would come back to me.

vibrate ever to the north, never so tense, never so aware of the stress & strain of force as when most memorably fixed upon that goal. The intensity of life is not to be measured by the degree of oscillation. It is at the stillest point that the most tremendous energies meet; & such a point is the intelligence open to infinity."

The Poet "Because you don't agree with Plato, or Marcus Aurelius, or Saint Francis, you think they're only fit for the ash-heap. You might as well say you wouldn't drink a wine except what was made today! The literature & art of the past can never be dead. It's the flask where the geni of life is imprisoned; you're only to open it & the life is yours. And what life! That it's different from ours is just its merit. I don't mean that it's necessarily better; but it preserves for us the things we have dropped out. Because we, no more than the men of the past, exhaust all the possibilities. The whole wonderful drama of life is unfolded in.

"Well, well! Here modern writers! Ten slapping subjects
 to me like shoving green, like hot-kissed bill of
 Jack Falstaff's. Sate? Dear? Remember them
 Jenny! Jackson, press a pocket, stands or falls by
 the work & the man. They on the side & the bones
 of it; objections on the clothing — the brown flesh,
 of you will — pretty enough but not good enough time.
 of the time you have the chance of a thing, it's
 the same last year... so much for your composition,
 for you might go your heart, & you had with
 (the one I sell). There's plenty of clearness regarding
 that - I'll allow. Brown? Impassioned; but brown
 alone brown - not Jackson and more brown as brown
 headlight makes a strong ship. It's heart - heavy oak
 & the sails of imagination. Speak on - four your heart,
 for all you see there sink into your heart & leave
 a warm. These talk it down to say like the
 back of milk."
 "If you are only strong enough not to sink above
 anything which is in your power."

General
 Charles Fremont

time, some of this century are only one scene fit;
 not the most passionate either or the most
 absorbing. + + + + What I mean is, that to
 take the philosophy or the religion of the past &
 put it into your laboratory & test it for truth &
 throw it away if it doesn't answer the test, is
 to misconceive the whole value & meaning of
 it. The real question is, what extraordinary,
 fascinating, tragic or comic life went to produce
 this precious specimen? What new revelation
 does it give of the possibilities of the world? That's
 how you look at it, if you have the sense of life. You
 feel ^{offer} life everywhere. You live it when you touch it.
 You ask it no questions about being good or bad. It
 just is, & you are akin to it.

The man of letters

"We know only the impulse & the call. The
 gleam on the snow, the upward path, the
 urgent stress within, that is our certainty, the
 rest is doubt. But doubt is a horizon, and it
 hangs the star of hope. By that we live;"

Epiphanea.

What King is this, who rides with crown red-pearled

Upon the sunless mountains of the world?
His name is Death, and he owns none as lord.
If he owns none as lord, then not for him
Is that strange worship in the stable dim,
Where Persian seers of old knelt and adored.

He will not fold his wings across his face
As did the angels in that cheerless place,
Under the broken thatch with ox and sheep.
And how should he who in one mocking stride
Can span all Asia's pomp, all Europe's pride,
Kneel to a Child . . . one little Child
asleep!

The high towers fall, the painted legends fade:
For men whose gifts at little feet are laid
What hope is written in these darker skies?
Beyond the clamour of Death's imminent wings
Still chime the bridle-bells of star-led Kings
And golden whorls of frankincense uprise.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

Obewen
Dec 24 1916

Lyrics by Ibsen, translated by R.A. Streetfield
The Miner

Break in thunder, wall of rock,
At my hammer's tempest shock;
Myriad voices of the mine
Call me to its inner shrine
Glittering spirits beckon me
To their sunless treasury,
Yemid gold all burning bright,
Diamond & chrysolite.

Once I loved the earth so fair,
Scented stars & boundless air,
Childlike fairly wandering
Down the flowery path of Spring.

But I have forgot the light
In the gloom of endless night,
And the forest's hymn divine
In the cloisters of the mine.

Here I came in guileless youth,
Payer in my search for truth,
Here an answer thought to find
To the doubts that rack my mind

SONNET.

Ulysses, of a curious subtle mind,
Knowing that one who heard the Sirens' lay
Was caught so hotly by desire away
He'd spring to death, impassioned, swift and blind—
Ulysses bade his ship-companions bind
Him stoutly to the mast; unfettered, they
Seal up their ears. Alone he lived that day,—
Listened and lived to tell, of all mankind.
He heard the song, and first nigh swooned in bliss,
And next against his cords began to strain,
Soon, raving, bit the vacant air for pain
And cursed in bitter grief his craftiness.
But there was one, who neither deaf nor bound
Leapt through the breakers madly, and was drowned.

F. W. STOKOE.

Only historians and artists, Taine used to say,
should travel—historians for the meaning of
things, artists for the lovely surfaces of them.

All is silence, all is gloom
In the mountain's living tomb;
Not a ray my path to clear,
Not a voice my soul to cheer,
Have I faulted then? Does the way
Lead not to the upper day?
Yet I ~~do~~^{know} the heaven's light
Would be blind my dazzled sight.

No! The goal is deeper yet,
There is peace eternal set;
Clear a pathway, hammer mine,
To the mountain's inner shrine.
What though darkness be my lot,
Strike, my hammer, falter not;
What though every hope be vain,
Strike, my hammer, strike again.

Samuel Butler's Thoughts
on Life.

"The Note Books of Samuel Butler: 1835-1902,"
(Incl. Sec.)

Samuel Butler, the author of "Erewhon," was practically without honour and recognition during his lifetime. Three thousand eight hundred and ninety-two copies only of the book were sold, and the net profits were £62 10s. 10d., while the total loss arising from the writing and the publishing of all his books cost him nearly £300.

How wise and how individual he was is shown by the publication of his note-books, arranged and edited by Mr. Henry Festing Jones. In some respects Butler was triumphantly Victorian. He considered Handel the greatest of all musicians. He adored oratorio, disliked opera, was unmoved by the beauty of Mozart, and most indifferent to Wagner. But there is a fine masculine sanity in his views of life and its problems, as may be gathered from the following suggestive reflections.

Getting Tired.

Life is one long process of getting tired. Life is the art of drawing sufficient conclusions from insufficient premises.

Life is eight parts cards and two parts play, the unseen world is made manifest to us in the play.

A sense of humour keen enough to show a man his own absurdities, as well as those of other people, will keep him from the commission of all sins, or nearly all, save those that are worth committing.

Heaven is the work of the best and kindest men and women. Hell is the work of prigs, pedants, and professional truth-tellers. The world is an attempt to make the best of both.

I suppose an Italian peasant or a Breton, Norman or English fisherman, is about the best thing nature does in the way of men—the richer and the poorer being alike mistakes.

The greatest men do not go over the heads of the masses, they take them rather by the hand. The true musician would not snub so much as a musical critic.

Love and Life.

They say that God is love, but life and love are co-extensive; for hate is but a mode of love, as life and death lurk always in one another; and "God is Life" is not far off saying "God is Love." Again, they say, "Where there is life there is hope," but hope is of the essence of God, for it is faith and hope that have underlain all evolution.

There is hardly an offence so great but if it be frankly apologised for, it is easily both forgiven and forgotten. There is hardly an offence so small but it rankles if he who has committed it does not express proportionate remorse.

Thanks

Her griefs, they are the pearls,
That round my pathway rise;

Her joys, they are the spirits
That bear me to the skies.

Her home, it is the ocean,
That pathless, shoalless deep
Wherein the rocks shall slip

I rocked in tranquil sleep

Her kinsmen are the shadows,

That march in airy ring,

With blye + with banner,

Through all the songs I sing.

Her work, it is to bundle.

The vision of my mind,

Yet is that none discover

The soul that moves behind.

And just because she reckt not
Of all the thanks I owe,

I make + print this poem

To show her that I know.

THE NOTE-BOOKS OF SAMUEL BUTLER.*

"When I look at the articles on Handel, on Dr. Arnold, or, indeed, on almost anyone that I know anything about, I feel that such a work as a 'Dictionary of National Biography' adds more terror to death than death itself could inspire. That is one reason why I let myself fail to please, at any rate in these notes. If the colours in which I paint myself fail to please, at any rate I shall have had the pleasure of laying them on myself."

The world will, in the end, follow only those who have despised as well as served it.

We hope the editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography" will forgive us for putting the first of these passages at the head of this article, but both this and the passage which follows are essential to the understanding of this singular and interesting book. It is obvious that Samuel Butler was thinking of posthumous publication when he confided his epigrams and reflections, or his complaints and his grievances, to the note-books from which this volume is composed, and it is clear that he conceived himself to be winning posthumous merit by despising the world. Inevitably in the circumstances the colours in which he paints himself do occasionally fail to please. A man who of set purpose despises the world he lives in, who is convinced that the men of distinction among his contemporaries are by that sign stamped as second-rate, who is always repeating to himself that he doesn't want and wouldn't welcome recognition for himself, with the inevitable result of persuading the reader that he did want it, and felt aggrieved by the lack of it, does not strike the note of graciousness and sweet reasonableness. With all our admiration for Samuel Butler's books, we cannot bring ourselves to think that they justify this implied claim of their author to rank with the *Dii majores*. The real situation is better described when he calls himself "the eminent terrible of literature and science," and boasts his ability to "heave bricks into the middle of the literary and scientific big-wigs," even if he could not "induce them to give him a shilling." This volume is strewn with bricks and half-bricks, somewhat indiscriminately thrown about. He has no admirations or enthusiasms, and you will search this book almost in vain for one sentence of whole-hearted praise of any of his contemporaries or their work. "Talking it over, we agreed that Blake was no good because he learnt Italian at sixty in order to study Dante, and we knew Dante was no good because he was so fond of Virgil, and Virgil was no good because Tennyson ran him, and as for Tennyson—well, Tennyson goes without saying." This would be a passable jape, if we did not read on and find it to be serious. Practically everybody is "no good." Walter Pater's style is "like the face of some old woman who has been to Madame Rachel and had herself enamelled. The bloom is nothing but powder and paint and the odour is cherry-blossom." "Matthew Arnold's odour is as the faint sickliness of hawthorn." "If Froude is the greatest master of style, what are the rest of us?" "Men like Newman and R. L. Stevenson seem to have taken pains to acquire what they called a style as a preliminary measure—as something that they had to form before their writings could be of any value. I should like to put it on record that I never took the smallest pains with my style." All the time Butler seems to have regarded himself as waging a perpetual warfare with an "unscrupulous and self-seeking clique" of literary and scientific people. In a somewhat complacent account of his life's work he prides himself especially on "the exposure and discomfiture of Charles Darwin and Wallace on the result of all this is to make the reader . . . to repair the

Opera R. A. Streetfield

"The history of art often repeats itself in this way. First comes the genius, burning with celestial fire. He sweeps away the time-worn formulas, & founds his new art upon their ruins. Then follows the crowd of disciples, men of talent & imagination, though without the crowning impulse which moves the world. They repeat & amplify their leader's maxims, until the world, which at first had stood aghast at teaching so novel, in time grows accustomed to it, & finally accepts it without question. Next comes the final stage, when what has been caviare to one generation is become the daily bread of the next. The innovations of the master, caught up & reproduced by his disciples, in the third generation become the conventional formulas of the art & the world's ripe one more for a revolution!"

THE NOTE-BOOKS OF SAMUEL BUTLER.

(FIELD. 6s.net.)

