

confessions, wherewith hearts less filled with emotion, and spirits less deep, can forever refresh themselves.

The rhythms and the melodies of his distant country marked the beats of his heart; his matchless gift was to communicate in the simple language of his race an experienced emotion. But the rarest of Chopin's virtues is the measure of his silence; he was, all his life, the man who could keep a secret and reveal it to none but himself.

It was enough, when this secret stifled him and night fell on his shoulders like a shroud, to confide it to the piano, and make Poland appear as if by a miracle.

Then there rush forth moans, the cry of suppressed anger, joys unforeseen, quick emotions, tender passion, tender as arms thrown suddenly round a being, seen again and once thought dead.

At times joy opens an arcade under this dark splendor; the past gleams in pearly streams, a light finger touches the door, a rose-bush trembles with all its flowers near the window; the smile of a face once seen, joy awakened of a

sudden and bounding forth into life, like a confession of love.

At times again, the whole longing of a people, all the Polish plain where the wind whistles, the plain which makes the heavens so vast, all the white plain which makes the heavens so deep, and on their great darkness, the stars more luminous.

Let us learn to respond to these undying confidences, or rather let us receive them. Chopin needs no cries, he speaks to us in the softest accents. His music is a heart's confession; in noisily expressing it, we destroy his secret.

Fingers and voice led by such love, pay homage, better than words, to this grave of our imagination, which our devotion keeps up and which guards forever the secret of a soul whose fire nothing could quench — homage to the imaginary tombstone of Frédéric Chopin where, from a mound sown with the violets he loved, rises, on the dark immensity of heaven, the strange and pure beauty of a cross made of an incomparable crystal.

AN IRISH LEGEND

BY PATRICK HENRY PEARSE

[The following legend, originally written in Erse, is from the pen of the former President of the Irish Republic, who was executed in 1916, after the Dublin rebellion.]

FROM *Pester-Lloyd*, June 3

(BUDAPEST GERMAN HUNGARIAN DAILY)

OLD MATTHIAS sat in the doorway of his cabin, as motionless as a stone image. His head was bowed, and he was listening intently. He who had ears could hear many pleasing sounds. Old Matthias could hear the splashing

of the waves as they broke against the neighboring cliff, and to the murmur of the little brook rippling over the stones near-by. He could hear the cry of the gulls circling over the rocky coast, the mooing of the kine in the paddock, and

the merry laughter of children on a neighboring green. But these were not the sounds for which he was so intently listening, although every one of them delighted his ears. What he sought to catch was the church bell ringing the call to mass, which the wind brought to him intermittently across meadows still misty with the morning dew.

Old Matthias never went to church. He had not listened to the Holy Word for more than sixty years. When last he crossed himself, he was a lively, vigorous youth; and now he was an aged, weathered, weary man, with white hair, wrinkled forehead, and stooping shoulders. During the sixty years he had never bent his knee before God, never said a paternoster, never given thanks to his Saviour. Old Matthias was a peculiar man in his community.

No one knew why he never went to mass. Some said he did not believe in God, others that he had committed a mortal sin in his youth, and that, when the priest refused absolution at the confessional, he had fallen into a rage and swore that he would never again come to a priest or enter a church. And sometimes, after the children were abed, the old folks would whisper to each other around the peat fire, that he had pledged his soul to the Evil One, whom he had once met on the summit of Stag Mountain, and that his new master would not let him go to mass. I do not know how much truth there was in any of these stories, but one fact is certain: the oldest people in the village could not remember having ever seen Matthias at a religious service. Only Tuimón O'Naidy, an old man who had died past ninety a few years ago, used to say that, when he was a young man, he had seen him at church with his own eyes.

Yet one must not suppose that old Matthias was a bad man. You could hardly conceive a person more kindly,

modest, and unaffected. No one ever heard an angry or an evil word from his mouth. He took no pleasure in drink or in rowdy company. He was not avaricious or grasping. Though a poor man, he often shared his modest means with those poorer than himself. He had sympathy for the sorrowing and charity for the destitute; and was ever courteous and thoughtful toward his fellow men. Women, children, and the dumb animals loved him, and he loved them in return.

