

THE HOME CALL—AND AFTER 127

Where, under India's glowing sky,
Agra the proud, and strong Lahore,
Lift roof and gleaming dome on high,
His "seven-toned" tongue is heard no more :
Who comes to sound alarm instead ?
Who takes the clarion from the dead ?

Where white camps mark the Afghan's bound,
From Indus to Suleiman's range,
Through many a gorge and upland—sound
Tidings of joy divinely strange :
But there they miss *his* eager tread ;
Who comes to toil then for the dead ?

Where smile Cheltonian hills and dales,
Where stretches Erith down to shore
Of Thames, wood-fringed and fleck'd with sails,
His holy voice is heard no more.
Is it for nothing he is dead ?
Send forth your children in his stead !

Far from fair Oxford's groves and towers,
Her scholar Bishop dies apart ;
He blames the ease of cultured hours
In death's still voice that shakes the heart.
Brave saint ! for dark Arabia dead !
I go to fight the fight instead !

O Eastern-lover from the West !
Thou hast out-soared these prisoning bars ;
Thy memory, on thy Master's breast,
Uplifts us like the beckoning stars.
We follow now as thou hast led ;
Baptize us, Saviour, for the dead !

A. E. M.