

[*The London Mercury*]

THE SHADOW

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Death, would I feared not thee,
But ever can I see
Thy mutable shadow thrown
Upon the walls of Life's warm, cheerful
room.

Companioned or alone,
I feel the presence of that following
gloom,

Like one who vaguely knows
Behind his back the shade his body
throws —

'Tis not thy shadow only, 't is my own!

I face toward the light
That rises fair and bright
Over wide fields asleep,
But still I know that stealthy darkness
there

Close at my heels doth creep,
Ghostly companion, my still haunting
care;

And if the light be strong
Before my eyes, through pleasant
hours and long,
Then, then, the shadow is most black
and deep.

[*The New Witness*]

WINDY WEATHER

BY BERNARD MOORE

Fleecy clouds are driving high;
Ho, for windy weather!

Eastward moves a mackerel sky;

Ho, for windy weather!

Ere the crested billows come

Heaving in with crowns of foam,

Sailor, set your course for home.

Ho, for windy weather!

Haul the boats up high and dry;

Ho, 't is windy weather.

Ballast on the beach must lie

When 't is windy weather.

Hark! the wind begins to moan;

Soon the beach will screech and groan

With the billows overthrown.

Ho, for windy weather!

How the billows boom and roar!

Ho, for windy weather!

How they sweep along the shore!

Ho, for windy weather!

Foam flakes fly, spindrift stings;

Gulls beat by on baffled wings;

Over all the tempest sings

Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!

Ho! for windy weather!

[*The New Witness*]

DIONYSIA

BY WILFRED CHILDE

In the rich wine-land ruddy with the
fall,

Where churches stand with slender
towers on fire

With fretted carven work of strange
desire

Above the steep towns, clustered high
over all,

Bacchus revisiting the land of the gods,

Deserting Hellas and her vales of love

To scan these new strange regions
where the dove

Was said to reign, after strange periods

Of ruin and disaster, came at eve

All floral with warm fires and hung
with green

Out of the golden west to some de-
mesne

Where dancers trampled the vats and
loth to leave

Sprang nude amid the throng, who,
mouths agape,

Watched him beneath red feet tread
out the grape.

[*The London Mercury*]

TO E. G.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

Were I to pause and hesitate

For something 'picked,' 'alembicate,'

I might, by chance, no further get

Than mere parade of epithet;

So I'll just wish to You and Yours

Strength to achieve while strength
endures;

And, when the power to do is done,

Remembered radiance of the sun!