

Tho' stymies foil, and 'pull' and 'slice' combine
 To far divert it from the perfect line,
 Serenely followed through in varied loft and role
 'Twill reach (with few or many putts) the final hole.

This little *jeu d'esprit* he cleverly illustrated with his own pen, demonstrating thereby both his literary and artistic ability. Alas! for his friends the game is o'er, he played it as becometh a good golfer, in an honest and true-hearted way.

War Notes.

Our readers will appreciate the preservation in a permanent form for future reference the remarkable poem well known under the name of "The Day," by Henry Chappell, a railway porter at Bath. Nothing finer as a denunciation has ever appeared in the English language. Its appropriateness at this time is manifest to all:—

You boasted the Day, and you toasted the Day,
 And now the Day has come,
 Blasphemer, braggart, and coward all,
 Little you reck of the numbing ball,
 The blasting shell, or the "white arm's" fall,
 As they speed poor humans home.

You spied for the Day, you lied for the Day,
 And woke the Day's red spleen,
 Monster, who asked God's aid Divine,
 Then strewed His seas with the ghastly mine:
 Not all the waters of all the Rhine,
 Can wash thy foul hands clean.

You dreamed for the Day, you schemed for the Day,
 Watch how the Day will go,
 Slayer of age and youth and prime,
 Defenceless slain for never a crime,
 Thou art steeped in blood as a hog in slime,
 False friend and cowardly foe.

You have sown for the Day, you have grown for the Day,
 Yours is the harvest red,
 Can you hear the groans and the awful cries?
 Can you see the heap of slain that lies,
 And sightless turned to the flame split skies,
 The glassy eyes of the dead?