

to the Baltic (it was the time of the Cri- style of older poetry, yet had a new flavor of its own. Here was a poet who evoked poetry—are discussed first as ideas, then pictures in the mind and who did not as sounds. There is a very suggestive acmean War) Cloudless the sky and calm and blue the think it necessary to moralize them by count of ideas in th

As round Saint Margaret's cliff mysteriously

Those murderous' queens walking in Sabbath sleep Glided in line upon the windless deep;"

" By such a stony breaking beach

My friend the melancholy sea.

Fell down in sacrificial waves

At feet of his exulting child."

He from his dim enchanted caves

'Twas here I played and musing made

With shuddering roar and onrush wild

And in this latest pamphlet Mr. Bridges

whose white hairs in this my earliest

A N artist writing on his art is always interesting. He speaks with an customed been."

authority to which no mere critic can lay "I had seen his castle-flag to fall halfclaim. Whatever the Poet Laureate has

to say about poetry must therefore engage One morn as I sat looking on the sea, our interest and attention; for very few When thus all England's grief came first of our poets have been more learned in to me

their art. "The Necessity of Poetry" is Who hold my childhood favored that I. the title Mr. Bridges gives to an address knew read to a Welsh audience of working men. So well the face that won at Waterloo."

It is full of pregnant matter, such as could hardly come fully home to any audience at a single hearing. It is well that it should be printed, for it repays leisurely poet's verse. and careful reading.

Shelley wrote a "Necessity of Atheism" and a "Defence of Poetry."' The first is said to have been a dry argument, the second is eloquent and impassioned. Mr. Bridges is more cordially persuaded of the human need for poetry than Shelley in his raw dogmatic youth could have been of the need for atheism ; but he abstain from Shelley's glowing eloquence in vintells us of the singular fascination which dication and praise of poetry and its funcmusic and musical instruments had for tion in the world; he aims rather at plain him as a boy. Unlike many poets, he has statement, but he cannot help saying not only a passion for music but a learned fresh and illuminating things by the way.

understanding of musical art. The In England poetry is not commonly memoir of Dolben, from which I have thought of as an art but rather as a sort quoted, tells of his days at Eton. At that of spontaneous ebullition of emotion, with time Tennyson was in his heyday of something of an implicit antithesis be- triumphant fame ; but Mr. Bridges even tween art and inspiration. It is true that then had a fine independence of judgea great artist like Milton can keep unfail- ment. He loved some of Tennyson's ing his noble style even when his mattter early lyrics, yet "when I heard 'The Idylls ears, but in those days a puzzle and a is not inspiring, while a poet like Words- of the King' praised as if they were the worth, when he is not inspired, falls to final attainment of all poetry, then I drew prosy earth. Yet the greatest art has into my shell." "I was abhorrent towards most of inspiration, as we readily recog- Ruskin." he tells us, and "as for Brownnize in the case of music and painting; an ing, I had no leanings towards him." At inspiration which animates and shapes this time Mr. Bridges and some of his the entire work. And Wordsworth is not most intimate friends were strongly afa greater poet for being unsure and inter- fected by the Oxford Movement: he grew mittent in his art, which fails him when out of his Puseyism, and read science, but his inspiration also fails. I fancy that a naturally religious temperament colors English people, and people of Northern all his verse. At Oxford he was a noted race in general, are apt to believe that a figure among his contemporaries, but poet like Horace, whose art seems every- chiefly as a famous athlete: he stroked thing, would have been less of an artist if the Corpus and took it head of the river. he had been more of a poet. I do not After some fifteen years, in London, of metre, on the other hand, has produced think this is true. But it is certainly true the practice of medicine Mr. Bridges rethat a poet of this type, congenial to the tired to the country.

