

---

A M A N ' S   L A S T   W O R D

---

" Hunger and war  
My tireless sleuth-hounds are.  
Before my nod  
The quailing nations have no help but God.

" What hast thou found,  
In one life's little round,  
Stronger than these?"  
I said, " One little hand-touch of Marie's."

He said, " Again:  
Of all brave sights to men —  
The glittering rain,  
A towering city in an autumn plain,

" An eagle's flight,  
A beacon-fire at night,  
The harvest moon,  
The burnish of a marching host at noon —