The Samuel Butler is, of course, the author of "Erewhon," not the author of "Hudibras"—"Heaven forbid that I should compare myself to the author of 'Hudibras'—and every reader who has felt the spell of "Erewhon," or its author's other varied works, will take up the plump volume with pleasurable anticipations. Nor will they read far into it before feeling grateful to Mr. Henry Festing Jones for having provided them with so rich and varied a feast. The editor explains in his preface how Butler kept notes of things thought, said, or seen, arranged them in volumes, and indexed them, with a view to using them in his books, though when it came to writing those books it was generally his memory rather than his note-books that were drawn upon. When Butler died, in 1902, he left five volumes of about 225 pages each of these notes, bound and indexed, and more than enough of unindexed sheets to make a sixth volume. Some readers will wish that the whole had been published, but life is short, and the claims upon time are many. Perhaps from the point of view of the majority Mr. Jones was well advised in giving the cream of the collection in a single volume, though there will be some who will hope for a "second series" after they have enjoyed this one.

The "notes" that make up this volume range in length from a single line to several pages, and the subjects with which they deal may be said to touch upon all aspects of thought and experience and in all moods from the deeply serious to the flip-pant. The editor has roughly classified them into sections; this affords a certain continuity of subject for a few pages at a time, but even so the work remains one for "dipping into" for browsing on here and there, rather than a continuous reading. Nevertheless, it will prove one of the most engaging of "occasional" books, at once entertaining and stimulating. Samuel Butler described himself somewhere as "the enfant terrible of literature," and one of his critics termed him "the Galileo of Marcus' Notes," but even those who may smile at his anti-poetry views or may remain unconvinced of the validity of some of his discoveries will find much in this selection from his "Note-Books" to interest them. Mr. Jones, as has been said, has classified the notes roughly, according to their subjects, but in citing a few of them we must (to use one of the headings) do so in a "higgledy-piggledy" fashion:

When I was a boy at school at Shrewsbury, old Mrs. Brown used to keep a tray of spoiled tarts which she sold cheaper. They most of them looked pretty right till you handed them. We are all spoiled tarts.

Life is one long process of getting tired.

If virtue had everything her own way she would be as insufferable as dominant factions generally are. It is the function of vice to keep virtue within reasonable bounds.

In New Zealand for a long time I had to do the washing-up after each meal. I used to do the knives first, for it might please God to take me before I came to the forks, and then what a sell it would have been to have done the forks rather than the knives!

SAMUEL BUTLER'S NOTES.

THE NOTE BOOKS OF SAMUEL BUTLER. Selections arranged and edited by Henry Festing Jones. (FIELD.) 6s.net.

Mr. A. Festing Jones, Samuel Butler's friend, records how Butler used quite early in his career always to carry a note-book. His reason for making notes was this—"One's thoughts fly so fast that one must shoot them; it is no use trying to put salt on their tails." There were five manuscript volumes of notes, which we make bold to prophesy will one day be issued in their entirety. At present we have to rest content with Mr. Festing Jones's selection from them, which he has taken great pains to arrange in some sort of order. The essence of notes is that they lack coherence, and, without wishing to derogate from Mr. Jones's work, we are bound to say it is impossible to put order where order can never exist. The notes he gives us are so good, so witty and so stimulating that it makes us impatient for the day to come when the note-books will be issued as they were written, and it will be possible to browse quietly through their whole range. The notes published by Mr. Desmond McCarthy in the "New Quarterly" whetted our taste for this book, just as this book whets our taste for the complete edition. Their moral influence would be prodigious. And on Moral Influence Butler has a note:—

The caracal lies on a shelf in its den in the Zoological Gardens quietly licking its fur. I go up and stand near it. It makes a face at me. I come a little nearer. It makes a worse face at me and raises itself up on its haunches. I stand and look. It jumps down from its shelf and makes as if it intended to go for me, and move back. The caracal has exerted a moral influence over me which I have been unable to resist.

Moral influence means persuading and that one can make that other more uncomfortable than that other can make oneself. Butler's genius worked in every way except perhaps stone. He painted pictures, he composed an opera, he wrote "The Tale of All Flesh," "Erewhon," and "Hudibras," and many other books. He touched every subject, from "Moral Influence" to "Physical Pabulum" to "Clergymen's Chickens" and "Nightshirts and Babies." They must be read. Quotation is the means of getting them read. Let us therefore quote:—

NIGHT-SHIRTS AND BABIES.

On Hinchhead last Easter, we saw a family

"Est-il tourmenté plus rigoureux
Que de brûler pour une belle
Et n'oser déclarer ses feux?
Hélas! tel est mon sort affreux!"

Quoique je sois tendre et fidèle,
L'espoir, qui des plus malheureux
Adoucit la peine mortelle,
Ne saurait me flatter comme eux.

Et ma contrainte est si cruelle
Que celle vers qui vont mes vœux
Lira ce récit amoureux
Sans ~~me~~ savoir qu'il en fait pour elle.

Poem by Coquehard, 1754.

Quoted in the Athenaeum Jan 20. 06

Camb. Magazine. May 13. 1916

TO AMRITA. INDIAN LOVE SONG.

(To J.D.A. with apologies for mistakes.)

Hush, hold your breath; the great god Brahman sleeps,
And all we know, the pageant of his dream.
This unsubstantial earth, the fragile sea,
The glow-worm stars, whose clusters gem the night
As jewels star the darkness of your hair,
These are his dream

Dreams are the mountain tops
Of white Himalya's cloud-girt snows;
The rock-hewn temples where the pilgrims pray
To Lord Ishvara, maker of them all.
Not more substantial these than wind or light,
Than wind about the threshold of the dawn,
Or twinkling rainbow caught and prisoned
By swords of light across the rain-washed air.

You are a dream, Amrit—your loving eyes
And languid hair, your clash of bangles gold—
This song—our love: these are great Brahman's dream.

He moves in sleep—the dream-world stirs,
And from the poised and breathless stillness comes
The slow unfolding of our earthly life.
Dark raindrops fall; the lotus breaks and blooms;
The lips of lovers meet; the pandit turns
A dreary page and reads and turns again . . .
Somewhere a prince is born, a beggar dies.
My fingers touch the lute—and overhead
The stars swing round the cadence of a dream.

How deep the night! We are o'erarched with sleep,
The raindrops cease; and I could well nigh hold
The scented stillness in my outstretched hand.

Come close, Amrit—the god may wake e'er dawn.

AELFRIDA TILLYARD.

Miriam's Schooling
Mark Rutherford

"The ellus found that at a pinch things
will bear a lot of squeezing. I remember
when my good man were laid up with a
low fever for six weeks, & I had a baby a
month old, I thought to myself as I should
be beaten, but Lord, I was young then,
& didn't know how much squeezing things
will take, & I just squeezed through
somehow."

"To either then an untold tale

Was life, & author, here, we.

The chapters holding peaks to scale,
Or depths to fathom, made us glee;
For we were armed f' inner fires,
Unbled in us the ripe desires;
And passion rilled a quiet sea,
Wherem was love the phantom sail."

The Night-Walk

George Meredith

Shakespeare LXXXVII

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.

For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?

The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is severing.

Thyself thou gavest, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gavest it, the mistaking;

So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgement making.

Thou have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

The Observer - Sunday Jan 2. 1916
2. Savin.

How often have we said in these columns that "the little bit extra" is always the most powerful influence in life! It is the secret of genius in endowment and of happiness in intercourse as of success in action. Narrow men and purblind policies always tyne the ship for a ha'porth of tar. After going far enough to ensure that our burthens and sacrifices shall in any case be prodigious, it would be the most lamentable form of human folly to run any risk of just falling short of the full price of success. Victory in a war like this demands that the last farthing of the due amount shall be paid and at due date.

Digitized by the Institute for Botanical Documentation

Lafcadio Heacorn.

Quoted in a paper by Nina H Kennard
Nineteenth Century. Jan 06

"All song, all melody, all music, means only some evolution of the primitive natural utterances of feeling. — of the untaught speech of sorrow, joy, or passion whose words are tones. Even as other tongues vary, so varies the language of tone combinations. Wherefore the melodies which move us deeply have no significance to Japanese ears, & melodies which touch us not at all make powerful appeal to the emotion of a race whose soul-life differs from our own as blue differs from yellow. Still, what is the reason of the deeper feeling evolved in me — an alien — by the Oriental chant that I could never even learn — by the common song of a blind woman of the people? Surely that in the voice of the singer there were qualities able to make appeal to something deeper than the sum of experience of one race — to something wider as human life & ancient as the knowledge of good & evil.

1915: then, the heart in the natural breath, the sense
of the harmony of the world, then makes us enter
the vast, vast world of existence & harmony; you see
it all - seeks the one feature of his other world complete
perhaps again & character of life. And there is no fear
from the unknown & uncomprehended resurrection
will govern the secret from the secret. We may
open the harmonious world, we may find it all
shown by the red world!

"The author's work is to be made ready the
 condition of the musician's work, which, than
 is not possible, in any case and finally,
 under the best possible + than allowed by
 a person of serious work. These hidden
 imperfections are never produced (as this is clearly
 sufficient proof) by the ordinary
 good, or up-down days, or ordinary
 effort, but rather by a certain
 in which one has accomplished
 nothing, or a little, or
 (as the musician
 knows one thing; that the musician
 another in nature, & not in these
 and far worked out, would not have
 produced anything. x x x
 Perhaps one looks for the explanation in the
 period of judgment, serious work which
 always precedes all fruitful musician's
 work. It may be assumed, the future element
 comparison, or a similar, or a similar
 of an impression as something resembling

gliding stream! What a vision of unimagined
 peace, of cool refreshment, of gentle tranquillity
 it all gives!

Thus it is enter the transfiguring power of
 art, of style. The objects by themselves, in the
 common-place light, in the dreary air, are
 trivial & unromantic enough; one can hold
 them in one's hand, one seems to have seen
 them a hundred times before; but plunged
 beneath that clear fresh medium, they
 have a unity, a softness, a sweetness which
 seems the result of a magical spell, an
 uncommunicable influence; they bring all
 heaven before the eyes; they whisper the
 secrets of a region which is ventrally there,
 which we can discern & enjoy, but the charm
 which we can neither analyse nor explain;
 we can only confer its existence with a
 grateful heart.

Le secret d'ouïr est celui de tout dire.

found among E. S. S. papers.

(in the "Country Life" Anthology & Verse 1915)

As a flame may keep from the hearth, & the fire
The last chance glimmered through the days of despair,
I had held a torch for full moon - could not burn,
Flickered with out -

As a single rose grows from in the autumn weather,
As a lonely star may burn in the twilight's gray,
The last chance came when morning shape began
Had passed away.

The Last Chance by Rachel Butcher

washings. "When the father of a Japanese family begins a journey of any length, the raised part of his room will be made sacred to his memory during his temporary absence; his family will gather in front of it & think of him, expressing their devotion & love in words & gifts in kind. x x x x x And if he die on the field, the mental attitude of the poor bereaved towards the never-returning does not show any substantial difference. The temporarily departed will not be regarded as the forever departed, but not as lost or passed away. His essential self is ever present, only not visible. Daily offerings & salutations continue in exactly the same way as when he was absent for a time."

LONG FURROWS.

The plow plows with cruel blade
Till furrows long and deep are laid;
Rhythmic the spade and mattock fall,
Bruise and misuse, and wound and maul
Earth, patient mother of us all.
Furrowed and plowed by shot and shell,
Red steel and gas-cloud's gasping hell,
Gripped in the trenches' ice-cold flood
Muscle and nerve, and flesh and blood,
One with all mortal pain and woe
His grief on the cross-tree long ago,
Flesh of our flesh, furrowed and torn
By nail and lash, by lance and thorn.

