Evening Ledger

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1914.

Fog

"GIVE us facts and we'll know what to do with them" is an old cry of the American people. But there is a disposition to surround the whole question of the navy with an impenetrable fog. What is the Administration afraid of? It is not a political question. This haphazard preparation has been going on for years. Anybody, it seems, if strong politically, was good enough to be Secretary of the Navy. There have been landlubbers in charge year after year, with one or two intervals of really intelligent leadership.

But now the people want to know, and they are going to know. Try to hide anything from an American and there is no power that can prevent him from finding out all about it. Mr. Gardner may not succeed now, but the frankness he demands will be forthcoming sooner or later—and the sooner the better for those in authority. Lift the fog and get out into the clear light. That is the thing. If there is anything wrong, the nation wants a chance to correct it; if there is not, by all means let the public be convinced of the fact.

Women, War and Government

WOMEN suffer from the effects of war not less than men; women nurse the wounded who fall in battle; women are taxed upon their property to pay the costs of war. If the hundreds of thousands of bereaved and starving women of Europe might have their way at the close of the terrible European holocaust there would never be another appeal to arms. And undoubtedly women are right when they point to the present cataclysm as an illustration of man's incapacity for government; he has ruled, negotiated, quarreled, on behalf of only a fraction of the race, and that the comparatively small masculine militaristic class.

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence has laid down two propositions that are worthy of careful thought:

"Reinforcement of the democracies of the world by the inclusion of the mother-half of the human race into the ranks of articulate citizenship."

"That women as well as men should be sent as representatives of their nations to The Hague Conference."

These suggestions are not only practical, but they are right. If women are an integral part of the nation and inseparable from the well-being and progress of the race; if they are sufficiently responsible to hold property and capable of shaping the physical, mental and moral life of the country, they surely are competent to share the problems and perform the duties of full citizenship.

Charity at the Breakfast Table

THE demands upon the charity of Philadelphia have been extraordinary this fall. A Macedonian cry which no great people could neglect thundered from overseas. At home, with industry not yet recovered from its heroic experiences on the operating table, unemployment has become the most pressing of immediate problems. Those who have suffered least during the period are being called on for contributions with a regularity that has seriously depleted exchequers. Yet there has been no let-up in generosity, and certainly Philadelphia has set a new standard for community service and the practical application of the Golden Rule.

But what man, if he can avoid it, wants charity? The most prized right of the American citizen is to do without it. That is what America has stood for—the land of opportunity, with a living in it for every man with grit enough to take it. Prosperity is something demanded as a right. It belongs to this people. They have been trained to expect it. Better, then, than charity is common sense in legislation, capacity in statesmanship, leadership that will shun the shoals. There is no charity that can compensate for industrial depression caused by incompetent legislation. The economist has it over the giver every time. Less hysteria in government means less unemployment and less need for charity. Public policy is tested at the breakfast table of every man in the country.

What's In It for Jones?

JONES' picture is in the magazines. It began to appear in the newspapers ten years ago. That was when Jones gathered together five or six heaps of scrap iron and converted them into a great productive industry. An expert in efficiency, men called him, and so he was. His was a genius for organization. Quick, sharp, incisive, he met situations day by day and got the better of them. The world has a reward in dollars for that sort of man. Silver and gold leaped to him. A great man was Jones, liverled in "success," but Jones is dead. There is the mausoleum, cold and forbidding, and in it what is left of Jones will stay until it crumbles.

Poor Jones. A false note anywhere in his organization and he knew it immediately, but when nature hoisted danger signals Jones did not recognize them. He was too busy. As to that bad liver, there was Capston, the liver specialist, and another man, renowned the world over as an authority on nerves, was available down the street. So Jones took pills instead of exercise. The machines he controlled rested, but Jones didn't. Where would he get the time? It never occurred to him that 18 hours a day for 10 years was not as much as 8 hours a day for 30 years. He was so pushed for time that he squandered it.

Yes, Jones is dead, poor devil, and there are two or three thousand other Joneses driving along the path he blasted, doing as he did and making ready a harvest for coffin-makers. Is that success? Hardly, but some of the brainiest man in the country apparently haven't the foresight of a duffer so far as care of the machine Providence put their souls in is concerned.

