

Time
THE KAISER AND GOD.

BY BARRY PAIN.

"I rejoice with you in Wilhelm's first victory.
How magnificently God supported him!"—Tele-
gram from the Kaiser to the Crown Princess.

Led by Wilhelm, as you tell,
God has done extremely well;
You with patronizing nod
Show that you approve of God.
Kaiser, face a question new—
This—does God approve of you?

Broken pledges, treaties torn,
Your first page of war adorn;
We on fouler things must look
Who read further in that book,
Where you did in time of war
All that you in peace forswore,
Where you, barbarously wise,
Bade your soldiers terrorize,
Where you made—the deed was fine—
Women screen your firing line,
Villages burned down to dust,
Torture, murder, bestial lust,
Filth too foul for printer's ink,
Crimes from which the apes would
shrink—
Strange the offerings that you press
On the God of Righteousness!

Kaiser, when you'd decorate
Sons or friends who serve your State,
Not that Iron Cross bestow
But a Cross of Wood, and so—
So remind the world that you
Have made Calvary anew.

Kaiser, when you'd kneel in prayer
Look upon your hands, and there
Let that deep and awful stain
From the blood of children slain
Burn your very soul with shame,
Till you dare not breathe that Name
That now you glibly advertise—
God as one of your allies

Impious braggart, you forget;
God is not your conscript yet;
You shall learn in dumb amaze
That His ways are not your ways,
That the mire through which you trod
Is not the high white road of God,

To Whom, whichever way the combat
rolls,
We, fighting to the end, commend our
souls.

NOCTURNE.

O royal night, under your stars that keep
Their golden troops in charred motion set,
The living legions are renewed in sleep
For bloodier battle yet.

O royal death, under your boundless sky
Where unrecorded constellations throng,
Dispassionate those other legions be

Glasgow Herald.
A RECRUIT.

The afternoon train for the North was just
steaming out of Buchanan Street when he
stumbled in with a potato sack. We resented
them both till he said—"Ah'm a rayglyr; ah've
joined; ah'm on ma way ti the frunt; ah've
moabilised; ah've got the King's shull'n."

Then he sat quiet, watching to see if we
believed him. It was all so new to himself
that he needed assurance. We showed him
the place prepared for light luggage and aske
him where his front was. It was at Sturlin', h
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tained his belongings. "An' ah hawp at
get them a' into ma kit." We thought it un-
likely, but left someone at Stirling to tel
him so.

Suddenly he took a folded yellow paper from
his pocket. "Haw," he said, "gin ye dunna
believe me." And sure enough, James
M'Alpine, blue eyed, fair haired, 20 years and
260 days old, 5ft. 4in. in height, was on his
way to join his regiment. I think he was a
shy lad in reality, but for the moment he was
exalted; he could not believe that he, James
M'Alpine, was a soldier; he wanted us to
confirm it. A cheery bagman handed him a
picture paper.

"That's them," said James. "The Bailjins,
an' the Frinch, an' the Jairmins, an' the
Roosians. It's the Kayser we're fechtin',
though."

There was a rather horrible picture of
wounded Belgians that he examined for a
while. "Aye, that's what we'll dae ti them,"
he remarked grimly. He looked underfed and
very weedy, and his brow was damp with ex-
citement and the potato bag; very raw material
was James.

A lady bent forward and gave him a little
book.

"I want you to promise you'll read this
every day," she said.

"Whit is't?" he asked.

"It's a New Taistamint," she said. "Will
ye promise?"

"Ah'll no' promise that," he said obstinately,
"no at Sturlin'; bit whin Ah get ti the frunt
Ah'll read it ilka day o' the wawr." He wrote
his own name on it with a borrowed pen, and
then a prosperous person in the corner claimed
him.

"Now, my lad," said the prosperous person,
"remember this, there's plinty room at the
tope; try an' come back a sargint, an' be a
craydit ti yer mother; an' once a sargint there's
no sayin' where ye'll stap."

Before Stirling we helped him down with his
sack, he shook hands with us all, and we wished
him luck; but the New Testament lady rather
spoiled things by saying—"We'll all look for
your name in the papers, an' we'll be that
disappointed if we don't see it." We gazed at
each other blankly, for the James M'Alpines
are usually in the papers for a melancholy
reason. But the bagman lifted us out of our
difficulty.

