



The Other,—calm, but undismayed,
Faced in a hopeless strife
His country's death for honour's cause ;
His honour and *his* life.
His land became a shambled list,
Wrecked by a rapine rife.

And for this awful ruin-war
The One must take the blame ;
Be his excuse ambition, or
Be it for nation-fame ;
His was the hand that loosed the horde ;
His be the shameless shame.

The Other?—none may censor him,
Ruled by a Hand above,—
Took up the gauge of cultured earth,
Fought for the Life of Love—
In his right hand the righteous sword ;
His left, the sacred dove.

In light of future years the name
Of One must slink to night.
The Other—Hail ! his royal fame !
Blazoned in quenchless light.
Which of these rulers two, think you,
Governed by Sacred Right ?