

this considered that in few schools can a man be chosen "captain of cricket," for instance, unless he also possesses the

character and personality necessary for a prefect—a guide and adviser for worshipping young juniors. Just how this

works was made especially clear at Rugby, and will be considered in detail when that fine old school is studied.

# Far-Flung Verse

A London Literary Letter by C. LEWIS HIND

THE book trade strike (it is the packers who are discontented) holds up many volumes, but the casual reader sees no diminution in the cataract of new books and reprints. Novels, of course, are still the most popular form of "literature;" but memoirs now run fiction close. Most eminent men seem to produce autobiographies.

A feature of the past year has been the issue of collected editions of the works of authors alive and dead. Among the living are Wells and Arthur Symons; among the deceased are Swinburne, Samuel Butler, and Anthony Trollope, in whose placid, interesting volumes there is a growing interest.

Anthologies of poetry drop from the press at the rate of two or three a week. They sell. Most people seem to glean their poetry from anthologies. An anthology at half a crown finds a host of readers.

There seems to be no young poet preparing to awake and find himself famous. Strange to say, the two most significant books of poetry published in the closing month of last year were by two octogenarians—Thomas Hardy, aged eighty-five, and Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate, who is eighty-one. How different are these two men whose days are spent with poetry, making it and reading it! Hardy is, as ever, sad. Bridges is, as ever, joyous. Let me stress the contrast by quoting a characteristic poem by each. The sad poem by Mr. Hardy is called "The Weary Walker." He sent it to "The Bermondsey Book" as a mark of his appreciation of that excellent magazine, which is issued from "The Bermondsey Book Shop."

A plain in front of me,  
And there's the road  
Upon it. Wide country,  
And, too, the road!

Past the first ridge another,  
And still the road  
Creeps on. Perhaps no other  
Ridge for the road?

Ah! Past that ridge a third.  
Which still the road  
Has to climb furtherward—  
The thin white road!

Sky seems to end its track:

But no. The road  
Trails down the hill at the back.  
Ever the road!

The joyous poem by Dr. Bridges appears in his new volume:

Mid the squandered color  
idling as I lay  
Reading the Odyssey  
in my rock-garden  
I espied the clustered  
tufts of Cheddar pinks  
Burgeoning with promise  
of their scented bloom  
All the modish motley  
of their bloom to-be  
Thrust up in narrow buds  
on the slender stalks  
Thronging, springing, urgent,  
hasting (so I thought)  
As if they feared to be  
too late for summer—  
Like schoolgirls overslept  
wakened by the bell  
Leaping from bed to don  
their muslin dresses  
On a May morning. . . .

Let the reader muse on these two poems, so different, each written by an octogenarian.

A LOVE of poetry knits people together. My article called "Second-Best Poems: A Proposed Anthology," published in this journal on October 7 last, has brought me letters from places so far away from London that I want to send the senders a wave of greeting. A correspondent writes from Richmond, Virginia, asking for the title of a poem by Whittier, mentioned in my article, of which the first line is "When on my day of life the night is falling." It is a poem I have loved all my life. But the title? I searched through anthologies and found it not. So I bought "The Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier," published by the Oxford University Press. What a pleasure, what a stirring of memories, it was to go through the 569 pages of poems by this Quaker poet! I shouted with joy when on page 503 I found this—

AT LAST

[Recited by one of the little group of relations, who stood by the poet's bedside, as the last moment of his life approached.]

When on my day of life the night is  
falling,  
And, in the winds from unsunned  
spaces blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness call-  
ing  
My feet to paths unknown.

Six other beautiful and touching stanzas follow, and on page 481 I found another favorite, "The Eternal Goodness," with twenty-two stanzas, and three of them, I suppose, are known (in quiet circles) wherever the English tongue is spoken:

I long for household voices gone,  
For vanished smiles I long,  
But God hath led my dear ones on,  
And he can do no wrong.  
I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.  
I know not where his islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond his love and care.

Such poems of simple, unalterable faith, the only right faith, are continually circling round the world. I tried to explain this in the introduction to my anthology called "100 Second-Best Poems" (yes, it got published). Laments, too, the yearning for home. I quoted one from memory—this:

Oh, carry me back to old Virginia,  
There let me live and die,  
Among the fields of yellow, yellow  
corn—  
And the place where Mary lies.

Another correspondent suggests this variant, probably earlier:

Then carry me back to Tennessee,  
There let me live and die,  
Among the fields of yellow corn  
In the land that she loved, let me lie.

Another snatch, in lighter vein, that I included in the Anthology is one that "Uncle Joe Cannon is fond of quoting:"

I'm thankful that the sun and moon  
Are both hung up so high

That no pretentious hand can stretch  
And pull them from the sky.  
If they were not, I have no doubt,  
But some reforming ass  
Would recommend to take them down  
And light the world with gas.

Who dares to say that there are no rewards for the lover of poetry? A gentleman who read this, quoted from "100 Second-Best Poems," sent me a copy of the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat," which contained a whole page all

about "Uncle Joe Cannon, Now Nearing 90."

