

of intercourse which would enable them to speak with the utmost frankness to each other. If they did that he was convinced that they were on the road to that close union with America which would not depend upon alliances of a formal character, but which would rest upon unity of ideas and upon the common feelings which they had at heart. He could not exaggerate the importance to be attached to this understanding. There was no greater work to be done. There were cynics and doubters who were inclined to ask whether the feeling which existed during the war had passed away, and if the events of recent times altered the view of the American people toward this country. 'There is no foundation,' said Lord Reading, 'for the suggestion that America has weakened in her friendship for this country, or that the spirit which existed during the war has passed away.'

'The situation in the United States at the present moment is the outcome of the difference in our political systems. The President with executive power has arrived at a definite Treaty, but that Treaty cannot become law unless adopted by the Senate with a requisite majority. The Senate has not for the moment ratified that Treaty, but the important matter is that, notwithstanding that, I do not believe for one mo-

ment that America has changed. She remains what she was. American people are still the American people we knew during the war, and it is not to be imagined that because there is a difference of opinion as to some of the Articles and details of the Treaty that they have become either antagonistic or less friendly to us.

'The situation as it at present stands has caused us great disappointment. We shall all feel that if America does eventually decide to ratify the Treaty with its Covenant it will give intense pleasure to the people of this country. If, on the other hand, America determines that she will not join us and the other Powers, that she will stand aloof, still, I believe, that the America which we knew during the war remains the same America. It is not because they are adverse to us that they may stand aloof; it is because there is a spirit of intense nationalism in America which hitherto has followed steadfastly the course of avoiding what has been called "entangling alliances." If America does stand aloof can anyone measure the loss to the world? That America with her great influence, materially and morally, should decide not to join the councils of the world, would be a most serious consequence. It is difficult to exaggerate what the loss would be.'

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Sir Horace Plunkett, scholar and statesman, was chairman of the Irish Convention of 1917-18.

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A. Maurice Low, British by birth, American by residence and association, is the author of the well-known book, *The American People*. He is the chief Washington correspondent of the *London Morning Post*.

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Lord Charnwood is the author of the new *Life of Lincoln*.

Oliver Onions is the author of numerous essays and serials.

* * *

St. John Ervine, essayist and playwright, is the author of the fine play *John Ferguson* lately seen in America.

* * *

James Stephens is the author of several successful novels of whimsical adventure, the favorite, perhaps, being *The Crock of Gold*.

THE MARSH AT NIGHT

BY HUBERT STRINGER

Dusk in the heart of the swamp —
Moonlight and mystery —
Dim where the lean shadows romp,
Looming up eerily;
Fowls of the darkness awake,
Goatsucker, Bittern, and Crake —
Owls, from each thicket and brake,
Calling uncannily.

Sickly the scents that are there,
Sweet with decaying;
Fitfully riding the air,
Foxfires are playing;
Whispering sedges unfold
Secrets the dream-shadows hold,
Never may mortal be told
What they are saying.

Shapes from the underworld flit,
Pale eyes a-glowing,
Cloaked in miasma they sit,
Mopping and mowing;
Summoned to council they go,
Moaning and murmuring low:
There, where the black waters flow,
Evil is sowing.

Dark — and, in shallow and dyke,
Stealthily creeping,
Creatures that shadow and strike
Death to the sleeping:
Night — and each menacing sound
Starts the slow echoes around.
Bowing their heads to the ground,
Willows are weeping.

Dawn, with her wandering airs,
Moves on the meadow;
Gorgeous the robe that she wears —
Robbed from the rainbow —
Rises in radiance bright,
Shooting white arrows of light,
Shattering vapors of night,
Waking the hedgerow.

Soon the bright messengers run,
Molten and gleaming,
Flung from the limb of the sun,
Checking and streaming:

Day — and a salt-laden breeze
Blows from the breast of the seas,
Softly it stirs in the trees,
Breaking their dreaming.

THE HOUSE THAT WAS

BY LAURENCE BINYON

Of the old house, only a few crumbled
Courses of brick, smothered in nettle
and dock,
Or a squared stone, lying mossy where
it tumbled!
Sprawling bramble and saucy thistle
mock
What once was firelit floor and private
charm
Where, seen in a windowed picture,
hills were fading
At dusk, and all was memory-colored
and warm,
And voices talked, secure from the
wind's invading.

Of the old garden, only a stray shining
Of daffodil flames amid April's
cuckoo-flowers,
Or a cluster of aconite mixed with
weeds entwining!
But, dark and lofty, a royal cedar
towers
By homely thorns: whether the white
rain drifts
Or sun scorches, he holds the downs
in ken,
The western vale; his branchy tiers he
lifts,
Older than many a generation of
men.

The London Mercury

THE ALMOND BLOSSOMS

The almond blossoms light up the
black boughs,
But on the mountain tops still lies the
snow,
And snow it seems that flutters on
these trees,
Stained with the violet fragrance of
the spring.