traditions of the Latin races, can be a wonderful artist without having much of what is commonly associated with the poetic spirit; and the above-mentioned " Far sooner I would choose The life of brutes that bask Than set myself a task

tify themselves by the mood their beauty tained that these created. That was refreshing. Those taneous life and gr who craved for the urgent "message," for genius is a man wh the vigor of rhetoric and epigram, or for a right spontaneou the decorations of poetry, might find these cepts among them And again of the Duke of Wellington, lyrics tenuous, almost impalpable, in their our conceptions in t matter. But I could never understand scene had scarce more honored than acthe criticism, so common, that wants them." In the acc

poets to be different from what they are. words, as sounds, a Each true poet is unique; it is his uniquemagnificient results ness that is delightful. The Shorter poetic metres as s Poems were unlike anything else in our the fact that poetry poetry. Their distinguishing charm was metre-though "th their choiceness; a choiceness even of rhythmic quality, st limitation, a chosen abstinence from structed poem." L ages on diction and well worth studyin stress and struggle, a chosen felicity. Even when the verse revived the grace of by any young write forgotten models, it was of models new to only the bare outlin In one of the Shorter Poems there is English poetry-forms or cadences chosen If in this brief ar another reminiscence, tinged with a sort from Italian, Spanish, or old French. fine myself to certa of mystical feeling not often found in the Famillarity with these lyrics and with Bridges' work, it is

THE BEACON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14. 1918

some tagged reflection ; they were to jus- ual formation of co.

some of them. Words-the material of

"it neither frims

emphasize the valu "The Growth of Love," that noble series all poetic students of sonnets which will gain more lovers as art, the absence of My childhood chanced and chose to be, time goes on, makes me prize above all and slove all rather slovenliness pron the wholeness of the texture which is condone, the sou theirs, the inner beauty of form which of texture. This comes, I suppose, from "instinctive rightsome who have of Mr. Bridges' poe ness." Mr. Bridges, so English, in temengrossed in extern perament, seems rather a Latin in the anything but acad genius of his art. Taste is a positive elework does not lend

ACADIA

POLIVILLE

Tits and Sela

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TA. B.Sc., B.T

tions of single lin ment in it, not merely an instinct of avoidthose who have lea ance. You do not find loose workmannize the inner bea ship in him, or loose thinking. The epispontaneous invent thets are delicate and precise, never ornathe tenderness of mental, never unmeaning. The rhymes BINYON, in The Boo are fresh, yet not strained or bizarre

But above all it is the rhythms that are masterly and original. What a revelation was the first reading of the "Dead Child" and "London Snow" and "The Downs," poems now very well known and accepted with delight by innocent as by educated stumbling-block to the learned who insisted on scanning them. They were the revelation of a new world of rhythm to be explored. And the younger poets of today, whether they are conscious of it or not, owe a debt of liberation to Mr. Bridges. You see the leaven working everywhere now. It is the rich variety of speech-rhythms which Mr. Bridges has brought into verse with so salutary an effect: for such rhythms lend themselves to all sorts of themes and moods, and each poet will use them in his own way Swinburne's marvellous inventiveness in only imitations of Swinburnian manner. A casual and superficial reader might

Send for calenda Ber. GRORGE B. CUT Next ter ACADIA LADI WOLFVILLE The Aim. — To pre Women for Comp The Courses.—Two Matriculation, Get think Mr. Bridges, with his fondness for The Faculty. certain archaisms and his aloofness from personality and current fashions in the subject matter of The in every respect. poetry, rather old-fashioned and conser-

