clearly, and I perceive that God is Love, and Christ is this Love shewn to man, and that they who help their brothers to see the needs of their time and try to supply them—these are the blessed ones, these know the Way, the Truth, the Life."

They talked of his own work. "I have always known I had certain gifts," said Watts, "not great ones, not ones I should have chosen—and that I was bound to use them to help my time. What I should have chosen to be was a poet, but Nature seems to have got hold of me and fiddled about and begun to make something of the clay, and then to have become interested in something else and gone off and left me half-finished." I said, "That's a libel on Nature; she gave you a sense of form and colour and imagination and aspiration. If she gave you the music of the painter rather than the music of the singer we must not blame her." "I am glad," said Watts, "you used that word aspiration. When I die—it cannot in the nature of things be long now—I should like a simple tablet placed above my ashes with the words 'Only an *aspirer*,' for after all that is the sum of our life—aspiration. People are kind and say my pictures have helped them—all I can say is, that is my hope. But how imperfect all our best is. There must surely be other worlds for more perfect powers."

CHAPTER X

1898

VISITS TO LA VERNA AND ASSISI. S. FRANCIS. M. SABATIER. OFFER OF BISHOPRIC OF MADAGASCAR. VISIT TO AMERICA.

Then back my soul takes flight
To this untroubled height
The 'little poor man' loved long years ago,
When for his great heart's rest
He climbed the grassy crest
That looks on Carceri folded far below.

. . . . . .

'Come ye yourselves apart,'
He whispers to each heart,
'And learn how little needs our earthly life,
Then forth like strong men go
From your Subasio
Of loftiest thought—peacemakers in all strife.'
From "May-time on Monte Subasio, Assisi."

IN the spring of 1898 Hardwicke and Edith were again in Italy, having pleasant intercourse with Francesca Alexander, the writer of *The Story of Ida*, and a devoted friend of Ruskin. "She showed us her garden on her roof, and a real Cimabue," writes Edith. From Florence they went to La Verna, as Hardwicke's mind was set on gaining more

knowledge of St. Francis, who, "though sworn to Poverty foreswore not Beauty, but discerned through the lamp Beauty the light of God."[1] They took the long drive from Bibbiena to the monastery, which was said to remain in rule and manner exactly as it was at its foundation at the beginning of the thirteenth century. To the little chapel, where tradition holds that St. Francis received the Stigmata, the monks went twice in the twenty-four hours, at midnight and at three o'clock in the afternoon, leaving their dormitories and cells with solemn chanting, sometimes with scourges in their hands, for sacrifice of themselves upon the altar of memory of their great founder. The brethren spent much time in prayer, their surroundings were austere in the extreme, and the beneficent wish of St. Francis that the poorest of the poor who work with their hands might come into relations of personal brotherhood with a teacher of Christ, was still carried out, for a famine was in the land, and each day peasants came from the neighbouring hamlets and villages for miles round to receive, more as right than a gift, a little loaf of bread; and all who came were made welcome.

Hardwicke stayed the night at the Monastery, while Edith was under the care of two "poor Clares" at the Bechia near by. He had some talk with the Abbot, and learned from him that there were few readers or writers among the brethren, art did not exist in the Order, and the old idea of cultivating and redeeming the land had passed away. Hard-

[1] Francis Thompson.

wicke left, not without admiration for the blind devotion of those followers of St. Francis who wrestle with the storm and wind, as well as with the devil, on their mount of temptation, but also with a hope "that a time may come when truer followers of the great apostle may believe that though on that mount of ecstasy it is good at times to be alone with God, their Master is to be found not only upon the Mount of Vision but in the simple levels—the daily life of ordinary working men. The teaching of their great founder, that if a man will not work neither shall he eat, has been forgotten."

They moved on to Assisi. Paul Sabatier was at the little Albergo Subasio, then a very simple and unsophisticated lodgment, and he and Hardwicke quickly found response in each other and formed a close friendship which deepened with time. "Un homme," writes Sabatier of him, "que j'ai aimé beaucoup dès notre première rencontre, et toujours davantage jusqu'à sa mort." While Hardwicke remarks, at the time of his visit in 1898, "To read Sabatier is a pleasure, to speak with him is a greater. The finely chiselled face beneath his dark brows lights up—the pensive brown eyes flash fire, he pushes back the heavy crop of hair from his brow with a sort of impetuosity of excitement as he talks of the great reformer, the noblest Christian of his time; but it is not till one walks with him in his dear Assisi that one can understand how real as a living companion of his life St. Francis is, or how at this day the Poverello is an abiding presence in the place."

