

SIX STORIES AND SOME VERSES

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Six Stories and Some Verses by Robert Beverly Hale

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ROBERT BEVERLY HALE

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BY
ROBERT BEVERLY HALE



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ORDER OF CONTENTS



Note	
My Brother	i
A Philosopher with an Eye for Beauty	3
Harmony	43
Too Much of a Bad Thing	45
Francis Parkman	74
The Two Sides of a Promise	75
Sixteen	105
Antaeus in Love	107
The Chase	133
A Middle-Aged Woman	135
Stars	158
Untaught by Experience	159
A Brick Block	190



v

The poem "My Brother," which might well have been written of him, was written by himself on a brother who died in childhood.

NOTE

Robert Beverly Hale died on the 6th of October, 1895. Few men have been loved as he was loved, in a very wide circle of friends. And such love was well deserved. It is to meet the wish of very dear friends, whom he loved very dearly, that this volume is published.

He was born in Milton, Massachusetts, September 5th, 1869. When he was but a few weeks old, the family removed to Roxbury, a part of Boston, and this was his home through his life. He passed through the regular courses of the Roxbury Latin School and of Harvard College, and graduated with credit at Cambridge in 1892.

He was a general favorite, and so soon as he left college various attractive proposals were made to him by older friends who hoped to secure his intelligent and cordial service, as a teacher, as a director of philanthropic work, as an editor, or in other ways. But he had already determined to devote his life to authorship or literature. With him, a careful resolution was a determination; it meant something unchangeable. He immediately planned out a course of systematic study for his purpose,—a course such as the limitations of college life hardly permit; and to that course he devoted himself as steadily as if he had been at the call of a college bell.

At the same time, and with the same steadfastness, he assigned to himself duties in what is called charity, in the relief of the lonely, in help of the ignorant, and in citizenship. Best of all, he gave the light and joy to a happy home.

As early as 1892 he began to send to editors such work as he thought worthy of print, in verse or in prose. In the autumn of 1894 he published a volume of poems, under the name "Elsie and Other Poems." His articles were received more and more favorably, by critics and by the public, and before he died it was clear that he had not mistaken his career.

A few of his prose papers, and seven of his poems which were not in the volume published in 1894, make up the collection in the reader's hands.

People who did not know him will differ as to the literary merits of these pieces. People who knew him will be glad to recognize the traces of his thoughtful observation, of his good-natured humor, and of his love of all sorts and conditions of men. It is not for people who simply liked what he wrote that the book is published. It is dedicated to all that large circle who loved him for what he was.

EDWARD E. HALE.

Acknowledgment is due to the editors of "The New England Magazine," of "The Atlantic Monthly," of "Harper's Weekly," and of "The Youths' Companion" for the courtesy in allowing the reprint of stories or poems which appeared in these magazines.

MY BROTHER

If in my heart I mourn that he is sleeping;
If I forget that he is in Your keeping;
You will forgive my senseless, selfish weeping,
Fighting against Your will!

Yes, I have asked, and You have said me nay:
You would not let him live another day:
Yes, You have given, and now You take away:
Father, I bless You still.

O Father dear! I think that it would cheer him,
If when I die I might be somewhere near him:
May I not be where I can see and hear him,
Waiting upon him still?

Father, I do not wonder You should choose him,
That in Your work You somewhere need to use
him;
I am content—almost content—to lose him:
Yes, for it is Your will.

A PHILOSOPHER WITH AN EYE FOR BEAUTY



Arthur Sands stood in the drawing-room and waited for Miss Amy Lunt to come down and receive him. His cheviot shirt and gaiters suggested that he had ridden over to the Lunts' on either a horse or a bicycle; his erect carriage settled the matter in favor of the nobler animal. He was not an Apollo, but he had as much beauty as one expects of a man; and though a closely cut beard covered the lower part of his face, the lines of his chin showed through sufficiently to prove that the covering was designed for an ornament, not for a screen. Taken all in all, he was not the sort of man that most young women would have kept waiting for twenty minutes. But Sands had watched the minute-hand of the clock move over more than a third of its monotonous race-track before he heard on the stairs the quick patter that he was waiting for, and it was perhaps five seconds later when Amy danced into the room with a step as light as Ellen Douglas's, though far less dignified. "The sweetest girl in the world, and the last I should want to marry," had been Sands's description of her the night before.

She saw in one instant that he was irritated, and in the next how to allay his irritation. She stopped in front of him, pouting, and would not shake hands.

"I had on my brown dress, and I knew you didn't like it, so I changed it for this green one that you used to like, and now—and now"—