

"a green hill, far away,
Without a city wall:"

In these days of stress and peril to civilization and humanity the poets, soldier or civilian, are fulfilling their mission. They are still the seers, champions, consolers, inspirers of mankind. They voice our prayers, our hopes. They cry to us of Freedom, Truth, Sacrifice. They have reborn in us a poignant consciousness of the reality, the everlasting spiritual preciousness, of the ideals for which men gladly die. They have shown us anew

"That Truth and Justice draw
From founts of everlasting Law".

"Watchman, what of the night?", we cry, and from the high towers where humanity's seers look into the future, and whence can be seen the dawn through the darkness, comes the heartening, steadying answer. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand!" Strengthened in courage, in patience, in faith, albeit often in pain, and purified as by fire, let us learn the lesson the poets teach, and, with all who believe and hope, each set to our own work of sacrifice and of service, and thus

"redeemed and healed, and whole
Move on to the Eternal Goal".

