

# FOR TO-DAY

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

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## I

Arm! Arm! . . . and end this thrifty faith in peace,  
Too soon arisen in a savage world.  
Trust not the tenure of our empty lease  
Of safety mid the ruin round us hurled.  
It was a dream; it came and it must go  
Like the great vision which two thousand years  
Has brought at last to final overthrow,  
And Christ is gone, and the stark truth appears.  
Arm! Arm!—or dare to choose the one sole way  
That else remains:—welcome each conquering horde  
That would subject your nation; hail the day  
Of the proud coming of your alien lord;  
And let your country on the wind go by,  
Since all you then could do for her is die.

## II

Strange! that men die for mastery of the gate  
Or council-halls of any earthly land!  
Beyond such phantoms dwells our deeper fate  
And all the treasures of each heart's demand.  
Though this our nation perished without strife  
At any hand that hungered for vain dross,  
Still would the scope of each man's separate life  
Exchange for gain all that it bore of loss.  
If Asia came, and we like Rome went down,  
Our eagle like her eagles slain and done,  
Still would survive all that was once our crown,  
With splendors of the Eastern soul made one.  
If that is dire,—then sound the fierce alarm,  
And wear your folly nobly! Arm! Arm! Arm!

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE.

# JOHN GALSWORTHY

BY LOUISE COLLIER WILLCOX

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IN *The Dark Flower* John Galsworthy tells an incident of a mother who took her nine-year-old boy out to see the sunset. She pointed to it, and said: "That is beauty, Jack; do you *feel* it?" One cannot but believe that this happened to the author himself, and that such an incident, coupled with a valuable inheritance, may have helped to lay the foundation of his extraordinary penetration into the beautiful,—in life, in nature, in humanity, and in morals.

Moreover, it took the three most beautiful shires in England to produce this author. He was born at Coombe in Surrey. His father's people have been in Devon since the flood—"of Saxons, at all events," John Galsworthy says; and his mother came from a family named Bartlett, which has been for centuries in Worcestershire.

The part of Devon in which Galsworthy lives is not to be confused with the gentler scenery of Devon. In Dartmoor the landscape is Alpine rather than rural, arid rather than "bowery." Frosts are common as late as April and May, and occur occasionally in June, and there is a fine mountainous splendor of outlook. The little moor Gaulzery, whence the author's people derive, may still be visited, and it is commemorated thus in one of Galsworthy's poems:

Gorse and heather, heather and grass,  
Up to the curve of the Autumn sky.  
Purple are all the darkening tors  
That crown the soft-retreating day;  
The far-blown woodsmoke steals its way  
From stars of fire in the cottage doors;  
And the Southwest wind, with her reedy tune  
Sings in the pines her wild, soft praise;  
There hangs a golden, mocking moon  
At the western cornerways!