

LAUREL.

A PICTURED face, in frame of gold.
Large, tender eyes, and forehead bold,
And firm, unflinching mouth ;
A face that tells of mingled birth—
The calmness of the northern earth,
The passion of the south !

The one face in the world to me,
The face I never more shall see
Until God's kingdom come !
Oh, tender eyes ! oh, firm strong lips !
What comfort in my life's eclipse ?
What succour ? Ye are dumb !

I brought the blossoms of the spring
To deck my true love's offering,
While he was far away :
With rose's bloom, with pansy's grace,
I wreathed the well beloved face :
I have no flowers to-day.

But laurel, laurel for my brave,
My hero lying in his grave
Upon that foreign sod !
He passed amid the crash of guns,
Beyond the farthest sun of suns,
A kingly soul, to God !

He died upon the battle-field,
He knew not, he, to fly nor yield,
Bold Britain's worthy son !
And I will wreath his laurel crown,
Although the bitter tears run down—
I was his chosen one.

He loved his country, so did I ;
He parted forth to do or die,
And I—I let him go ;
Oh dear, dear land ! we gave thee all,
God bless the banner, and the pall,
God help the mourner's woe !

I hear the bells ring loud and sweet,
I hear the shouting in the street,
For joy of victory ;
The very children cease their play,
To babble of the victor's bay,
And pennons flutter free.

I hear the vivas long and loud,
As they ride onward through the crowd,
His comrades bold and brave ;
The shouts of triumph rend the air,
Oh, he must hear them lying there,
My hero in his grave !

I do not grudge thee, darling mine !
I, the last daughter of a line
Whose warrior blood ran free,
Upon the battle-fields of old ;
Thou wast not mine to have and hold,
The land had need of thee.

I do not grudge thee ; I shall smile,
Beloved, in a little while,
And glory in thy name ;
I hold love's laurel in my hand,
But take thou from the grateful land
Thy wreath of deathless fame !

—All The Year Round.

HERAT.

IT is one of the oldest cities of the East and was once one of the richest. To use the words of a Persian geographer, "the city has been fifty times taken, fifty times destroyed, and fifty times it has arisen from its ashes." Six hundred and sixty years ago it contained, according to the records of the period, 12,000 retail shops, 6,000 public baths, caravanserais and water-mills, 350 school and monastic institutions, and 144,000 occupied houses, and was yearly visited by caravans from all parts of Asia. . . . Our generals and the generals of

Russia value Herat, not solely on account of the city, but on account of the resources of the district in which it is situated—resources in corn and beef, which, if swept into any point of the Herat district, not necessarily to Herat itself, would feed an army of at least 100,000 men, and sustain them during the final advance upon India. It is this great campaign ground, and not exclusively the town of Herat, that is the Key of India. If a line be drawn south of Herat 100 miles to Furrâh, a second west 70 miles to Kusau on the Persian frontier,