All Together to Help the Needy

TOMORROW, in all the churches of the city, the cry of our own people for aid will be voiced. The Division for Organizing Branches of the Emergency Aid needs assistance. Into the breach every citizen can leap with full assurance that duty rests as heavily on him as on any soldier in the trenches. Let there be an outpouring of Philadelphians that they may hear and understand the necessity at hand and consecrate themselves in this interval of suffering to the needs of their fellow men.

Selecting the "Goats"

IN THE hearing before the Public Service Commission it was argued that "New York was enjoying better commutation service at a cheaper rate than Philadelphia and no increase had been suggested for New York."

Mr. Pennypacker seemed to think that the railroads were suffering from rate delusion. That is the opinion most people have when they stop to consider the absurdity of great railways urging the necessity for increases in the environs of one metropolis while they themselves, by their actions, admit that there is no necessity whatever for such increases in another metropolitan territory but 90 miles away. The situation is so obvious that it is scarcely worth arguing.

The truth is that the Interstate Commerce Commission has put the railroads in such a fix that they are trying to wriggle out in whatever way they can. They have been goaded to desperation by extra-crew laws and grade-crossing enactments and dozens of other reform-the-world-in-a-minute statutes, all of which have combined to increase expenses inordinately. But the solution is not to mulct commuters; it is to get fair treatment. We surmise that the Legislatures will be less radical hereafter, and there is some reason to believe that the Interstate Commerce Commission is waking up. But the commuters do not intend in the meantime to have the burden shunted onto their shoulders; nor do the Philadelphia commuters, in particular, feel that they should be singled out for punishment.

Realism in the Nursery

IS THE doll-face done for? Not on ladies, of course—that were too much to hope—but at any rate on dolls. "God has given you one face," says Hamlet to the doll designers, "and you make yourselves another." The simpering, pudgy sweetness of fat cheeks and fat foreheads and teeth like a picket fence has been thrust upon children year after year as a model of feminine perfection, until one can hardly blame the way young ladies have taken to imitating it between 18 and 22.

But that is over now. Realism has invaded the nursery. The toy shops are full of real baby dolls. They have a jolly sort of everyday kiddishness about them. Rolypoly and a bit gawky, they look very much like an infant at its most investigative age, and with a subtle insight into the wishywashy frame of mind behind the baby-doll face, the makers call them "character" babies. Hooray for character!

To the End of the Game

THE war is reaching the stage when economic laws come into play. The enormous losses are beginning to be felt. Prodigious loans cannot obscure the facts. No dispatches from the interior are necessary to prove that the nationals, as distinct from the nations, are becoming restive. The burden is becoming too oppressive.

On sea, the Allies have succeeded in sweeping aside the German menace. The Kaiser has virtually no naval force left except that bottled up in his own ports. On land, the campaigns are beginning to produce something definite. It is evident, for instance, that the Russians are inferior to their opponents, and are holding their ground, so far as they are doing so, only by weight of numbers. The Czar's chief service to the Allies is in keeping so large a force of Germans away from the war in the West. In France, following General Joffre's magnificent defense along the Marne and the obvious withdrawal of important German units to the East, the Allies are in a strong position, vigilant and aggressive.

But a standstill means to both sides ultimate bankruptcy. There is a rebound from madness as from everything else, and humanity in Europe has not become so hysterical that it will not count the cost. Rumors of peace negotiations, or a feeling-out process, are significant in the circumstances. An appreciation of the utter waste and folly of the situation is becoming apparent. The war will not last three years. Another summer will see the end of it. The gambler will play so long as he can get chips. When he can't, he has to quit. Europe is rushing to the end of the game.

The greatest Russian triumphs are in retreat.

The plan to make the City Commissioners more powerful reads as if Mr. Costello might have had something to do with it.

There have been more signs of prosperity while Congress was not in session than there ever were when it was.

There will be no peace prize this year, it is announced. This must mean that the Chautauqua lectures are to continue.

According to Admiral Fletcher, submarines are no terror. Still, they and trouble are always bobbing up together.