"Fur vallur, ye ken," he said; "the V.C.,
you ken." And while we breathed again James,
who hadn't understood anything at all,
replied—

"Oo, aye, fur vailour." He and his sack got
out, and we watched him helplessly turning
this way and that on the platform.

"His mother won't know him in a fortnight,"
said the bagman. "Ah, doll, we might have
seen him a bit o' t'other. Here, you!" and
he was seen paper the lad a well filled book.

Times - Sat. Sun.
HAPPY ENGLAND

Now each man's mind all
Courage and fear in dread;
Daze each true heart; O grave
Abide in hope the judgment d

This war of millions in arms
In myriad replica we wage;
Unmoved, then, Soul, by each
The dangers of the dark engage

Remember happy England: h
For her bright cause thy latest
Her peace that long hath filled
May now exact the sleep of de

Her woods and wilds, her lov
With harvest now are richly
Safe in her isled securities
Thy children's heaven is her br

O what a deep, contented night
The sun from out her Eastern
Would bring the dust which in
Had given its all for these.

WALTER DE L

HORSE PARADE

Baker's horse and grocer's horse
carriage pair,
Hunting horse and farmer's horse, t
in the square;
A saddle on the withers and a hal
neck—
Off to join the troopers' train and
transport deck.

Comrade of your toil or whim
brown or grey,
Take a last long look at him, a
trot away!
Shining shod on every foot, tan
and mane,
Here's a horse will never step t
roads again.

Fight we must, and fight we can, but
horse's hell—
Starving tied behind the trench or sh
a shell;
Moaning in the darkness for the me
gun.
And—God have pity on things He
now we dare have none.

First of all the sacrifice, black
or brown,
Take a last, long look at them
them leave the town—
Here's the King's horse, shod an
bound for Belgia's plain,
Here's a horse will never step t
roads again.

Stand we must, and stand we shall, to
plighted troth,
Land to land is-foe or friend: and Heav
judge us both;
Win we must, lest tyrant force our islan
destroy—
But these—they share the fear and p
never the victor's joy.

Helpless, yet our helpers true—g
brown and black,
Face you well or face you ill, the
so turning back;
See the King's horse, shod and
bound for Belgia's plain,
Never out of all the town w

PAIK

Wilhelm's first victory.
supported him!—Tele-
the Crown Princess.

as you tell,
nearly well;
ing nod
erve of God.
ision new—
eave of you?

esties torn,
war adorn;
s must look
that book,
time of war
ace forswore,
rously wise,
terrorize,
the deed was fine—
firing line,
own to dust,
bestial lust,
printer's ink,
which the apes would

ings that you press
ighteousness!

d decorate
ho serve your State,
ress bestow
ood, and so—
orld that you
ry anew.

d kneel in prayer
ands, and there
d awful stain
of children slain
oul with shame,
breathe that Name
bly advertise—
r allies

t, you forget;
onscript yet;
in dumb amaze
re not your ways,
ough which you tread
white road of God,

ever way the combat

he end, commend our

TURNER.

er your stars that keep
aps in charted motion set,
are renewed in sleep
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OHN DRINKWATER.

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"Oo, aye, fur vaylour." He and his sack got out, and we watched him helplessly turning this way and that on the platform.

"His mother won't know him in a fortnight," said the bagman. "bit, dod, we might have ge'en him a bit o' tubacco. Here, you!" and as the train passed the lad a well-filled pouch fell at his feet.

A. A. A.

Now each man's mind all Europe is;
Courage and fear in dread array
Daze each true heart; O grave and wise,
Abide in hope the judgment day.

This war of millions in arms
In myriad replica we wage;
Unmoved, then, Soul, by earth's alarms
The dangers of the dark engage.

Remember happy England: keep
For her bright cause thy latest breath.
Her peace that long hath lulled asleep
May now exact the sleep of death.

