

THE HIDDEN CHILDREN

the dead who had made for them their League of Peace—alas! now shattered for all time.

And in my ears the deep responses seemed to sound, solemnly and low, as the uncorrupted priesthood chanted at Thendara:

“Continue to listen,
Thou who wert ruler,
Ayonhwaktha!
Continue to listen,
Thou who wert ruler,
Shatekariwate!

This was the roll of you,
You who have laboured,
You who completed
The Great League!

Continue to listen,
Thou who wert ruler,
Sharenhaowans!
Continue to listen,
Thou who wert ruler—”

And the line of their noble hymn, the “Kareenna”:
“I come again to greet and thank the women!”

Lord! A great and noble civilization died when the first cancerous contact of the lesser scratched its living Eastern Gate.

* “Hiya-thondek! Kahiaton. Kadi-kadon.”

* “Listen! It is written. Therefore, I speak.”