Couldn't these new revolts breaking out in Mexico be stopped under the provisions of the laws prohibiting endless chains?

Who will the five members of the Federal Trade Commission be? Three Democrats and two others, perhaps.

It is reported that the Japanese assault cut Tsing-tao in two. But it's still just as hard to pronounce as ever.

The Czar has not yet gone to the firing line, but he has begun to practice by firing General Rennenkampf.

The raid of Jesse James into Coffeyville, Kan., is equaled only by the daring raid of the Federal League into the same town.

German arms are evidently making progress eastward, both in Poland and in Belgium.

It's a great thing to have the greatest coast-defense guns in the world, but there is a growing feeling that the detail of supplying them with ammunition should be taken under advisement.

About 2,000,000 Russians and twice as many Germans and Austrians have been captured so far in the war, according to the war offices, which only goes to show what censorship can do for veracity.

SOME GUIDING RULES FOR SELF-EDUCATION

How Leadership Was Achieved by Some of the World's Most Famous Men. Eighteen Languages Mastered by a Carpenter After He Was Twenty-one.

By JOSEPH H. ODELL

ANY ONE can gain an education who is willing to spend his spare time in study. In many cases the mind does not awaken in childhood, and the erroneous conclusion is reached that the dull boy or girl has no natural aptitude for education. Many of the world's conspicuous men were dunces in youth, among them Newton, the discoverer of gravitation; Shakespeare, the dramatist; Edmund Burke, the orator; Patrick Henry, the patriot; the Duke of Wellington, England's soldier and statesman; Stonewall Jackson, the Confederate leader; John Wesley, the founder of Methodism; Henry Ward Beecher, the prince of preachers; Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States; Sir Walter Scott, the novelist; Linnaeus, the botanist, and Byron, the poet. By stern resolution and unflagging application to books, these men were able to retrieve their early losses and rise to positions of leadership.

The possibilities of systematic reading, if the books are well chosen, are almost unlimited. An intelligent man can easily read and digest an average of ten pages a day, even of what is called serious literature, if he will set aside one hour scrupulously for the purpose. The ordinary book contains about 300 pages, and he would thus grasp the contents of 12 books a year. Almost any branch of knowledge may be completely mastered in five years if such a habit is persisted in. Sixty books, or their equivalent in pages, if carefully selected and thoughtfully read, will undoubtedly give a man expert knowledge of the subject upon which they treat. When we think of the number of days in each year in which more than one hour could be given to reading, we see how vast must be the gains and how swift the progress of the man who is fully determined to educate himself.

Romance of Hard Work

One of the most remarkable stories of self-education is that of Samuel Lee, of England (born 1783, died 1852). As a boy in a charity school he was so dull that his teacher gave him up in despair. When 21 years old he heard a priest read some Latin in a Catholic church where he was working as a carpenter. Lee's curiosity was awakened, and buying a second-hand Latin grammar he learned it by heart. Following this, he quickly read the Latin classics and the New Testament. He was very poor and had to sell one book in order to buy another. Then he learned Greek and Hebrew in the same manner, working as a carpenter all day and studying at night. He began to teach the elementary subjects in a school, but soon found that, though he knew several languaes, he was deficient in the humblest branches of knowledge. He had to resign his school and almost starved while mastering English grammar, geography, arithmetic and history. But he persisted, and swiftly added Arabic, Persian and Hindustani to his stock of foreign languages. At the age of 30 he managed to enter Cambridge University and four years later he was made professor of Arabic in the same institution. He became complete master of 18 languages, and when he died he was honored by all the world as one of its greatest scholars. What is important to remember is that he reached manhood before he realized the need of study and yet by the use of his spare time he was famous in less than 15 years.

Here are a few rules for the home student which I wrote some years ago and which were adopted and sent to the students by a well-known and successful educational institution that promotes home study.

First. Launch yourself upon the task of study with as much impetus as you can command. Make a solemn vow to yourself that you will study; write your determination upon a piece of paper and sign it, and if tempted to break the promise read what you have signed. It will remind you that your manhood is at stake.

2. In deciding upon the course of study to pursue estimate your inclination and powers to determine along which line you will reach the best results. Usually the thing to which we turn naturally is the one we shall be able to do best.

