



Since the Sabine farm, says Literary Digest, no country home has received higher, more sincere praise than this:

The Country Gods.

(By Richard Le Gallienne.)

I dwell with all things great and fair;
The green earth and the lustral air,
The scared spaces of the sea,
Day in, day out, companion me.
Pure-faced, pure-thoughted folk are mine
With whom to sit and laugh and dine;
In every sunlit room is heard
Love singing, like an April bird,
And everywhere the moonlit eyes
Of beauty guard our paradise:
While, at the ending of the day,
To the kind country gods we pray,
And dues of our fair living pay.
Thus, when, reluctant, to the town
I go, with country sunshine brown,
So small and strange all seems to me—
I, the boon-fellow of the sea—
That these townpeople say and be,
Their insect lives, their insect talk,
Their busy little insect walk,
Their busy little insect stings—
And all the while the seaweed swings
Against the rock, and the wide roar
Rises foam-lipped along the shore.
Ah! then how good my life I know,
How good it is each day to go
Where the great voices call, and where
The eternal rhythms flow and flow.

In that august companionship,
The subtle poisoned words that drip,
With guileless guile, from friendly lip,
The lie that flits from ear to ear,
Ye shall not speak, ye shall not hear;
Nor shall you fear your heart to say,
Lest he who listens shall betray.

The man who harkens all day long
To the sea's cosmic-thoughted song
Comes with purged ears to lesser speech,
And something of the skyey reach
Greatens the gaze that feeds on space;
The starlight writes upon his face
That bathes in starlight, and the morn
Chrisms with dew, when day is born,
The eyes that drink the holy light
Welling from the deep springs of night.

And so—how good to catch the train
Back to the country gods again.

Browsings Among the Books.

The Inn of Tranquility.

From "The Inn of Tranquility," and other essays, by John Galsworthy.

Under a burning blue sky, among the pine trees and junipers, the cypresses and olives of that Odyssean coast, we came one afternoon on a pink house bearing the legend: "Osteria di Tranquillita," and, partly because of the name, and partly because we did not expect to find a house at all in those goat-haunted groves above the waves, we tarried for contemplation. To the familiar simplicity of that Italian building there were not lacking signs of a certain spiritual change, for out of the olive grove which grew, to its very doors, a skittle-alley had been formed, and two baby cypress trees were cut into the effigies of a cock and hen. The song of a gramophone, too, was breaking forth into the air, as it were the presiding voice of a high and cosmopolitan mind. And, lost in admiration, we became conscious of the odor of a full-flavored cigar. Yes; in the skittle-alley a gentleman was standing who wore a bowler hat, a bright brown suit, pink tie, and very yellow boots. His head was round, his cheeks fat and well-colored, his lips red and full under a black moustache, and he was regarding us through very thick and half-closed eyelids.

Perceiving him to be the proprietor of

the high and cosmopolitan mind, we accosted him.

"Good day!" he replied, "I spik English. Been in America—yes."

"You have a lovely piace here."

Sweeping a glance over the skittle-alley, he sent forth a long puff of smoke; then, turning to my companion (of the politer sex) with the air of one who has made himself perfect master of a foreign tongue, he smiled, and spoke.

"Too quiet!"

"Precisely; the name of your inn, perhaps, suggests—"

"I change all that—soon I call it Anglo-American Hotel."

"Ah! yes; you are very up-to-date already."

He closed one eye and smiled.

Having passed a few more compliments, we saluted and walked on; and, coming presently to the edge of the cliff, lay down on the thyme and the crumbled leaf-dust. All the small singing birds had long been shot and eaten; there came to us no sound but that of the waves swimming in on a gentle south wind. The wanton creatures seemed stretching out white arms to the land, flying desperately from a sea of such stupendous serenity; and over their bare shoulders their hair floated back, pale in the sunshine. If the air was void of sound, it was full of scent—that delicious and enlivening perfume of mingled gum, and herbs, and sweet wood, being burned somewhere a long way off; and a silky, golden warmth, slanted on to us through the olives and umbrella pines. Large wine-red violets were growing near. On such a cliff might Theocritus have lain, spinning his songs; on that divine sea Odysseus should have passed. And we felt that presently the goat-god must put his head forth from behind a rock.

remark of the gentleman who owned it—such were, indeed, phenomena to stimulate souls to speculation. And all unconsciously one began to justify them by thoughts of the other incongruities of existence—the strange, the passionate incongruities of youth and age, wealth and poverty, life and death; the wonderful, odd bed-fellows of this world; all those lurid contrasts which haunt a man's spirit till sometimes he is ready to cry out: "Rather than live where such things can be, let me die!"