Old Matthias preferred the company of women to that of men, but delighted most of all in little children. He was wont to say that women were wiser than men, and children wiser than either. He spent most of his unoccupied time with his little friends. On such occasions, he would sit down in a corner with them, and tell them marvelous stories, or get them to tell him stories of their own.

Now and then, some of the mothers would worry and wonder whether it was right to let their children associate so much with old Matthias, 'a man who never visits the priest or attends mass.' One of them confided her doubts to Father John, but the latter answered:

'Let children do as they like. They could be in no better company.'

'But they say, Father, that he does not believe in God.'

'There are many saints in Heaven to-day who, during their life on this earth, did not believe in God. And mark well one thing: if old Matthias does not love God,—something neither you nor I know,—he has a marvelous love for the most beautiful and purest creatures that God has made—the innocent souls of children. That is the same love which our Saviour and the greatest of the saints possess. Who knows? May not these children sometime lead old Matthias back to God?'

One Sunday old Matthias sat as usual

in his cabin door. His neighbors had gone to mass. A group of little children was playing on the green in front of his cabin, and among them there was a tiny stranger. For a long time Matthias observed the newcomer attentively, delighted at his beauty and his graceful ways and manners. Finally he called out to one of his little companions: —

‘You, Paul, who is that little lad who has been playing with you for the last two weeks? That little chap with the brown hair — or no, it is reddish blond; I can hardly tell in the sunshine whether it is dark or light. I mean the little fellow there who is just running toward us.’

‘That is little Jesus,’ replied the boy.

‘Little Jesus!’

‘That is what he calls himself.’

‘Where does he come from?’

‘I don’t know, but he says his father’s a king.’

‘And where does he live?’

‘He’s never told us but he says it’s right near-by.’

The old man looked around for him again; but this time he saw only the familiar little lads of the neighborhood, whom he had known from the time they were babies. The child whom the boy had called ‘little Jesus’ was no longer there. Just then they were interrupted by the people coming back from mass.

The next Sunday the same thing occurred again. The neighbors went to mass and left the old man and the children behind. Old Matthias’s heart beat with joy as he saw the little stranger again among them. He rose and hobbled over to where he was. After regarding him silently for a time, he stretched his hands toward him and said in a low voice: —

‘So, little Jesus.’

The child laid his hands in the withered, calloused hands of the old man, and the two walked back toward the cabin. Old Matthias sat down again

in his usual seat, and took the little stranger on his knee.

‘Where do you live, little Jesus?’ he asked.

‘My house is close by. Why have you never come there?’

‘I would never venture to visit the palace of the King. They say your father’s a king.’

‘Don’t worry about that. He is n’t that kind of a king. He loves everyone.’

‘I should not like to do that, however, because I do not know him.’

‘Don’t trouble about that. I’ll introduce you.’

‘I’m sorry I did n’t notice you sooner. Where have you been?’

‘I’ve always been here. I go everywhere, even up in the mountains. I’m always at home when people come; and I play with the children on the street.’

‘I’m too proud to come to your house, but I’m glad I found you among the children. How does it happen I never saw you before?’

‘Grown-ups are not sharp-sighted.’

‘Yet I have been permitted to see you at last.’

‘My Father let me show myself to you, because you are so fond of little children.’

‘Will I ever see you again?’

‘Certainly.’

‘When?’

‘To-night.’

And with these words, the little boy disappeared.

‘So I am going to see him again to-night!’ muttered old Matthias, as he went into his cabin.

A rainy, stormy night it was. The great waves roared against the cliffs; the wind sighed and shrieked through the trees in the churchyard. The church itself stood on a tall hill overlooking the ocean. Father John was just closing his Bible to say his evening

prayer, when he heard a knock at the door. He listened a moment to make sure it was not the storm, and the knock was repeated. Rising from his seat in front of the fire, he went to the door and opened it. A little-boy stood at the threshold, whom the priest could not recall having seen before. He was clothed in white, and it seemed to the good father as though his face shone with a strange radiance — but perhaps that was only because the moonlight just then broke through the storm clouds and fell upon his face and hair.