Under Sabatier's inspiring guidance Hardwicke first saw the garden where St. Francis wrote his "Song of the Sun," the house where St. Clare was born, the Portiuncula, San Damiano amongst its olives, St. Angelo in Panso with its memories of St. Clare and St. Agnes, and the lonely Carceri; and as they walked together he realized how the student of St. Francis was beloved of the poor of Assisi. He saw the eager faces that were turned to him, the blessings that were showered on him. At that time a man's wage was half a franc a day, work was often not to be had; and the little girls, graceful as they were, suffered too much from hunger to keep their beauty into womanhood. While he discouraged indiscriminate charity from visitors, Paul Sabatier gave alms in their stead, and once a week made it his custom to meet his poorer brothers and sisters and distribute, perhaps to two hundred and fifty, perhaps to as many as five hundred, what he could afford.

Hardwicke returned again and again to Assisi; in 1902 to deliver the Inaugural Address on "St. Francis and the ideals that inspired him," at the Constitution of the International Society for Franciscan Study. He welcomed this opportunity of publicly acknowledging the debt we "owe to Paul Sabatier for his scholarship, his devotion, his instinctive criticism, his clear intuitions, his just judgment, for his great love of the life and personality of St. Francis, and his wish to share that love with others. Who that has read the lucid writings of this scholarly freeman of Assisi but has also felt that

beneath those writings was a heart that beats entirely with the heart of the gentle, humble and tender Poverello. It is because he loves not only St. Francis but his cause, because he passionately desires for the twentieth century what St. Francis desired for the twelfth, that we listen with eagerness to what he has to say and are ready to do all in our power to join with him in honouring the saint."

After his second visit, in 1902, when he and Sabatier went for a walking tour together, Hardwicke worked at a translation from the Latin of the *Sacrum Commercium*, which, with an account of *The Lady Poverty and how St. Francis came to love her*, was published by Messrs. Dent in the Temple Classics in 1904.

Hardwicke always contributed largely, though intermittently, to the daily press, and at one time was a member of the Society of Journalists. The following incident throws an interesting light on his relation with the professional pressmen, with whom he was always on excellent terms. In August 1898 a terrible boating accident occurred on Derwentwater, a party of seven members of the Home Reading Union, two men and five girls, probably inexperienced in managing a boat, got into difficulties; their boat was swamped and the five girls were drowned. It is remembered by a journalist, when he and his fellow pressmen reached Keswick on the afternoon of the accident with only an hour or two to obtain their copy before their train left, that they met with a baffling reticence in

all those whom they interrogated. At last they went to the house where the girls had been staying, and were there frankly informed that Canon Rawnsley had given orders that no information should be given to the press till he should be present at six o'clock. "We were in consternation, but could only await his arrival. Punctually at six he walked into the sitting-room of the house, briefly apologized for taking the action he had, and explained that his reason for so doing was to prevent any distorted account of the tragedy being published in the daily press which might add to the sorrow of the relatives of the dead girls. He added, 'If you will take out your note-books I will tell you how the accident happened.' And, standing on the hearthrug with his eyes closed—a characteristic attitude when speaking—he dictated a column and a half, giving the girls' names, where they came from, the state of the lake, the direction of the wind, and how the accident happened. We could not have collected such material in a day; it simply needed to be transcribed without alteration. When he finished he pulled out his watch and said, 'Now, my carriage is at the door. I can drive you to the station so that you do not miss your train.'"

In this same year Hardwicke was called upon to make one of the momentous decisions of his life, for in November he received a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury asking whether he was "disposed to take the Bishopric of Madagascar, a difficult but consequently honourable post." During the

next few weeks Hardwicke was reading every book and picking every brain he could, for knowledge which bore on Madagascar. As was his invariable custom whenever he had anything of importance on his mind, he wrote to his friends for their opinion and advice. "Was this a call to special work which he ought not to refuse?" Thring, on whose sympathy and wisdom he had always relied, was gone, Jowett, too, was gone; but from Edward Caird, Master of Balliol, the Bishop of Carlisle, Sir George Adam Smith—the present Principal of Aberdeen University, the Duke of Westminster, the Bishop of Hereford and others, came no uncertain verdict. The following extract from a letter from Miss Octavia Hill sums up the view taken by most of his friends:—"I have the profoundest honour for the men who go to the ends of the earth and represent England in far-away places upholding truth, integrity and humanity. I don't think they can serve England better. But it is not everyone's duty. And is it yours? I doubt whether sudden change of life and work where there has been no special connection between the old and the new, often is a duty. One seems to lose so much of training, of association, of knowledge, of fellow-workers. And what a work you have here in England! It almost seems to me unique. I am sure that the National Trust owes, and must owe, much of its special character to your influence. If it is to gather in the givers, if it is to seize upon the important opportunities for good, if it is to retain some element of poetry and of hope, it seems to me as if

it must depend on you. There is no one among us who has so wide and appreciative an outlook, who brings in so many harmoniously, who can shew the poetry of a place so vividly. I really should feel most discouraged about the Trust if you were to leave us. Also is there not the question of all such subjects as the Armenian and Crete work, the Selborne Society and many others that need you? I should not have thought Madagascar under the French flag the most hopeful sphere anyway, but I know little of this. All that I feel sure of is that you fill for us a unique place, and that if we must lose you it will be a great loss."

