

Vagrant Verse

WITH CASCOCK BLACK, BERET AND BOOK

By Grace Fallow Norton
With cascock black, beret, and book,
Father Saran goes by;
I think he goes to say a prayer
For one who has to die.

Even so, some day, Father Saran
May say a prayer for me;
Myself meanwhile, the Sister tells,
Should pray unceasingly.

They kneel who pray; how may I kneel
Who face to ceiling lie,
Shut out by all that man has made
From God who made the sky?

They lift who pray—the low earth-born—
A humble heart to God;
But O, my heart of clay is proud—
True sister to the sod.

I look into the face of God,
They say bends over me;
I search the dark, dark face of God—
Oh, what is it I see?

I see—who lie fast bound, who may
Not kneel—who can but seek—
I see mine own face over me,
With tears upon its cheek.

—Atlantic Monthly.

THE COLORS OF CAMBRIDGE

By Louise Imogen Guiney
(William E. Russell, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, died suddenly while camping in the woods of New Brunswick, and was brought home to be buried at Mount Auburn. It was a week of unusually high wind. These lines were written at the time.)

Flags at half-staff that through the leafy city
Cloud street and hall in tragic muttering;
Flags in the ofing, that for noble pity
Make for sea-spaces on a broken wing.

Eagles low-flying, angels of our sorrow,
Boding and bright, on their full passion
hurled,
Trail down the wind in stormy wake and
furrow,
Poignantly marked across the summer
world.

Ah, how they mourn with not-to-be-impeded
Gesture and cry of queens unconquered,
One sunny strength illimitably needed,
Felled by the Hewer in the northern wild!

Yet if they knew, would these not triumph
duly?
Glory, not grief, for him who willed to keep
Pure as the sword some warden angel newly
Draws by the cradle of baptismal sleep.

Green on the summits of the State hereafter,
See what a garland, beautiful, aflame!
Till time abase them, there on wall and rafter,
Sweeter than jasmine climbs that absent
name.

Happy the land that late a field unfavored,
Whitens to harvest where the martyrs are,
Knowing (from ways in which she nearly
wavered),
This stary dust shall lead her like a star.

Happy the land predestinate to cover
Yet in his youth, the early-taured guest,
Who in her bosom lays so loved a lover,
Veiling with tears the chantry of his rest.

Flags at half-staff that through the leafy city
Cloud street and hall in tragic muttering;
Flags in the ofing, that for noble pity
Make for sea-spaces on a broken wing.

Eagles low-flying, angels of our sorrow,
Boding and bright, in your full passion
hurled,
Rise on the wind in stormy wake and furrow,
Rise and rejoice, across the summer world.

Flag from thine heaven in willing fealty
lowered,
Hiding thy face upon thine own roof-tree,
Weak with our wound through all this day
untoward,

O my Delight! look up and quicken me:
Flag long-adored, and heart of mine below it,
Run to the mast-head, shake away the pain!
We two have done with death, for we shall
know it.

Never so touching nor so dear again.
—Atlantic Monthly.

THE YEAR'S END

By Timothy Cole
Full happy is the man who comes at last
Into the safe completion of his year;
Weathered the perils of his spring, that blast
How many blossoms promising and dear!
And of his summer, with dread passions
fraught,

That oft, like fire through the ripening corn,
Blight all with mocking death and leave dis-
traught.
Loved ones to mourn the ruined waste for-
lorn.

But now, tho' autumn gave but harvest slight,
Oh, grateful is he to the powers above
For winter's sunshine, and the lengthened
night.

By hearth-side genial with the warmth of
love.
Through silvered days of vistas gold and
green
Contentedly he glides away, serene.

—Century Magazine.

EMILIA

By Ellen Angus French
Halfway up the Hemlock valley turnpike,
In the bend of Silver Water's arm,
Where the deer come trooping down at even,
Drink the cowslip pool, and fear no harm,
Dwells Emilia,
Flower of the fields of Camlet Farm.

Sitting sewing by the western window
As the too brief mountain sunshine flies,
Hast thou seen a slender-shouldered figure
With a chestnut-braid, Minerva-wise,
Round her temples,
Shadowing her grey, enchanted eyes?

When the freshets flood the Silver Water,
When the swallow flying northward braves
Sleeting rains that sweep the birchen foot-
hills
Where the wildflowers' pale plantation
waves—
(Fairy gardens
Springing from the dead leaves in their
graves)—

Falls forgotten, then, Emilia's needle;
Ancient ballads, fleeting through her brain,
Sing the cuckoo and the English primrose,
Outdoors calling with a quaint refrain;
And a rainbow
Seems to brighten through the gusty rain.

