accept the appointment. Within a month after his arrival in Washington, however, he wrote to Mrs. John C. Gray in Boston saying that he profoundly rejoiced that he had taken the chance which Roosevelt had offered him. The office, he wrote, "is so solemn and august and vast that I feel that had I declined I should have been refusing pusillanimously an opportunity that destiny does not repeat. It calls on all one's energies and has so much that is new that in a way it is beginning over again." What evidently impressed him most was that his responsibilities were now imperial and no longer parochial. "All my interest and energy," he told Mrs. Curtis, "have been taken up in the mighty panorama of cases from every part of a great empire involving great interests, raising questions I have never heard of, argued by the strongest men the country can show. . . ."

That Holmes accepted the new challenge thus thrust upon him is surely not surprising. The old longing for the larger scene and the wider horizons combined with the Puritan's desire for another test of capacity to make Holmes's acceptance of the new responsibility almost inevitable. The miracle was that thirty years were given him to prove anew his strength. In those extraordinary years his curiosity did not diminish. He turned in Washington, as he had in Boston, toward younger men, seeking their guidance in his new adventure.

It may, perhaps, be some consolation to those Bostonians who, admiring his zest, are none the less unable to emulate it, to see indications that, transferred to another city than that of his birth, Holmes had more affection for Boston than he had known when he was an inhabitant. The grass of New England looked as green from Washington as had the fields beyond Beacon Hill when Holmes lived and worked upon its slopes. The heart of an old man, perhaps, found charms in Boston which had not been revealed to the young man's mind. Though his choice of the Arlington cemetery as his final resting place symbolized his commitment to the Nation, he died, as he had lived, a questing and restless son of New England.

SPRING DAY

by MAY SARTON

BEAUTIFUL is this day that brings us home
From our domain of cold, and winter bower,
From iron earth to trees in tasselly flower,
And gentle airs, and the soft-springing loam.

Offhand and royal, we are the carefree lords
Of these sumptuous rooms where light flows green,
These corridors of air, these feathery swards
Under a sky-blue ceiling, high and clean.

We lie on the enormous grassy bed
Sheltered as princes under the mothering air,
Where the anemone shines like a star
And rivers flow through veined leaves overhead:

And hold each other close in the green chance,
Hold each other against time and waste,
Come home here in the spring that is only once
And watch how the birds are swift, yet without haste.

At last we inhabit the dream, are really floating
As princes of the hour, while these green palaces
Glide into summer, where we too are going
With all the birds, and leaves, and all the kisses.

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