

A PRIEST OF THE CHURCH OF GOD—*The Editor*

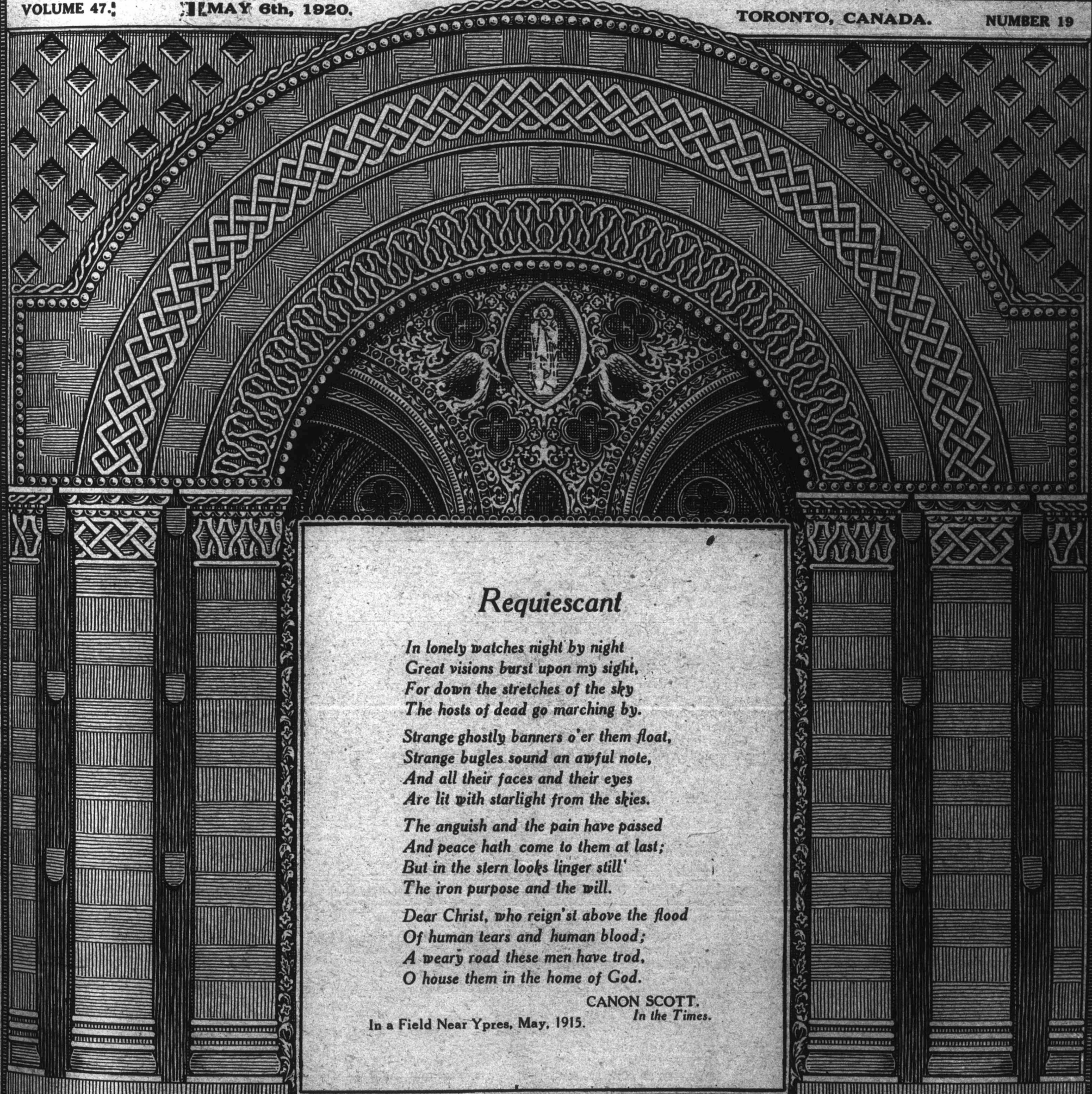
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Requiescant

*In lonely watches night by night
Great visions burst upon my sight,
For down the stretches of the sky
The hosts of dead go marching by.*

*Strange ghostly banners o'er them float,
Strange bugles sound an awful note,
And all their faces and their eyes
Are lit with starlight from the skies.*

*The anguish and the pain have passed
And peace hath come to them at last;
But in the stern looks linger still
The iron purpose and the will.*

*Dear Christ, who reign'st above the flood
Of human tears and human blood;
A weary road these men have trod,
O house them in the home of God.*

CANON SCOTT.

In the Times.

In a Field Near Ypres, May, 1915.

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