3. Get the best available books. Some textbooks are written for professors or advanced students, and are useless for a beginner; others are written for students in a classroom and presuppose a teacher present for explanation or demonstration; but some are designed for the man who must work alone without a personal instructor—these should be obtained. They explain each difficulty in clear and simple language and lead the student forward by natural stages from the elementary to the advanced.

Forming the Study Habit

4. Set aside a definite time for study, and keep your books and papers always in one place. In this way there will be no irritating obstacles to delay the work or excuse an omission.

5. Never allow an exception to your rule. Let your friends know that your study hour is sacred. To make this easier set apart another time for outside engagements and pleasures. When you have made such an arrangement stick to it as if the destiny of an empire depended upon your fidelity.

6. If you study at night allow a few minutes before going to work the next morning for review. A quarter of an hour will do, and the subject will thus get firmly fixed in your mind.

7. Whatever you learn from your books test out in practice at the first opportunity.

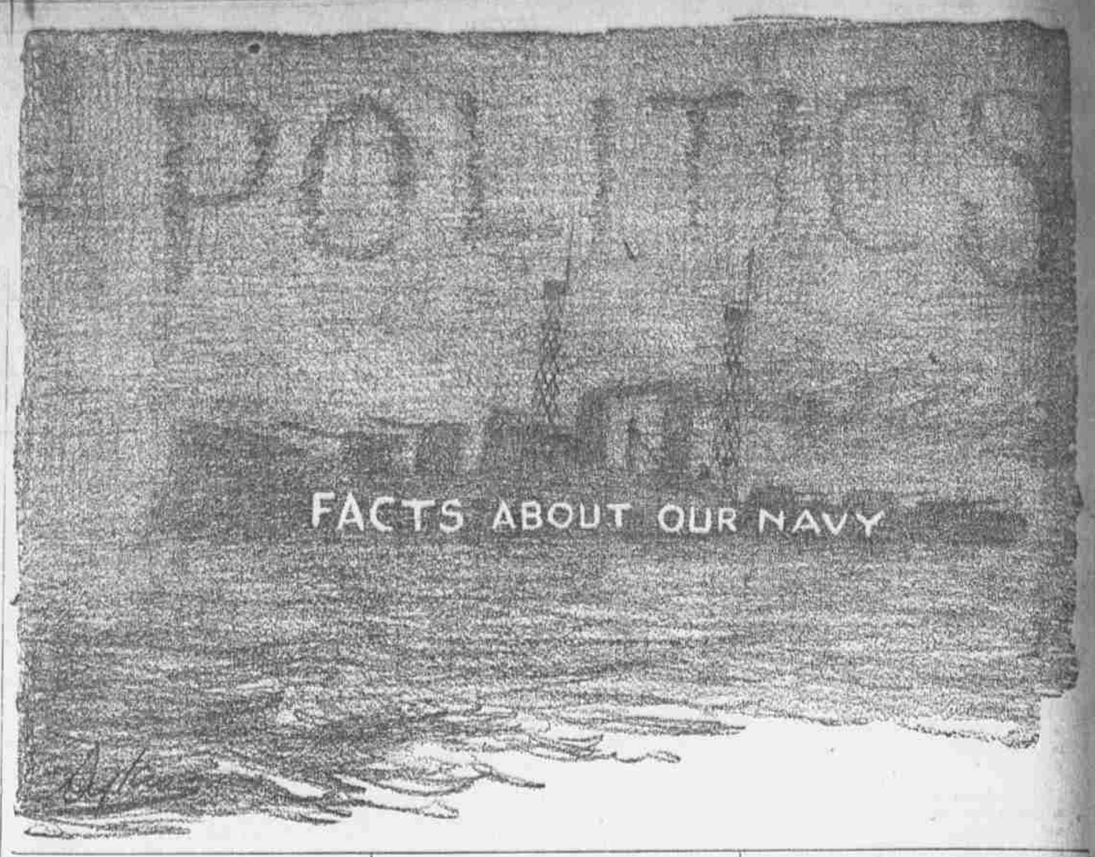
8. Establish the habit of study by being inflexibly diligent for a month. Work over your books will be more tedious the first week than the second, and the second more irksome than the third, but it will soon become normal and will then be a delight.