To Miss Hill's words may be added those of another friend, written with the same significance, though in a lighter vein :—" As a man and a pagan (so-called) I am decidedly of opinion that NO should be the answer to all Madagascar Bishoprics. You are more wanted by pagans and others in England than you could possibly be by blacks and French in Madagascar. You are doing good work in Keswick and in England, and a man is called to what is fitting or suitable to his character, not to a position where he would be a kind of clerical Marchand, who would find it difficult to hoist the most modest flag without making mortal enemies in a Jesuit community. If you did not die of fever in a few years your sturdy Lincolnshire inheritance of physical strength would be undermined, and you would creep home eventually a shaken and fever-haunted being, with visions of savagery burnt in on your sensitive brain, and a general feeling of the impossibility of incorporating the Madagascar dialect into sonnet form—though this perhaps is saying too much." " Refuse—and forget it was ever offered to you "—writes another, and this advice Hardwicke followed; for now, as always, a decision once taken, other interests rushed in and crowded out all remembrance of it. Indirectly the offer brought him immense encouragement in the realization of the high value set upon his work by those for whose opinion he justly cared.

In September 1899, Hardwicke went to the United States at the suggestion of the Duke of Westminster, with the object of bringing the aims and work of the National Trust before the American people. At the same time he determined to see for himself as much as possible of the methods of education in America.

He had many acquaintances in the States and had numerous introductions, and during a visit of five weeks he made some lasting friendships, received much hospitality and kindness, and had interesting opportunities of forming opinion of American life and character.

He was advised that with regard to the National Trust he would achieve his purpose best by informal conversation, rather than by organized appeal, so although he lectured at many centres, his favourite theme was the Literary Associations of the Lake District. This subject proved popular in the best sense of the word. Thus, Professor Van Dyke writes from Princeton :—" If your visit to America gave you pleasure, you may be certain it gave us a

great deal more. I never saw an audience more generally enthusiastic than they were after your lecture; you have brightened the fires in the altars of many of us who were already lovers of the Lake Country and the Lake Poets, you have strengthened the bands of sympathy that join the idealists of the common life in America to their brethren in Great Britain, you have done a right good piece of work."

But Americans are not all idealists or lovers of natural beauty. Hardwicke delighted in recalling a certain journey to Poughkeepsie, when he went up the Hudson river by steamer at a time when autumn had laid her fiery fingers on the leaves and glorified its either bank with scarlet and gold. "I was shocked," he writes, "when I saw the havoc to the glorious cliffs at the Palisades that was being wrought by the quarries along the shores, and in my wrath I used language that, though it was Parliamentary, was strong. An American, with whom I had got into conversation on board, listened, and then said, 'You talk about the beauty of natural scenery. I tell you, sir, there ain't a red cent in it. God Almighty meant those Palisades for building stones, and the company that gets it is carrying out His wishes—at least that's the way I look at it. Your love of natural scenery don't pay, there ain't nothing in it. Why, I can go from here all the way to Poughkeepsie and back and not see a blessed thing the whole darned way; can't I, mother?' and he looked at his wife, who nodded in affirmation. I turned the conversation to a more congenial topic and asked what was his work in life. 'Well,' he drawled, 'I began by being a rusher-about for a man in a small way at a dollar and a half a week, but I used my brains, sir, and I reckon that now I am about the biggest Anti-Bug-bag maker in the States.' He saw I was puzzled, and quickly explained that his patent was a large sack-like case of brown paper, in which woollen blankets and clothes are placed as a protection against the ravages of the clothes-moth 'bug.' He was like all Americans I have met, sensible, simple, direct and full of information, and before long I was made to feel I was talking with a national benefactor. 'And if you go away from New York for your summer holiday,' he continued, 'and don't use my patent Anti-Bug-bag for your woollens—well, you just won't find them when you come back—that's all!'"