Her woods and wilds, her loveliness,
With harvest now are richly at rest;
Safe in her isled securities
Thy children's heaven is her breast:

O what a deep, contented night
The sun from out her Eastern seas
Would bring the dust which in her sight
Had given its all for these.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

HORSE PARADE

Baker's horse and grocer's horse and gentle
carriage pair,
Hunting horse and farmer's horse, they muster
in the square;
A saddle on the withers and a label on the
neck—
Off to join the troopers' train and cross the
transport deck.

Comrade of your toil or whim—black or
brown or grey,
Take a last long look at him, and let him
trot away!
Shining shod on every foot, tonsured tail
and mane,
Here's a horse will never step the Border
roads again.

Fight we must, and fight we can, but war's the
horse's hell—
Starving tied behind the trench or shattered by
a shell;
Moaning in the darkness for the mercy of a
gun.
And—God have pity on things He made—for
now we dare have none.

First of all the sacrifice, black or grey
or brown,
Take a last, long look at them and let
them leave the town—
Here's the King's horse, shod and shorn,
bound for Belgia's plain,
Here's a horse will never step the Border
roads again.

Stand we must, and stand we shall, to keep a
plighted troth,
Land to land is foe or friend: and Heaven must
judge us both;
Win we must, lest tyrant force our island rights
destroy—
But these—they share the fear and pain—and
never the victor's joy.

Helpless, yet our helpers true—grey and
brown and black,
Fare you well or fare you ill, there's now
no turning back;
See the King's horse, shod and shorn,
bound for Belgia's plain,
Never one of all the troop will whinny
here again.

A. S. F. in "Glasgow Herald."

A NEW SCOTCH REEL.

A valued contributor writes:—"Would you like this new Scotch reel, inspired by the pipes of the bonny Highlanders who for a week made a little Scotland of Melun? On Wednesday, the 2nd, I was in the town and saw the good women rush from the streets into their houses crying in dreadful voices, 'Les Allemands!' And there, by the old church, round the corner came the Highlanders! I stood still on the pavement and sang 'Scots wha hae' at the top of my old cracked voice, and they, appreciating the welcome and excusing the minstrelsy, waved their hands to me. The Staff was here, the Flying Corps, three regiments, English and Scottish. Such brave, bright, orderly, kind young men. On September 6 the cannon sounded very near. I went into the street and said to a demure, douce young Highlander, 'Do ye think the Germans are coming?' And he replied, 'I've been hearing, Matam, that the Chermans will hafe been hafia a pit of a set-pack.' It was in this modest manner that I heard of the victory on the Marne."

Dance, since ye're dancing, William,
Dance up and doon,
Set to your partners, William,
We'll play the tune!

See, make a bow to Paris,
Here's Antwerp-toon;
Off to the Gulf of Riga,
Back to Verdun—
Ay, but I'm thinking, laddie,
Ye'll use your shoon!

Dance, since ye're dancing, William,
Dance up and doon,
Set to your partners, William,
We'll play the tune!

What! Wad ye stop the pipers?
Nay, 'tis ower-soon!
Dance, since you're dancing, William,
Dance, ye puir loon!
Dance till you're dizzy, William,
Dance till ye swoon!
Dance till ye're dead, my laddie!
We play the tune!

Hark to the moaning of the Northern sea
With lamentation for th' heroic dead
For whom the bolt invisible was sped
That bade them of their tireless task be free;
Sleep well! not unremembered shall ye be;
We dwelt secure, we slumbered without
dread,
Our farms were tilled, and all the land
had bread
Because ye watched—and dying was your fee.

No more the tide—an uncompassionate thing
Shall sway beneath the Channel's silver
wall,

No winds shall pass unsorrowfully by,
Still o'er their grave the ships that go
shall call,

"Hail! to the gallant dead who cannot
die,

Sea-sentinels for Empire and for King."

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

HELL AND HATE.

(Description of a little picture.)*

Two demons thrust their arms out over the
world,

Hell with a ruddy torch of fire,
And Hate with gasping mouth,
Striving to seize two children fair
Who play'd on the upper curve of the Earth.

Their shapes were vast as the thoughts of man,
But the Earth was small
As the moon's rim appeareth
Scann'd through an optic glass.

