

XCIV.

A Civil Service List for Nineteen-Ten,
A Fat Cigar, a Jug of Ink, and then
If thou wilt take dictation at my side,
The rest may leave at Four,—I don't care
when.

CVIII.

So when the Angel of the Darker Drink
Remarks, "No typhoid germs in this, I
think,"

I call a messenger, to whom I say,
"Please put some Hypochlorite in mine
Ink."

CXVI.

I saw the Tower-flag at half-mast flying,
And knew that One was dead, who had
been dying,
That's Death's Black Rod upon the
Door of Life
Had rapped the Summons which heeds no
defying.

CXVII.

When at the close I put my Pens away,
And farewells to the Files and Ledgers
say,
Will they who greet me in the Vast
Beyond
Inquire, "Wast thou in First Division
A?"

CXVIII.

Will some Commissioner of that Last
Court
Call loudly for the Quarterly Report,
And, having read that I was late be-
times,
Send me instantan back to Mr. Shortt?

CXIX.

If any then shall hold an open mind
About the faults to which I am inclined,
May they remember that the Late Kay-
yam,
So late in signing, has at last resigned;

CXX.

And redirect my Soul, Express Prepaid,
To Rhadamanthus and his fellow shade,
And on the way-bill print in letters
clear,—
"Forgive his Four-Flush, now the Game
is played."

LORD MORLEY ON STYLE.

At the annual meeting of the English Association recently, Lord Morley, the President of the Association, delivered an interesting and stimulating address on "Language and Literature." In the course of

his speech, Lord Morley referred to the qualities of style, and as this part of the subject is of special interest to civil service candidates whether for entrance or promotion we reproduce his remarks for the benefit of our readers:—

"I find in Sir James Murray's Dictionary — a splendid triumph for any age — that I am responsible for having once called literature the most seductive, deceiving, and dangerous of professions. That text demands a longer sermon than your time allows. If any of you reject my warning, impatient as I confess myself of overdoing precepts about style, let me urge you, besides the fundamental commonplaces about being above all things simple and direct, lucid and terse, not using two words where one will do — about keeping the standard of proof high, and so forth — let me commend two qualities—for one of which I must, against my will, use a French word — *Sanity* and *Justesse*. *Sanity* you know well, at least by name. *Justesse* is no synonym for justice; it is more like equity, balance, a fair mind, measure, reserve. Voltaire, who, whatever else we may think of him, knew how to write, said of some great lady: 'I am charmed with her just and delicate mind; without *justesse* of mind there is nothing.' You must curb your ambition of glory, of writing like Carlyle, Macaulay, Ruskin. You must take your chance of being called dry, flat, tame. But one advantage of these two qualities is that they are within reach, and grandeur for most of us is not. And with this temper it is easier to see the truth, what things really are, and how they actually come to pass.

"I had noted one further admonition, but opening Mr. Ker's two little volumes of Dryden's prefaces, for which we owe the editor a debt, I came on Johnson's account of Dryden's prose, far better worth your pondering than anything I could say:—Dryden's prefaces have not the formality of a settled style. The clauses are never balanced, nor the periods modelled; every word seems to drop by chance, though it falls into its proper place. Nothing is cold or languid; the whole is airy, animated, and vigorous; what is little is gay; what is great is splendid. Everything is excused by the play of images and the spriteliness of expression. Though all is easy, nothing is feeble; though all seems careless, nothing is harsh; and tho' since his earlier works more than a century has passed, they have nothing yet uncouth or obsolete." This contains both true criticism and good guidance."