

tion, nor have the British, but just to take the harness off the horse does not solve the problem. Germany and Japan are ominous examples of how happy is the horse, and how well he goes when harnessed, handled, and housed by one coachman in supreme control.

We cannot be sure that we are not cutting away at individual initiative, at independence, at personal prowess and courage, by this weaving a web of laws around the individual, even though they be supposedly for his protection and well-being. It may be that he is better off, after all, with a master, rather than with all as masters. This much, at least, must be said for those who hesitate, and counsel delay rather than haste, when dealing with In-

dia, and Egypt, and the Philippines. Democracy's cocksureness may land us all scrambling at the feet of a dictator. Liberty is a far more complicated problem to deal with than tyranny, and few there are who recognize it. Those who read these scanty sketches of the history, and the domestic, religious, and social problems of India, will, I hope, share with me the feeling that a nation with such a gigantic problem to solve should be judged and criticised with extreme care, and always with a leaning toward leniency, and that we Americans, with our increasing responsibilities, both at home and abroad, in the governing of the colored races, should be the last to criticise ignorantly, or to counsel others to walk, or to walk ourselves, unwarily.

SUMMER AFTERNOON

(BODIAM CASTLE, SUSSEX)

By Edith Wharton

NOT all the wasteful beauty of the year
 Heaped in the scale of one consummate hour
 Shall this outweigh: the curve of quiet air
 That held, as in the green sun-fluted light
 Of sea-caves quivering in a tidal lull,
 Those trançèd towers and long unruined walls,
 Moat-girdled from the world's dissolving touch,
 The rook-flights lessening over evening woods,
 And, down the unfrequented grassy slopes,
 The shadows of old oaks contemplative
 Reaching behind them like the thoughts of age.

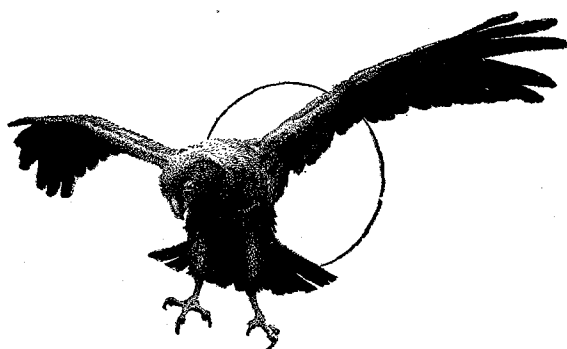
High overhead hung the long Sussex ridge,
 Sun-cinctured, as a beaker's rim of gold
 Curves round its green concavity; and slow
 Across the upper pastures of the sky
 The clouds moved white before the herding airs
 That in the hollow, by the moated walls,
 Stirred not one sleeping lily from its sleep.

Deeper the hush fell; more remote the earth
 Fled onward with the flight of cloud and sun,
 And cities strung upon the flashing reel
 Of nights and days. We knew no more of these

Than the grey towers redoubling in the moat
The image of a bygone strength transformed
To beauty's endless uses; and like them
We felt the touch of that renewing power
That turns the landmarks of man's ruined toil
To high star-haunted reservoirs of peace.
And with that sense there came the deeper sense
Of moments that, between the beats of time,
May thus insphere in some transcendent air
The plenitude of being.
Far currents feed them, from those slopes of soul
That know the rise and set of other stars
White-roaring downward through remote defiles
Dim-forested with unexplored thought;
Yet tawny from the flow of lower streams
That drink the blood of battle, sweat of earth,
And the broached vats of cities revelling.
All these the moments hold; yet these resolved
To such clear wine of beauty as shall flush
The blood to richer living. . . . Thus we mused,
And musing thus we felt the magic touch,
And such a moment held us. As, at times,
Through the long windings of each other's eyes
We have reached some secret hallowed silent place
That a god visits at the turn of night—
In such a solitude the moment held us.
And one were thought and sense in that profound
Submersion of all being deep below
The vexed waves of action. Clear we saw,
Through the clear nether stillness of the place,
The gliding images of words and looks
Swept from us down the gusty tides of time,
And here unfolding to completer life;
And like dull pebbles from a sunless shore
Plunged into crystal waters, suddenly
We took the hues of beauty, and became,
Each to the other, all that each had sought.

Thus did we feel the moment and the place
One in the heart of beauty; while far off
The rooks' last cry died on the fading air,
And the first star stood white upon the hill.

ON THE HIGHWAYS OF THE SKY



A SERIES OF PAINTINGS
by
WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER