

tions, which, under a mask of justice, lead governments.

'May the voice of Egypt wake profound echoes in the universal conscience, and rouse against injustice the anger of the peoples!

*'Anatole France.'*

ROMAN newspapers have published a long summary of the report that Signor Luzzatti, president of the Chamber Committee on the German Peace Treaty, will shortly present. Regarding the proposed trial of the ex-Kaiser, the report gives the reasons for the objections of the Commission to such a step, and claims that:

1. Every crime should be previously specifically defined.

2. The accusers may not choose their own judges.

3. Extradition for political crimes is not provided for in any existing treaty.

In recommending the adoption of the Treaty the report asks the government to maintain the interpretation as to the application of the Treaty most favorable to Italian interests, and at the same time

recommends the Chamber not to separate Italy from the Allied and Associated Powers, with whom she had won the war and with whom she hoped to overcome the difficulties of peace.

WALKING along the sands at Weymouth this autumn [writes a friend] I saw a corked bottle which had been washed up by the tide. There was a piece of paper inside, so I drew the cork and tried to extract it; but at last getting impatient at the way it eluded me, I broke the bottle and the message was revealed: 'Whoever finds this bottle will find all the beer gone.'

By order of the Pope, a large painting has been made and placed in the Vatican to commemorate the publication of the New Code of Canon Law. The canvas measures eighteen feet by twelve feet, and the frame is decorated with the coat-of-arms of Popes Pius X and Benedict XV. Over fifty persons, who worked on the Code, are depicted, including Popes Innocent III, Gregory IX, Alexander II, and Benedict XIV.

## THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

**Frank Swinnerton**, novelist and essayist, is familiar to many readers as the author of the delicately written study *Nocturne*.

**Rene Bazin** is one of the leading French novelists. Many of his novels have been translated into English.

[*The Anglo-French Review*]

## A LULLABY

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

(*From a play*)

Now silent falls the clacking mill;  
Sweet — sweeter smells the briar;  
The dew wells big on bud and twig;  
The glow-worm's wrapt in fire:  
Then sing lully, lullay, with me;  
And softly, lill-lall-lo, love;  
'T is high time, and wild thyme,  
And no time, no, love.

The western sky has veiled her rose.  
The night-wind to the willow  
Sigheth, 'Now, lovely, lean thy head,  
Thy tresses be my pillow!'  
Then sing lully, lullay, with me;  
And softly, lill-lall-lo, love;  
'T is high time, and wild thyme,  
And no time, no, love.

Cries in the brake; bells in the sea;  
The moon o'er moor and mountain  
Cruddles her light from height to  
height,  
Bedazzles pool and fountain.  
Leap fox; hoot owl; wail warbler sweet!  
'T is midnight now a-brewing;  
The Fairy Mob are all abroad,  
And Witches at their wooing.  
Then sing lully, lullay, with me;  
And softly, lill-lall-lo, love;  
'T is high time, and wild thyme,  
And no time, no, love.

[*The New Statesman*]

## POSSESSION

BY JOHN FREEMAN

I saw you,  
I held you,  
And surely I heard you:  
But you were as far as any man living  
could be.

Though sometimes  
I have seen you,  
And touched you and heard you,  
As together we walked and your sleeve  
now and then brushed mine;

Yet were you then  
Farther, farther  
Than with body's absence —  
But who walks with you now while  
your thoughts are here and brush  
mine?

The slow waters  
Of three oceans,  
And the change of seasons,  
Between us are but as a new-leafy  
hawthorn hedge.

And I see you  
And hold you:  
But are you yet living,  
Or come you now nearer than any man  
living may be?

[*The London Mercury*]

## ISHAK'S SONG \*

BY JAMES ELROY FLECKER

Thy dawn, O Master of the World, thy  
dawn,  
The hour the lilies open on the lawn,  
The hour the gray wings pass beyond  
the mountains,  
The hour of silence when we hear the  
fountains,  
The hour that dreams are brighter and  
winds colder,  
The hour that young love wakes on a  
white shoulder,  
O Master of the World, the Persian  
dawn!

This hour, O Master, shall be bright  
for thee:  
Thy merchants chase the morning  
down the sea,  
The braves who fight thy fight un-  
sheath the sabre,  
The slaves who toil thy toil are lashed  
to labor,  
For thee the wagons of the world are  
drawn —  
The ebony of night, the red of dawn!

\* This song comes from Flecker's unpublished drama *Hassan*, which those who have seen it consider immeasurably the finest thing that he ever wrote. It has remained in manuscript since his death, awaiting stage production. His 'Yasmin' is another song from the play, and his well-known 'Golden Journey to Samarkand' is its epilogue. Ishak is the Court poet of Harounal-Raschid.