Forth she goes, in some old dress and faded,
Fearless of the showery, shifting wind;
Killed are her skirts to clear the mosses,
And her bright braids in a 'kerchief pinned,
Younger sister
Of the damsel-errant Rosalind.

While she helps to serve the harvest supper
In the lantern-lighted village hall,
Moonlight rises on the burning woodland,
Echoes dwindle from the distant Fall.
Hark, Emilia!
In her ear the airy voices call.

Hidden papers in the dusky garret,
Where her few and secret poems lie—
Thither flies her heart to join her treasure,
While she serves, with absent-musing eye,
Mighty tankards
Foaming cider in the glasses high.

"Would she mingle with her young com-
panions!"
Vainly do her aunts and uncles say:
Ever, from the village sports and dances,
Early missed, Emilia slips away.
Whither vanished?
With what unimagined mates to play?

Did they seek her, wandering by the water,
They should find her comrades shy and
strange:
Queens and princesses, and saints and fairies,
Desdemona;
Mariana of the Moated Grange.

Up this valley to the fair and market
When young farmers from the southward
ride,
Off they linger at a sound of chanting
In the meadows by the turnpike side;
Long they listen,
Deep in fancies of a fairy bride.

—Atlantic Monthly.

THE I, OF ME

When I, forsooth, would go prancing forth,
Abroad, over field and plain,
These limbs of mine are so slow and loth
That I find I must use a cane.

I'm as anxious to read the daily news
As ever—methinks—indeed,
Rather more, than of old, but my eyes refuse,
And of glasses I stand in need.

For music's exquisite charm I yearn,
Yes—just as I used to do—
Alas! A deaf ear I now must turn,
And not only one, but two.

As for Beauty, ah! never before
Did I yield to her magic sway
With such vast capacity to adore—
But Beauty won't look my way!

Yet—these things prove Immortality:
While the body must heed Time's laws
Without any doubt the I, of Me,
Is as nimble as ever it was!

—M. S. Bridges, in Life.

RATIONAL RHYMES

If spelling is to be reformed,
Pronunciation should be, too.
If printers all be chloroformed,
And writers taught to write anew—
Then poets ought to do their part,
Nor under these restrictions chafe,
And exercise their gentle art
While sipping coffee at the cafe.

A rose would smell as sweet, we're told,
Tho' changed its name by innovation,
And Caesar be as brave and bold
Tho' Kaeser were his appellation;
Ulysses none the less had shown
The suitors that they could not cope
With him, although his wife were known
To all the world as Penelope.

'Twere easy thus to multiply
Examples of a change in rhyme,
Tho' doubtless purists will decry
Such usage as linguistic crime.
But as for me, I merely smile,
'Tis thus I'll rhyme my songs and odes—
And if you do not like my style
You may go to the antipodes.

—William Wallace Whitlock, in Life.

COMRADES

Where are the friends that I knew in my May-
ing,
In the days of my youth, in the first of my
roaming?

We were dear; we were leal; O, far we went
straying;
Now never a heart to my heart comes hom-
ing!

Where is he now, the dark boy slender,
Who taught me bare-back, stirrup and reins?
I loved him; he loved me; my beautiful tender
Tamer of horses on grass-grown plains.

Where is he now whose eyes swam brighter,
Softer than love, in his turbulent charms?
Who taught me to strike, and to fall, dear
fighter,

And gathered me up in his boyhood arms;
Taught me the rifle, and with me went riding,
Supplied my limbs to the horseman's war;
Where is he now, for whom my heart's bidding,
Biding, bidding—but he rides far?

O love that passes the love of woman!
Who that hath felt it shall ever forget,
When the breath of life with a throb turns
human,

And a lad's heart is to a lad's heart set?
Ever, forever, lover and rover—
They shall cling nor each from other shall
part.

Till the reign of the stars in the heavens be
over,
And life is dust in each faithful heart!

They are dead, the American grasses under;
There is no one now who presses my side;
By the African chotts I am riding asunder,
And with great joy ride I the last great ride,
I am fey; I am fain of sudden dying.

Thousands of miles there is no one near;
And my heart—all the night it is crying, crying
In the bosoms of dead lads darling-dear.
Hearts of my music! them dark earth covers;
Comrades to die, and to die for, were they—
In the width of the world there were no such
rovers.

Back to back, breast to breast, it was ours
to stay;
And the highest on earth was the vow that we
cherished,

To spur forth from the crowd and come back
never more,
And to ride in the track of great souls perished
Till the nests of the lark shall roof us o'er.

