



LISTER

1827—1927

“THE CHIEF.”

His brow spreads large and placid, and his eye
Is deep and bright, with steady looks that still.
Soft lines of tranquil thought his face fulfil
His face at once benign and proud and shy.
If envy scout, if ignorance deny,
His faultless patience, his unyielding will,
Beautiful gentleness, and splendid skill,
Innumerable gratuities reply.
His wise, rare smile is sweet with certainties,
And seems in all his patients to compel
Such love and faith as failure cannot quell.
We hold him for another Herakles
Battling with custom, prejudice, disease,
As once the son of Zeus with Death and Hell.

[We were unaware, when, by kind permission of the publishers, we published this and other extracts from 'A Book of Verses' by William Ernest Henley, in April, 1925, p. 304, that this verse referred to the immortal Lister.—Eds.]