The younger child stood erect on the Earth
As a charioteer in a car
Or a dancer with arm upraised;
Her whole form—barely clad
From feet to golden head—
Leapt brightly against the uttermost azure,
Whereon the stars were splashes of light
Dazed in the gulping beds of space.

The elder might have been stell'd to show
The lady who led my boyish love;
But her face was graver than e'er to me
When I look'd in her eyes long ago,
And the hair on her shoulders fall'n
Nestled its luminous brown
I' the downy spring of her wings:
Her figure aneath was screen'd by the Earth,
Whereoff—so small that was
No footing for her could be—
She appeared to be sailing free
I' the glide and poise of her flight.

Then knew I the Angel Faith,
Who was guarding human Love.

Happy were both, of peaceful mien,
Contented as mankind longeth to be,
Not merry as children are;
And show'd no fear of the Fiends' pursuit,
As ever those demons clutched in vain;
And I, who had fear'd awhile to see
Such gentleness in such jeopardy,
Lost fear myself; for I saw the foes
Were slipping aback and had no hold
On the round Earth that sped its course.

The painted figures never could move,
But the artist's mind was there:
The longer I look'd the more I knew
They were falling, falling away below
To the darkness out of sight.

ROBERT BRIDGES, Dec. 16, 1913.

* These verses were written last year when, experimenting in prosody, I took this chance subject. I was dissatisfied with the attempt, and had laid them aside, till their existence recurred to my mind the other day. I now wish to publish them, thinking that the strange aptness of their meaning to the present unexpected situation may perhaps excuse their imperfection, and this somewhat lengthy explanation. The words have undergone no later adjustment. R. B.

THE SEAR

Political morality differs
because there is no power a

Shadow by shadow
The lean black crus
Night-long their level
Revolve and find n
Only they know each
May hide the lightning

And, in the land they
Is there no silent w
An age is dying; and
Rings midnight on
But over all its waves
The search-lights mov

And captains that we
And dreamers that
And voices that we
Arise and call us,
And "Search in thine
"For there, too, hark

Search for the foe in t
The sloth, the intell
The trivial jest that v
For which our faith
The lawless dreams, th
That rend thy nobler

Not far, not far into t
These level swords c
Yet for her faith does
Her faith in this our
Believing Truth and J
From founts of everlas

Therefore a Power abo
The unconquerable
The fire, the fire that
Once more upon her
Once more, redeemed
She moves to the Etern

THE SHIPS O

On seas where every
A thousand thous
Ride with a moaning
Through winds gre

They are the ships o
As fleets are derelict
Estranged from every
Searce asking fort

No, do not hail them.
Lonely as they wa
There is an hour will
There is a sun will

JOHN

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OF WAR.

the pygmies' shore :
the epic skies :
age war once more,
are the prize ;
alleys classed, lo, these
of the seas !

mountains' dizzy steep
take their flight.
of the deep
ancient night.
wave, in air
inquest everywhere.

a spear or sword
burst with fiery breath :
the cries are poured
leagues of death.
How have ye warred,
of the Lord ?

Immortal's hour ;
never fail ;
ve not lost their power :
a prevail.
legions still, proud ghosts,
unbattled hosts.

the empire, Prince of Peace !
circling of the suns
as their power increase.
own anointed ones
the warring bands
issings from their hands.

a dream mid outcasts born
the pride of kings ?
Christ the ancient scorn.
gold and silver wings
Perhaps it nests in flame
to abjure His name.

rightful gods, nor pay
that the heart denies,
is not Zeus to-day,
from the epic skies,
the Prince of Peace ? Is Thor
a world at war ?

dreams of power we hold,
whose names are with us still.
image made of old
companions of their will.
a airy empire's pride,
pray to the Crucified ?

Christ, it was too soon
battle to be furled
as yet at the high noon.
twilight of the world :
ay greet Thee without scorn
Thee then without a thorn.

A REQUIEM.

When the red storms of Death shall cease,
And on each Belgic plain
We note the fruitful year's increase
By waves of golden grain,
And watch once more old scenes of peace
In ravaged field or fane ;
What voice from your ensanguined bed
Shall wake your lives, ye glorious Dead ?