Like a wild bird tracking through the air, one's meditation wandered on, following that trail of thought, till the chance encounter became spiritually luminous. That Italian gentleman of the world, with his bowler hat, his skittle-alley, his gramophone, who had planted himself down in this temple of wild harmony, was he not Progress itself—the blind figure with the stomach full of new meats and the brain of raw notions? Was he not the very embodiment of the wonderful child, Civilization, so possessed by a new toy each day that she has no time to master its use—naïve creature, lost amid her own discoveries! Was he not the very symbol of that which was making economists thin, thinkers pale, artists haggard, statesmen bald—the symbol of Indigestion Incarnate! Did he not, delicious, gross, unconscious man, personify beneath his Americo-Italian polish, all those rank and primitive instincts, whose satisfaction necessitated the million miseries of his fellows; all those thick rapacities which stir the hatred of the humane and thin-skinned! And yet, one's meditation could not stop there—it was not convenient to the heart!

A little above us, among the olive trees, two blue-clothed peasants, man and

tween them and me?" I did not despise the olive trees, the warm sun, the pine scent, all those material things which had made him so thick and strong; I did not despise the golden tenuous imaginings which the trees and rocks and sea were starting in my own spirit. Why, then, despise the skittle-alley, the gramophone, those expressions of the spirit of my friend in the billy-cock hat? To despise them was ridiculous.

And suddenly I was visited by a sensation only to be described as a sort of smiling certainty, emanating from, and, as it were, still tingling within every nerve of myself, but, yet vibrating harmoniously with the world around. It was as if I had suddenly seen what was the truth of things; not perhaps to anybody else, but at all events to me. And I felt at once tranquil and elated, as when something is met with which arouses, and fascinates in a man all his faculties.

"For," I thought, "if it is ridiculous in me to despise my friend—that perfect marvel of disharmony—it is ridiculous in me to despise anything. If HE is a little bit of continuity, as perfectly logical an expression of a necessary phase or mood of existence as I myself am, then, surely, there is nothing in all the world that is not a little bit of continuity, the expression of a little necessary mood. Yes," I thought, "he and I, and those olive trees, and this spider on my hand, and everything in the Universe which has an individual shape, are all fit expressions of the separate moods of a great underlying Mood or Principle, which must be perfectly adjusted, evolving and revolving on itself. For if it did not evolve and revolve on itself, it would peter out at one end or the other, and the image of this petering out no man with his mental apparatus can conceive. Therefore, one must conclude it to be perfectly adjusted and everlasting. But if it is perfectly adjusted and everlasting, we are all little bits of continuity, and if we are all little bits of continuity, it is ridiculous for one of us to despise another. So," I thought, "I have now proved it from my friend in the billy-cock hat up to the Universe, and from the Universe down, back again to my friend."

And I lay on my back and looked at the sky. It seemed friendly to my thought with its smile, and few white clouds, saffron-tinged, like the plumes of a white duck in sunlight. "And yet," I wondered, "though my friend and I may be equally necessary, I am irritated by him, and shall as certainly continue to be irritated, not only by him, but by a thousand other men and things. And as to the things that I love and admire, am I to suppress these loves and admirations because I know them merely to be the necessary expressions of the moods of an underlying Principle that turns and turns on itself? Does not this way nullify lie?" But then I thought: "Not so; for you cannot believe in the great adjusted Mood or Principle without believing in each little and individual part of it. And you are yourself a little individual part; therefore you must believe in that little individual part which is YOU, with all its natural likings and dislikings, and, indeed, you cannot show your belief except by expression of those likings and dislikings. And so, with a light heart, you may go on being irritated with your friend in the bowler hat, you may go on loving those peasants and this sky and sea. But, since you have this theory of life, YOU MAY NOT DESPISE ANY-ONE OR ANYTHING, not even a skittle-alley, for they are all threaded to you, and to despise them would be to blaspheme against continuity, and to blaspheme against continuity would be to



Beauty Spots in Canada—Lower Kicking Horse Canyon, near Golden, B.C.

It seemed a little queer that our friend in the bowler hat should move and breathe within one short flight of a cuckoo from this home of Pan. One could but at first feelingly remember the old Boer saying: "O, God, what things a man sees when he goes out without a gun!" But soon the infinite incongruity of this juxtaposition began to produce within one a curious eagerness, a sort of half-philosophical delight. It began to seem too good, almost too romantic, to be true. To think of the gramophone wedded to the thin, sweet singing of the olive leaves in the evening wind; to remember the scent of his rank cigar marrying with this wild insense; to read that enchanted name, "Inn of Tranquillity!" and hear the bland and affable

woman, were gathering the fruit—from such couple, no doubt, our friend in the bowler hat had sprung; more "virile" and adventurous than his brothers, he had not stayed in the home groves, but had gone forth to drink the waters of hustle and commerce, and come back—what he was. And he, in turn, would beget children, and having made his pile out of his "Anglo-American Hotel," would place those children beyond the coarser influences of life, till they became, perhaps, even as ourselves, the salt of the earth, and despised him. And I thought: "I do not despise those peasants—far from it. I do not despise myself—no more than reason; why, then, despise my friend in the bowler hat who is, after all, but the necessary link be-