9. Do not study with your head near a lamp. Let fresh air into your room. If you grow drowsy take a few moments of exercise and then resume study.

10. If you have headache as a result of study get your eyes examined by a proper oculist, and let him prescribe the right glasses.

There is one feature of this study habit that is often overlooked. It not only qualifies a man mentally for a successful life, but also morally. Andrew Carnegie pays a tribute to the value of study upon character when he says of his youthful days: "I was too busy studying to contract the bad habits that make such inroads on the health and pockets of young men, and this helped me in many ways."

FOG



COLONEL JOHN NIXON, PATRIOT

Memorial to the Man Who Publicly Read the Declaration After the Signing.

ON THE site where the Declaration of Independence was first proclaimed to the people, a memorial bearing the name of Colonel John Nixon is to be erected. Colonel Nixon was the man whose voice carried the stirring message of that great charter of liberty into the very soul of the listening assemblage. According to tradition, one of the reasons why he was chosen for this function was the fact that his voice was of unusual clearness and power, and it is written that the multitude which assembled at 6th and Chestnut streets heard every word. But before July 8 of that fateful year of 1776 this Philadelphian had already earned distinction in the colony and beyond its borders.

He was one of the signers of the Declaration which he himself read in public. Back in 1765 he had put his signature to the non-importation agreement in resistance to the stamp act. From that time he was one of the leaders in the opposition to the tyranny of England. He was a deputy to the convention of the provinces in 1774-75. In April of 1775, when the "Associators for Home Defense," of which his father had been one of the founders years earlier, was again called into service, he was made a lieutenant colonel of the 3d Battalion, known otherwise as "the Silk Stockings."

A year later he took charge of the defenses of the Delaware at Fort Island, and in July became commander of the Guard of the City. Following the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the Committee of Safety, of which Colonel Nixon was a member, ordered that the Declaration be proclaimed from the State House on Monday, July 8, at noon. The document was read by Colonel Nixon from a wooden observatory erected for the use of Dr. David Rittenhouse, the astronomer, another great Philadelphian to whom a memorial may be erected. The observatory was built by the American Philosophical Society and torn down soon after the Revolution. A wooden tablet marks the site at present. The Pennsylvania Society, Sons of the Revolution, will replace it, probably with one of bronze. The inscription has not been decided on.

Colonel Nixon served the Colonies in battle and in helping to supply the money and credits without which the war would have been a failure. Succeeding John Cadwalader as colonel of the 3d Battalion, in December, 1776, he joined Washington's army at Trenton, and took part in the Battle of Princeton. He was at Valley Forge in '78. In 1780 he was a member of the committee which formed a bank for financing the supply of provisions for the army. He helped organize the Bank of North America, still a flourishing institution in this city. In recognition of this work he was made its second president in 1792, holding the post until his death in 1808. Throughout the war he was constantly active, furthering in one way and another the interests of the revolutionists.

Richard Nixon, father of the Colonel, was closely associated with the pre-revolutionary history of Philadelphia. He came to this country from Wexford County, Ireland, near the close of the 17th century, and was one of the large shipping merchants of the city. Richard Nixon was a member of City Councils in 1724. During the excitement incident to the French and Spanish War he helped organize the Associators and became captain of the Dock Yard Company.

Not a Good Show

From the New York Evening Post.

The news from Mexico continues to be kaleidoscopic in the suddenness of its changes, though it can certainly lay no claim to the beauty and order which belong to the figures of the kaleidoscope.

Middle West for Business

From the Omaha Bee.

All prognosticators look for a steady revival of business, and they all look for the Middle West to lead the procession. The moral is that every wide-awake manufacturer or business man will find it to his advantage to cultivate the trade of this section of the country where farm product values are greater than ever, and every farm product factory running full time.

A Horse! A Horse!

From the St. Paul Dispatch.

It is reported from London that the British are about to confer a new khedive on Egypt. But the Egyptians are more than likely to look this gift khedive in the mouth before whole-heartedly accepting him.

