

## INDIAN LOVE SONG

BY LEW SARETT

Cold sky and frozen star  
That look upon me from afar  
Know my bitter grief.

Hollow night and black butte  
Hear my melancholy flute—  
Oh, sound of falling leaf!

Homeless wind and waterfall  
Hold a sadness in their call,  
A sorrow I have known.

Shivering wolf and lonely loon  
Cry my sorrow to the moon—  
O gone heart, O stone!

## WET SILVER

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

The Gothic girders of Spider Castle  
Are fretted with pulver of rain, harassed with rain-dust glitter;  
The Gothic girders of Spider Castle  
Sag silver; the fog drips beauty into the sparrow's twitter;  
Lustrously dank is the snail's horn, his armour glistens;  
Now the hush, soaked silver: and still my heart listens and listens.

# COVENTRY PATMORE

BY JOHN FREEMAN

COVENTRY KERSEY DIGHTON PATMORE was born at Woodford, Essex (now a mere suburb of London), on July 23, 1823. The calendar alone is faithful in its mute reminder that a hundred years have passed, for men's affections are not occupied with Patmore's work and it would be foolish to speak of his name in connection with a centenary "celebration". He is celebrated but as a lonely hill in a quiet land, shown on the map but visited only by those to whom the hill air, and its solitude, are a stimulation and a delight. The greatness that his admirers have never ceased to claim for him may have been silently acknowledged, but has never been widely felt; and for most readers he remains a name in a catalogue, an illustration, a cipher, a shade.

Great poets are creatures of their age, even if they show greatness equally in expressing and transcending it. Patmore and Tennyson were both Victorian poets and in the truest sense the voices of their time; and they each, but in different degree, transcended their time. Tennyson was a dominating figure, standing firm amid his generation and only distinguished by his loftiness of thought and grave attitude of a spiritual legislator; but Patmore was isolated alike by his genius and the intense arrogance of his regard of a world surging turbulently beneath him. He expressed his time in *The Angel in the House*, he transcended it in *The Unknown Eros*, standing scornfully or sorrowfully remote in many odes in the latter, consciously and even proudly alien in certain prose essays. Exceptions to these general statements may be noted, but the statements represent the broad facts.

It is not altogether fanciful to read his character in his face. The portraits, especially that by Mr. Sargent by which he is best known, show a mind alert, bold and perverse, a spirit impetuous and unconciliating. The eyes are gemlike but the light in them