
A VISIT FROM THE KING

Let us doubt not, amid these seething passions,
The lusts of blood and hate our souls abhor:
The Power that Order out of Chaos fashions
Smites fiercest in the wrath-red forge of War.

Have faith! Fight on! Amid the battle-hell,
Love triumphs, Freedom beacons, All is well.

(Robert W. Service, "Rhymes of a Red Cross
Man.")

THE END.