Hardwicke went to Niagara and wandered about "watching the wonder of its mighty power and hearing the thunder of its crescent flood." At every point of view he had difficulty in evading the pertinacity of the photographer. He went to Cambridge, which, after the roar and dust of the cities, and especially the purgatory of the shrieking of the cars, filled him with joy by contrast of its happy quietness. Here he was with Mr. Richard Dana and his wife—formerly Edith Longfellow—and delighted in a visit to Longfellow's house, where "the 'old clock on the stairs' was still beating out the little lives of men, 'Forever never—never for ever.' The study remains as he left it. His penwiper, his very quill pens in the tumbler in which he used to keep them moist, are on his table. His

favourite bust of Goethe, and that of Dante, are still where he saw them. The pictures of the literary friends of his early manhood are on the walls, the dark-haired Nathaniel Hawthorne, the keen-faced Emerson and bushy-headed Fulton . . . And there are still the three doors all opening into the poet's citadel, that he was so glad the children should take by storm . . . My host, who had married one of the three daughters of the poet and who dwelt hard by, took me to luncheon, and thence to Elmwood, the home of Lowell . . . There was a difference in the atmosphere of the two poets' dwelling-places. In Longfellow's all was solemn quietude and serious-minded studentship; in Lowell's rather was the gaiety of a man of the world who loved his fellow-men and cared as much for society as for books."

Hardwicke had long been doing his utmost against what he describes as " The paganism of art, or want of art, that dishonours the dead and proclaims the vulgarity of the living in the Christian churchyards and burial grounds of England "; but when he visited the beautiful burial ground at Mount Auburn to see the graves of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Agassiz, he noticed an innovation which he was thankful to remember had not yet penetrated to our shores. " By many graves was set an ugly cast-iron chair, in many cases too rusty to sit upon and in all cases—so far as I could see—vacant. It was intended, I was told, for the relict of the deceased, that here alone he or she might bewail their lonely state. I expect the man entrusted with the funeral arrangements would probably say, 'You will want brass

mountings, hat bands, black gloves, and we recommend an iron grave chair—it is usual and looks respectable.' "

Another memory of Cambridge was a pleasant visit to Ruskin's old friend, Professor Charles Norton. " He was tired, for he had been lecturing on Dante for a friend, but with delightfully old-fashioned courtesy came and talked of John Ruskin and of his mother, of the great gulf between them, and the real love and filial duty that bridged it."

Hardwicke never expected to be so stirred by the recollection of the heroism that made America free, as he was in a few short days at Boston and during a single visit to Concord. He lingered at Mount Vernon, the home of George Washington, " first in war and first in peace, and first within a grateful people's heart "; and the scenes of Paul Revere's ride, of Colonel Shaw's gallant end, of the tragedy of John Brown, were all made real for him. He preached in Phillips Brooks' church in Boston, full of reverent memory for that noble-hearted teacher and friend so lately dead, and visited many schools where he had a kindly welcome. He was much impressed with the splendid earnestness and high ideals of the students at the women's colleges at Wellesley, at Swarthmoor, and at Brynmawr, where Ellis Yarnall and he found much in common. He lectured at Princeton, where he made a lasting friendship with Professor Henry Van Dyke, and later was present at a banquet to Admiral Dewey, and received much kindness from Senator Hoar. He left America with a feeling of real affection and

admiration for many characteristics of the "daughter race," and with a fixed determination to return. For the endless hustle of an American city fascinated him, though it proved exhausting even to his active temperament. "The whole atmosphere is charged," he said," with one idea—'Work at top speed, and always work.' This feeling of restless haste to work paralyzes one who is unaccustomed to it. The rivers rush, the cars rush, the elevators rush, the overhead railways rush, the lightning-lunchers rush, the men and women rush, and all to some purpose. So indelibly did this hurry-up-work-or-die feeling impress itself on my mind, that when I landed at Liverpool it seemed to be a City of Idle Dream, and the good-natured easy-going people, who were really about their business, appeared to be loungers on a holiday parade."

CHAPTER XI

1900

RUSKIN'S DEATH. MEMORIAL ON FRIAR'S CRAG. OBER AMMERGAU. DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

The rose of morning fades, and ghostly pale
The mountains seem to move into the rain,
The leafless hedges sigh, the water-plain
Sobs, and a sound of tears is in the vale—
For he whose spirit-voice shall never fail,
Whose soul's arm ne'er shall lifted be in vain,
God's knight—at rest beyond the touch of pain,
Lies clad in death's impenetrable mail.

And all the men whose helmets ever wore
The wild red rose, St. George for sign had given,
Stand round and bow the head, and feel their swords,
And swear, by him who taught them deeds, not words,
To fight for love, till, as in days of yore,
Labour have joy, and Earth be filled with Heaven.

The Death of John Ruskin, 1900.

TOWARDS the end of January 1900, John Ruskin died, within a few weeks of his eighty-first birthday. The spell of "the Master's" dominating personality had been felt by Hardwicke at Oxford, and it was