The Rockwood Review.

KHARTOUM.

Between me and the shimmering hills, Between me and the nearer plain Some haud unseen shakes out and fills The gossamer curtain of the rain.

The slant lines weave a liquid woof Across aerial wefts of rags

Sloped tent-wise, like a Moorish roof, And swaying as a fountain swags.

Wind-blown among its towers and trees Where all day long the sunshine lies, In those warm lands beyond the seas Whither my frost-clipt fancy flies.

Pale through the silver-tinted mist The autumn landscape colours shin

The autumn landscape colours shine In sapphire and in amethyst,
In opal and clear hyaline.

Yet looking forth I but behold

The desert stretching many a mile,—
The Arab and his camel-fold

The Arab and his camel-fold,
In rainless valleys of the Nile.

Under the Sphynx's level lids, O'er arid plain, through rocky gorge, Once more beneath the pyramids

Once more beneath the pyramids

Advance the standards of St. George.

Once more the ancient faith-cry
"St. George and merrie England" stirs
The vault of the Egyptian sky,—

The dust of her dead Emperors.
O gallant Cheiftain brave and bold,
The flower of Christian chivalry,—
Look from thy fastness, and behold

The price thy England pays for thee! We weep for him of Khiva slain,

With Albion in her sea-girt isle, And Egypt gives us not again All our young voyageurs of her Nile:—

The traitor Sheiks betray thy faith,
And thy brave comrades come too late

For aught but to avenge thy death.

Land of dead glories,—meeting-place

Of Christian faith surviving loss, And the false prophet and his race, The crescent and the holy cross:

It must be that the Cross shall win.
That flag, to every wind unfurled,
Shall gather from the nations in

The hope and blossom of the world. And English hands plant here again,

Where history and mankind began, The sced of that divinest grain

Whose noblest fruit is nobler man.
Rain, winter rain!—lower winter skies!
To-day ye wrap the world in gloom
For our dead hero where he lies

Voiceless and slain in fallen Khartoum. K. S. McL.

This poem was written in 1885, within a few days after the news came of the death of the heroic General Gordon in Egypt.