

[*The London Mercury*]
VILLAGE GREEN

THE thatched roofs, green with moss
and grass, stand round,
And earthy walls seem growing from
the ground,
Bold pipe the missel-bird and bluecap
gay
From white-bloomed plum, nor fear
the yokels' play;
Who on the wet green whirl the ball
about
With monstrous shambling kicks; and
in and out
Among them plays the mongrel, black
and young,
As pleased as any there, and lolls his
tongue.
But near the postman watching 'how
she flies'
The older dog looks on with pitying
eyes,
And thinks it only folly play, and
'droops
His weary head away when laughter
whoops
To see tripped longshanks floundering
on his back,
With trousers daubed in mire and face
all black.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

ONE DAY

BY PAMELA GLENCONNER

["And Death shall be cast down head-
long, and there shall be Salvation that shall
never fail. No more anxiety and fear, but
joy . . . and companionship sweet and
noble."—THOMAS A. KEMPIS.]

ONE day the Earth will break forth into
song
And we shall say, 'The Spring is here
at last,
Winter is fled that was so dark and
long,
The skies are clear that were so over-
cast;
The willows in the meads to bud are
springing,
And all the world with skylarks' songs
is ringing.'

So one day we shall gain all we have
lost,
Seeing the faces we have longed to see,
Hearing our hearts say, 'All the pain it
cost
Is nothing to this soul felicity;
Not all Earth's suffering, and toil, and
strife;
Can match in magnitude of joy — this
Life.'

For we shall see then as we now are
seen,
And we shall understand as we are
known;
And all the sorrowing that once has
been
Shall meet us, singing, and become our
crown;
O Light of Worlds! shine on our inner
eyes,
Show us the joy, the joy of Paradise.

[*New Statesman*]

LIGHTS

BY JOSEPH FREEMAN

YOUR eyes are on me with the tortured
light
Of a soul brooding-cold in her retreat
Who paces hollow corridors all night
And dreads the isolation of her feet;
But I recall a night, a night in June,
When a warm fragrance held us long
awake,
And our boat kept drifting down the
lake
From arching bridge to bridge. We
hummed a tune
Under the silence of an orange moon
We touched the water, remarked the
ripples break,
And watched the sentimental starlight
shake
With a blue tremor in the trees; and
soon
A hot wind kissed us — and I saw you
eyes
Flare, like a morning through Italian
skies.



The Letters of William James

Edited by his son, HENRY JAMES

The vivid personality of one of the most brilliant of American philosophers and scholars lives again in these Letters. Can you afford to miss the companionship of a man of whom reviewers use such words as these:

**Gracious—Affectionate—Noble—
Humorous—Generous—Responsive**

¶ "Whether he is greeting the latest work of Howells or Wells or Bergson, or writing to a member of his family, to an intimate friend, or to an unknown correspondent, James gives all of himself with a responsiveness of sympathy and a fine generosity which evoke an answering enthusiasm." — Professor Charles A. Bennett, in the *New York Evening Post*.

¶ "To those who knew him there will never be just such another colleague — so stimulating, exhilarating, open-minded, and open-hearted; and to those of another generation, who are now gathering the fruit of his learning, these Letters will carry something of the surviving fragrance of his brave and generous life." — Professor Francis G. Peabody, in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*.

¶ "As there has been no other American, and, indeed, no other man, like William James, so there can never be another collection of Letters like this, full of a unique and precious personality. All who care for genius in its most human and most winning manifestations will find the books a treasure-house." — *Springfield Republican*.

¶ "Professor James was beloved by thousands of persons intellectually incapable of grasping the power of his mind and by thousands of others who did dimly understand the generosity of spirit, the overflowing humanity, which made him wish always to say what he had to say in the manner likely to appeal to the largest number of people who could be benefited by the result of his spiritual and mental experience. It may be doubted whether he were ever in the least conscious of his own generosity." — *Providence Journal*.

TRADE EDITION, 2 vols., illustrated and attractively bound, \$10.00 postpaid

LIMITED EDITION, 2 vols., especially bound and illustrated (only 600 numbered sets printed, of which but a few remain), \$20.00 postpaid

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, Inc.,
8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Massachusetts

L. A.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find and mail postpaid } THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM JAMES
Please send with bill

Trade Edition, \$10.00

Limited Edition \$20.00

Name..... Street.....

City..... State.....



THE LIVING AGE

FOR NEXT WEEK WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

Wilhelm II's Foreign Policy, from *Die Neue Zeit*; **Anatole France**, from the *Echo de Paris* and the London *Daily Herald*; **Sinn Fein Psychology. II**, from *Le Correspondant*; **A True Tale of Vienna**, from the *Neue Freie Presse*.

THE LIFE DRAMA OF THE PARNELLS

By T. P. O'Connor, M.P.

STOP THIEF!

MR. WELLS ON THE STAGE

By Desmond MacCarthy

THE BROTHERS: A Wiltshire Tale

By Maurice Hewlett

PRINCESS MIMI

By Jules Lemaitre

If you are not a subscriber, and would like to receive the magazine regularly fill out coupon below.

The Living Age,
8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$6.00 for my subscription to THE LIVING AGE for one year, beginning.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....CITY.....

3-3-21