cepts: and it is main-	August	are dated and the second s
concepts have a spon- owth of their own; " a ose mind has most of	New Moon, 5th	
s activity of the con- selves." Poetry uses heir natural condition, them nor rationalizes ount of the values of a appeal is made to the attained by the great	y of Month y of Week n Rises n Sets Water a.m. Water a.m. Water a.m.	Grand Manan S. S. Company Alter June 1, and until further notice, boar of this line will leave Grand Manan, Mon 7 a. m for St. John, arriving about 2.30 p m.; treturning Wed., 10 a. m., arriving Grand Manan about 5 p. m. Both ways
afficient vindication of has confined itself to e best prose is, in its aperior to a poorly con- astly, there are pass- the order of words, g and taking to heart r. But this indicates e of the addrsss. ticle I have had to con- in aspects only of Mr. because I wished to e of his example for ; the devotion to his	Sept. 14 Sat 7:10 7:38 6:47 7:12 1:04 1:18 15 Sun 7:11 7:36 7:50 8:13 1:36 2:04 16 Mon 7:12 7:34 8:50 9:12 2:40 3:06 17 Tue 7:13 7:32 9:46 10:07 3:41 4:06 18 Wed 7:14 7:31 10:38 10:59 4:38 5:02 19 Thur 7:16 7:29 11:27 11:47 5:30 5:54 20 Fri 7:17 7:27 0:14 12:24 6:19 6:44	via Wilson's Beach, Campobello, and Eastport. Leave Grand Manan Thursday, 7 a. m., for St. Stephen, returning Friday, 7 a. m Both ways via Campobello, East port, Cummings' Cove, and St. Andrews. Leave Grand Manan Saturday for St. Andrews, 7 a. m., returning 1.30 p. m. Both ways via Campobello, Eastport, and Cummings' Cove. Atlantic Daylight Time. SCOTT D. GUPTILL, Manager.
f the amateurishness which we are to indulge and deness of form and learned art leads no real knowledge try to think of him as hals of style; but he is lemic in reality. His itself to telling quota- es and phrases; but rned to love it recog- uty residing in it, the	ing places the time of tides can be found by applying the correction indicated, which is to be subtracted in each case: H.W. L.W. Grand Harbor, G. M., 18 min. Seal Cove, " 30 min. Fish Head, " 11 min. Welshpool, Campo, 6 min. 8 min. Eastport, Me, 8 min. 10 min. L'Etang Harbor, 7 min. 13 min. Lepreau Bay, 9 min. 15 min.	MARITIME STEAMSHIP CO., LTD. TIME TABLE On and after June 1st, 1918, a steamer of this company leaves St. John every Saturday, 7.30 a. m., for Black's Harbor, calling at Dipper Harbor and Beaver Har- bor. Leaves Black's Harbor Monday, two
ion, and behind these assured strength and fty spirit.—LAURENCE kman, for August. INIVERSITY - Nova Scotla. Iniversity and actification in Agriculture provide the first schools. In Agriculture prove the additional schools. In Agriculture prove the scotlas. First your the scotlas. Draughaing, many, Biostricilly, and course. Draughaing, interp. Biostricilly, and milling service.	PORT OF ST. ANDREWS. CUSTOMS Thos. R. Wrer	hours of high water, for St. Andrews, calling at Lord's Cove, Richardson, Letite or Back Bay. Leaves St. Andrews Monday evening or Tuesday morning, according to the tide, for St. George, Back Bay, and Black's Harbor. Leaves Black's Harbor Wednesday on the tide for Dipper Harbor, calling at Beaver Harbor. Leaves Dipper Harbor for St. John, 8 a. m., Thursday. Agent—Thorne Wharf and Warehous- ing Co., Ltd., 'Phone, 2581. Mgr., Lewis Connors. This company will not be responsible for any debts contracted after this date without a written order from the company or captain of the steamer.
reducts faculty is the cost Three new and sold over \$1,000.00 md sobolarships yearly.	T. L. Trecarten Sub. Collector GRAND HARBOR. D. I. W. McLaughlin, Prev. Officer WILSON'S BEACH. J. A. Newman Prev. Officer	CHURCH SERVICES
to TRN, Pa.B., B.D., LL.D., sidemi. as Oos. Ind., 1918. ES* SEMINARY - Nova Scotla. pare Girls and Young lete Living. Net including College noral, Music, Art, Ex- old Science, Business. y-four Teachers of fine	SHIPPING NEWS PORT OF ST. ANDREWS The publication of the usual ship- ping news in this column is suspend- ed for the time being, in patriotic compliance with the request issued to all papers by the Admiralty.	 PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Revd. W. M. Fraser, B. Sc., Pastor. Services every Sunday, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. (7.30 p. m. during July and August.) Sunday School, 2.30 p. m. Prayer services Fri- day evening at 7.30. METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Thomas Hicks, Pastor. Services on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School 12.00 m. Prayer services Evidence Frideman
pecial Training.	(and second s	m. Prayer service, Friday evening at 7.30.

ST. ANDREWS. N. B.

INIATURE ALMANAC

ATLANTIC DAYLIGHT' TIME

ST. ANDREW CHURCH-Revd O'Keeffe, Pastor. Services Sunday at 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m.



Which first They have found Freedom to

(Born Septe

NAVAL

FLAM

SEPT

rang

foan

roar

antithesis has this much of justification.