Yet lingers a horseman on Altai highlands,
Who hath joy of me, riding the Tartar glis-
sade;
And one, far faring o'er orient islands
Whose blood yet glints with my blade's
accolade;

North, west, east, I find you my last hallooing,
Last love to the breasts where my own has
bled;
Through the reach of the desert my soul leaps
pursuing

My star where it rises a Star of the Dead.
—By G. E. Woodberry, in Scribner's.

MA CHERE ANNETTE

Ma chere Annette she's rond away an' left me.
I'm tole her why, I'm ax her where;
She's laff on me, an' say I know myself, me,
She's kiss de han' an' den say "Au Revoir."

I'm walk chemin; dare's motor buggy pas' me
Lak one Ouiseau, he's make me scare!
Can't tole no boudlies fac' he's ran so fas' me,
An' den some femme is call out "Au Revoir."

Ah, chere Annette, de eye is wet,
You know you sef' I'm not forget;
How can you com's away so far,
How you can tole me, "Au Revoir!"

Dose car have wings, I'm bet wit you de
monny,
I wish he's kill myself, dat car;
Den wen she'll see I'm tak de long, long jour-
ney,

She'll mak' som 'tear for tole me "Au Re-
voir."

I'm look encore, mon Dieu, dose car she's
flyin'
On 'nodder car wats com' around
Wen' moment more, ma chere Annette, she's
dyin',

I'm lif' de head an' hole it from de groun'.
Ah, chere Annette, de eye is wet,
You know you sef' I'm not forget;
Don't mak' no different how far
You com' I'm love you—Au Revoir.

"Please, sir," says the little girl to the apo-
thecary, in Punch, "I've brought the remains
of the medicine you gave grandfather. He's
dead, and mother thought you might like it
for somebody else!"

"The Messiah" In Prison

The following touching account of the re-
cent experimental performance of
"The Messiah" in the prison chapel of Wormwood
Scrubs, England, was written by Mr. Harry
Atkins, secretary of the Western District
Choral Society.

I had never been inside a prison till last
Sunday, when, with one hundred and twenty
members of the Western District Choral
Society, London, I walked into the beautiful,
alluring chapel of Wormwood Scrubs prison
and faced one thousand men and about seventy-
five juvenile adults. They were all dressed in
rough khaki-colored suits, printed with the
broad arrow—the nation's insignia of lost
liberty. And I shall never, never forget the
vision.

Music has a great ministry to perform in
brightening this drab London of ours. It has
a message of hope to the despairing, and when
the need is more generally alloted to song and
carried to the lost and lonely we shall better
understand, I fancy, the true meaning of the
angel-choir that made the plains and hillsides
of Bethlehem ring with the cantata, "Peace
on earth, good will to men."

When Mr. Winston Churchill, the home
secretary, rose in his place in the House of
Commons on July 20 last and stated that he
had given his authority to an experiment being
tried for elevating prisoners in convict prisons
by means of lectures and high-class music, I
felt that at length someone had arisen in the
councils of the State who appreciated the
moral advantage to a community of exiles of
what Milton calls "the melting voice through
mazes running."

It gave me an idea. I am the founder of
the Western District Choral Society. It is
only 18 months old, and was organized because
no such society exists in Notting Hill, Shep-
herd's Bush or Hammersmith. So as Worm-
wood Scrubs is my parish, so to speak, I
called on the Governor, Mr. H. H. Lethbridge,
and Chaplain of the prison, the Rev. J.
Haworth, to propose that the first effort to be
made under the home secretary's new regime
should be arranged for Wormwood Scrubs, and
that the home office should be approached.

I found that I had unknowingly struck two
sympathetic chords. They—chaplain and gov-
ernor—responded with enthusiasm to the idea.
The home secretary not only agreed, but
spontaneously wrote me that he would try to
be present, and that in any case representa-
tives of the prison commissioners would at-
tend. I felt proud that the youngest choral
society in London should have the honor of
undertaking this humanizing method of re-
lieving prison life of some of its sombre rou-
tine, and stimulating men with the ennobling
influence that is inseparable from the work of
Handel.

The society were captivated by their mis-
sion. Mr. Charles Saunders gave up an elec-
tion appointment to sing the tenor. Miss
Emily Breare promised to travel from Shef-
field to do the soprano. Miss Violet Oppen-
shaw volunteered as alto. Messrs. Steinway
loaned the piano. Mr. Edwin Barrett came
forward to wield the baton. In short, one and
all flung themselves with zest into the execu-
tion of the scheme, and when we decided that
Handel's immortal oratorio, "The Messiah,"
should be the selection for the occasion, we
all felt that no finer and no worthier musical
classic could be chosen.