Though now in Belgic grave concealed,
And bathed in bloody dew,
How bounteous is the harvest's yield
From seeds broadcast by you,
Who fought and died from Zutphen field
Till steadfast Waterloo !
'Neath Sidney's captaincy ye bled,
Who fell by Mons, unnumbered Dead !

From age to age your legions came
Chivalric, true, and brave,
To fight for Freedom and for Fame,
And Britain's cause to save :
Your battleground was still the same,
The Belgic soil your grave :
Your Marlborough's glory crowns each head
Laid low but late, illustrious Dead !

From many a far self-governed sphere,
Where other stars control
The changes of th' inverted year,
Men make your tombs their goal ;
Till, by your blood united here
In cause and heart and soul,
All sons of Liberty are led
To form one realm, imperial Dead !

W. J. COURTHOPE.

SUMMER IN ENGLAND, 1914.

On London fell a clearer light ;
Caressing pencils of the sun
Defined the distances, the white
Houses transfigured, one by one,
The " long, unlovely street " impearled.
O what a sky has walked the world !

Most happy year ! And out of town
The hay was prosperous, and the wheat ;
The silken harvest climbed the down ;
Moon after moon was heavenly-sweet,
Stroking the bread within the sheaves,
Locking twixt apples and their leaves.

And while this rose made round her cup,
The armies died convulsed ; and when
This chaste young silver sun went up
Softly, a thousand shattered men,
One wet corruption, heaped the plain,
After a league-long throb of pain.

Flower following tender flower ; and
birds,
And berries ; and benignant skies
Made thrive the serried flocks and
herds—

Yonder are men shot through the eyes,
And children crushed. Love, hide thy
face
From man's unpardonable race.

A REPLY.

Who said " No man hath greater love than
this,
To die to serve his friend ?"
So these have loved us all unto the end.
Chide thou no more, O thou unsacrificed !
The soldier dying dies upon a kiss,
The very kiss of Christ.

ALICE MEYNELL.

TO THE BELGIANS.

O race that Cæsar knew,
That won stern Roman praise,
What land not envies you
The laurel of these days ?

You built your cities rich
Around each towered hall,—
Without, the statued niche,
Within, the pictured wall.

Your ship-thronged wharves, your marts,
With gorgeous Venice vied ;
Peace and her famous arts
Were yours : though tide on tide

Of Europe's battle scourged
Black fields and reddened soil,
From blood and smoke emerged
Peace and her fruitful toil.

Yet when the challenge rang
" The War-Lord comes : give room !"
Fearless to arms you sprang
Against the odds of doom.

Like your own Damian,
Who sought that lepers' isle
To die a simple man
For men with tranquil smile,

So strong in faith you dared
Defy the giant, scorn
Ignobly to be spared,
Though trampled, spoiled, and torn.

And in your faith arose
And smote, and smote again,
Till those astonished foes
Reeled from their mounds of slain,

The faith that the free soul,
Untaught by force to quail,
Through fire and dirge and dole
Prevails and shall prevail.

Still for your frontier stands
The host that knew no dread,
Your little, stubborn land's
Nameless, immortal dead.

LAURENCE BINYON.

THE VOICE OF INDIA.

Rajah and Maharajah and zemindar
Show forth to-day the East's Imperial mood
Gwalior, Mysore, Indore, Patiala, Oudh,
Kashmir, and Hyderabad and Kishangarh,
By prince and princess, Begum and Mehtar,
Guikwar and Nizam, give the free, unwo
Gifts of an Orient that forgets to brood,
And leaps to follow in tempest England's s
Nor evermore may England's self forget
How city on city proffered boon on boon
Delhi, Madras, Calcutta, or Rangoon
Pouring the noble guerdons that have set
Deep in our hearts the joy of noble debt
To hearts more golden than the Asian r

WILLIAM WATSON

GODS OF WAR.

Fate wafts us from the pygmies' shore :
We swim beneath the epic skies :
A Rome and Carthage war once more,
And wider empires are the prize ;
Where the beaked galleys clashed, lo, these
Our iron dragons of the seas !