FINALLY, there is a poem that I want. In an impassioned speech on British literature that Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson delivered at the Authors' Club in London he referred, in moving terms, to a beautiful poem—"The text I have forgotten, the author I have forgotten, but the idea and purpose of the poem I shall never forget." He told us that he read it in the closing months of 1914. It

was by an "obscure school-ma'am" of Columbia University, New York, and the purport of her poem was that, even if Great Britain came under the yoke of an aggressive enemy, she could not be crushed, because of the great procession of writers from Chaucer even to our own times.

I want that poem. I will send an autographed copy of "100 Second-Best Poems" to the first correspondent who sends it to me, care of the Editor of The Outlook.

## Why These Faces?

By BILL ADAMS

I WISH I knew more about a lot of things. Many very mysterious things continually perplex me. What makes sudden thoughts come out of nowhere at all; sudden pictures rise? I do not think that there is any one to tell me. Are there ghosts? Ghosts everywhere? Can it be that Tithrington and Clare Anthony are in California?

I've seen both Tithrington and Clare this morning, plain as pikestaffs. Clare, I know, is dead; shattered and buried in Flanders. I think that Tithrington must be dead, too. He was a sailor. I'll tell you about him.

Tithrington was the rummiest dick I ever did see. I don't remember his features so well. It was his rig that was peculiar.

Tithrington joined the ship in Steveston, where she had taken on a cargo of Fraser salmon for Liverpool. When he came over the gangway with the rest of the new crew, he appeared to be but an "able-bodied seaman," such as any other of them.

We sailed—I remember that the tow-line parted when we were just outside Flattery, and before we had any canvas set—on a fine, bright, sunny day. The sea was so beautiful that morning that words cannot tell of it. Night came starry, and I spent the first watch, eight till midnight, on the poop talking with the chief mate—who was later to die at Martinique—and watching the stars and the sails that swayed against them. Next day was Sunday. The mate's watch washed the decks down and swabbed the paintwork between five and eight of the morning. That done, there was no more work for the day, unless it became necessary to trim the sails. The sea was as lovely as it had been upon the previous day. I know of nothing as peaceful as a first Sunday at sea in fine weather. The memory of beer halls, dives, sailors'

boarding masters, rickety pianos, glitter-eyed women, and the Seamen's Bethel is all become a dream, and one is conscious, though one cannot so express it at the time, that beauty is potent over evil.

After breakfast we apprentices sat on the main hatch, betting upon how fast a run she would make to Liverpool. We gasped when Tithrington appeared from the forecabin.

Tithrington was dressed in a black frock coat with long tails, black trousers, patent-leather shoes, tan gloves, and a silk top hat! A white shirt and collar, of course.

If you know anything of psychology, you know that there are some people who can do things that no one else can do and get away with it. Of such was Tithrington. A man to himself. None of us, none of the thirteen other able-bodied seamen, laughed or asked a question.

*Tithrington's one desire in life was to be taken for a gentleman.*

Later in the voyage, when we had come to know him, we found that his folks were plumbers in Liverpool. He told us of them, proudly. He was of no common stock, and, while himself a sailor and an excellent one, did not wish to be looked upon as such. Plumber-bred, he was genteel. On the bulkhead over his bunk were a half-score photographs—all of himself, in various poses, in dress suit and top hat. No other pictures.

Every fine, bright Sunday from Puget Sound to Liverpool Tithrington appeared and walked the deck in his dress suit, top hat, and patent-leather shoes. When she came to moorings in Salthouse East dock, his family met him—plumber father, two plumber brothers, mother, and sister. They surrounded him and bore him away, in his dress suit, top hat, tan gloves, and patent-leather shoes. Of

us they took no notice whatever. He left us, his shipmates of five months, without a turn of the head, without wave of hand, or any greeting. We were but sailors.

At my elbow is a bowl with roses of a dozen varieties. On my desk are larkspur and sweet-william. Birds twitter by my window. The air is sweet and still. Why, of a sudden, after having been forgotten through all the years, has Tithrington appeared to me?

It was while I sat here ruminating on Tithrington that Clare came. I looked into his eyes—a child of thirteen.

Ages and ages ago Clare and I were playing with our tin soldiers on a bright Sunday morning. We planned battles and arranged conquests. Knowing naught of bloody horror or of shattered limbs, we gloried in military panoply.

An English child, Clare deployed his English soldiery, insisting that I turn Frenchman for that morning and give him combat with such legions of tin Frenchmen as we could muster from our toys. Among my tin men was a regiment of Belgian infantry—green helmets, green trousers, bayonets. We were very young.

"What," asked Clare, "are Belgians? Would they be on the side of France or of England?"

"I don't know," said I. Ages and ages afterward I hear his question, and my reply. I have just seen his face again.

When war came, Clare was at Camperdown, South Africa, with wife and babies. To-day, having responded to the appeal of one Kitchener, he lies in Belgian soil.

What for and why is this our life?  
*Only the spirits know!*

Is that why, this morning in California, both have visited me?

Some day all day will be spring Sunday morning. *Is that it?*