When Handel witnessed his first perform-
ance of "The Messiah" at Dublin in the year
1742 his audience consisted of lords and dukes,
music lovers and critics. What would he have
said, I wonder, had he been present in the
balcony of the prison chapel with the governor
and his staff and looked down upon the strange,
sad, silent and reverential audience, who wept
and sobbed and sighed as his masterpiece was
being interpreted, not for worldly gain, but
to bless and inspire men who wore the brand
of crime?

I think that it is the author of "Quo Vadis"
who makes Nero cry in one of his flights of
egotism, "Music is like the sea." When I
escorted the last soloist on to the orchestral
platform of the prison chapel, and saw that
all was in order—the choir well seated, the or-
chestra in its proper place, Mr. Barrett ready
to raise his baton—and then turned to look
at the audience, I confess that, though I had
prepared myself by imagining what the scene
would be, it nonplussed me. That sea of
faces!

I caught the eye of one man—middle-aged,
with an intellectual cast of face—who watched
every movement of the platform as if he were
familiar with its technical arrangement. Who
was he? Why was he there? In a minute
the "sea" rose. To the familiar "Austria" the
men sang "Praise the Lord; ye heavens adore
Him!" It was not till then that I grasped
Nero's meaning.

I have listened to the music of the ocean
waves moving, subduing, and inspiring. That
is how I felt here. There was a majestic
grandeur in the song, and it was rendered with
strength and with even a skill that astonished
me. I heard base voices that I could have cov-
eted for the society. A galaxy of tenors to
my right lifted. "Ye heavens adore Him" to
a splendid height of musical daring, and as I
listened I forgot the color of their garb, the
presence of the elevated warders in their midst
and the grim contrast between the sentiment
of the words and the registered character of
the singers.

And then I sighted the man with the intel-
lectual eye. A smile played upon his fea-

tures. His voice was, I heard, well trained,
and then my fancy pictured him in his youth,
the idol of a mother's heart, the star of a
father's dreams. We read the Collect for the
day, and it reminded us that we are all sinners,
every one of us. Some have their sins con-
fessed, some have their misdeeds published on
the housetop, and some the misfortune to have
them arraigned before the bar of Justice. And
that is very largely the only difference be-
tween man and man.

And what of "The Messiah?" Well, it is
not my place to criticize the exposition of my
own society. Suffice it, that the chaplain, who
is a judge of good work, agreed with Mr.
Saunders that the lady soloists were excep-
tionally fine. We all know Mr. Saunders' cap-
acity. The governor and his officers were de-
lighted with the entire rendering of the chor-
us.

No languid cynicism was written upon their
countenances. The men were in a new world,
full of mellowing and appealing sound. Under
their khaki suits hearts were palpitating with
a thousand feelings. We knew it. We saw it
in crystal tears that trickled down the hard
faces of men who had at one time in their
lives little thought of hearing Handel's "Mes-
siah" in a prison dress.

When Miss Oppenshaw commenced the
most poignant number of the whole work—
"He was despised"—a sort of thrill possessed
the soloist. It was contagious, and as I recall
the upturned looks of those men, and the
tears on the faces of the young lads, my
mind traveled back to the night in the British
House of Commons when the Secretary of
State announced that he would make the de-
parture as an experiment.

What shall I say of Charles Saunders' "Com-
fort ye, My people?" The men were spell-
bound. "Come unto Him" was given by
Miss Breare. She never rendered the invita-
tion with sweeter and truer notes. When the
words, "And ye shall find rest unto your souls,"
were sung with thrilling intonation, the men's
hearts seemed to speak in the silence till a
sound of distant thunder was heard. At least
so it felt. It was, in fact, the gentle tapping
of feet in applause. And the orchestra and
choir smiled, brushed aside a tear or two, and
swallowed that uncomfortable, something that
gets into one's throat when one tries to
smother one's feelings.

Some incidents of this oratorio will live
for ever in my memory. At the "Hallelujah
Chorus" it is customary, of course, for the
audience to stand. When the first bars of
the master's triumph were sounded, a stately
looking prisoner rose, and for a few seconds
stood like a lighthouse! The warden glanced
at him, mysteriously. Another prisoner rose
and another. The warden remembered, and
then with a spring, the one thousand men
also rose and listened amidst a soul-moving
silence to the thunder of this majestic chorus.
It was a most impressive scene.