‘Who are you?’ asked Father John.

‘Put on your things as soon as possible, Father, and come down to the cabin of old Matthias. He is dying.’

That was enough for the priest. He said, ‘Be seated a moment till I come back.’

However, when he returned to the room, the little messenger had vanished.

Thereupon, Father John set out; and though the wind was again blowing violently and the rain beat in his face, he soon was at the old man’s cabin. A light was burning in the window. He opened the door and entered.

‘Who’s there?’ asked the old man from his bed.

‘The priest.’

‘I would like to talk with you, Father. Sit down near me.’

His voice was weak, and the aged man spoke only with an effort.

The good priest sat by the bedside and listened to the story of the old man from the beginning to the end. He unburdened every secret of his soul that night to the servant of God. When his confession was over, he received absolution and final unction.

‘Who told you to come to me, Father?’ old Matthias asked, in a low, weak voice, when all was over. ‘I prayed God you might come, but had no messenger to send for you.’

‘Surely you sent a boy to me,’ replied the astonished priest.

‘I did n’t send one.’

‘You did n’t? But a little boy knocked at my door and told me you needed me.’

The old man aroused himself and his eyes shone. ‘What kind of a looking boy was it, Father?’

‘A pretty little boy in a white jacket.’

‘Did you notice a peculiar play of light about his hair?’

‘Yes, that struck me at once.’

Old Matthias looked up and a smile hovered around his lips. He stretched upward both arms for a moment. Then the priest bowed gently over him and closed his eyes.

A PAGE OF VERSE

THIRLESTANE

BY H. W.

[*The Saturday Review*]

THE wind as swift, the air as clear
To Dartmoor in Devonshire,
As swift as clear the wind and air,
As though we still were walking there.

Kingsbridge Hill to Salcombe Bay:
We'll not come walking back that way,
Unless the years themselves should come
— Ghosts of our youth — to Thirle-
stane home.

Ghosts of our youth — does the train
run
Still into dreams from Paddington?
And does the gray cathedral stir
Lovers still at Exeter?

Does the trap from Kingsbridge Station
Still with damned reverberation
Jolt a boy and girl who sit
Far too glad to notice it?

Are Totnes toffees still for sale,
And does the sticky kind prevail,
Adding a sweetness to the kiss
Of resolute confectioneries?

And does the postman still presume
To march into the sitting-room,
Gravely embarrassing his betters,
By observations on their letters?

Ah surely not! for all of this
Long since invited Nemesis,
And some wild moonlit night from
Devon
Toppled clean over into heaven.

THE SECRET

BY LUCY MALLESON

[*The Bookman*]

OH, Beauty is n't just the rose
That lifts its face to greet the sky;
It's something deeper than the rose,
But only He Who made it knows
What Beauty is, and why.

And Beauty is n't in your breast,
Your clasping hands, your eyes, your
brow;
It's something hidden in your breast
Where Love has laid him down to rest,
But only Love knows how.

Love is n't just the things we see,
Know, hear and handle, you and I;
It's something deeper than we see,
That God has sown in you and me,
But only God knows why.

DYING GENERATIONS

BY W. J. TURNER

[*The Westminster Gazette*]

I LISTEN to the surfing tide
Escaping through a thousand stones;
The still dim stars its pallor hide
In their pale hands, sitting beside
The thin fire of the tide.

They sit in the dark sky forever,
Holding to earth's hearth-flowering tide
The palms of their pale hands;
A frail, reflected eventide
Sparkles and dwindles in the sands.

A myriad Buddhas in the sky
At prayer with their pale, uplifted
hands
When the Sun died!
The crying, myriad-peopled sands
Quiver and vanish in the tide!