

Shepherd Jesus, make Thy child  
 Pure and gentle as the dew,  
 Keep my spirit undefiled  
 Waking, sleeping, kind and true :  
 May my slumber quiet be,  
 Angels watching over me !

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## HUGH COCHRANE

### IDEAL

THE song unsung more sweet shall ring,  
 Than any note that yet has rung ;  
 More sweet than any earthly thing  
 The song unsung !  
 A harp there lies, untouched, unstrung  
 As yet by man, but time shall bring  
 A player by whose art and tongue  
 This song shall sound to God the King ;  
 The world shall cling as ne'er it clung  
 To God and heaven, and all shall sing  
 The song unsung.

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## HEREWARD K. COCKIN

### THE DEATH OF BURNABY

“CLOSE up in front, and steady, lads !” brave  
 Stewart cries, “They’re here” :  
 And distant Cheops echoes back our soldiers’ answer-  
 ing cheer ;  
 One moment’s pause—a year it seems—and swift the  
 Arab horde  
 Pours forth its mingled tide of hate and yells and  
 spear and sword ;