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PEACE.

We received the glorious news of the cessation of hostilities and the German surrender as "The Sapper" was going to press, but we cannot let the moment pass without voicing our deep thankfulness that the laws of right and freedom have been vindicated.

After four years of effort, of doubt, sometimes even of despair we emerge glorious and justified. A foe that flouted God and despised man has been taught that you "can't do wrong and get away with it."

It has cost incalculable blood and tears to wash the world clean of this monstrous abortion of perverted intellectuality and I venture to think that in the process we have also washed away much that was regrettable and archaic in our own systems.

Let us take our joy in a deep and proper spirit and with the hope that the world, through the brotherhood of sorrows, will approach something nearer to a perfect life and understanding.

J. B.

THE NIGHT.

The toast "Der Tag" of the Hun Military before the war is almost forgotten. Considering this toast in the light of what has transpired, it would appear that "Der Nacht" would have been more appropriate.

Was it "THE DAY" for which you longed?
What of "THE NIGHT" so thickly thronged,
With darksome deeds and cowardly stealth,
And visions of greed and unholy wealth?
Of the serpent's glide to the hallowed nest,
Where the mother clasps her babe to her breast?
With the treacherous signal "All is well,"
But a thirst in your heart only known in hell;
A thirst for the blood of man, woman, and child,
And heap upon heap you see them piled.

To "THE NIGHT" you drank—not the starlit night,
Its paths strewn with lovers all faces bright;
With Cupid astride of some tall tree top,
Shooting his darts and watching them drop;
And smiling his smile of innocent glee,
As they dreamed fond dreams of homes to be;
Of cherubs who'd come those homes to bless;
Of infinite love—no wickedness.

You drank to "THE NIGHT" of thunderstorm;
Of the lover from his sweetheart torn;
Of loves destruction—of hate supreme,
That would flow like a devastating stream;
Till father and mother, and brother and maid,
All plunged headlong in the mad cascade,
Would be hurled along in the hellish tide,
To eternal perdition—or cast aside
To be trodden upon by the iron heel,
Or buffeted hard by the fist of steel.

To "THE NIGHT" you drank: Do you recognize
That night with its awful sacrifice?

But "THE NIGHT" is far spent, and the dawn is near,
And out of the dark methinks I hear,
The Voice of Stern Command, and I fear
The avenger of wilful death will say
"Found wanting—thou'rt weighed in the balance
to-day."

Seaford, 5/11/18.

F.A.R.