

# Poetry.

## REQUIESCAT.

YOUR birds that call from tree to tree

Just overhead, and whirl and dart,  
Your breeze fresh-blowing from the sea,  
And your sea singing on, Sweetheart.

Your salt scent on the thin, sharp air

Of this grey dawn's first drowsy hours,  
While on the grass shines everywhere  
The yellow starlight of your flowers.

At the road's end your strip of blue

Beyond that line of naked trees—  
Strange that we should remember you  
As if you would remember these!

As if your spirit, swaying yet

To the old passions, were not free  
Of Spring's wild magic, and the fret  
Of the wilder wooing of the sea!

What threat of old imaginings,

Half-haunted joy, enchanted pain,  
Or dread of unfamiliar things  
Should ever trouble you again?

Yet you would wake and want, you said,

The little whirr of wings, the clear  
Gay notes, the wind, the golden bed  
Of the daffodil: and they are here—!

Just overhead, they whirl and dart

Your birds that call from tree to tree,  
Your sea is singing on—Sweetheart,  
Your breeze is blowing from the sea.

Beyond the line of naked trees

At the road's end, your stretch of blue—  
Strange if you should remember these  
As we, ah! God! remember you!

CHARLOTTE M. MEW.

pleasant to behold.

"These women's matters," of which "M. A." so glibly speaks, I discuss with my wife and daughters, and act accordingly. The advice of "M. A.," or any woman who has studied at Girton, Oxford, or Cambridge, is of no importance to me. It is the family on which the State is based.

Women who respect their own dignity should not utter such mean threats as "M. A." so blandly utters, and they do not do it.—Yours, &c.,

G. S.

November 10th, 1909.

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## ELECTIONS ON SUNDAYS.

*To the Editor of THE NATION.*

SIR,—In a recent issue appeared a letter from Mr. Albert Raphael, recommending either the extension of the present polling hours or the holding of elections on Sunday.

As regards the latter suggestion, perhaps the following paragraph, which I have just come across in Mr. Graham Wallas's admirable book, "Human Nature in Politics," might be of interest:—

"Something might be done, and perhaps will be done in the near future, to abolish the more sordid details of English electioneering. Public-houses could be closed on the election day, both to prevent drunkenness and casual treating, and to create an atmosphere of comparative seriousness. It is a pity that we cannot have the elections on a Sunday as they have in France. The voters would then come to the poll after twenty or twenty-four hours' rest, and their own thoughts would have some power of asserting themselves even in the presence of the canvasser, whose hustling energy now inevitably dominates the tired nerves of men who have just finished their day's work. The feeling of moral responsibility half consciously associated with the religious use of Sunday would also be so valuable an aid to reflection that the most determined anti-clerical might be willing to risk the chance that it would add to the political power of the churches. It may cease to be true that in England the Christian day of rest, in spite of the recorded protest of the founder of Christianity, is still too much hedged about by the traditions of prehistoric taboo to be available for the most solemn act of citizenship. It might again be possible to lend to the polling-place some of the dignity of a law court, and, if no better buildings were available, at least to clean and decorate the dingy schoolrooms now used. (pp. 230-1.)

—Yours, &c.,

H. P. DOUGLAS.

Manchester, October 30th.

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