From the sore wounded Son of God
Gentleness flowed and love divine;
Earth brings forth from her broken sod,
Bread for the eater, oil and wine;
The simple soldier, commonplace,
Gave to the wondering world a gleam
From heaven upon his blinded face;
Some rapture of the poet's dream.

By powerless limbs, and heart of might
To dance with childhood's old delight;
By radiant souls in sorrow's night,
Unlaureled conquerors that win,
Further than prince and paladin,
To courage for pain's lonely ways
Through all their mutilated days;
By fruit of sacrifice we know;
By harvest's fateful flag unfurled,
What life, what love, what graces grow
From the long furrows of the world.

ELEANOR ALEXANDER.

From a Collyer Window. Cornhill
Mich. 06.

"Simplicity, as a rule, is either a natural gift,
or else can be attained only by people of strong
critical powers, who will, firmly, & vigorously,
test, examine, & weigh motives, & arrive
through experience at a direct & natural
method of dealing with men & circumstances.
True simplicity is not an inherited poverty of
spirit, it is rather like the poverty of one who has
deliberately discarded what is hampering,
redundant, & unnecessary, & has learnt that the
art of life consists in disentangling the spirit
from all conventional chains. Claims, in living
by trained impulses & fine instinct, rather
than by tradition & authority.

"And of all the shifting pageant of life, by far
the most interesting & exquisite part is our

WHO SLEEPS ?

Midnight and England ; in the curtained room
Shadow upon grey shadow creeps
Till black, all conquering, dominates the gloom,
And darkness cries—who sleeps ?

Who sleeps—the bride ? She girt him for the
fight,

Gay when her happy warrior went,
Now empty arms she stretches to the night
With passionate lament.

Who sleeps—the old man ? Up the wind-swept
street

He heard a brown battalion come,
And all night long his weary worn old feet
Keep measure with the drum.

Who sleeps—the mother ? Immemorial throes
Torture her heart and laboured breath ;
This hour, it may be, her beloved goes
Undaunted into death.

Who sleeps—the barren woman, for her breast
Passion, nor pain, nor rapture stirs ?
She wakes and watches for the first and best,
A thousand sons are hers.

On desolated far-off fields, who sleep ?
We know not, but through summers green,
We know their rigid hands that hold, will keep
The flag of England clean.

Who sleeps ? Faint and forsworn, no sentinel
Between the trenches' snarling lips ;
Not one on guard where moonlit waters swell
Under the battleships.

They sleep not for whom furnace smoke-clouds
roll,

Nor they who forge for England's care,
Armour laid on the anvil of her soul
And hammered out with prayer.

Who sleeps—your God on His eternal hill,
And Zion falls, and Rachel weeps ?
Captain of hosts and our salvation still,
He slumbers not nor sleeps.

ELEANOR ALEXANDER.

*The Times
March 2, 1916.*

relations with the other souls who are bound on
the same pilgrimage. One desires ardently to
know what other people feel about it all —
what ~~are~~ their points of view are, what their
motives are, what are the data on which they
form their opinions — so that to cut off the
discussion of other personalities on ethical grounds
is like any other stiff & Puritanical attempt to
limit interests, to circumscribe experience, &
main life.

The Times (Memorial Column)

Nov 2, 1916

(Beatrice Bliss)

ALL SOULS.
TO THE FIRST SEVEN DIVISIONS.
The Fallen, the Prisoners, the Disabled, and those still
fighting.
Oh, little mighty Force that stood for England ;
That, with your bodies for a living shield,
Guarded her slow awaking, that defied
The sudden challenge of enormous odds,
And fought the rushing legions to a stand—
Then staid in grim endurance held the line.
Oh, little Force that in your agony
Stood fast while England girt her armour on,
Held high our honour in your wounded hands,
Carried our honour safe with bleeding feet—
We have no glory great enough for you,
The very soul of Britain keeps your day !
Procession ?—Marches forth a race in arms ;
And, for the thunder of the monstrous guns,
Crash upon crash the voice of the crowd's applause,
Fed by the sweat, served by the life of England,
Shouting your battle cry across the world !
Oh, little mighty Force, your way is ours,
This land inviolate your monument.

By Mrs. Elizabeth
Waterhouse (widow
of Alfred Waterhouse
the architect) who
died Apr. 3, 1918
aged 83, so the
manuscript has been
at least 79 years
the date is

The Times
Feb 14
1916
IN MESOPOTAMIA.

The young see Visions, but the old have Dreams
And I, dream-footed, walked among the
Streams—

The four great Streams that round the dwelling
ran

Of one, the first wild thing whose name was Man.
There came I to a place I seemed to know
In antenatal dreams of long ago.

Green was the space, shut in by orchard trees
To which I passed, and under one of these
A Woman stood—or was she but a child?
So infantine her look was when she smiled,
More child-like still when, with her eyes cast
down

And forehead gathered to a puzzled frown
She lifted to her lips, and then withdrew
Swiftly, a Fruit she held, golden in hue,
Apple or Shaddock.

But a strange new sound
Broke on the stillness of that garden ground.
Harsh-labouring wheels and tramp of myriad
feet

Of men and horses in unrhythmic beat
And women's cries of anger and despair
While oaths of Turk and Teuton fouled the
air.

Sudden she turned, as little children go
Leaving their tasks, to see a puppet show,
In wonder, not in fear, and clasping still
The golden Fruit that waited on her will.
Then with lithe limbs and with her one hand
free

She swung herself where from a branching tree
The cause of all that clamour she could see.

Spell-captive, in my dream I watched her
there

Seeing the glory of her red-gold hair
Flashing among the leaves, as to and fro
She moved to mark that cruel concourse go
—A little while, Then from her height she came
With eyes enkindled and with cheeks aflame.
Erect, magnificent, I saw her stand,
The round world's Future in her lifted hand.
"Is THIS what knowledge brings?" I heard
her say

Flinging in Scorn the golden Fruit away.
And where it fell I saw a twisted wake
Of crumpled flowers—the pathway of a Snake.

O mother of us all!—Too late, Too late!
Long since God's Angels shut that Orchard Gate.

E. W.

Too Late

Each on his own strict line we move,
And some find death ere they find love;
So far apart their lives are thrown
From the twin soul which halves their own.

And sometimes, by still harder fate,
The lovers meet, but meet too late.

— Thy heart is mine! — True, true! ah, true!

— Then, love, thy hand! — Ah no! adieu!

Matthew Arnold

(Francis Dawson or Rupert Brooke)

"Youth" :-

"A young Apollo, golden-haired,
Stands dreaming on the verge of strife,
Magnificently unprepared
For the long littleness of life."

The words which Henry Sidgwick wished to be said over his grave if the Church of England service was not used

"Let us commend to the love of God with silent prayer the soul of a sinful man who partly tried to do his duty. It is by his wish that I say over his grave these words & no more."

Sādhanā. The Realisation of life.

"It is dire destruction for (man) when he envelopes his soul in a dead shell of callous habits, when a blind fury of works whirled round him like an eddying dust storm, shutting out the horizon. That indeed kills the very spirit of his being, which is the spirit of comprehension. Essentially man is not a slave either of himself or of the world; but he is a lover. His freedom & fulfilment is in love, which is another name for perfect comprehension."

→ "we must keep in mind the fact that man is never literal in the expression of his ideas, except in matters most trivial. Very often man's words are not a language at all, but merely a vocal gesture of the dumb. They may indicate but do not express his thoughts. The more vital his thoughts the more hazy his words to be explained by the context of his life. x x x This is the reason why the teachings of our greatest prophets give rise to endless disputations when we try to understand them by following their words & not by realising them in our own lives. The men who are cursed with the gift of the literal mind are the unfortunate ones who are always busy with their nets & neglect the fish."

"Dharma is the innermost nature, the essence, the implicit truth, of all things."

Quoted from a lecture by Sir A Zoller Couch
Camb. May Oct 28, 1916

(2) and this, second, from the writings of an obscure Welsh clergyman of the Seventeenth Century—

"You will never enjoy the world aright till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens and crowned with the stars."

By the power of comprehension, the permeation of his being, he is united with the all-pervading Spirit, who is also the breath of his soul."

"The being who is in his essence the light & life of all, who is world-conscious, is Brahmi (The Upanishad)"

"Facts are many, but the truth is one. ... The discovery of a truth is pure joy to man - it is a liberation of his mind. For, a mere fact is like a stone lane, it leads only to itself, it has no beyond. But a truth opens up a whole horizon, it leads us to the infinite"

"The chick knows when it breaks through the self-centred isolation of its egg, that the hard shell which covered it so long, was not really a part of its life. That shell is a dead thing, it has no growth, it affords no glimpse whatever of the vast beyond that lies outside it. However

pleasantly perfect & wounded it may be, it must be given a blow to, it must be burst through & thereby the freedom of light & air be won, & the complete purpose of bird life be achieved."

"It is the self of man which the great King of the universe has not shadowed with his throne - he has left it free. In his physical & mental organism, where man is related with nature, he has to acknowledge the rule of his King, but in his self, he is free & draws him down to the unity of the universe (A.A.)"

"At one pole of my being I am one with stocks & stones. There I have to acknowledge the rule of universal law. That is where the foundation of my existence lies, deep down below. x x x

But at the other pole of my being I am separate from all. There I have broken through the cobweb of equality & stand alone as an individual. I am absolutely unique, I am I, I am incomparable. x x x We are absolutely bankrupt if we are deprived of this speciality, this

individuality which is the only thing we can call our own; but, if lost, is also a loss to the whole world. His most valuable because it is not universal.

CHARLES HAMILTON SORLEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—On the afternoon of October 13 there died in France, leading his company in an attack, a boy of 20 years, whose name merits something more than a passing notice. Son of Professor W. R. Sorley, of Cambridge, he went to Marlborough College, and in 1913 won a scholarship at University College, Oxford.

His rich, glowing personality, his vivid imagination and his power of interpreting it in words, his physical and mental vigour, his brilliant intellectual endowments, his originality, his intense human sympathy, his virility, his high ideals, his loveliness, and his infinite capacity for the joy of life formed a "boyhood of promise beyond the eye's scope." For promise, I rank him with Rupert Brooke, whom I know well as a boy at Rugby. Rupert Brooke had just entered the temple of literary fame; Charles Sorley was waiting, breathless, in the outer court. That he would have reached the shrine I make no doubt. He lived every moment of his short life, and his companionship was as inspiring and strengthening as the strong air of the wind-swept Marlborough downs which he passionately loved, and to which his eyes were so often lifted when on the plains of France. I add an extract from a letter written to me a few days before his death as a captain in the 7th Battalion Suffolk Regiment, and some lines penned since the war began.—Yours faithfully,

ST. J. B. WYNNE WILLSON.

The chess players are no longer waiting so infernal long between their moves, and the patient pawns are all in movement hourly expecting further advances whether to be taken or reach the back lines and be queened. 'Tis sweet, this pawn being; there are no cares, nor doubts; wherefore no regrets. The burden which I am sure is the burden of ill-temper, drunkenness, and premature old age, to wit, the making up of one's own mind, is lifted from our shoulders. I can now understand the value of dogma, which is the General Command-in-Chief of the mind. I am now beginning to think that freethinkers should give their minds into subjection; for we who have given our actions and volitions into subjection gain such marvellous rest thereby. Only, of course, it is the subjecting of their powers of will and deed to the wrong master, on the part of a great nation that has led Europe into war. Perhaps afterwards I and my like will again become indiscriminate rebels.