In the very interesting memoir of his school-friend Dolben, a young poet who died on the threshold of manhood, Mr. Bridges has told us how he first approached poetry. While Dolben regarded poetry from the emotional he regarded it from the artistic side. His friend liked poetry on account of the power it had of exciting his valued emotions. "What had led me to poetry was the inexhaustible satisfaction of form, the magic of speech, lying as it seemed to me in the masterly control of the material; it was an art which I hoped

to learn. An instinctive rightness was essential; but, given that, I did not sup- temperament. Yet there was nothing pose that the poet's emotions were in any way better than mine, nor mine than an- sung so well of the happy hours; and this other's. . . I think that Dolben im- perhaps is rather resented by those who agined poetic form to be the naïve out- like to sorrow vicariously through their come of peculiar personal emotion.

favorite poets. There is a point in art where these two Mr. Bridges married in 1884 the daughways merge and unite, but in apprenticeter of Alfred Waterhouse, R. A., the archihood they are opposite approaches." Mr. tect, and settled at Yattendon, a pleasant Bridges has never ceased to regard poetry village among the Berkshire woods and as an art, and long ago won the mastery downs. His house was the old manor he hoped for as a boy. The "peculiar house with a garden whose "spicy pinks" personal emotion" is not lacking in his are recalled to the memory of those who verse : but he does not rely for inspiration knew it in reading many of the poems, on the intensity of emotion, and of facile especially the beautiful "Garden in Sepor uncontrolled emotion he has, we feel, a tember." Here many a younger writer proud disdain. These characteristics may was invited to enjoy a kindly hospitality, explain why Mr. Bridges is not a "popu- which, with its talk and wine and music, lar" poet. The emotions he expresses are made one think of Milton's sonnet invitsuch as only finely organized natures can ing his friend to supper "in Attic taste" feel with; and his art is so delicate, so and music afterwards-warbling of "imabhorrent of easy effectiveness or vehe- mortal notes and Tuscan air." For the ment emphasis all that is commonly cal- Poet Laureate is a friend to aspiring youth led "striking"-that its felicity and re- an encourager of adventure and experisource pass unperceived by many readers. ment. He keeps a boyish elasticity ; likes None the less, every year adds to the number of those who find themselves turning again to the Shorter Poems with a pleasure that is ever fresh. The secret With which he is not loth to startle dull of the charm of Mr. Bridges' lyrics may company. He is very English.

seem difficult to explain; there is an elus- Of late years Mr. Bridges has lived on ive simplicity about them; but we come the wooded hills above Oxford, where he to love them, as we love some English built himself a house overlooking the built himself a house overlooking the built himself a house overlooking the beautiful city in the valley. But during the war the house was accidentally burnt down. Mr. Bridges walked up from Ox-ford one afternoon to find his home in flames. He has borne the loss philosophilight, which, once found, is fasting the perfect sincerity is matched by an exquis-ite truth and precision. And behind a certain austerity of manner we come to feel a deep reality of feeling. No English feel a deep reality of feeling. No English poet has given in his verse so true a taste pass in climbing the hill from Nether of English country, its greys and greens, Hinksey, its silvery horizons, its rich quiet, its lanes

features of its seasons.

In some of his later poems Mr. Bridges gives us glimpses of his boyhood, at Wal-lication, that I first made the acquaintance mer on the Kentish coast. In one he of the Shorter Poems. I remember being addresses he has given since the war have Office of Moore's Mills and at the office describes the summer-house from which captured by the subtle charm of the verse, been delivered to working-class audiences. of the Post Office Inspector. he used to watch through a telescope the which differed so entirely from the Vic- The latest of these, the "Necessity of ing in the roads; and how one noon torian poetry and its continuators. It Poetry," raises so many interesting ques. Post Office Inspector's Office, in March Napier's fleet came on its way carried one back to the severer, simpler tions that I wish I had space to discuss St. John, N. B., Aug. 21, 1918.

