

JAPAN.

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

Apart from all,
"Child of the World's Old Age,"
Heedful of naught beyond the billowy wall
That closely girt her island hermitage,—
She pondered still, with half-awakened look,
The early lessons of the great World-book,
Nor cared to turn the page.

But a new dread
Possessed her. To invoke
Aid of her gods she tried,—uncomforted
That countless barrier-waves about her broke;
And when, with bold command, in Yeddo bay
A squadron anchored,—oh, prodigious day!—
The Orient awoke.

The one long blind,
At first in fruitless quest
Must grope her course, yet, with enlarging mind,
She quickly clearer saw; and from her breast
Sent forth brave sons—of her strange hunger
taught—
Who, one by one returning, to her brought
The wisdom of the West.

Then we beheld,
With awe and wonderment,
Goliath by this stripling nation felled,
Which—rising by no tedious ascent—
Swift as the upward flight of wind-swept flame,
Leapt from obscurity to dazzling fame,—
Star of the Orient!

Yet has she won
Sublimier victories,
Who, high enlightened all excess to shun,
Has not exacted final penalties,
Nor forced a brave and fallen foe to drain
Humiliation's brimming cup of pain,
Down to the poisoned lees.

In lieu of things
Ephemeral—less worth,
She has revealed the sweep of her strong wings:
Has gained the suffrage of the grateful earth;
Choosing to give herself, as war departs,—
Destructive war,—to the enduring Arts,
Which were her own at birth.

This is her Day!
War-clouds no longer lower
Above her, in her sun's resplendent ray
Revealed,—as wise as dead: for not that hour
When, once impregnable, Port Arthur fell,
Nor that of which a vanished fleet might tell,
So loud proclaimed her power!

O, great Japan!
Who, staying griefs appalling,
Hast shown thyself magnanimous to man,—
The World, that long has felt thy charm en-
thralling,
Has laid full many laurels on thy brow;
But with a new, diviner accent now
She hears the East a-calling!

—*The Independent.*

RUSSIA, ARISE!

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

Rise, Russia, to the great hour rise.
The dead are looking from the skies!
And God's hand, terrible with light,
Upbreaching from the arctic night,
Writes on the North with torch of fire—
Writes in one word the world's desire—
Writes awfully the Word of Man
Across the vast auroral span—
Writes "Freedom!" that shall topple kings
And shake to dust their treasonings.

Because the gibbet and the chain
Scatter thy blood, a sacred rain;
Because thou hast a soul all fire
Under the hoof-marks and the mire;
Because thou hast a dream burned white
By many sorrows of the night;
Because thy grief has paid the price,
Paid it in tears and paid it thrice—

Therefore all great souls surge to thee,
The blown white billows of one sea;
Therefore thy spirit shall prevail,
For in thy failure God shall fail!

This is the hour; awake, arise!
A whisper on the Volga flies;
A wild hope on the Baltic leaps,
A terror over the Neva creeps;
A joy is on the trail that goes
Reddening the white Siberian snows;
The cliffs of Caucasus are stirred
With the glad wonder of a word;
The white wave of the Caspian speaks,
And Ural answers from her peaks.
The Kremlin bells in all their towers
Wait trembling for the Hour of hours,
When they shall cry the People's will—
Cry Marathon and Bunker Hill!

—*From Appleton's Magazine.*