

the objections made in some quarters to this feeding of *la chronique scandaleuse*. Jean Richepin has recently expressed himself in his usual sledge-hammer style: "If I were to learn to-morrow," he exclaims, "that Cervantes was a swindler, Molière a ruffian, and Shakespeare a murderer—well, and what then? It would not diminish my admiration and love for them by one iota. I will say more. Between Shakespeare, murderer, but Shakespeare, and Pécuchet, a respectable man, but Pécuchet, I should not hesitate a second in giving my preference to Shakespeare. Well, and what about it?" These views do not obtain in England, where we make the artist suffer for the private individual, and despise Marlowe and Poe because they drank. This posthumous correspondence, by the way, is being published in the *Revue de Paris*.

A few days ago there died at Orsay a lady writer who, twenty years ago, was considered the best French authority on foreign literature. This was Madame

Camille Selden, who for years contributed as literary critic and *feuilletoniste* to the old *Journal des Débats*. With her disappears the last critic of the old school, and literary criticism in France will now exclusively emanate from the publishers' clerks, whose *prière d'insérer* accompanies every book sent out to the press.

A certain prejudice against women writers still exists in France, and this explains why most ladies there write under male pseudonyms. Thus we have Henry Greville, with her sixty novels, J. Maini, Georges de Peyrebrune, *e tutte quante*. Severine, Madame Daudet, and Madame Adam have more courage. The first, by the way, has recently published a song of triumph on the success of women in the field of literature. "The battle against prejudice," she cries, "is won. Prejudice is dead, the good writers of our sex have killed it."

Robert H. Sherard.

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## LINES.

I EXPLAIN THE SILVERED PATH OF A SHIP AT NIGHT,  
THE SWEEP OF EACH SAD, LOST WAVE,  
THE DWINDLING BOOM OF THE STEEL THING'S STRIVING,  
THE LITTLE CRY OF A MAN TO A MAN,  
A SHADOW FALLING ACROSS THE GREYER NIGHT,  
AND THE SINKING OF THE SMALL STAR.

THEN THE WASTE, THE FAR WASTE OF WATERS  
AND THE SOFT LASHING OF BLACK WAVES  
FOR LONG AND IN LONELINESS.

REMEMBER, THOU, O SHIP OF LOVE!  
THOU LEAVEST A FAR WASTE OF WATERS  
AND THE SOFT LASHING OF BLACK WAVES  
FOR LONG AND IN LONELINESS.

Stephen Crane.

## BETWEEN THE LIGHTS AT SEA.

## A RHAPSODY.

The day is done, and the night is not yet born.  
 This moment of moments, white with eternity, set  
 'Twixt the sands of time, hath been given of God  
 To thee and me, Beloved, thee and me !

For, thou and I, alone together, float  
 On a crystal sea, an airy emerald,  
 'Neath a sky like the soul of a chrysoprase,  
 With a glory of ruby and topaz, left  
 Where the sun smiled, dying, an hour ago.

There is only one star in the sky !  
 For the workaday world with its heat and its toil  
 Is banished from earth, and the Sabbath is not yet born.  
 But we need no glory of sun or moon  
 To lighten our souls, where love forever shines !  
 A moment of moments, white with eternity, set  
 'Twixt the sands of time, hath been given of God  
 To thee and me, Beloved, thee and me.

Another star ! Another moment, given  
 To us who have ! A wind upon the sea  
 Wakes the young wavelets into foam ; a sail  
 Beyond the harbour, gleams and vanishes.  
 Dost thou remember still the light of earth ?  
 The sunlight slanting on the low white walls  
 Of home, and creeping ever higher as it died ?  
 That death is past, and I am still with thee !  
 A moment of moments, white with eternity, set  
 'Twixt the sands of time, hath been given of God  
 To thee and me, Beloved, thee and me !

A world of stars in the sky and the sea,  
 The Sabbath is well begun  
 The wind blows kéener, the lithe mast bends,  
 The harbour is close at hand.  
 See the red light flame fitfully !  
 It marks man's care for men ;  
 A longer, steadier radiance makes  
 A pathway to the lighted pier.  
 Our moment of moments, love, hath passed ;  
 There but remain God's Sabbath, Love and Home ;  
 Ay ! and the memory of that moment, once—  
 Once and forevermore both thine and mine.  
 A moment of moments, white with eternity, set  
 'Twixt the sands of time, and forever given of God  
 To thee and me, Beloved, thee and me.

*Katharine Pearson Woods.*