

The foreign wolves are snarling — they
are howling with delight,
Their jaws a-drip with venom and with
blame.
The Lion walketh lonely — for the cubs
are out of sight —
They're crouching for the onset, all the
same.

We are ready, England! ready! you
have but to say the word!
They lied who said our loyalty was
cold;
'Twas not our voices only — but our
heartbeats that you heard —
Invite us — and we follow as of old.

—M. H. B.

COMMANDEERED.

Last year he drew the harvest home
Along the winding upland lane;
The children twisted marigolds
And clover flowers, to deck his mane,
Last year — he drew the harvest home!

To-day — with puzzled, patient face,
With ears a-droop, and weary feet,
He marches to the sound of drums,
And draws the gun along the street.
To-day — he draws the gun of war!

—L. G. Moberly.