

## SUSPENSE

Pale Goddess of Suspense, who strikes the harp of life  
 With cruel art,  
 Till all its chords are jangled out of tune, and leave  
 A broken heart;  
 Till love has turned on fate  
 The sullen eyes of hate  
 Why must you lead a women's anguished brain  
 To where her fairest lies  
 So restless, throbbing in the throes of pain,  
 That dim the aching eyes?  
 Why dim the vision of a man who aims  
 To bear a gilded name,  
 Then mock him, till his weary feet despair  
 To climb the hill of fame.  
 Till pain breeds unbelief  
 In glowing laurel leaf?  
 Still, grimly still, you strike that fragile harp, until  
 It's strings lie snapped;  
 Until the music of life's tortured souls is stilled,  
 In silence wrapped.  
 Pale Goddess of Suspense,  
 What is your recompense?—*By Dorothy L. Warne.*

## BY A TRENCH BRAZIER

Warmly our brazier's gleaming,  
 Cheerily comforting the weary way;  
 Conjuring dreams—redeeming  
 The stark, stern duties of a soldier's day  
 Between my old sweet briar,  
 This friendly fire,  
 And you, Comrade, beside me  
 Sitting, in sober, silent sympathy,  
 Come gladdening thoughts to guide me  
 Through the dead desert of dull apathy.  
 Flickering fire-side fancies  
 Flitting visions of a twi-light hour,  
 Gay mental necromancies  
 Gilding again the Present's withered flower  
 With tinctures of the Past,  
 Until at last  
 Blossoms again Life's Glory;  
 While all the aching moments melt away,  
 And memory's treasured story  
 Revives the pristine joys of Yesterday.—*By C. Dodwell*