

Poets' hearts would break if they could not eject
 The burden of their rapture so;
 But we, the timid circumspect,
 Find beauty far too poignant to be borne.
 Overwhelmed with longing and regret
 We find in it a personal disaster,
 Knowing we must admit our spendthrift selves forlorn
 Before what we have never learned to master.

Love, let us, clinging closer, faster,
 Help one another try to be content
 With constancy of purpose and a wise intent,
 That—leaving beauty, which is vaster—
 We may at last so strengthened be
 That we have fortitude to endure ecstasy.



What Becomes of Love?

BY ELIZABETH LAROCQUE

LAST night I loved you more than life and death,
 And when the moon was hidden for a space
 My heart was trembling and I held my breath,
 Your lips upon my lips, upon my face.

And when you held me close in your caress,
 There was a strange, sweet unison of hearts;
 But now your kisses are a weariness——
 Ah! What becomes of love when it departs?

The moon is almost as it was last night,
 The clouds, above the trees, are silver lace,
 The little bats whir by in circling flight,
 But there are tears upon my lips and face.


For I shall never listen as before
 In fascination to your every word,
 Nor quiver at your touch—no, nevermore,
 For suddenly you seem to me absurd.

But can you tell me what I want to know?
 (Yes, you who babble on of Cupid's darts,
 And fling your arms, and break the silence so.)
 "Ah! What becomes of love when it departs?"



As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



THE year of our Lord 1894 was unusually productive; in that year appeared "Trilby," "Lord Ormont and his Aminta," "Esther Waters," "The Ebb Tide," "The Jungle Book," "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Under the Red Robe," "Life's Little Ironies," "Pudd'nhead Wilson," "Pembroke"; "Jude the Obscure" was being published serially, and Conrad's first novel was in press.

Of all these books the most germinal was "The Prisoner of Zenda"; it came on the rising flood of the Romantic Revival, scored a prodigious success, was translated into the theatre and later into the motion-picture, shouted for a sequel and got it, and produced a swarm of imitations. Almost simultaneously the author published "The Dolly Dialogues," and, whatever he may himself think of the relative merit of his productions, those who buy and read have decided that these two books are his best; from which decision there is no appeal.

And now Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins presents the public with a new book, which I have enjoyed reading more than anything he has written since 1894. It is an autobiography, called "Memories and Notes." Like most of his works, it is brief; I wish it were three times as long. It is written with disarming modesty and candor, with that English sense of humor which consists mainly of understatement. He was a Balliol man, under Jowett; and the

chapter describing his life at Oxford is one of the most interesting in the book. He "went in" for both scholarship and athletics; thus mingling with widely different kinds of undergraduates, a process he has kept up all his life. "Know as many cliques as you will—or can—but swear the oath of allegiance to none of them." He is, in the best sense, a man of the world; and I think his modesty, common sense, good taste, and suavity, qualities which appear on every page of his autobiography, arise from his wide experience of human varieties. "Try to know all sorts of people is the gospel I would preach."

He spent years in the practice of the law; he ran (unsuccessfully) for Parliament, and still regrets his defeat; he never gave up trying for success as a playwright. All of these various activities have not only added richness of experience to his life, which has evidently been an immensely happy one, but have been of good service in his professional career.

Although he has made a good income by writing, and although he has enjoyed that kind of life more than any other, there must be of course a faint tinge of regret in his mind that the enormous success of "The Prisoner of Zenda," which he wrote more easily than most of his books, was never repeated. I think I detect in his remarks about it an adumbration of faint melancholy. But what he says of this is entirely good-humored; he does not solemnly