Lines written, before leaving England:—

EXPECTANS EXPECTAVI.

From noon to midnight, all day through,
I laugh and play as others do,
I sin and chatter, just the same

Out of the East by Lafradis Heavn

"The whole tendency of modern knowledge, the whole tendency of scientific teaching, is toward the ultimate conviction that the Unknowable, even as the Brahma of ancient Indian thought, is inaccessible to prayer. Not a few of us feel that Western Faith must finally pass away forever, leaving us to our own resources when our mental manhood shall have been attained, even as the fondlest of mothers must leave her children at last. In that far day her work will all have been done; she will have fully developed our recognition of certain eternal spiritual laws; she will have fully ripened our imperfect human sympathies; she will have fully prepared us by her frailties and failings for the gentler falsehood, for the terrible truth of existence; prepared us for the knowledge that there is no Divine love save the love of man for man; that we have no All-Father, no Saviour, no angel guardians, that we have no possible refuge but in ourselves."

BOND AND FREE.

(THE BAPAUME ROAD, March, 1917.)

Misty and pale the sunlight, brittle and black the trees;
 Roads powdered like sticks of candy for a black to crunch as they freeze
 Then we overtook a Battalion . . . and it wasn't a roadway then,
 But cymbals and drums and dulcimers to the beat of the marching men!
 They were laden and groomed for the trenches, they were ahead and scrubbed and fed;
 Like the scales of a single Saurian their helmets rippled ahead;
 Not a sorrowful face beneath them, just the tail of a scornful eye
 For the car full of favoured muffs that went quacking and quacking by.
 You gloat and take note in your motoring car, and the sights come fast and thick:
 A party of pampered prisoners, toying with shovel and pick;
 A town where some of the houses are so many heaps of stone,
 And some of them steel anatomies picked clean to the buckled bone.
 A road like a pier in a hurricane of mountainous seas of mud,
 Where a few trees, whittled to walking-sticks, rose out of the frozen flood—
 Like the masts of the sunken villages that might have been down below—
 Or blown off the festering face of an earth that God Himself wouldn't know!
 Not a yard but was part of a shell-hole—not an inch, to be more precise—
 And most of the holes held water, and all the water was ice;
 They stared at the bleak blue heavens like the glazed blue eyes of the slain,
 Till the snow came, shutting them gently, and sheeting the slaughtered plain.
 Here a pile of derelict rifles, there a couple of horses lay—
 Like rockless rocking-horses, as wooden as leg as they,
 And not much redder of nostril—not anything like so grim
 As the slinking ghoul of a lean live cat creeping over the crater's rim!
 And behind and beyond and about us were the long black Dogs of War,
 With pilgrims pulling their tails for them, and making the monsters roar
 As they sithered back on their haunches, as they put out their flaming tongues,
 And spat a murderous message long leagues from their iron lungs!
 They were kennelled in every corner, and some were in gay disguise,
 But all kept twitching their muzzles and flaying the silvery skies!
 A howitzer like a hyena guffawed point-blank at the car—
 But only the sixty-pounder leaves an absolute aural scar!
 (Could a giant but crack a cable as a stockman cracks his whip,
 Or tear up a mile of calico with one unshakable r-r-r-rip!
 Could he only squeak a slate-pencil about the size of this gun,
 You might get some faint idea of its sound, which is those three sounds in one.)
 But certain noises were absent, we looked for some sights in vain,
 And I cannot tell you if shrapnel does really descend like rain—
 Or Big Stuff burst like a bonfire, or bullets whistle or moan;
 But my other figures I'll swear to—if some of 'em are my own!

The Bard of the Dimbovitza
 Romanian Folk Songs
 Collected by Helene Vacaresco
 Trans. by Carmen Sylva + Alma Strettell
 92

Livid and moist the twilight, heavy with snow the trees,
 And a road as of pleated velvet the colour of new cream-cheese
 Then we overtook a Battalion . . . and I'm hunting still for the word
 For that gaunt, undaunted, haunted, whitening, frightening herd!
 They had done their trick in the trenches, they were coated and caked with mud,
 And some of them wore a bandage, and some of them wore their blood!
 The gaps in their ranks were many, and none of them looked at me
 And I thought of no more vain phrases for the things I was there to see,
 But I felt like a man in a prison van where the rest of the world goes free.
 E. W. HORNUNG.

Times Sept-25, 1917

lans, river, flow onward afar,
 within me, the days flee by.
 is might appeareth, the birds sing
 bers gleefully deck their hair.
 cause 'ts the smaller of all,
 I have built them two nest
 them.

borne no children;
 ath cursed me, I look the same

me even;
 y stars, hath compassion

what dost thou with all
 the days I make bright?"

Times
March 8, 1916

ON BEING BRILLIANT.

A PRIVILEGE OF YOUTH.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

How often one hears of a brilliant young man, and how seldom of a brilliant old one. Brilliant undergraduates are common objects at Oxford and Cambridge: brilliant dons are far less common, while brilliant professors—well, the very oddity of the phrase shows how rare they are. And yet most professors have been brilliant undergraduates in their day, and so have many dons.

There is a time of life at which most of the brilliant cease to be brilliant; it comes usually between 25 and 30; and it coincides with that moment at which they engage, as the saying is, in the serious business of life. In fact it is only easy to be brilliant when you are doing nothing in particular, or at any rate nothing for which you are paid. The moment you begin to earn money or to try to earn it you find that the difficulty of being brilliant increases tenfold. Then you understand suddenly why middle-aged men are so dull. For one thing the world does not want them to be brilliant; for another it is so difficult to be brilliant over a task imposed upon you by the struggle for life. And those who enjoyed your brilliance before, now suddenly become impatient of it. Your epigrams were well enough when you uttered them about things in general; but your fellow-workers do not want to hear them about your work. They are like the coquetry of a young girl which becomes tiresome in a married woman. In fact, the moment a youth sets to work to earn his living, he is intellectually married and must settle down to a different stage of existence without attempting to prolong the airs and graces of youth.

THE PALM WITHOUT THE DUST.

There are, of course, men who will not consent to this change. They persist in their brilliance, as an elderly coquette persists in the exercise of her charms; and they are more impatient than youth itself at the dullness of successful middle-age. But usually this belated brilliance of theirs becomes forced and uneasy; bitterness takes the place of the high spirits of youth in them, the bitterness of the fox who said that the grapes were sour. They have chosen perpetual youth rather than

I am filled with hate for the earth, that is
fruitful & fruitful not.

Only the graves I love, for in them naught quickens
more,

Future for them is none, even as for me.

Oh, what a flood of laughter he would bring to the
threshold of mine?

And oh, how sweetly slumber beneath the sun of
my smile?

Oh, how were I blessed, if I could but look in

his eyes,

Drinking my gaze in his, & then wholly

forgetting

That other joys were on earth!

Then would the nests & the huts call me their

sister, if only

His mother were I!

For I hear his voice then sayeth, unceasing,
beneath my heart,

For I know that he lives in me, only he
cannot be born,

A Casualty

Oct. 1914
The great war

John Delaney of the Rifles has been shot -
A man we never knew.

Does it cloud the day for you
That he lies among the dead
Mourning, hearing, heeding not?

No historian will write his humble name;
No sculptured stone will tell
The traveller where he fell.
That he lies among the dead
Is the measure of his fame.

When our troops return victorious shall we care
That, deaf to all the cheers,
Lacking tribute of our tears,
He is lying with the dead
Stark & silent - God knows where?

John Delaney of the Rifles - who was he?

A name seen on a list
All unknown & all unmixed!
What to us that he is dead?
Yet he died for you and me!

Wm Letts

And I may possess of him nothing except my
jealous desire!
None ear is full of the murmur of rocking
cradles.

(Refrain as at the beginning)

The Times, Sept 4, 16.

R. B.

It was April we left Lemnos, shining sea and snow-white camp,
Passing onward into darkness. Lemnos shone a golden lamp,
As a glow lamp that is quenched so the lovely Lemnos air
Whispered of the dawn and battle; and we left a comrade there.

He who sang of dawn and evening, English glades and light of Greece,
Changed his dreaming there to sleeping, left his sword to rest in peace.
Left his visions of the springtime, Holy Grad and Golden Fleece,
Took the leave that has no ending, till the waves of Lemnos cease.

There will be enough recorders ere this fight of ours be done,
And the deeds of men made little, swiftly cheapened one by one;
Bitter loss his golden harpstrings and the treasure of his youth;
Gallant foe and friend may mourn him, for he sang the knightly truth.

Joy was his in his clear singing, clean as is the swimmer's joy;
Strong the wine he drank of battle, fierce as that they forged in Troy.
Swift the shadows steal from Athos, but his soul was morning-swift,
Greek and English he made music, caught the cloud-thoughts we let drift.

Sleep you well, you rainbow comrade, where the wind and light are strong,
Overhead and high above you, let the lark take up your song.
Something of your singing lingers, for the men like me who pass,
Till all singing ends in sighing, in the sighing of the grass.

A. H.

The Two Mothers. Christmas Day 1916
(Ethel Sargant)

RACHEL

Our sons have followed them to Calvary;
Daily he leads them up the stony way,
While for their mothers every weary day
Ends in the shadows of fethersome.
No earthly Easter crowns our agony,
We do not meet our children glorified;
Even the last sad service is denied,
No grave keeps green a sacred memory,
How dare the bells peal on ^{an} ^{any} ^{every} side
Proclaiming love to men, goodwill & peace?

MARY

They hail my Son, for whom your sons have died,
Here of a kingdom whence all wars shall cease.
He needs the shelter of thy empty arm!
Oh sorrowing mother, keep my Babe from harm!

The Lapse of Vivien Lady
by Charles Brannett.

"nothing is trivial if you want it, & if you
don't want it everything is trivial."

"you've got to begin with the stuff & work out your
ideals from that. It's no good applying to
human beings ready-made principles thought out
in the study away from men & women.

You can't get either nobility of character or
happiness by aiming at them directly, without
regard to your own functions & limitations. It's
no good sitting down & saying, 'I'm going to be
good, a great, or happy, a noble.' These
things are by-products of your relation to
the universe."

"She was interested in watching Stott as he
talked to her mother. He sat leaning
forward with his broad hands clasped between

Sir William Hamilton "The whole art of
going through life tolerably, in my opinion, is to
keep one's self eager about anything."

(1899 Smuts, Edward The life of Sir Joseph
Banks 1911)

NURSERY RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN.

(SECOND SERIES.)

XX.
MILLWALL.

I LEANED on the Mill-Wall
Looking at the water,
I leaned on the Mill-Wall
And saw the Nis's Daughter.

I saw the Nis's Daughter
Playing with her ball,
She tossed it and tossed it
Against the Mill-Wall.

I saw the Nis's Goodwife
Busy making lace
With her silver bobbins
In the Mill-Race.

Then I saw the old Nis,
His hair to his heel,
Combing out the tangles
On the Mill-Wheel.

The Miller came behind me
And gave my ear a clout—
"Get on with your business,
You good-for-nothing lout!"

XXI.
CORNHILL.

The seed of the Corn, the rustling Corn,
The seed of the Corn is sown;
When the seed is sown on the Cornhill
My love will ask for his own.

The blade of the Corn, the rustling Corn,
The blade of the Corn is shown;
When the blade is shown on the Corn-
hill

I'll promise my love his own.

The ear of the Corn, the rustling Corn,
The ear of the Corn is grown;
When the ear is grown on the Corn-
hill

My love shall have his own.

