

And time it were for us to take
Our homeward course across the lake,
Ere yet the tell-tale, morn awake.

O Night—where old shape-hauntings dwell,
Though now, calm-eyed :—for thy soft spell,
O soothing Night! I thank thee well.

ANNIE ROTHWELL CHRISTIE

THE WOMAN'S PART

GONE! brother, lover, son!
Gone forth to certain peril, toil and pain,
And chance of death—for country counted gain.
Our part to let them go; to say, "Not one
Would we hold back," to give
Our hearts' best treasures to our mother-land
Though the gift break them; firm of lip and hand
To bid farewell; to say, "Be strong, and live
Victors, or die deserving." Who shall deem
Our part the easier? or the place we hold—
Patience for courage—for the deed the dream—
Waiting for action,—service slight or cold?

What shall we give them? Words?
To them, obedient to the bounds of faith,
To them, enduring danger, fencing death,
Words were as stones for bread. Were our speech
swords,

And were our frail hopes shields,
Then might we give them; but how frame our thought
Nor mar the harvest-gift their truth has brought
With the poor fruit a woman's nature yields