

**LETTERS, FELLOW OF NEW
COLLEGE, OXFORD, AND
LIEUTENANT IN THE 6TH BATT.
ROYAL WEST KENT REGT.**

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Letters, fellow of New College, Oxford, and lieutenant in the 6th batt. Royal West Kent regt. by
Arthur George Heath & Gilbert Murray

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ARTHUR GEORGE HEATH & GILBERT MURRAY

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Letters of Arthur George Heath

Fellow of New College, Oxford, and
Lieutenant in the 6th Batt. Royal West Kent Regt.

With
Memoir by Gilbert Murray



Oxford

B. H. BLACKWELL, BROAD STREET

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TO A. G. H.

It seems so long ago

 Since in that musty Flemish lumber-room
You made such music flow

 With master hand, as charmed away our gloom,
Drawing from battered, broken keys
And rusty wires such harmonies

 That we forgot war and the shadow of death
And caught our breath
To hear the hurrying clamour of your themes.
So long ago it seems !

So long ago ! and now

 Your sun is set ; but in our memory gleams
Like some fair after-glow

 The image of those haunting magic themes.
And as our faltering hands essay

 What you so passionately would play,
 Far off we hear your music echoing yet ;
 And we forget

 That you are silent for us, save in dreams.
So long ago it seems !

J. S. MANN.



NOTE

AFTER the death of our dear son, one of his intimate friends wrote 'If you could let me have any letters, it would be a comfort, as it were, to hear a few more words of his voice.' The present volume is the outcome of this and other suggestions. The letters date back to August 1914, when he joined the army. For the most part they are letters home, but a few friends have kindly permitted us to print some addressed to them. Some of the letters were undated, and for these the month has been inserted from recollection or internal evidence.

We are indebted to the authorities of New College for permission to use their arms as a mark of our son's connection with the College and his love for it.

Professor Gilbert Murray has laid us under

stone. But perhaps the two classes that have most touched the imagination are those who stand, from the academic point of view, at the extremities of the scale. On one side the more or less idle and wealthy men to whom the University had been something nearer to an athletic or social club than a place of study, and whose lives had often seemed to be little more than an expression of irresponsible youth, if not a mere selfish pursuit of pleasure.

It was a surprise to many of us to see how, when the need came, there was found in these men an unsuspected strenuousness and gravity. The power, it would seem, had always been there; but to call it forth needed a stronger stimulus than the ordinary motives of well-to-do English life. And many an Oxford teacher must have begun to revise his general estimate of human nature when he heard the later history of various undergraduates over whom he had hitherto shrugged despairing shoulders; what hardships they faced without a murmur, what care they took of their men's health and comfort, how they had shown themselves capable, not only of dying gallantly, but of shouldering grave and incessant responsibilities without a lapse.