The sheaf of the Corn, the rustling Corn,
The sheaf of the Corn is mown;
When the sheaf is mown on the Corn-
hill

My love will leave his own.

his knees, his easy attitude & the firm way
his feet were planted on the floor pleased her.

She was no longer repelled by his look of self-
-confidence, of doing the thing that he wanted.
Her standard of people being intellectual, all her
life until now she had consciously observed only
eyes & foreheads. When she tried to remember
how her acquaintances looked, she saw nothing,
lower than their mouths, their bodies being
only more or less symmetrically shaped vessels to
carry mind about in. Now she had the
sudden intimation of a whole world unappreciated
& unexplored. This was not the first time
she had made a similar discovery. For a long
time Flaxman's illustrations to the Iliad &
Odyssey & the statues in museums made her
picture the Greeks as white marble people,
& it had caused her quite a mental shock
when one day she suddenly realised that,
as they lived, Paris & Helen & Antigone &

THE TIMES, TUESDAY, JUNE 4, 1912.

MR. HARDY ON LITERATURE.

in last part

A PLEA FOR PURE ENGLISH.

Mr. Henry Newbolt and Mr. W. B. Yeats, who were staying with him at Max Gate, Dorchester, for the occasion, presented Mr. Thomas Hardy on Sunday, the 72nd anniversary of his birth, with the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature, recently awarded to him upon the recommendation of the Academic Committee. They reminded him, in making the presentation, that among the principal duties enjoined upon the Society by the charter of 1823, and now entrusted to the Academic Committee, was the encouragement and recognition of literature by public awards, and that the gold medal, the highest of these awards, has only been bestowed upon some 15 recipients in all, among them being Walter Scott, Robert Southey, Washington Irving, and George Meredith.

Mr. Hardy replied as follows:—

In thanking the Royal Society of Literature and its Academic Committee very warmly for this interesting and valuable gift I need hardly say that the offer of it came quite as a surprise to myself, of which the Committee will be aware. I am, to be sure, rather an old boy to receive a medal, and am particularly unfortunate in having no younger boy to whom I can hand it on; so that, without undervaluing the receipt of it—rather, indeed, because I value it so highly—I have been thinking whether prizes of some kind could not be offered by the Society to makers of literature earlier in life to urge them to further efforts.

There is no doubt that any sort of incentive to the cultivation and production of pure literature is of immense value in these latter days, and awards by the Royal Society of Literature should be among the strongest. An appreciation of what is real literature, and efforts to keep real literature alive, have, in truth, become imperative, if the taste for it is not to be entirely lost, and, with the loss of that taste, its longer life in the English language. While millions have lately been learning to read, few of them have been learning to discriminate; and the result is an appalling increase every day in slipshod writing that would not have been tolerated for one moment a hundred years ago.

I don't quite like to say so, but I fear that the vast increase of hurried descriptive reporting in the newspapers is largely responsible for this in England; writing done by men, and still more by women, who are utterly incapable of, and unconscious of, that "grin of delight" which, William Morris once said,

Alcestis must have been more a less
sunburnt, red or brown, with coloured eyes,
live blood in their cheeks, & dark or golden
hair on their heads."

"Books had become distasteful because
she had violated them by giving them only
her intelligence—by reading them apart
from life."

Review of Walsart's Retrogression 1716
The Reviewer Dec 9. 1716

How admirable is this, and how welcome
he tribute to a poet often treated as though
he were but an amateur.

This lord of a romantic wit
Was subtle without knowing it;
For Subtlety expires in air
If of herself she grow aware.

Oft with a reveller's gait did he
Stagger into profundity;
As mariners that chartless rove
May drift on isles of treasure-trove.

Nature, whose lapidary seas
Labour a pebble without ease,
Till they unto perfection bring
That miracle of polishing;
Who never negligently yet
Fashioned an April violet,
Nor would forgive, did June disclose
Unceremoniously the rose.

Slightly changed, the sentiment used here to
defend "A Carolino Poet" would be avail-
ing in the excuse of some of these pathless
eager-eyed adventurers whom Mr. Watson
attacks for following poetry by scent rather
than by rule. The Muse, after all, is a
woman, and would sooner be served by those
who know the odour of her garments than by
those who learn by rote all the means of
decorous approach given in the Parnassian
Poets' Handbook of Etiquette.

"Dear as the children. What are they indeed?
 Possibilities, unwords, promises - hardly you
 say no better, in fact. Bonality is always
 there. The only perfect thing in this imperfect
 world is promise, saying.

Promise
 by E. S. Lyman.

"Never express anything
 only substitute
 the world's language."

themselves, though they every now & then
 emit a flash of soft brilliance; but they are
 rather the people who send everyone else away
 contented; who see the possibilities in every
 remark; who want to know what other
 people think; who can, by some deft
 sympathetic process which is to me very
 mysterious, expand a blunt expression of
 opinion into an interesting mental horizon,
 or fructify some faltering thought into a
 "perfect & affecting essay." ~~and then~~

Samuel Pepys, Diary VI III 1 = Feb 23, 1666
 "I might be pleased to have these people come down me
 & to be able to entertain them & have the pleasure of
 their qualities, than such no man can have more
 in the world."

"Thou art so true, that thoughts of thee suffice
To make dreams truth, & fables histories."

John Donne

The Sea hath many a thousand sands,
The sun hath motes as many;
The sky is full of stars, & love
As full of woes as any:
Believe me, that do know the elf,
And make no trial by thyself

'Tis in truth a pretty toy
For babes to play withal;
But O, the honey of our youth
Are for our eyes call!
Self-proof in time will make thee know
He was a prophet told thee so:
A prophet that, Cassandra-like
Tells truth without belief;
For headstrong youth will run his race,
Although his goal be grief;
Loves martyr, when his hours past,
Proves Care's confessor at the last.

Robert Jones

"You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies:
When are you when the moon shall rise?"

Sir Henry Wotton

"The habit of hand to make the night is not too
dreadful in architecture than any other
activity of the mind"

"Architecture is not cabinet-making, neither is it
gold-smith's work - but a gain intellectual art,
moving mind by conceptions, even breathing one
form in the spirit of that strange figure in
Durer's broken circle."

"Richard five work - all the arts his parent
embrace, which impels a man to paint a picture,
model a figure, design architecture in one way, &
we were only the impulse to form within, or seek
after construction."

"It is not enough to shuffle through your symphony;
x x x You will not get beyond the 2nd bar, no,
the - dead's half success there - were from
failure."

"The Greater Art"
by Desmond Blomfield.
March 7. 19

Envy

So songs fa ended is our brief sweet play
So, children of brief joy & starby corn
And some are sung, & that was yesterday
And some are sung, & that may be tomorrow.

So forth & if it be o'er stony way
Old joy can lead what never grief may borrow
And it was sweet, & that was yesterday
And sweet it is sweet though purchased with sorrow.

So, songs, & come not back from your long way
And if men ask you why ye smile & sorrow
Tell them you grieve for your eyes see today
Tell them you smile for your heart knows tomorrow.

Francis Thompson

"There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings."

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, & blossom in their dust."

James Shirley

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

Marquess of Montrose

"He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green light."

Andrew Marvell

Whoe'er she be
That not impossible she,
That shall command my heart some;
Richard Crashaw

Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose;
Sir Charles Sedley

Howards End "LM Foster"

"Only connect ----"

"It is only that people are far more different than is pretended. All over the world men & women are worrying because they cannot develop as they are supposed to develop. Here there they have the matter out, & it compares them. Don't fret yourself, Helen. Develop what you have; love your child.

I do not love children. I am thankful to have none. I can play with their beauty & charm, but there is all - nothing real, not an scrap of what there ought to be. And others - others go farther still, & move outside humanity altogether. A place, as well as a person, may catch the glow. Don't you see that - all this leads to compare in the end? It is part of the battle against sameness. Differences - stand differences, planted by God in a single family, so that there may always be colour; colour

Some Aspects of the Endowment of Research

Henry H Donaldson

Science Feb 23. 1906

"Sometimes, in the case of endowments intended for research, & x x x the expenditures have been applied for assigned work where the plan or program ran even into petty details, statements of progress or reports of activity being expected or demanded.

Unfunded research can not be thus assigned, because there is nothing to assign.

The investigator, like an adventurous explorer, thinks 'the country to the west looks interesting' & he makes a start. It may be years before we hear from him again, & no man can justly predict success or failure. We do not ask of such a man that he should first draw a map of the unknown region, or engage to see that those who sent him are kept regularly informed. His energies & time being to other work.

perhaps, but colour in the daily grey."

"The building of the rainbow bridge that should connect the present with the past. Without it we are meaningless fragments, half men, half beasts, unconnected arches that have never joined into a man. With it love is born, a light on the higher curve, glowing against the grey, silver against the fire."

As for the ~~discussions~~ ~~to which~~, the attraction her less. She began to "miss" new movements, & to spend her spare time re-reading or thinking, rather to the concern of her Chelsea friends. They attributed the change to her marriage, & perhaps some deep instinct did warn her not to travel further from her husband than was inevitable. Yet the same cause lay deeper still; the bad organic stimulants, & was passing from words to things. It was doubtful if she ~~was~~ not ~~sheep~~ up with Wedekind or John, but some closing of the gates is inevitable after thirty, if the mind itself is to become a creative power."

"Research with a string to it suffers too many drawbacks"

"Yet; even with freedom & right-intellectual surroundings, we as investigators can hardly lay too much emphasis on the frame of mind in which we approach the problems that confront us. By our common method, & even by our metaphors, we too often seem to advance upon the undiscovered country as though the chief desire were to reclaim it in any ~~one~~ way, & that is ever done rapidly & before others could arrive. This is a notion of borrowed from the creed of economics, but it does not fit research. The environment of research can foster more than this. Just as the frontier is not only the locality of active advance, but also the place where strong frontiersmen grow, so the chief gain coming from those stationed on the boundaries of science is not the mere reclamation of the wilderness, but far

"Keats, before Action":-

A little moment more—O, let me hear
 (The thunder rolls above, and star-shells fall)
 These melodies unheard re-echo clear
 Before the shuddering moment closes all.
 They come—they come—they answer to my
 call,
 That Grecian throng of graven ecstasies,
 Hyperion aglow in blazing skies,
 And Cortez with the wonder in his eyes.
 In battle-breaths of smoke they rise, and
 fall
 Beyond—beyond recall.
 Now all is silent, still, and magic-keen
 (Yet thunder rolls above and star-shells fall),
 And slowly pacing rides a faery queen
 Wild-eyed and singing to a knight in thrall.
 Enough—enough—let lightning whip me
 bare
 And leave me naked in the howling air
 My body broken here, and here, and here,
 Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all,
 The very all in all.

POEMS. By Geoffrey Dearmer. (Heinemann.
 2s. 6d. net.)

My Cornish Neighbours
 W^m Havelock Ellis

"a man can't rightly build even a rick
 without a little fervour about him."

From the Lutan by T. W. H. Rolleston.
 (Review of 'Echoes from Kottalos')

"Two chambers hath the heart;

& Here dwelling

live Joy & Pain apart.

Is Joy in an awake?

Then only

Doth Pain his slumber take.

Joy, in those hours, refrain—

Speak softly,

lest thou awaken Pain."

Beats "I love you with so much I my heart has come to
 legs & protest"
 Bendish "Shall quip & sentence then paper bullets
 of the brain use a man from the cavern of his humour?"
 Bendish "You'll tell the whar, fume; a collage of
 wit-makers cannot flow me out of my humour.
 Great than think I see in a satire or an epigram;
 I do suppose I may be missing."
 I will think nothing & my fingers has the world in
 my organs it?

grumble about making

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THE FOUNTAIN.

