

Who sleeps? Faint and forsworn, no sentinel
Between the trenches' snarling lips;
Not one on guard where moonlight waters swell
Under the battleships.

They sleep not for whom furnace smoke-clouds roll,
Nor they who forge for England's care,
Armour laid on the anvil of her soul
And hammered out with prayer.

Who sleeps—your God on His eternal hill,
And Zion falls, and Rachel weeps?
Captain of hosts and our salvation still,
He slumbers not nor sleeps.

Eleanor Alexander.

The Times.

EPILOGUE.

INTERCESSION.

Now the muttering gun-fire dies,
Now the night has cloaked the slain,
Now the stars patrol the skies,
Hear our sleepless prayer again!
They who work their country's will,
Fight and die for Britain still,
Soldiers, but not haters, know
Thou must pity friend and foe.
Therefore hear,
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.