And rather far enjoy fruitful innovator. He is an advocate of The body, than invent drastic change in many things. He has A duty, to destroy the Latin gift of logical analysis, and was The ease which nature sent; the first, I think, to expose the illogical compromise which English prosody, like "And country life I praise most English institutions, embodies. He And lead, because I find is also extremely alive to the degradation The philosophic mind of the sounds of speech in the England of Can take no middle ways : to-day. , Mr. Bernard Shaw, you may re-She will not leave her love member, took hints from Mr. Bridges in To mix with men, her art portraving the professor of phonetics who Is all to strive above is the hero of one of his recent plays. The The crowd, or stand apart." translation from Virgil and other exercises A kind of lordly indolence combine in classical prosody were prompted by with fastidious independence in the poet's these interests: and the experiments. whether they please or not, "reveal a vast morose in this retirement. Few have unexplored field of delicate and expressive rhythms hitherto unknown in our poetry."

If readers would only take these poems in this spirit, they would at least find them interesting But most people prefer their prejudices and old habits to any new enghtenment. Here I would like to quote one of Mr. Bridges' recent poems, not yet included in

his collected works. FLYCATCHERS

Sweet pretty fledgelings, perched on the rail arow.

below

Your parents a-hunting i' the meadow grasses

All the gay morning to feed you with flies.

Ye recall me a time sixty summers ago, When a young chubby chap I eat just so With others on a school-form rank'd in a row,

Not less eager and hungry than you, trow, With intelligences agape and eyes aglow,

While an authoritative old wiseacre flies.

Dead flies-such as litter the library south-window

That buzzed at the panes until they fell stiff-baked on the sill.

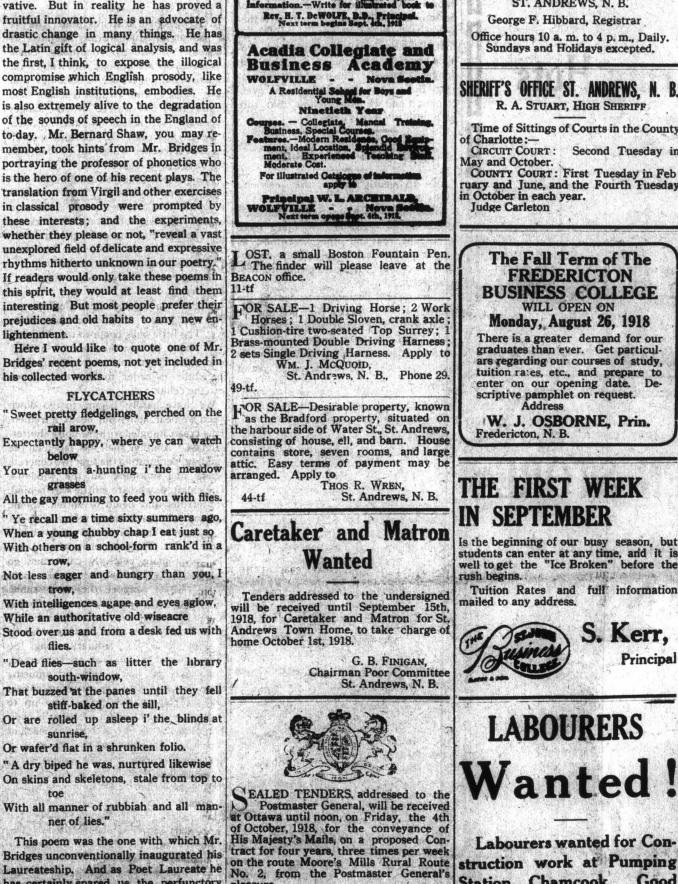
sunrise.

"A dry biped he was, nurtured likewise

toe

ner of lies."

For some years Mr. Bridges' poems Bridges unconventionally inaugurated his tract for four years, three times per week and flowers, above all its trees and singing were issued from a private press, that of Laureateship. And as Poet Laureate he No. 2, from the Postmaster General's birds; none has noted so unerringly the bis friend Mr. Daniel, now Provost of has certainly spared us the perfunctory Worcester, and were known to but a few. odes associated with that office; a prece- Printed notices containing further in



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The Parish Library in All Saints' Sunday school Room open every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon from 3 to 4. Subscription rates to residents 25 cents for two books for three months. Non-residents \$1.00 for four books for the summer season or 50 cents for four books for one month or a shorter period. Books may be changed weekly.

ST. ANDREWS POSTAL GUIDE

ALBERT THOMPSON, Postmaster

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Or are rolled up asleep i' the blinds at Or wafer'd flat in a shrunken folio. On skins and skeletons, stale from top to With all manner of rubbiah and all man-