Upon the terrace where I play
A little fountain sings all day
A tiny tune :
It leaps and prances in the air—
I saw a little fairy there
This afternoon.

The jumping fountain never stops—
He sat upon the highest drops
And bobbed about.
His legs were waving in the sun,
He seemed to think it splendid fun,
I heard him shout.

The sparrows watched him from a tree,
A robin bustled up to see
Along the path :
I thought my wishing-bone would break,
I wished so much that I could take
A fairy bath. R. F.

June 1917

there was a star danced, & under that was I born.
" Beat. Ho, now, my lord, my no the sword; but then
in a nesting hour.

8. Pedro your scheme most affords me, & the merry
form & speak all with me matter.

for working days: you grace in the costly tower every
day. And, blessed you grace, pardon me: I was
brother he, my lord, unless I might have another

8. Pedro "Will you have my lady?"

Charles "Silence to the professors would I give:
but little happy, I could say how much
Dive

much like about nothing

The Passenger

[Wilfred Wilson Gibson]

As one, who at some road-side station waits
The passing-glance of a far-travelling friend
And from the dusty, dim-lit platform's verge
Looks out into the darkness of the rain,
A-tiptoe with impatience, till he sees
The night with favourable signals starred
And the far-flaring fume, as, thundering nigh,
The train—a dragon belching smoke & fire—
Crashes through leagues of alpine deep night
Till by him it draws up; & eagerly,
He hastens down its bustling, lighted length
Glaning in each compartment, till, full of him,
Out of a blur of faces all unknown
Of cold, indifferent strangers, flashes forth
The friend's familiar face: she, who long
Has ached with pent-up speech, can breathe
Of all his heart would say, but stammers out
Some civil phrase of greeting, as he grips
The hand held out to him; &, all too soon,
The whistle sound, & with a clank of doors
And thrash of steam, the train, with jattering war,
Glides out into the darkness of the rain,
Leaving a trail of perishing, cold stars,
And rumblings of reverberating iron
That sink again to silence, deep night
Above the watches, left-time—desolate:

Thus by the road of life, I wait, O friend,
And such is the brief passing-glance of you

new
11 p443
ed
is they
month
are
medium

Print
1917

was born
"but then"
the
my

me : does
near every
another

with
y : since

My Idealized John Bullesses
Joshua Markins. English Review
Feb 1911 p 443

"They are like the electric wire covered
with insulating medium. Perhaps they
may have a strong & lectricity of the passionate
love made of their heart, but they are
quite safe. x x x Their insulating medium
is the British patent!"

A. J. Balfour.

Do they follow, I mean, on reason *qua* reason,
or are they like a schoolboy's tears over a propo-
sition in Euclid, consequences of reasoning, but
not conclusions from it?

The right of any individual to judge for himself
is like the right of any man who possesses a balance
at the bankers to require its immediate payment
in sovereigns. The right may be undoubted,
but it can only be safely enjoyed on condition
that too many persons do not take it into their
heads to exercise it together.

dove's labrum lost

"Small have continued predators ever since."
"I have base authority from other books."

"On a day - a day - a day!"

dove's throat is now fragrant
Spid a diamond passing fair
Playing in the warden air:
through the what leaves the wind,
All warden, can passage find;
That the lover, seek & death,With himself the treasure breath.

And give to me, my dove's fragrant
And, could I might dream so!
But, alas, my hands to warm
he's to part the from my throat!
Yes, alas, for youth's warmth,
youth's soul to part a sweet!
Do not call it sin on me,
that I am forever in thee;
that I am forever in thee;
that I am forever in thee;
that I am forever in thee;
that I am forever in thee;
that I am forever in thee;
that I am forever in thee;
that I am forever in thee;

Turning mortal for thy love;
And doing himself for love,
June has an unique way;
that I am forever in thee;
that I am forever in thee;
that I am forever in thee;
that I am forever in thee;
that I am forever in thee;
that I am forever in thee;
that I am forever in thee;
that I am forever in thee;
that I am forever in thee;
that I am forever in thee;
that I am forever in thee;
that I am forever in thee;
that I am forever in thee;
that I am forever in thee;

Spring

"When doves feed & write the
And lady-moths all when that
And cuckoo-birds of yellow hue
do paint the meadows with delight,"

From a College Window

A.C. Benson.

The Simple Life

"The interest for her, in the world in which she lives, is the changing relations of people, their affinities, their aversions, their loves & hates, their warmth & their coldness. What underlies the shifting scene, the endless entertainments, the country house visits, the ebb & flow of society, is really the mystery of sex. People write not very much to do but to amuse themselves, with no prescribed duties, with few intellectual interests, become preoccupied in what is the great underlying force in the world, the passion of love; the talisman that goes on, dull & tiresome as it appears to an outsider, is all charged with the secret influence; it is not what is said that matters; it is what is implied by manner & glance & inflection of tone. This

"That time of year than might in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west;
 Which by-and-by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest."

"There is that says more than I think can say more than the rich prince, - that you share on you."

"When in the chronicle I wrote time

"See description of the former night,
 And heart making beautiful old rhyme"
 Or praise of Radio dead & lovely knight)

Sonnet.

atmosphere of delectable emotion is, for a good many years of their lives, the native air of these fair + unoccupied women. Men drift into it + out of it, & it provides them often no more than a beautiful & thrilling episode; they become interested in sport, in agriculture, in politics, in business; but with women it is different. Loves & husband, emotional friendships with other women - these constitute the business of life for them; & then perhaps the tranquillizing & pure love of children, the troubles & joys of growing boys & girls, come in to fill the mind with a serene & tender, though not less passionate emotion; & so life passes, "age draws near."

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which allows than it attraction finds,
 (O) bonds with the remembrance remove;
 O no; it is an ever fixed mark,
 That thro' the storm of tempest, & to never shaken;
 It is the star & every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken,
 Love's not time's fool, though's rays be shaken,
 When the burning sun's compass come,
 Love alters not with his brief hours & weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom,
 If this be error, & upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Shakespeare

"I would try to trace that I believe the
 essence of the simple life to be; it lies very
 far down in the spirit, among the roots
 of life. The first requisite is a perfect
 sincerity of character. This implies many
 things: it means a joyful temperance of
 soul, a certain clearness & strength of temperance.
 The truly simple person must not be vague
 & undetermined, swayed by desire or shifting
 emotion; he must meet others with
 candid frankness, he must have no
 petty ambitions, he must have wide &
 general interests, he must be quick
 to discern what is beautiful & wise;
 he must have a clear & sharp focused
 point of view; he must act on his own
 intuitions & beliefs, not simply try to
 find out what other people are thinking &
 try to think it too; he must in short
 be free from conventionalty. The essence
 of the really simple character is that a

"the seasons of sweet silent thought."

"I'll meet a glowing morning here O'er
 the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden lips the meadow green!"

giddy pale stream with heavenly alchemy

So on I as the rich, when bland ray
 On brings from the sweet up-looked breeze,
 the warm, the wild, the new, the strong,
 for hunting the first part of solemn pleasure.

Sharon can lead to solemn & so rare,
 seldom coming, in the long year set
 like stars of worth the twinkling heads are,
 Or capstan leads in the cavern.

Somerset.

man should accept his environment &
 cude; if he is born in the so-called world,
 he need not seek to fly from it. Such a
 character as I have described has a
 marvellous power of evoking that is sincere
 & simple in other natures; such a one
 will lead to believe that other people are
 as they are found genuine as himself;
 she will not be wholly mistaken, because
 when they are with him, they will be
 simple too. The simple person will have
 a shyness, but not a Pharisaeal sense
 of duty; he will probably credit other
 people with the same sense of duty, &
 he will not often feel himself bound to
 disapprove of them, reserving his
 indignation for any instances of cruelty,
 meanness, falseness, & selfishness that
 he may encounter. He will not be suspicious
 of others. x x x x x I have known

When in disgrace with fortune & man's eyes,
 I all alone beweep my outcast state,
 and trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 and look upon myself, & curse my fate,
 Wishing me like do one more with in hope,
 & compass'd like him turn'd with friends to turn,
 bearing that heavy burden, not to turn,
 With that I must enjoy contented least,
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Deeply do I think on thee, - & then my state
 (like & the look at break of day every
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate!
 For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

Sonnet

such persons in every rank of life. They are
 the people who can be depended upon to do
 what they undertake, & understand the
 difficulties of others, to sympathize, & help.
 The essence of it all is a great absence of
 self-consciousness, & such people
 have described would be generally surprised,
 as a rule, if they were told that they were
 living a different life from the lives of
 others.

This simplicity of nature is not
 the found in conjunction with very
 great artistic & intellectual gifts.
 But when it is so found, it is one of the
 most perfect combinations in the
 world.

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Treasure for treasure.

Baker Vincente

"Spirits are not finally touched
But to fine voices."

Isabella

"O, it is excellent

To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

Could great men thunder

As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pebble they throw at him.

Would we had heaven for thunder: nothing but
Thunder.

Graveful heaven;

Than rather, with thy sharp & sulphurous bolt,

Shalt thou the unweeded garden rake out,

Than the soft myrtle: but many a brave man!

Burst in a little brief authority,

Great ignorant of what he's next assurd,

The gloryance, - like an arrant ass,

Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,

As make the angels weep: who, with our spleens,

Had all themselves laugh mortal.

He cannot weigh our brother with himself:

Great men may just with saints: the rest in heaven;

But in the less, full perfection.

(P. H. Dbdin)

A Dream Song

Tonight I dream Thyself are by my side.
Tonight I dream Thyself shall be my guide
Through life & love & at the ebbing tide.

Tonight I dream.

Tonight I pray Thyself that I may love
As I would love those our pure soul above.

Tonight I pray in love & hope to prove
The thing I dream.

Tonight I weep. My tears shall purify
The thought I dream, - shall lift my soul ^{high,}
That I may love & pray & glorify
The love I dream.

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The Poetry & Philosophy of George Meredith
 G. M. Trevelyan
 1906

"As in some of Michael Angelo's statues, the Titan is only half-way out of the marble. But it is a Titan & not a ballet-girl. The mere vision of his mightiness coming out suggest more than a complete Canova

"It is not by speculation where the path of speculation is 'barred', but by action & by feeling, that we can put ourselves in touch with the heart of goodness, that we can realize the best of life."

"Asceticism & sensualism, the two antagonists of love, are based theoretically on a supposed impassable division between sense & spirit, between natural & divine. Asceticism,

Song [in Francina's house] then, at the revealed groups,
 "reads the depicted Francina" (the 17th line)
 Take, oh, take these lips away,
 that so sweetly were fashioned;
 and these eyes, the track of day,
 fight that do mislead the morning;
 but my kisses bring again
 my eyes,
 Seal'd of love, but seal'd in vain,
 Seal'd in vain.