High o'er the mountains' dizzy steep
The winged chariots take their flight.
The steely creatures of the deep
Cleave the dark waters' ancient night.
Below, above, in wave, in air
New worlds for conquest everywhere.

More terrible than spear or sword
Those stars that burst with fiery breath :
More loud the battle cries are poured
Along a hundred leagues of death.
So do they fight. How have ye warred,
Defeated Armies of the Lord ?

This is the Dark Immortal's hour ;
His victory, whoever fail ;
His prophets have not lost their power :
Cæsar and Attila prevail.
These are your legions still, proud ghosts,
These myriad embattled hosts.

How wanes thine empire, Prince of Peace !
With the fleet circling of the suns
The ancient gods their power increase.
Lo, how thine own anointed ones
Do pour upon the warring bands
The devil's blessings from their hands.

Who dreamed a dream mid outcasts born
Could overbrow the pride of kings ?
They pour on Christ the ancient scorn.
His Dove its gold and silver wings
Has spread. Perhaps it nests in flame
In outcasts who abjure His name.

Choose ye your rightful gods, nor pay
Lip reverence that the heart denies,
O Nations. Is not Zeus to-day,
The thunderer from the epic skies,
More than the Prince of Peace ? Is Thor
Not nobler for a world at war ?

They fit the dreams of power we hold,
Those gods whose names are with us still.
Men in their image made of old
The high companions of their will.
Who seek an airy empire's pride,
Would they pray to the Crucified ?

O outcast Christ, it was too soon
For flags of battle to be furled
While life was yet at the high noon.
Come in the twilight of the world :
Its kings may greet Thee without scorn
And crown Thee then without a thorn.

A REQUIEM.

When the red storms of Death shall cease,
And on each Belgic plain
We note the fruitful year's increase
By waves of golden grain,
And watch once more old scenes of peace
In ravaged field or fane ;
What voice from your ensanguined bed
Shall wake your lives, ye glorious Dead ?

Though now in Belgic grave concealed,
And bathed in bloody dew,
How bounteous is the harvest's yield
From seeds broadcast by you,
Who fought and died from Zutphen field
Till steadfast Waterloo !
'Neath Sidney's captaincy ye bled,
Who fell by Mons, unnumbered Dead !

From age to age your legions came
Chivalric, true, and brave,
To fight for Freedom and for Fame,
And Britain's cause to save :
Your battleground was still the same,
The Belgic soil your grave :
Your Marlborough's glory crowns each head
Laid low but late, illustrious Dead !

From many a far self-governed sphere,
Where other stars control
The changes of th' inverted year,
Men make your tombs their goal ;
Till, by your blood united here
In cause and heart and soul,
All sons of Liberty are led
To form one realm, imperial Dead !

W. J. COURTHOPE.

SUMMER IN ENGLAND, 1914.

On London fell a clearer light ;
Caressing pencils of the sun
Defined the distances, the white
Houses transfigured, one by one,
The " long, unlovely street " imperaled.
O what a sky has walked the world !

Most happy year ! And out of town
The hay was prosperous, and the wheat ;
The silken harvest climbed the down ;
Moon after moon was heavenly-sweet,
Stroking the bread within the sheaves,
Looking twixt apples and their leaves.

And while this rose made round her cup,
The armies died convulsed ; and when
This chaste young silver sun went up
Softly, a thousand shattered men,
One wet corruption, heaped the plain,
After a league-long throb of pain.

Flower following tender flower ; and
birds,
And berries ; and benignant skies
Made thrive the serried flocks and
herds—
Yonder are men shot through the eyes,
And children crushed. Love, hide thy
face
From man's unpardonable race.

A REPLY.

Who said " No man hath greater love than
this,
To die to serve his friend ?"
So these have loved us all unto the end.
Chide thou no more, O thou unsacrificed !
The soldier dying dies upon a kiss,
The very kiss of Christ.

ALICE MEYNELL.

