

was unknown. For all men are contained in one man, and the one likeliest to be the most heroic may be the commonest member of the crowd.

None of us can establish himself in dignity and valor by taking thought; and perhaps we are unlikely to breed heroes in a generation that bears a banner with the strange device, 'Safety First.' But whether that be so or not, we have seen before, and will see again,

that greatness comes upon a man like a thief in the night. Philip of Spain 'honored' Velasquez by sitting to him: Velasquez immortalized Philip by painting him. So it may be with the war. The captains and the kings depart; but somewhere, unfolding himself from the clouds, a little common man, bewildered by events but manfully enduring his fate, may be seen to be the hero of it all.

'THE MYTH OF ARTHUR'

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

[*English Review*]

O LEARNED man who never learned to learn,
 Save to deduce, by timid steps and small,
 From towering smoke that fire can never burn
 And from tall tales that men were never tall.
 Say, have you thought what manner of man it is
 Of whom men say 'He could strike giants down'?
 Or what strong memories over time's abyss
 Bore up the pomp of Camelot and the crown;
 And why one banner all the background fills
 Beyond the pageants of so many spears,
 And by what witchery in the western hills
 A throne stands empty for a thousand years;
 Who hold, unheeding this immense impact,
 Immortal story for a mortal sin;
 Lest human fable touch historic fact,
 Chase myths like moths, and fight them with a pin —
 Take comfort; rest — there needs not this ado,
 You shall not be a Myth, I promise you.

A PAGE OF VERSE

ONE NIGHT THERE CAME TO RAVENSTONE

BY A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE

[*New Witness*]

ONE night there came to Ravenstone
A ragged man with quiet eyes
Desiring naught save bread and cheese,
But he was curiously wise.

For now he spake of government —
And now he spake philosophy —
And now he stayed all dumb because
A sudden bird sang in a tree.

I think the earth meant more to him
Far more to him than met the eye;
And at the dark I saw him love
The stars a long while in the sky.

And at the dawning he had gone
In tatters on, and I dare say
A dandelion in his coat
For a gold button all the way.

VISTA DEL MARE

BY WILFRID THORLEY

[*New Witness*]

[Genzano lies on the Appian Way running southward from Rome, and is celebrated for its wines and the beauty of its women. It looks out from a spur of rock over the untilled plain stretching toward Civita Vecchia, the ancient port of the Emperor Trajan, with the sleek but scarcely visible Mediterranean beyond it.]

GENZANO wines are good wines, Genzano girls are chaste.

Genzano from its hilltop looks out across the waste.

And as you sip the white wine or as you sip the red,

Far, far away a beam of light,
A faint and furtive gleam of light

As hazy as a dream of light,
Shines forth and then is fled.

Genzano lads are brave lads, Genzano mules are strong;

In painted carts, with nodding plumes,
they draw the wines along.

And if the load be full casks or empty ones and light,

The lads they drive their cattle on
Where Romans once did battle on
The dusty road, and rattle on

From morning until night.

Genzano town has proud men; in palaces they dwell,

And gaze across the waste land below their citadel;

And whether they be single or husband a good lass,

The gladness all men ask of wine
Is theirs in many a cask of wine,
Or wicker-waisted flask of wine

They tilt into the glass.

Genzano girls have long locks and wavy locks and black

That lie in coils upon the head or twisted down the back.

Their eyes are shining darkness, a mine that's full of fire;

Like fillies with their tails adrift
They walk amid the males adrift,

And see them not. The sails adrift
Are all their eyes desire.

Genzano girls are lovely. I know on what they muse.

It is n't on the wine-casks and whence they are or whose;

But why they flaunt a red cheek or why they hide a pale

Is that far-shining beam of light,
The faint and furtive gleam of light

As hazy as a dream of light,
That shows a lover's sail.