Vengeance.

Over the wall the gold hair hung,
And the foul fiend gibbered and blinked beside.
The hollybush swayed with its purple breath;
A pale, pale wind muttered and cried,
And the castle halls were hollow with death.
Straight and long, the gold hair hung,
Caught and abandoned. (Whose the bride?)
A clot of blood to the lattice clung,
And a bird screamed, and a bird screamed.
Did a head bleed on the other side?
On this, down the grey stone the gold hair dropped,
And the foul fiend jerked it and tugged again;
He gibbered and grinned, oh, a merry game:
The hollybush shuddered when he stopped.

Up in the current crouches Fear,
With bated breath and bursting heart.
Only the room in horror creaks,
And a bird shrieks, and a bird shrieks.
The air has a weight too heavy to bear.
The dying sun, in a crimson mist,
Shines through the lattice: what is kissed?
A clot of blood and a jewelled hilt,
Gleaming alone, gleaming alone,
Founded in flesh, in a riven heart,
In the dark upbuilt.

Evil in every corner lurks.
A clot of blood and a jewelled hilt,
Shines through the lattice: what is kissed?
Through every crack came the streams of sweetness.

The note of a jubilant horn: no more.
A bird screamed, and a bird screamed.

The book breathes the soft fragrance of dead flowers. It is a poem, a piece of music; it whispers in a sweet undertone of divine things. The story is of the pilgrimage of the soul from the Kingdom of the Past to the Kingdom of the Future, of its loves for Chimera, the glorious flying horse, the Ideal; for Eros, the same, human, simple, commonplace, everyday beauty; for Bacchus and the satyrs and the dark hearty delights of the grove; it shows how with Bacchus she lost her wings, those thin delicate wings with which she could not fly; how she wandered of Bacchus, and sought again the Kingdom of the Present, and found it laid waste and Eros dead, and the foul spiders of the past spinning their black webs above it all; shows how, a penitent pilgrim, she made her way back to the Kingdom of the Past, and how her sister, the Queen of it, "the power that be," the crystallised, the done with, the established, sought to wage her in her service to find the magic jewel that would place the Past upon the throne of God.

How she suffered and died and triumphed and how, with the help of Chimera, she found the Kingdom of the Future (the only land that does not lose its magic beauty); for Bacchus and the satyrs and the dark hearty delights of the grove; it shows how with Bacchus she lost her wings, those thin delicate wings with which she could not fly; how she wandered of Bacchus, and sought again the Kingdom of the Present, and found it laid waste and Eros dead, and the foul spiders of the past spinning their black webs above it all; shows how, a penitent pilgrim, she made her way back to the Kingdom of the Past, and how her sister, the Queen of it, "the power that be," the crystallised, the done with, the established, sought to wage her in her service to find the magic jewel that would place the Past upon the throne of God.

It is amusing to observe that a nominee of the King, Sir John Biddulph, was described in the documents of the period as "His Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople.

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may sometimes be. In fact, the illustrations are just what one expects the illustrations of a fairy tale to be, and this is not a fairy tale, but an allegory of the progress of the soul. It will be time to turn our dogma and this is not a fairy tale, but an allegory of the thing more noble than toys.

Low Wages and No Wages. An Essay on the Economic Causes of Poverty, Unemployment, and Bad Trade. By Oswald St. Clair. (S. Sonnenschein and Co. 1908. 2s. 6d.)

The first four chapters of this book are a clear statement of modern conditions and their effect upon employment and wages, but the last chapter is as remarkable as it is petty and futile. It is entitled the "Distribution of Wealth"; it is in reality a lamentable attempt to prevent the natural flow of conclusions which follow from the study of the previous chapters. One could forgive the author more easily had the earlier chapters been less able and convincing.

What is one to make of the following passage on page 215: "If in every country there were but one landlord and that landlord the State, it is difficult to see that individual enterprise and pushfulness would be impaired or diminished in the least. There is nothing Socialist in the measure except in the best sense." What does this mean? This talk of "Socialism in the best sense" is sheer childishness.

The crux of the whole matter, the author insists, is a more equitable distribution of wealth, for that means a greater demand for commodities, and that, in turn, means a greater demand for labour. This is insisted upon with convincing monotony, and yet on page 210 the author laments the fact that Socialism could not preservice "the resourcefulness, ingenuity, zeal, alertness, sagacity, and unspiring effort" characteristic of capitalism. It is "unspiring effort, alertness, etc.," which is the whole trouble. It was all so clear at the beginning; these last pages the author has forgotten his own pleading. He wants to have his cake and eat it, too.

The book closes with a piteous attempt to assure the reader that on no account would he (the author) advocate anything Socialistic. "But on one point there should be no mistake: the measures here suggested are not Socialist." About one thing there will be no mistake. The first four chapters spell unmistakably the nationalisation of the means of production, and the last chapter fails miserably to make any difference.

Faust. By Stephen Phillips and J. Comyns Carr. (Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.)

We see no reason why one should pay 4s. 6d. for this travesty of Goethe's great work, when it is possible to buy for a shilling in the Everyman's Library a translation and an edition that are in every way admirable. Coleridge, who conceived in old Michael Scott the subject of "a much better and more likely original than Faust," once debated within himself whether it became his moral character to render into English the "vulgar, licentious, and blasphemous" Faust. That was before the days of Marie Corelli and Messers. Phillips and Comyns Carr. Was it not the sorrow of Marie Corelli's Satan that all his seductions had but one end:—

'Stil to the same result I warn the moral God.
I will the evil, I achieve the good;
To quote the last two lines of this version. Needless to say, such a sentiment is not be found in Goethe's work. The Devil may be baffled and baulked of his prey, but he does not become lachrymose over it. The truth is that Messers. Phillips and Carr have done a better than Coleridge. They have tempered the wind to the shorn lamb—in this case the British public, with Mr. Redford, the guardian of its "moral character"—and have very carefully left out anything that would seem "vulgar, licentious, and blasphemous," in interpretation. Mr. Phillips probably supplied the pretty writing, while Mr. Comyns Carr, having consulted Mr. Tree, arranged the scenic effects. And so the British public gets the spectacle—fireworks, quick changes, thunder
and lightning—that it loves so much (does it really, Mr. Tree?); Goethe remains unsathed, Mr. Tree fills his theatre (at least, we hope so), and Messrs. Phillips and Carr pocket their fee. The author of "Marpessa" no doubt feels satisfied; and all we protest against is that he should have the—well, apoisopesis—to publish the joint (and jointed) performance as a book. There are many much worthier translations of the Faust. Taking only the one elether mentioned, we are ready to stake the God-policing of the world goes merrily on, and that the God-mind springs from woman's, nervous sex. Some day, when the Suffragettes have succeeded and the God-mind springs from woman's, the God-sense, thatness, whatness of things, and has the consciousness there can be no existence, which is an absurdity, since we cannot be conscious of a thing unless it exists. His whole theory is based upon the fitness of things, and has the common fault of such extremism of emphasising the fallacies of the catechism of consciousness. For instance, he explains that God being a content of man's consciousness, has a man-made mind and attributes, and, ille man, is able to think kindly about the unfair sex. Some day, when the Suffragettes have succeeded and the God-mind springs from woman's nervous sex, the deity will be able to think about the unfair sex, also. His thoughts will be shattering, shilling-shocking, and snappetising.

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