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means to this end. That is why the new style has gained support in the colleges and it is owing to its success in the colleges that it has been adopted by Bradley, who is President of the Cambridge Boat Club this year.

The new-style theorists believe in concentrating the individual's attention almost entirely on his blade. They urge him to focus his energies on getting the blade to function effectively. The exact means he employs to this end are less important. They take the view that since men are of different physique and varying strength, if left to themselves they will probably find out the best way of employing their energies to the end in view. The old style school has more definite views. The object is the same though the means employed to that end are cut and dried. Whereas the new style believe in long slides and little body swing, the old-style coaches enjoin a rather shorter sliding and a judicious use of body swing in conjunction with the thrust of the feet from the stretcher.

These, then, are the main differences in the two styles

of rowing prevalent in this country. And this year's Cambridge coaches have been chosen for their belief in the new style, while Oxford's coaches have been selected for their adherence to the old. It may well be asked why anyone troubles to row old-style if the results are the same. The reason is that old-style supporters, while admitting that their crews but rarely come up to their ideals of oarsmanship, firmly believe that when they do, they will account for any opposition which the new-style coaches may send to meet them. The new-style advocates can point to overwhelming successes in second-class events. For teaching inexperienced men to get a respectable pace on their boat in quite a short time the new style is unequalled. And even if the new-stylists were prepared to admit that their teachings produced fewer world victors, they would justify themselves on the ground that to enjoy your rowing was of greater importance and gave greater happiness than striving for an ideal only occasionally attained.

MARCH BUDS

By H. E. BATES

TH**ERE** is a lovely aspect of spring, the phase of unopened buds, which is almost always obscured by the glories of crocus and primrose and daffodil, and if the weather is gentle by the first blossoms of the flowering trees, which outshine it completely. The pink grace of the early almonds is not only lovely but easy to see. But the ruby buds of the birches are dark and obscure even in the March sunlight. The flowers of *pyrus japonica* on the south walls of houses open wide and flame crimson with all the delicacy and purity of single roses. But the golden buds of willows are golden only in sudden and accidental angles of light or against backgrounds of stormy cloud. They shine even then with a gold that has no counterpart in the colours of flowers, but with the soft and sombre light of polished wood, as though the buds were shining splinters of golden walnut.

The phase, always brief, represents in a sense a prologue to spring and at the same time an epilogue to winter, belonging all the time to neither one nor the other. The buds are awake but not open; they are no longer dead but still not alive. They have lost the colourlessness of winter, but there is no greenness in them. They are part of a kind of vernal twilight, a between season, a little interlude between one large act and another, an interlude that is all over and obscured and forgotten by the time the cuckoo is calling in the flowering ash-trees.

Yet while it lasts, and however the weather may turn and change, from snow to sunlight or frost to rain, it seems to me to hold as much of the heart of spring as the almond and the daffodil. The south-west rain may smash and tear the crocuses like so many inside-out umbrellas to a ruin of gold and purple and white, but the rain profits the dark copses of birch and hazel and sweet chestnut, so that they take on fresh beauty and life. The trees are liquid with colour. They stand drenched in wine-red or mauve or olive rain, the buds colouring the drops and the rain in turn richening the colour of the buds, so that the whole woodside gleams with the liquid passionate glow of multitudinous rain-drenched branches. If the sun breaks out the rain against the buds is like still silver, or like blown beads of silver if the wind springs up. And the buds, washed and slightly more rounded and swollen by the fresh rain,

become glorified. Unlike the crocus or the daffodils or even the almonds, neither rain nor wind nor frost desolates them. They are fragile but strong. The buds of beech are like slender varnished chrysalises lying in light but secure sleep along the grey twigs. The buds of oak are like fat, hard knots of leather. The first buds of elm are little fluffy French knots of dark pink wool securely sewn on the black branches. The grey-black buds of the ash are like arrow-heads of iron. They all have the common virtues of strength and delicacy. They all share a kind of delicate but subdued beauty. Individually they are no more than charming miniature shapes in dim pink or olive or mauve or grey or sepia. But collectively they transform the tree itself into a single colossal swaying and shining bud, an immense burning emblem of spring half-wakened.

And if this is very true of the larger trees and of the trees that grow naturally in great groups of one or many kinds, oaks and elms and beeches and sweet chestnut and birches, it is perhaps even truer of the lesser and rarer trees, sycamores and willows and alders and wild cherries and beams and maples, whose buds have also the virtue of a finer individual loveliness. The buds of the sycamore are full silk shapes of creamy pink when young. The wild cherry buds are gathered in little knots like brown beans at the tips of the smooth satin stems, and on the hedges the buds of hawthorn and blackthorn, earliest to break, are like little beads of wine and cream. And in gardens and orchards the buds of peach and apple and pear are like taut nipples of pink and dove-colour and white, full of the milk of coming flower.

And loveliest of all, the young alder. Cut down, the alder shoots up again, like the willow and the ash and the sweet-chestnut, with new long wands of sombre purple. The wood is too young to flower, but the leaf-buds themselves have the shape, loveliness and enchantment of flowers just breaking, unfurling out of the bare stem like petals of smoky mauve, a strange rare colour, unbrilliant but rich, quiet but burning, that resembles the colour of sun-faded violets. There is a kind of bloom over the buds of the young alder, a soft cloudiness, which no other tree-buds ever seem to possess. There is the same mistiness of lovely bloom on the petals of summer irises, on the silky silver cups of pasque flowers, on clematis and campanulas and mauve geraniums and

the dark unopened buds of lilac itself. It is the bloom of the plum and the grape and the wild sloe. There is something autumnal about it. So that the buds of the alder, so dark and soft and rich, seem to belong to another world, to be almost out of place among the pale colours and half-colours and gentle light and nakedness of first spring. They burn with the smoky darkness of some autumn fire.