Save the Navy

From the New York Herald.

It will not mend matters by seeking to apportion the blame or to trace the causes for a decline that is perilously near a decadence. What is wanted is action, action, action—based on knowledge and intelligence and followed by the quick relief that Congress alone can furnish. By official statement the fleet is short 18,000 enlisted men, over and above the full strength authorized by law and now carried. Is it a wonder, then, the claimed efficiency should be true?

WHY THE ITALIANS HATE THE GERMANS

Parts of Italy Have Been Overrun by Visitors From North Who Prove Anything But Neighborly in Their Ways.

SEVERAL years ago an American, who was making his first trip to Italy, fell into conversation with a German fellow traveler on the subject of beggars. His reading of Baedeker and other authorities had convinced him that from the moment the ship reached Naples his life would be made miserable by swarms of repulsive men, women and children soliciting, almost demanding, alms. As a matter of fact, he was less troubled, even in Naples, than he had often been in New York. But at the time he was greatly pleased to discover an easy means of protection. "You speak German well enough to be taken for one of us—at least by an Italian," said his candid acquaintance. "So if you are troubled by beggars just reply in German. They will run from you as from the plague. We Germans are not popular in Italy." The American was duly grateful for the hint, and on the one occasion when he followed it he found that it worked like a charm.

To say that the Italians hate the Germans is hardly putting it too strongly. It is a different kind of hatred from that which they feel for the Austrians. The latter is more historical than personal. Were Italy in possession of Italia Irredenta, indeed, it would doubtless become in time a merely traditional sentiment, like that which was so long fostered by Americans against the British. The Austrians are a much pleasanter people than the Germans, and they have more in common with the Italians. With all their fine qualities, the Germans cannot be called adaptable. Even in this country, where they become citizens—and the best of citizens—they keep their national and racial traits with great tenacity. And they are more nearly akin to us than to the Italians. When, therefore, they settle in Italy, they are very distinctively strangers in a strange land—though they may sing the song of Zion almost too loudly. In other words, they have not the tact to consider Italian sensibilities. The Italians are naturally a grateful people. They do not forget that Germany, as well as England and France, had a hand in the achievement of Italian unity. They would love the Germans if they could, as they love the English and in a less degree the French. But the Germans irritate them by a condescending and supercilious attitude toward Italy and everything Italian.

Control Many Banks

German enterprise and German money, to be sure, have done much for Italy. The much visited Island of Capri is a familiar illustration of this fact. The present inhabitants are largely German, and they have carried out all sorts of improvements with truly German efficiency. The Italian Riviera is another spot where this efficiency has been manifested. Then, too, the Germans, with their wonderful aptitude for business, have invested large sums in Italian undertakings; they control, for example, many of the banks, as well as the chief steamship companies. This dominance has been shaken recently and probably the war will put an end to it. But all the advantages, and they are many, which have come to Italy from German enterprise, have not sufficed to allay this fundamental antagonism. The German would be obnoxious if only for the reason that he is not "simpatico." Add to that a fear of his economic and political supremacy, and the cause of the actual hatred which exists is plain.

Probably there was never any chance that the Triple Alliance would be unbroken in time of war. Even Bernhardi, in his now famous book, pointed out that the weakness of the Alliance was "its purely defensive character"—a statement worth considering in connection with the German assertion of the obligations of Italy in the present war. And he urged that, as England stood in the way of Italian ambitions in the Mediterranean, Germany should reconcile Italy and Turkey and act as Italian champion against both England and France. That would have been a wiser and more intelligible policy than the one Germany pursued when Italy took Tripoli. Had she wanted to throw Italy into the arms of her foes she could hardly have acted differently. Even if the Germans had been better liked, the Italians would have had no enthusiasm for the work of pulling the Kaiser's chestnuts out of the fire.

Too Self-Centred

One serious mistake which the Germans have made is their dealings with the Italians is the natural result of what may be called, for lack of a better word, their self-centredness, which is not mere arrogance or provincialism, but simply an inability to look at anything save from their own point of view. An illustration of this may be found in the neighborhood of Lago di Garda, which is rapidly becoming a little Germany. Englishmen and Americans go to Italy, many of them to live there, not for the purpose of taking England or America with them, but because they love Italy and Italian ways so much that they are willing, for a longer or shorter time, to expatriate themselves.

