



Salvator Mundi.

Bring the fragments of the Tree,
Build again My Cross for Me.

Hither let the nails be borne,
Weave again the Crown of Thorn.

Bring the scourge and bring the spear;
You who scoff, assemble here.

On My Body once was hurled
The agony of all the world;

On My Soul one day was cast
Every sin from first to last;

"It was not enough," you say,
"Christ! come forth again to-day!"

Bring the fragments of the tree,
Build again My Cross for Me.

Rulers in Jerusalem
To crucifixion did condemn

God, in one man manifest;
Now a multitude, His guest

Has gone up to Calvary,
God in many men to die.

Who are the conscripts of this host
That joyfully give up the ghost?

The holy flag of blood's unfurled,
Who shall now redeem the world?

I, saith Jesus, I alone
Am incarnate, can atone.

I am the boy that left his home,
Amid the shrapnel shell to roam,

I am she who watched him go,
I am friend, and I am foe.

When the hero bows his head,
Jesus of Nazareth is dead,

When in lust man slays his foe,
Through My hands the great nails go;

When they bring the mother word
Of death, Mary embalms her Lord.

O, my children, now, to-day,
Let tender Pity have her way!

O, my children, now, at last,
Let your enmity be past!

When the Lord of Pity rose,
Did he take vengeance on his foes?

Did he stare Pilate out of face,
Or bid Caiaphas leave his place?
Victor, when you sheath the sword,
Follow still your lowly Lord!

—Edith Hume Stewart, in "The Nation."

Belgium and Her Needs.

[The extract below, taken from the literature sent out by the Commission for Relief, may be read with interest. It was written by May Sinclair, an English novelist and journalist.]

Nobody who has not been to Belgium within the last five months can picture, can even dimly conceive that country's desolation. I was there in Ghent with Dr. Hector Munro's Motor Field Ambulance from the last week in September to the middle of October. The misery was intense even then; by this time it must be appalling.

If anything could make it sadder it was the extreme beauty of the country and the towns we passed through, open towns and country formed for the very expression of peace. Behind us to the west, along the high road to Ghent, through Bruges to Ostend, the villages and towns were as yet untouched; the

fields, the plots of flowers lay still and vivid, soaked in the rich autumn sunlight. But before us to the east and south, and northwards round Antwerp, was ruin and war. Wherever our ambulance cars went they met endless processions of refugees; endless, for the straight, flat Flemish roads are endless, and as far as your eye could see, the stream of people was unbroken; endless because the misery of Belgium is endless; the mind cannot grasp it or take it in.

AUTHOR CANNOT BELIEVE WHAT HER EYES SAW.

You cannot meet it with grief, hardly with conscious pity; you have no tears for it; it is a sorrow that transcends everything that you have known of sorrow. These people have left "only their eyes to weep with."

But they do not weep any more than you do. They have no tears for themselves or for each other. Of all the thousands and thousands of refugees whom I have seen, I have only seen three weep, and they were three out of six hundred who had just disembarked at the Prince of Wales's Pier at Dover. But in Belgium not one tear. That was the terrible thing—that and the manner of their flight. It was not flight; it was the vast, unhesitating and unending movement of a people crushed down by grief and weariness, pushed on by its own weight, by the ceaseless impact of its ruin. And that was before the siege of Antwerp.

After the siege the stream thickened and flowed from another direction; that was all. All the streams seemed to flow into Ghent. Even before the siege

population streamed into the great inner hall to be fed. They were marshalled first into the seats of the vast orchestra and auditorium, where they sat like the spectators of some monstrous festival and waited for their turn at the tables.

I helped to serve these meals for two nights, until, in fact, we were forbidden to go into the Palais des Fêtes lest we should bring back fever into the military hospital where our ambulance was quartered. The first night we fed 10,000. The ration was two slices of white bread and a bowl of black coffee. Meat for soup had been given for the midday meal at first, but by this time the army had commandeered all the meat.

This was the state of things in Ghent before the German occupation. Heaven knows what it is now! And the state of Ghent must be nothing to the state of Brussels, of Louvain, of Malines, of the small towns and villages all over Belgium.

The figures as revealed by the Commission for Relief are appalling. It takes over 13,333 tons of foodstuffs, at a cost of \$150,000, to feed for one day the 7,000,000 of people who are starving in Belgium. This, allowing only 10 ounces of food a day per head. Thirty-one thousand of this multitude are babies in Brussels alone, who must have milk. The supply of cereals alone for a month is estimated at 80,000 tons, and a cost of from four to five million dollars.