Messias & Meisson

"English John Talbot, captain, called you forth,
 Sweard in arms to Henry King of England"

Henry Henry VI Pt I

Act IV Sc II

which Tolstoi is in our day the reverend prophet,
 is a heavenly & hellish doctrine. Mr. Meredith
 prefers temperance, the earthly. For, in accordance
 with his belief that we are evolved body & soul
 out of earth, he does not regard our flesh as
 wholly vile. It is the 'good gross earth' in
 which the soul has its roots, out of which it rears
 its flower-head. x x x x So love itself
 is rooted in earth, & only when so rooted can it
 flower to heaven. x x x Meredith "sees
 in each of us a Triad - 'blood, brain, &
 spirit. x x "brain is superior to the body,
 marking a later stage of evolution out of
 the primitive slime of our mother earth. x x
 x x the 'spirit' or 'soul', coming last in order
 of evolution, cannot exist without the other
 two. x x x To Mr. Meredith the soul is
 a spiritual reality, but it is not something
 preternaturally breathed into our clay from
 above. The soul is to him the flower of
 evolution. It is auto-ethereal, sprung of
 Earth. It is reached only through the senses
 + intellect

This day is called the feast of Caspian.
 He that outlives this day, & comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And nose hair at the name of Caspian.
 The that shall live this day, & see old age,
 Will yearly on the wing feast his neighbours,
 And say, do mention to some Caspian;
 How will he strip his sleeve, & show his scars,
 How many a knave the old man hath slain.

King Henry
 King Henry V

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R. A. DeBdin

Autumn

I heard the sound of gently falling leaves
Whose whispering flutter told the dying year
"We fall, you go. Keep clouds a passing
Old Time has gathered in his autumn load of
sheaves."

Hark to the rose leaves falling
From withered roses brawn.

Hark to the rose leaves rustling
Whispering falling down

Songs are they singing ^{in the} ~~of the~~

Songs of the lyre of old.

Though they are falling gently
Faded, forgotten, cold.

Buds were they once, sweet-scented
Opening into flower,

Worshipped the sun in its radiance,
Dead, having loved their hour.

Hark to the song of the rose leaves
Falling & fallen around,

"Then we were sweet & pleasant
Now we are dropped to the ground."

And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the garden compass in a ring;
The expression that it bears, given at it be,
More gentle-faith than all the field to see;
And, strong, set you may y' parse, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue & white;
Like sapphire, pearl, & rich embroidery,
Bunched below fair knighthood's banded knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charabanc.

Stanza Page

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Digitized by Hunt Institute for Botanical Documentation

"All the year were playing holidays,
To sport would he as boys as to work;
But when they seldom come they work'd for corn,
And nothing please'd but one accident."

Act I Sc II

From Henry

Henry Henry IV. Pt I

Two Gentlemen of Verona

Song

Act IV Sc II

Who is Silvia? what is she?

That all our swains commend her;

Stout, fair, & true to she,
The heavens such grace did lend her
That she might charm him.

As she kind as she is fair;

For breathy lines with kindness;

Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;

And, being help'd, unheeds to there.

Then do Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is exelling;

She creeps each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling;

To her let us gardeners bring.

Two Angels. (R A Dibdin)

The night-wind came up from the face of the deep

Bearing the Angel of Sleep,
Wafting the scene of the sea & the town;
While the Night looks up as the Day
From the Angel of Sleep looks down

The night-wind is hush'd, grows still in the way
At the approach of the Angel of Day.

The Purple she who rose has gone
While the Dawn looks up as the Night
From the Angel of Day looks down

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The Conventionalists

R. H. Benson

"He implied that he had been initiated -
that he understood the point of things at least
----- I knew what he meant. There come
moments to every man, I suppose, when
this is so - when every faculty, so to
speak, is at rest in its object - when
personally fits life as a key a lock, + + + + +"
"Men life closes gently round personality,
+ each explains + understand perfectly the
other. They do not think one knows the
answer to everything, but rather that there is
an answer to everything so adequate + yet
so transcendent that there is room for nothing
but content. That man is happy who
finds it so in his course of life; it is the
best sign of a fulfilled vocation."

R. H. Benson

Pre-occupation! Bane of thoughtful minds!
Whose meshes, clinging, force all sense to sleep,
While in + out the network flies the golden
Of dreams, whose dream shapes part ^{thread} fixed eyeballs
sleep.

This is the demon's mate whose strong control
I spend so many hours in fruitless thought,
Waking aim to count the nothing done
And then, to dream again some dream unthought.
Some mystery of life fun calls consideration
to tangle phantasms, with faint relief.
Inevitable, next, fancies come ago;
But fun by demon's hold comes no relief.
A thousand sea-gulls white some golden beach
A thousand mermaids sing amidst the foam,
In many flocks many pairs to screech;
The pictures change wherever thought may
roam.

To scenes Breckian soon your way
The counting of the city's gold.

The desert to a river turns,
 A thousand lives in one are told,
 Magnanimous! dangerous pride & trust,
 And dangerous malice, unostentatiously & wise;
 This is the symptom of my demon's feign;
 And thus the one endowment of my mind

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
 To the Editor of EVERMAN.
 Sir, I should like to point out what seems to me to be a misapprehension in the article on Robert Louis Stevenson with reference to the "widespread notion" that he was "one prematurely cut off."
 The passage is this: "So far as his art was concerned, there is no broken column to lament. Nobody suggests that, had he lived, the character of his message or his power of delighting us would have materially altered."
 The question as to whether his message or his style would have altered is beside the mark. "The poignant regret" alluded to is justified by the fact that he was cut off in the plenitude of his power of delighting us. Moreover, in the opinion of many, the unfinished romance, "Wear of Herminston," reached a higher standard of excellence than any of his previously published works. To those of us who hold this view there is indeed "a broken column to lament." I am, sir,
 H. R. ROBERTSON.
 Hampstead.

EVERYMAN

JANUARY 21, 1914

Two Gentlemen of Verona

Julia

"The current that with gentle hummer glides,
 Thou know'st, being shipp'd, impatiently doth rage;
 But when his fair cover is put underd,
 He makes subtle music with the channel'd stones,
 Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
 He greets with his soft language."
 and so by many winding notes he strays,
 With willing sport, do the wide ocean.
 Then let me go, I hinder not my course;
 I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
 and make a pasture of each weary step,
 Till the last step have brought me to my lee;
 and then I'll rest, as after much to-morrow,
 and blessed soul doth in thy stream."

"When the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily;
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Porporo
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Ye, all that huddle up about,
Shall dissolve like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leaving not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, & our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

The Tempest

Le Trésor des Humbles

Maurice Maeterlinck

Le Silence

"La parole est trop souvent, non comme le disait le Français, l'art de cacher la pensée, mais l'art d'étouffer et de suspendre la pensée, en sorte qu'il n'en reste plus à cacher."

La parole est du temps, le silence de l'éternité

"Les lettres ou la langue peuvent représenter l'âme de la même manière qu'un chiffre ou un numéro d'ordre représente une peinture de Rembrandt, par exemple, mais dès que nous avons vraiment quelque chose à nous dire, nous sommes obligés de nous taire."

"S'il vous est donné de descendre un instant en votre âme jusqu'aux profondeurs habitées par les anges, ce qu'avant tout vous vous rappellerez d'un être aimé profondément, ce n'est pas les paroles qu'il a dites ou

The Tempest

Carol sings
Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich & strange -
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong, -
Hark! one two three -
Ding-dong, bell.

Sturmand
"There be some sports on painful, & their labour
Bright in them sets off: some kinds of business
Are noty underyone; & great poor matter
Toit & uch ends.

addresso
"O, it is marvelous! marvelous!
In thought the hills spoke, & told me of it:
The winds did sing of love; & the thunder,
The deep & dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Tragedy; it did pass my thoughts."

les gestes qu'il a faits, mais les silences que nous
avez vécus ensemble; car c'est la qualité de
ces silences qui seule a révélé la qualité de
votre amour et de vos âmes.

Je ne m'approche ici que du silence actif,
car il ya un silence passif, qui n'est
que le reflet du sommeil, de la mort ou
de l'insistance.

"Dès que deux ou trois hommes se rencontrent,
ils ne songent qu'à bannir l'invisible
en soi-même, car combien d'amitiés ordinaires
n'ont d'autres fondements que la haine
du silence?"

nous ne pouvons nous faire une idée exacte
de celui qui ne s'est jamais tu. * * - "Nous
ne nous connaissons pas encore, & * * * nous
n'avons pas encore osé nous faire ensemble."

mais ce n'est pas sans raison que les
hommes le (le silence) redoutent; car on ne
sait jamais quelle serait la qualité du

I must confess that the anger so burnt
 within me that any sense almost deserted me:
 How you should ever have thought it possible
 that we could be separated by death, now
 ever knuckle to me. When was the need for
 children compared with my loyalty & you: why
 should I exchange certain happiness for
 an uncertain future? But I say no
 more of this: you remained with me, for
 could not yield without dropping to my will
 + unhappily to both of us. The one
 seems known in other forms as that
 I've defined & named you:
 x x you tended my mother as carefully
 as if she had been your own.

Sordani in Rome in the Age of Louis
 17th March 1907
 W. W. Warde Foster

silence qui va naître. Si toutes les paroles
 se ressemblent, tous les silences diffèrent,
 et la plupart du temps toute une destinée
 dépend de la qualité de ce premier silence que
 deux âmes vont former. x x les réservoirs
 du silence sont situés bien au-dessus des
 réservoirs de la pensée.

"Ceux-là mêmes qui savent parler le plus
 profondément sentent le mieux que les
 mots ne capturent jamais les relations si belles
 et si spéciales qu'il y a entre deux êtres."

"Si je dis à quelqu'un que je l'aime, il ne
 comprendra pas ce que j'ai dit à mille
 autres peut-être; mais le silence qui suivra,
 si je l'aime en effet, montrera jusqu'à
 plonger aujourd'hui les racines de ce
 mot, et fera naître une certitude silencieuse
 à son tour, et ce silence et cette certitude
 ne seront pas deux fois les mêmes
 dans une vie."

After writing last page comes the interval of long
Vac. 1906. (but various things have
been written in the early part of the book
since)

Sir Philip Sidney

"Light of my life, life of my desire,
Cheefe good wherein my hope doth only
World of my wealth, & heav'n of my delight."

1154 "O kisse, and smiles, ever smiles, together ties
By links of love & only Nature's art."

"My true-love hath my heart, & I have his

— " —
The First Brum Mayde.

She " Sith I have ^{15. cent} been partynere
With you in joy & bliss,
I must also part of your woe
Endure as reason is;
Yet am I sure of one pleasure,
And shortly it is this —
That when ye be, we seemeth, parted,
I could not fare amiss.
With more speech I you beseech
That ^{we} part shortly gone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone."

The Good Comrade

Una L. Silberrad

"Though friendships + comradeship are fine + excellent things, there are simple primitive passions which keep us through them + transfigure them + fuse them, + it is these which make man man, + woman woman, + life worth living, + the world worth winning + living ^{too} again, + bring the kingdom of heaven to earth again."

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At the Gate of Samaria

V. J. Locke

"It is a secondary consideration to a woman whether she convulses the world or not. It might amuse + gratify her to do it en passant, but it is only en passant."

"One cannot range a row of potential enthusiasms in front of one, like oranges, + select in cold blood."

"books are only the gloss of life, they are not the text."

Letters of Charles Lamb

"There is a monstrosity in the affections, which people living together, or, as we do now, very frequently seeing each other, are apt to give way to; a sort of indifference in the expression of kindness for each other, which demands that we should sometimes call to our aid the truckery of surprise."

The Morals of Francis Bacon W. J. Locke

"To earn one's bread; to perpetuate one's species; to create duties + responsibilities; to meet them like a brave man; to put the new generation upon the right path; to look back upon it all + say, "I have fulfilled my functions," + pass forth quietly into the eternal laboratory — without — than — life in its truth + its essence? And the reward? The commonplace. The welcome of wife + children — + the tossing of a crawling babe in one's arms."