TO THE B

O race that Caesar
That won stern
What land not
The laurel of

You built your cit
Around each tow
Without, the statu
Within, the pict

Your ship-thronged
With gorgeous
Peace and her fan
Were yours : the

Of Europe's battle
Black fields and
From blood and
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THE VOI

Rajah and Mahara
Show forth to-day
Gwalior, Mysore,
Kashmir, and Hyd

By prince and prin
Guikwar and Ni
Gifts of an Ori
And leaps to follow
Nor evermore may

How city on city
Delhi, Madras, C
Pouring the noble
Deep in our hearts
To hearts more

INDIA TO ENGLAND.

[We publish to-day an account of the arrival of Indian troops at Marseilles, and below a poem finely expressing the spirit in which they come, by a distinguished Indian Judge, Nawab Nizamut Jung, of the High Court of Hyderabad.]

O England! in thine hour of need,
When Faith's reward and Valour's meed
Is death or glory;
When fate indites, with biting brand,
Clasped in each warrior's stiffening hand,
A Nation's story;

Though weak our hands, which fain would
clasp
The warrior's sword with warrior's grasp.
On Victory's field;
Yet turn, O mighty Mother! turn
Unto the million hearts that burn
To be thy shield!

Thine equal justice, mercy, grace,
Have made a distant alien race
A part of thee!
'Twas thine to bid their souls rejoice,
When first they heard the living voice
Of Liberty!

Unmindful of their ancient name,
And lost to Honour, Glory, Fame,
And sunk in strife
Thou found'st them, whom thy touch hath
made
Men, and to whom thy breath conveyed
A nobler life!

They, whom thy love hath guarded long,
They, whom thy care hath rendered strong
In love and faith,
Their heart-strings round thy heart en-
twine;
They are, they ever will be thine,
In life—in death!

NIZAMUT JUNG.

THE TRUMPET.

The author of this poem, Mr. Rabindranath Tagore, is the famous Indian poet, whose essays have brought in recent years a new delight to lovers of English literature. Personally not unknown in this country, himself translates many of his works from the Bengali, and his command of our language has done much to make the West acquainted with the

Thy trumpet lies in the dust,
The wind is weary, the light is dead. Ah, the evil day!
Come fighters, carrying your flags and singers with your songs!
Come pilgrims, hurrying on your journey!
The trumpet lies in the dust waiting for us.

I was on my way to the temple with my evening offerings,
Seeking for the heaven of rest after the day's dusty toil;
Hoping my hurts would be healed and stains in my garments washed
When I found thy trumpet lying in the dust.

Has it not been the time for me to light my lamp?
Has my evening not come to bring me sleep?
O, thou blood-red rose, where have my poppies faded?
I was certain my wanderings were over and my debts all paid
When suddenly I came upon thy trumpet lying in the dust.

Strike my drowsy heart with thy spell of youth!
Let my joy in life blaze up in fire.
Let the shafts of awakening fly piercing the heart of night and a thrill
shake the palsied blindness,
I have come to raise thy trumpet from the dust.

Sleep is no more for me—my walk shall be through showers of arrows.
Some shall run out of their houses and come to my side—some shall
Some in their beds shall toss and groan in dire dreams:
For to-night thy trumpet shall be sounded.

From thee I had asked peace only to find shame.
Now I stand before thee—help me to don my armour!
Let hard blows of trouble strike fire into my life.
Let my heart beat in pain—beating the drum of thy victory.
My hands shall be utterly emptied to take up thy trumpet.

RABINDRANATH

LORD ROBERTS: BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

He passed in the very battle-smoke
Of the war that he had descried;
Three hundred mile of cannon
spoke
When the Master-Gunner died.

He passed to the very sound of the
guns,
But before his eye grew dim
He had seen the faces of the sons
Whose sires had served with
him.

He had touched their sword-hilts
and greeted each
With the old sure word of
praise,
And there was virtue in touch and
speech
As it had been in old days.

So he dismissed them and took his
rest,

Between the adoring East and
West
And the tireless guns in the
North.

Clean, simple, valiant, well-
beloved,
Flawless in faith and fame,
Whom neither ease nor honours
moved
A hair's breadth from his aim.

Never again the war-wise face,
The weighed and urgent word
That pleaded in the market-
place—
Pleaded and was not heard!

Yet from his life a new life springs
Through all the hosts to come,
And Glory is the least of things
That follow this man home.

RUDYARD KIPLING