In the beginning of November 400,000 meals a day were distributed in Brussels alone. By the end of the month they increased to 600,000. Mr. Hoover, the Chairman of the Commission, on his re-



Red Cross Nurses at the Front.

Carrying a wounded soldier from the Allies trenches. — Photo—Underwood and Underwood.

of Antwerp I saw six thousand refugees sleeping on straw in the Palais des Fêtes, packed so tight on the floor of the immense hall that there was no standing-room between any two of them. I can only say of that sight that it is worse to remember than it was to see. You could not believe what you saw; you were stunned as if you yourself had been crushed and numbed in the same catastrophe. Only now and then a face upturned, surging out of that incredible welter of faces and forms, smote you with pity, and you felt as if you had received a lacerating wound in sleep.

FEEDING THE MULTITUDES.

From six till nine in the morning this

turn from Brussels in the first week of December, stated that there were only 15,000 sacks of flour in the city when he left it. Fifteen thousands sounds a very large quantity of sacks of flour, but it is only provision for five days; and the report adds that Liege, Louvain, Charleroi, Namur, Luxembourg and other cities are only provisioned for two or three days.

And these are the large towns, where the relief work is necessarily concentrated and organized at its very best. From the country districts, from the villages and small towns, the appeals for help are heartrending. It is famine there, with the frightful menace of all that fol-

lows from famine in a land held by the enemy.

EMERSON'S DEFINITION OF HUMANITY.

"We hesitate to employ a word so much abused as patriotism, whose true sense is almost reverse of its popular sense. We have no sympathy with that boyish egotism, hoarse with cheering for one side, for one state, for one town. The right patriotism consists in the delight which springs from contributing our peculiar and legitimate advantages to the benefit of humanity."

Among the Books.

WOMEN OF BAGDAD.

(Margaret Simpich, in National Geographic Magazine.)

In Bagdad I went to an Arab harem and visited with the "hareem," as the women are called. It was not an ordinary, ill-kept harem of a common trader or desert sheik that I saw. It was the ornate domestic establishment of a rich and influential person—a former Government official, and a man of prominence in the days of Abdul Hamid.

I went one Sunday morning in spring. The Pasha's imposing home—a Moorish house of high walls, few windows, and a flat roof with parapets—stands near the Bab-ul-Moazzam in Bagdad. Scores of tall date palms grace the garden about the "Kasr"—palace. In a compound beside the palace, pure Arab horses stood hobbled, and a pack of desert hounds called slugeys, used for coursing gazelle, leaped up at my approach.

The dignified old Pasha himself escorted me through his domain. Clad in shining silk turban, flowing abba, and red shoes with turned-up toes, he looked as if he might have just emerged from the dressing-room of some leading man in a modern musical comedy. His make-up was common enough for Bagdad, but to me he seemed positively "stagey." He was all affability, talking brightly in very fair French. He showed me a remarkable falcon—a hawk only three years old, with over 200 gazelles to its credit. In a cage near the palace door were two lean, gray lions, trapped in the jungle marshes along the Tigris. Finally we entered the corridor leading to the "bab-el-haremlik," or gate to the harem.

As we walked toward the gateway of the walled, windowless structure wherein the women were imprisoned, my fancy rioted with visions of languorous Eastern beauties in baggy bloomers and gilt slippers. I thought of all the insipid, maudlin rot slung from the false pens of space-writers whose paths never led to this maltreated East. I thought of marble baths, wherein olive-skinned beauties lolled, as in the toilet-soap advertisements, I thought of precious perfumes and beveled mirrors 30 feet high, of priceless jewels blazing on beautiful breasts, and of bronze eunuchs waving peacock fans, while sinuous serving-maids gently brushed the soft tresses of some harem favorite; but these dreams did not last long.

Almost before I knew it we had passed the great bolt-studded gate, stepped from behind a tall screen of hideous Persian tapestry, and were within the sacred precincts of the harem itself.

The interior was a great square court, surrounded on three sides by small rooms,—the individual rooms of the Pasha's wives and women. On the tiled floor of the court was strewn a variegated lot of cheap Oriental rugs and passats. A few red, plush-covered chairs and divans completed the meager furnishings.

Scarcely were we within when my host called out, and women began pouring