The Prayer of Suvarna

From the Sanskrit. (Done by H.V. Keen from a prose version)

"Almighty Maker, Lord of life & Death,
Giver & Taker of my fleeting breath,
I bow my head & offer this one prayer:—
Part not my lover from me, here or there!
Take me from life, resolve this mortal frame
Into the elements from which it came;
But of Thy pity, this I crave of Thee;
Fashion each part anew, but let me be
The water in his well — the ^{gentle} ~~strong~~ wind
That fans his cheek — the light to find
His path — his staff — the fire that yields him heat —
The sky above his head — the ground beneath his feet."

*my
allusion
A.R.

They come out of my little bit of
Garden at the back. I see them myself. What of them was I saying in my
He ran to the cupboard. What of them was I saying in my
down open the door. "How I become disorganised also."
"Why?" he exclaimed. "The first time I came to his hand & he is through."
from he turned to her.
"Just now, Radhakrishnan, I + to be a Jew, we are all, all!
such an agreeable people! You have it in your power to
break myself. What a world!"

"The Expensive Miss du Cane"
G. Mac Craighan

"A conversation between two persons is probably
really, when we come to think of it, a matter
of vibrations. Each one is an instrument
upon which the other plays. But then an such
things as flax-rites & strings not perfectly tuned.
We put out against discord, & flax-rite is as worse.
It is always wiser to get away from the minor
chords, & to sweep the strings again on the old
safe C major key. And this key, singularly
enough, seems appropriate to lovers, whose
peculiarity of conversation can sometimes be made
a test of their feeling. The sun is high in the
heaven, & never sinks as well beneath the
horizon. One of the mysticisms of the world
is dawning, & they talk of shoe-strings &
the weather."

"Rachel Marr" by Morley Roberts
"Anthony says he loves by arguments & theory
rather than by nature, the Logos of God,
speaking in the green & red words
of the woodland as in the heart of man"

Haberton Lulham. Songs from the Downs & Dunes
(quoted in "The Poet")

~~From~~ Verses from "Through the Borderlands"
"Traveller through the lands of Love
See you hasten never -
Sad delight to which you move,
Passed, is passed for ever."

'Tis through our waiting days
Happier thoughts come thronging;
Welcome, then, the dear delay,
Love your hours of longing.

And the just-fruits of each bliss
See the soul a-burning;
Slowly, then, lest we you miss -
There is no returning.

Kiss first where her light foot fell,
The lips touch a finger;
Miserably your riches tell:
Linger, love, linger.

Daily Chronicle
May 21. 1907

RONICLE, TUESDAY

THE CULT OF THE CHEAP.

By Clarence Rook.

In a recent article I pointed out that all of us who are anything less than two-thousand pounders will have to tell the truth about our income—and therefore pay more than our natural modesty has hitherto warranted. The problem is an insistent one, and there is no doubt that many men are worrying themselves as to whether perjury or penury is the safer resort. I dropped a hint as to the proper remedy for the awful situation; and it is a middle between the two extremes, a course which is perfectly straightforward and simple. It may be called the Cult of the Cheap. There is a prejudice against the man who buys cheap things—mainly fostered by the men who want to sell him dear things. But the real question is one of individual taste; and taste may be cultivated. There are men who spend their lives in sampling tea; they take in a mouthful, sniff, and return it to the handy receptacle. You cannot deceive them about tea. They know all about it. But they do not drink it. And you may be sure that they do not get so much pleasure out of the most expensive tea as is enjoyed by the navy who swills a bottle-full of the cheapest Ceylon at his noon-day meal. For the navy has cultivated the taste for the cheap—and saved his pocket.

Bad Cigars.

Let us, then, cultivate the taste for the cheap in order to save our pockets and prop the Empire. It is surely easy enough. Take a cigar, for example. You have heard many a man say that he enjoys a good cigar, and have seen him enjoy it. He has nursed and patted and cherished that taste for a good cigar, and at considerable expense. Now he has to pay for it. But would it not have been better to devote the same trouble—and much less expense—to the cult of bad cigars? A man will even have a sort of silly pride in liking only good cigars, whereas he ought to be ashamed of himself for buying at a shilling the same pleasure that (with a proper education) he might have acquired for a penny. That the taste for bad cigars may be gained is proved by the enormous quantities of bad cigars that are produced and smoked, with no evident disaster to health and a large saving to the

Eve's Apple by Alfred Voyes.
(From Forty Singing Seamen)

I

When you leant thro' the leaves with your slow red
smile & your ivory body bare,
Ah, what was the fruit you gathered that day, white
Eve with the dusky hair?

For we took it & ate it together & laughed! Your
white teeth bit to the core.

There was little to leave for the doves to peck, when
our delicate feast was o'er.

II

The ripe fruit breathed of kisses, you said, as your
breasts white apples may;

But your body was cold from the coils of the snake
when you came to my arms that day.

There was blood, red blood on our lips, white Eve
as we nibbled away in the sun;

But I knew that the fruit was my heart, white Eve,
The red rent core of my heart, white Eve,
Which we gnawed - left for the rats, white Eve,
When our delicate feast was done.

M. P. Coleridge Poems (published after his death
Elkin Mathews 1901)

Larghetto

Grant me but a day, love,
But a day,
Ere I give my heart,
My heart away,
Ere I say the word
I'll ne'er unsay.

3.

Yet, for very love,
I say thee nay.
Ere I give my heart,
My heart away,
Grant me but a day,
Love,
But a day!

A Moment

Is it earnest with me?
Is it play?
Did the world in arms
Cry to me, "Stay!"
Not a moment then
Would I delay.

The clouds had made a
crimson crown
Above the mountains high.
The stormy sun was going down
In a stormy sky.
Why did you set your eyes so rest
on me
And hold your breath between?
In all the ages that can
never be
As if it had not been

Whether I live, or whether I die,
What ever the world I see,
I shall come to you by-and-by,
And you will come to me.

Whoever was for us, or ever us,
We crossed the boundary line,
I saw my soul look out of your eyes,
You saw your soul in mine.

The Contents of an Ink-Bottle

Well of blackness, all defiling,
Full of flattery & reviling,
Ah, what mischief hast thou wrought
Out of who was airy thought,
What beginnings & what ends,
Making & dividing friends!

Colors of the rainbow lie
In my tint of ~~red~~ ebony;
Many a fancy have I found
Bright up on that sombre ground;
Capricious plays along the edge,
Skimming o'er it like a wedge;
Pride in turn appears,
Thinking it with my sad tears.

Fake abuse & false praise,
Falsest lays & roundelays!
One thing, one alone, I think,
Never yet was found in ink; —
Truth lies not, the truth to tell,
At the bottom of this well!

Wunties Tales.

Agnes Robertson
Jan. 1903.

Shakespeare

Whenever you write say a word or two on
some Passage in Shakespeare that may have
come rather new to you, which must be
continually happening, notwithstanding that
we read the same play forty times"
(John Keats to Reynolds)

For you there's rosemary, & rue; these keep
Seeming & savour, all the winter long;
Grace, & remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!"

x x x x
"O, Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frightened thou lett'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, & take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, x
The crown imperial; like's of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one!"

Whether I live, or whether I die,
What ever the world I see,
I shall ever be true to thee.

The

on my own of so many;
Many a fancy have I found
Bright up on that sombre ground;
Cupid plays along the edge,
Whimpering o'er it like a wedge;
Pride in turn appears,
Thinking it with cry and tears.
False brass - falsest praise,
Falsest lays & roundelay!
One thing, one alone, I think,
Never yet was found in ink;
Truth lies not, the truth to tell,
At the bottom of this well!

Winter Tales

Paulina "What's gone, & what's past help,
Should be past grief."

Autolytus "When daffodils begin to peer,
With hugh! the daisy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet-o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale."

Autolytus "Joy on, joy on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

Perdita

Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary & rue, these keep
Seeming & savour, all the winter long:
Grace & remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!"

x x x

"O, Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frightened thus lett' it fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, & take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, x
x x bold on lips, and
The crown imperial; like's of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one!"

A Winter's Tale

Autolyco

"Lawn, as white as driven snow;
 Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
 Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
 Masks for faces, & for noses;
 Beyle-bracelet, necklace-amber,
 Perfume for a lady's chamber:
 Golden quoifs, & stomachers,
 For my lads to gve their dears;
 Pins, & poking-sticks of steel;
 What maids lack from head to heel:
 Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
 Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry: come, buy."

Leonties

"Looking on the lines
 Of my boy's face, methought I did recall
 Twenty-three years; & saw my self unbreech'd,
 In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
 Lest it should bite its master, & so prove,
 Its ornaments oft-do, too dangerous.
 How like, methought, then was to this kernel,
 This quash, this gentleman. x x x x
 x x x x x my brother,
 Are you so fond of your young pince, as we
 Do seem to be of ours?"

Polixenes

Of at home, sir,
 He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
 Now my sworn friend, & then ^{mine} enemy;
 My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
 He makes a July's day short as December;
 And, with his varying childness, cures in me
 Thoughts that would thick my blood."

A Daughter of France - 22. Grande
 "had every sympathy with the daily throbbing of
 her-mom that her doctor has out-cared her wife
 woman hood - for the first time Margaree yielded to night
 as then excited a stemkivally spate over of the case
 to feel convinced that never in her life had she young
 - husbandman decided to be a man - She triumphed
 kind in her woman kind, every bit as much as the
 normal man ignores in his rivalry & manhood. And
 Margary felt she was justified, this woman, kindly
 punning, leaning with serene life to her paper ego,
 exclaiming a feminine charm that few men, even the
 general, could be led, & more from her, for now,
 seemed a true woman, if they were not such with
 to explain to experience change & change on the depth of
 their own woman kind which is unappreciated - the
 eternal feminine in her calling on the sleeping in
 crushed woman within them female, alive, there.
 x x x Great woman so truly life become cross
 & mother with one being conscious of any special
 power or mystery in their sex.

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An America violin: it was labelled
"Guarnerius", and it cost three dollars.

... - sunsets and memories of
things that have not been.

a woman's beauty depends entirely
upon how much she is loved.

Schopenhauer (the dog) whose name
had been chosen by Franklin for
educational purposes, namely (as
the note in her diary "to enlarge
the childish mind by familiar
with the names of authors and philo-
sophers"

The Devotion

A Vivanti Chartres

The artists "Told me they worked on the roof
because in a way, you cannot get near
enough to the earth. Another; you are reduced
& keeping the distance between you & the sky.
"What would you? - something very must work
a man or woman - if he wants perfection."

Between the Turkeys Conquerors

My heart in thine, my heart in thine,
Thy heart in mine, my heart in mine.
My heart in thine, my heart in thine,
Thy heart in mine, my heart in mine.
My heart in thine, my heart in thine,
Thy heart in mine, my heart in mine.

The hand in mine, my hand in mine,
Thy hand in mine, my hand in mine.
The hand in mine, my hand in mine,
Thy hand in mine, my hand in mine.
The hand in mine, my hand in mine,
Thy hand in mine, my hand in mine.

Song

Love & Time (James Lewis Milligan)

Grieve not that headless Time should take away
The joys of youth & beauty which he gave;
For that was but the model in my day
Of the immortal image Love did grave.

Yea, I have rear'd a palace in my heart,
Where thou dost dwell perennially fair;
No hearts are hung with memory's frost and
And all Loves tender love is rear'd there.

Time or decay or beauty cannot mar,
For it is huddled in eternity,
And hangs on nothing, wanders as a star,
Self-poss'd in perfect equanimity.

Who builds obedience to the laws of love,
Builds what no time nor stress can ever move.

