

Miss Rosina Vokes's company. With her he first played Lord Arthur Pomeroy, in *A Pantomime Rehearsal*, a part forever afterward inseparable from his name. He was Irving's *Jacques Strop* in *Robert Macaire* at the Lyceum.

That was in 1888. Meanwhile, Mr. Weedon Grossmith has seldom been absent from the London stage, mostly preferring to appear under his own management. He got quite a long run out of *The New Boy*, at the vaudeville, and out of *The Night of the Party*, at the Avenue.

He was often 'selected' by Sir Arthur Pinero, notoriously fastidious in the casting of his plays; and was notably successful in *The Amazons*. In later life he often appeared on the music hall stage.

Mr. Weedon Grossmith had a facile pen. He wrote something for *Punch*, 'dodged up' a play or two, and penned an interesting volume of reminiscences. He was a connoisseur in prints and old furniture. He married Miss May Palfrey, an actress, who practically retired from the stage.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Joseph Reinach, scholar and politician and journalist, is a very well known figure in France, and may be said to typify French nationalism of the liberal and humanitarian tradition.

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Frederic Harrison, author, philosopher and literary critic, is almost the last literary

figure to link the world of Kingsley's days with these unsettled times.

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Hamilton Fyfe is the veteran correspondent of the *Daily Mail*.

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Edmund Gosse, poet and historian of literature, is also librarian of the House of Lords.

TO ENGLAND

BY WILFRED CHILDE

O England, be thou holy, be thou great,
And thy pure crown of most fine
gold be made;

Pity and Love alone secure the State,
Pity and Love, and not to be afraid.
And let thy hands be firm beneath the
head

Of such weak children as cry out to
thee,

O thou made wonderful with many
dead,

And mighty with an island-majesty!
Thou angel of the guarded groves of
even,

And windflower-vales washed clean
with silences,

Thou liest far too near the skirts of
Heaven

To be content with any treasure less.
Within, within the expected Kingdom
lies,

O lady of the calm dove-pinioned skies!

The New Witness

THE HERD

BY JOHN FREEMAN

The roaming sheep, forbidden to roam
far,

Were stayed within the shadow of his
eye.

The sheep-dog on that unseen shadow's
edge

Moved, halted, barked, while the tall
shepherd stood

Unmoving, leaned upon a sarsen stone,
Looking at the rain that curtained the
bare hills

And drew the smoking curtain near
and near!—

Tawny, bush-faced, with cloak and
staff and flask

And bright brass-ribb'd umbrella,
standing stone

Against the veinless, senseless sarsen
stone.

The Roman Road hard by, the green
Ridge Way,

Not older seemed, nor calmer the long
barrows

Of bones and memories of ancient day
Than the tall shepherd with his craft
of days

Older than Roman or the oldest cave-
man,

When, in the generation of all living,
Sheep and kine flocked in the Aryan
Valley and

The first herd with his voice and skill
of water,

Fleetest of foot, led them into green
pastures,

From perished pastures to new green.
I saw

The herdsmen everywhere about the
world,

And herdsmen of all time, fierce,
lonely, wise,

Herds of Arabia and Syria

And Thessaly, and longer-winter'd
chimes;

And this lone herd, ages before Eng-
land was,

Pelt-clad, and armed with flint-tipped
ashen sap,

Watching his flocks, and those far
flocks of stars

Slow moving as the heavenly shepherd
willed

And at dawn shut into the sunny fold.

Land and Water

HOUSES

BY WILFRED WILSON GIBSON

The house we built with hands
To shelter love's delight

From the pitchy night

Dark and empty stands.

But from our house of dreams

Everlasting light

Through the pitchy night

Pours in golden streams.

The New Witness