The governor thanked us and all who had
contributed to the success of the experiment.
We felt like thanking his family of men for
the privilege. We had come to cheer them,
and they had inspired us. As I looked at the
Gothic windows and gave a last glance at the
silent figures in khaki my eye fell upon some
pictures in the front of the chapel, the work
of prisoners, and not at all bad specimens of
artistic coloring. One of the subjects depicted
was the raising of Lazarus from the dead. I
have a notion that that work is still going on,
and that this Sunday afternoon's rendering of
Handel's Messiah in Miss Majesty's prison at
Wormwood Scrubs hastens that work forward.

Permit me to say one word in behalf of our
society. We have undertaken this work at
our own individual expense, and we shall be
glad to fulfil similar engagements in other
prisons within a reasonable distance of London.
We shall also welcome singers who wish
to join the society and co-operate with us.

WHERE THERE IS WORK FOR ALL

The estimates for the year 1911-1912 just
laid before the Dominion Parliament might be
studied with profit by Labor leaders both in
Canada and the United Kingdom, says Can-
ada, the London Illustrated weekly. No bet-
ter evidence could be furnished as to the
amount of work which will have to be perform-
ed by skilled and unskilled labor—altogether
apart from that needed in agricultural pursuits
—during the coming year. On public works
nearly \$13,000,000 is to be expended—this al-
together independent of a still larger sum
which the Governments of the various prov-
inces will lay out in new buildings—while the
construction of thousands of miles of railway,
with its attendant requirements of rails and
bridge and other material, will create other de-
mands. To represent that the skilled native-
born Canadian labor available to carry out all
these works is sufficient is as great an absurd-
ity upon the part of trades unions in the Do-
minion as are the other statements, often made
by the same organizations and rapid Free
Trade orators in the United Kingdom, to the
effect that the higher wages admittedly paid
in Canada are offset by the greater necessary
cost of living. Moreover, a study of these esti-
mates also affords abundant proof of the rapid
growth of the Dominion in the need for larger
post offices and other public buildings,
wharves, piers, breakwaters, and bridges. Look
where you will through the pages of these esti-
mates, they spell expansion and increased op-
portunities for labor of all kinds.

The W N.S. BANKIN

When I went on
Sunday, August 7, the
Canadian Pacific Rail-
road, was sl-
ing her way in a fog to
Vancouver.

It was the densest
and, penetrating, and
heavy clouds; one cot-
out of the vessel, and cer-
guish either of the sho-

Through this fog,
forged ahead, tooting
warning notes, while
came answering bellows
the shrieking sirens of
deep, dignified moan of
liners.

While I looked, one
ing, ghost-like struc-
white and sweating m-
out of the fog just ab-
gines silent and not a s-
most immediately dis-
again. She might have
Ship," so silently and
went.

Suddenly, over to
Prospect Point, a glea-
water, caught my eye
doing so close to the w-
ed. There was no bud-
dwelling or house on t-
rubbed my eyes and
Jove! they were lights,

Then the fog lifted
it was. A little steam
the rocks, at the base
feet east of Prospect
stern as far forward as
submerged in deep wa-
and dry, touching the c-
if she had, at full speed
course through the ch-
dently but recently ab-
one was to be seen, he
still aglow. I just had
her as we steamed past
settled down heavily an-

When an hour or so
up safely to the dock,
step was to get an auto-
ley Park, Prospect Point
sible delay. And the
below are which I secu-
the time I was able to s-
tide had fallen consid-
the whole of the vessel
view; she had slipped a-
tion against the cliff, an-
in her bottom. While
specting her, a small t-
the photograph, appear-
gin raising operations.

I quote from the V-
tiser:

"The wrecked stea-
o'clock last night with
down from the logging
Nothing marred the v-
passing into the Narro-
ing, the vessel crashed
In a few minutes she b-
below immediately sm-
effort to get free from
All her passengers an-

SIR OLIVER LODGE

Sir Oliver Lodge has
ulating volume, "Rea-
uen; 3s 6d net), which
Balfour. In this book
matters stand—how th-
in the light of the disc-
century. The first bio-
nation, another with th-
light of evolution.

In a chapter on T-

Oliver says:
"Theologians tell u-
intrinsically bad. Bu-
sarily begins in childh-
told there is a goodnes-
dom of Heaven. How
evil of human nature is
necessary conditions?"

"Surely we can see
due to bad conditions
ment, and nearly all of
wretchedness of pover-
ty; it is, is utterly dif-
ferent. It is defaced by m-
hope is that we are sti-
times. The human race
on the earth, and its p-
ture. But an immense
be done. The better fu-