> Open my heart and you will see
> Graved inside of it "Italy."

Browning's well-worn words express their feelings. No doubt the Germans are the more patriotic. One need never expect from them any variation from the strain, "Deutschland, Deutschland, uber Alles." Thus, though they compel respect, they can not conquer affection.

The Triple Alliance was never popular in Italy, and even its expediency was generally doubted. Long before this war broke out, most intelligent Italians would admit that the idea of fighting with Germany was only less distasteful than that of fighting with Austria. The writer remembers how, in a long conversation on Italian affairs with a Sicilian priest of pronounced clerical views, he found that one indictment against the Italian Government, in the eyes of this loyal son of the church, was the Triple Alliance. It was, he said with delightful inconsistency, unpatriotic—though antagonism to United Italy was the highest kind of patriotism! But the same idea was expressed by Italians of all classes in various ways. A people who now cheer vehemently for England could not have been expected to throw in their lot with Germany. It speaks ill for the efficiency of German diplomacy that the adherence of Italy to the Alliance in an offensive war should have been counted upon for a moment.

F.

THE NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

The New York Central System was invented by old Cornelius Vanderbilt, a genial brigand who starved out connecting lines by monopolizing terminals and who invented the phrase, "The Public be Damned," an expression which has done more to bring the railroads under public control than all the reform speeches of the last 50 years.

The New York Central begins in a $50,000,000 station in New York city, sweeps up the Hudson and on to Buffalo, a magnificent four-track railroad, covers New York, Ohio and Indiana like a fish net and ends at St. Louis and various Illinois points in a humble and unostentatious manner. It owns the Lake Shore, the Nickel Plate and the Michigan Central systems, all competing lines, and what its pull with the Government is no one can tell, for no suit has ever been brought to dissolve this illegal combination. It operates over 12,000 miles of railroad, is capitalized for $225,000,000 and owes half a billion dollars. Last year it earned $116,000,000, but this year it has to charge the traveler 10 cents for bread and butter on its dining cars and is exhibiting other marked signs of poverty.

The New York Central has been the best advertised line in America. It built the first four-track railroad. It ran the famous Empire State Express, the fastest train in the country. It put on the first 24-hour train between New York and Chicago. It owned and operated Chauncey M. Depew, America's famous after-dinner speaker, for many years. It published a magazine of its own. George Daniels, its enterprising general passenger agent, lost no chance during his life to emit an effective shriek for the New York Central. He even introduced locomotives to the public, and old "999," with a record of 115 miles an hour, was as famous as Maud S. in its day.

The New York Central connects New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis with high-grade, double, triple and four-track lines. It owns magnificent stations in New York and Detroit, but still maintains a prehistoric cattleshed in Cleveland and recently caused several hundred cases of near-apoplexy in that city by propping up its depot with timbers instead of removing it with an axe.—George Fitch.

AT A GATE ON THE HILL

> At a gate on the hill in the parting hour,
> When the wind blew soft on the sea,
> He laid in the maiden's hand a flower;
> "O sweet, thy pledge from me!
> Years shall be sped, the flower be dead,
> But not my love to thee;
> O not my love to thee!
> Keep thou it still in a heart on the hill
> In a tender memorie!"
>
> At a gate on the hill, in a weary hour
> When the rough wind vexed the sea,
> She held in her hand the faded flower;
> "O sweet, my pledge from thee!
> The years are sped, the flower is dead,
> But not thy love to me,
> Tho there came no news from the sea!
> It liveth still in a heart on the hill
> In a quenchless memorie!"
>
> On a grave by the hill he knelt—alone,
> The wanderer, back from the sea;
> He knelt alone by a white gravestone;
> And carven curiously,
> The scroll he read:
> —"The flower is dead;
> But not thy love in me,
> Tho thou stayest long on the sea;
> By a higher hill it waileth still,
> At a fairer gate for thee;
> In a deathless tryst with thee!"

—Gertrude Hart, in his book, "From the Lands."