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Established 1865

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Reserve ..... 3,400,000  
Total Assets, over ..... 80,000,000

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left alone with their secret. I could only hope that for them I would mark many sunny hours.

"The shadows moved on, and soon I heard the march of feet and I knew the Ensign and his regiment were outside the Cathedral. They entered with band playing and pennons flying. Not since the Civil War had the old Cathedral held such a company. Through my window—I call it mine, because through it when the sun shone, I commanded a view of the interior—I saw the Ensign and his men pass to their places in front of the altar and the service begin.

"I remember only the music. It was by a then-living composer—Handel, I think—and it told ever so vividly of the wars of the Chosen People against their invaders more centuries ago than the Sundial of Ahaz, the Father of all Sundials, could recall even at that day when the shadow went back upon the dial. The regiment joined in with trumpet and drum and fife and cymbal, and I wish I could tell you how finely it all sounded in that grey old building. It threw clamorous battle-calls amongst the ancient pillars and fretted arches and shook the tattered flags above in the clerestory, until I almost expected the old Crusader sleeping stonily in the transept—an ancestor of the Ensign, by the way—to awake and answer the imperative summons. The trumpets shrilled above the triumphant march of the music,



"Now, Sir, here is the map of New York, showing the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, St. Patrick's Cathedral, the little church around the corner—"

"Mein Gott! I can't shoot around the corner!" —Life

and there was not a soldier in the company but stiffened in his place and held his head higher over his leathern stock. His blood answered the call to battle. The cymbals clashed like the blow of sword on steel; the fives screamed as horses and men do when they are locked in a death-struggle; and the drums beat a cannonade that reverberated from wall and roof as Oliver Cromwell's artillery did when a handful of Cavaliers held the town against him a hundred years before.

"Then, gradually, the battle music died down, the fives and cymbals and drums ceased to weave spells of conflict in the House of Peace and the organ tones sank into soft whisperings of penitence and prayer. The people knelt to the God of Battles.

"All this time, the sunlight poured through the great rose window and painted in vivid coloring on the stone flooring, just where the Ensign knelt, the victory of the youthful David over the Champion of Gath.

"I wondered whether the Ensign saw it and took it for an omen.

"The service ended and the company formed up outside the Cathedral and marched away. And that was the last I saw of him.

"The seasons swung in and out through the years, bringing sometimes the light English snows that drifted on to my dial-plate so that the shadow fell on soft fleecy whiteness and not on hard grey stone; and sometimes the thick blinding North Sea fogs that closed the eye of the sun and left me in darkness through the short days. But always when the shadows lengthened on the waving grass of summer and the crows flew higher over the Cathedral, She came, evening after evening, and read my message of hope.

"Let others tell of storms and showers I mark only the happy hours.

"Then she would run lightly down the flagged walk and I could hear her singing to herself as she went,

"About the end of the fifth summer, I think it was, she came one evening slowly and sadly down the walk, and, leaning over my pedestal, shut out the sun's mark on the dial. No need to tell me what had happened; I knew only too well that I could mark no more sunny hours for her.

"As she waited there, the iron-bound doors of the Cathedral opened and a little procession with flag lowered, arms reversed and drums mute, passed in, the old Dean meeting them at the head of the surprised choir-boys. They moved quietly up the nave and then the music broke out. There were no war-calls in this music, but instead the slow beat as of an army moving to bivouac after battle. Throbbing through the measure, the muffled drums brought the clustering shadows down from beneath the carved roof and called the light from the great rose window though the sun was half an hour from its setting and its mark on the dial was still keen-edged.

In and through these shadows, the music journeyed like a questing spirit. It seemed as if it had lost something and was searching the shadows to find it.

"Then quite suddenly it changed. I heard a note of subdued triumph sweep in—not loud, you know, but very insistent. It barely held its own for a moment but then it grew stronger and stronger so that it overcame the sorrowing drums putting them to silence, and drove back the eager shadows again beneath the hammer-beam roof. It called back the light into the great window and I saw the red and gold from the garments of "David Mourning Over Jonathan" settle on the grey floor beside the sleeping Crusader. And where the light fell, I saw also that one of the grave-slabs had been raised from its place.

"When I turned to look for her she had gone. I never saw her again. Ah! yes, it's very true. 'Shadows we are and like shadows depart.'"

The Sundial paused a moment.

"Now that," it resumed, "was the England I knew and loved—the England of Old Romance. There is nothing like it now-a-days and in this country you have never even glimpsed it."

Before the Maple tree could reply an automobile thudded up the boulevard street and a clean-shaven young man in a khaki uniform ran up the steps to the garden walk. He halted at the windows and a young and pretty girl ran out to meet him.

"It's come at last," he said, excitedly, "War's broken out all through Europe and the militia is called out for service. We may have to sail in a month."

"Oh!" said the girl, coming to a dead stop just beside the Sundial.

"Yes," he said, misunderstanding her action. "We probably have to go to the Old Country first and afterwards anywhere we're wanted on the Continent."

The girl did not move. He noticed her strained attitude and stopped his flow of speech. "What's the matter, dear?" he inquired with concern.

"It's given me a little shock, I think," returned the girl, smiling bravely. "I wasn't expecting it, you know."

"I'm very sorry," he said soberly. "I quite forgot. But you must not worry over it, that's a brave little girl. Come along with me to the Armories and see us parade. I'll take you there in the auto."

Hand in hand, the girl smiling as bravely as ever, they ran down to the entrance, climbed into the automobile and disappeared in dust down the street.

"Seems to me," said the Maple, addressing the garden at large, "that while we may not have the historical perspective nor the reverence for the past, nor the influence of great deeds done through the ages, we have not altogether lost the True Romance."

The Sundial was silent for a moment, thinking.

"I must apologize," it said, penitently. "Although the country and the conditions here are different, the hearts of the people are as they have always been."

## "Great" or "Little" Germany?

If Germany, after her diplomatic rascalities of the last few years and her cultural display of the last few weeks, is to be called great, then we had better publish our dictionaries in abridged editions with the word "great" omitted.—Arnold Bennett.