And at the beginning of March, at the height of their beauty, it is suddenly as though their lilac smoke is spirited through all the woods and copses. The million buds of birch and hazel and chestnut and oak are suddenly on fire. The smoke is dark and still under cloud and rain, and then tawny in the sunlight and then still tawnier and richer and warmer as the days go past, until finally the sunlight starts it into an immense gold and

emerald flame that spreads and intensifies until every bud on every tree is a green candle against the April sky.

And as the flame burns more fiercely and wonderfully the buds are consumed. The polished brown husks of the beeches fall down like ashes on the copper lawn of dead husks and leaves. The elm drops warm soft showers of fluffy fire. The ash and the oak break into a flowering of mahogany and yellow, the wild cherry stands transfigured in white. The willows are turned to balloons of emerald, the horse-chestnut is glorious with pale brown flower-buds like those of Victorian wool, and Zacchaeus could hide himself in the sycamore. And the alder, once so splendid with purple fire, stands utterly insignificant, the purple gone, the tawny catkins withered, a little dark widow of a tree along the watersides.

FROM A CATHEDRAL CLOSE

By MARGARET MATTHEWS

THE Dean was good to look upon. He had dignity and charm; eyes of piercing blue, fanatical eyes; a mouth that might perhaps have belonged to an officer of the Inquisition, but a smile which sent tired feet hurrying to do his errands. He loved the simple, and even the foolish found sympathy and kindness in him.

He knew, as men say, each stone of his Cathedral; with joy he served its altars, and above all he loved that early morning hour when he could kneel, almost alone, before the Cross. He would kneel, while pictures of Our Lord, in suffering and in triumph, loving and sorrowing with his people, passed before his eyes. For so only did thought come to him—in pictures. It was this that often made him a little slow of speech, for he could not always find words fine enough to convey the beauty of his vision. But to him it brought a joy and hope that set him apart from common things. Some mornings he would look round at the tombs of the Bishops and the Deans who had served his Cathedral faithfully in the distant past, and he would try to read their half-defaced inscriptions, wondering if he too would lie beside them. He liked to think it might be so and that the words on the stone above him would be, "He rests in peace." For, more than most men, he longed for peace. It seemed to him a state to be desired above all others. Perhaps it was this that sometimes made him seem a little obstinate. For when he tried to see another's point of view, he had to turn his pictures into words and debate within himself, and when, perhaps for one brief moment, he saw he had been wrong he found it almost impossible to blot out his first picture and put another in its place. One often heard him say, "I cannot argue, but I *know* that I am right." But this at least he did not know, that if man seeks peace first he will find neither that, nor God, nor truth.

Always before he rose from his knees he would pray that he might be given peace. One day he passed a group who did not see him and he heard one of them say, "Our Dean is surely a great Christian, he walks as one for whom God has lighted a lamp." Another answering said, "Surely the perfect epitaph for any Christian:—'God lighted a lamp and placed it in his hand for all men to see.'" This picture of himself seized his imagination. At first he felt it was too fine for him or any man, and then suddenly he knew it was not enough for one who had seen the face of God. He saw the perfect epitaph of a great Christian should run, "God lighted a lamp *in* him and all men saw it." Himself he saw as one who only carried it in his hand,

At first it was only at times that he seemed thus to himself, but slowly the picture grew, till at last it filled his whole mind, so that he felt he really moved among his fellows carrying the Divine lamp in his hand. Then he began most passionately to pray that it might pass into his inmost soul; for, in his hand, the light might be blown by some stray wind, or he might be jostled and the lamp dropped and broken. He felt he could not hope for peace till this had happened. He forgot that if he held a lamp it was to light his own and others' paths. So, tortured with fears, he watched the flame and not the way and guarded it that it might not flicker, and thus had no hand free to help the sad and sinful. In the early morning hour, this vision of the lamp blinded his spiritual eyes so that he could no longer see God even dimly. When he moved amongst men somehow he seemed different. He did not look at them so often; his smile was less frequent, and men no longer called him kind.

Then one day there came to him a friend in trouble, and for a while he forgot to guard his lamp, forgot about it altogether and talked of the hard, rough road his friend had got to tread, told him it was God's will, promised to do his best to light it, promised him prayer and kind remembrance when they parted. Then as he talked, God took the lamp from out his hand and held it high, pausing to find a place for it within the soul, whence it might shine so that all would see the servant of the great Cathedral as the follower of Him that lighteth every man. And so, forgetting self, they walked together to the point where the warm comfort of familiar ways and places ended. Turning then to say goodbye, the friend noticed a change, a beauty he had not seen before, and said some sudden clumsy word of thanks. Startled, the Dean thought again of that old vision of himself, glanced at his hand, saw that the lamp was gone, but saw not that it was God had moved it and knew not his prayer was answered; so cried aloud, blaming his friend for the wandering of his eyes and sent him away quickly, giving no reason. Then, with no backward glance, he hurried to kneel before some altar to pray for a peace he now could never know, for, careless of the needs of others, he had tried to use God's gift to light a shrine within himself.

So when his work was done, and he lay amongst those others, they wrote upon his stone, not what he had hoped, but that more humble prayer, "Grant unto him, O Lord, a safe lodging and peace at the last."