

HOLIDAYS.

By MISS M. MOLLETT.

Oh, gift of God! Oh, perfect day
Whereon shall no man work, but play;
Whereon it is enough for me
Not to be doing, but to be!

The simpler poets are more suited for this weather: poets that call for no great brain effort, but that soothe and cool you. Outside my window is a great bush of lavender, and the scent comes in mixed with the smell of burning heather from the distant heath fires. In the distance across the moor hangs the thin blue smoke quivering in the heat; overhead the unwinking sun pours down his uncompromising rays from a brassy sky. It is one of the hottest days of the great hot summer.

Our lavender bush is a tremendous favourite with the butterflies: whites and meadow browns are in the majority—with the flies and the poor bees, who hum anxiously round trying to make up their tale of honey from a scorched land. Ever since I read Maeterlinck's convincing but pessimistic "Life of a Bee" I have been truly sorry for it (I believe the neutral pronoun is strictly correct). To have so high a sense of duty, to toil so hard "for the benefit of the community" when that community just consists of more toilers, also bound by the law of duty to toil for the community, one's brain reels at the dreary sequence. It recalls to what is left of my mind a lugubrious ditty in the Rowton House ballads, running something after this style: "Man works to get enough to eat, to have the strength to work, to get enough to eat to work—so runs the ruddy round." No, I prefer the warrior wasp, who makes raids, wholly unconnected with duty, on the breakfast marmalade.

But the sweet scent and the gentle murmur through the heat are very, very soothing—*dolce far niente*—and one pities from one's whole heart those who still hug their chain this weather.

Still it is the great holiday season, and I who, barring accidents, have entered on the long holiday and said good-bye to that continuous work which made our scrappy free intervals so delightful, so full of charm, like to picture those who are still in harness, full of holiday dreams, either looking back on the happy weeks just over, enjoying the happy hours as they fly, or, happiest of all, planning and mapping out the wonderful time that is daily coming nearer. But amongst my own holidays as I look back—and in twenty-nine years one can remember many—there is one that stands out so clearly, that

was such a delightful and joyous time that I feel I must tell others of it, and say, "Go thou and do likewise." I went—it is now a few years ago—feeling particularly harassed and tired, inclined to carp at the Universe. I came back quite happy and prepared to admit that there were good points even in our worn-out and dyspeptic old world.

I went via Lübeck to Copenhagen and on to Hornbäck, the furthestmost of the row of little half fishing, half seaside villages that front the Swedish coast from Elsinore to Zetland's most northern point. Oh, I know you can reach Copenhagen via the butter factory, but half the charm arises from going to Denmark through the wonderful old Hansa town.

When I started I fully intended to make my way straight to the little seaside bathing place and there lounge away the happy hours. Was I allowed to? No; family reasons obliged me to travel through Hanover, where I collected a sister who speaks Danish, and an energetic friend who started and continued the tour with the fixed and unalterable determination to see all there was to be seen. And she did. My sister is of a dreamy and artistic temperament, but when thoroughly shaken and roused, develops a fine flow of Danish, an unexpected knowledge of Danish trains, steamboats and trams and, crowning accomplishment, can read and understand the Danish Bradshaw. I had therefore nothing to do but to carry the family purse.

Our first destination was the old Hansa town of Lübeck. Bremen and Hamburg have grown and developed into modern and progressive seaports, but Lübeck, from whence commerce has fled, with its narrow canal, its deserted quays and wharfs, its grand old houses, wonderful churches and fine old gateways remains, in spite of its railway station and electric trams, a seventeenth century city, and one expects to see periwigged and stately merchants interviewing their ship-masters along the wharfs, or gravely filling the lovely carved "Senators'" seats in the church of St. Mary. This church is worth seeing, and more than worth seeing, as a crowning type of the pride and pomp of commercial patricians. Apart from its intrinsic beauty, the marvellous carving on pews, pulpit and stalls, the impression of height it gives, and its over gorgeous decorations, the monuments to departed Lübeck worthies fascinated me. The whole church was crowded with brasses and huge ornate sculptured monuments of Time, Death, Fame, weeping ladies and Cupids surrounding painted medallion portraits of the proud citizens of Lübeck. Long and

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