

might never be able to reward them; and, nearer to her, she could see fair Italy, magnificent Russia, and brave Montenegro and Roumania. All, all had been fighting for her, for in fighting for liberty, they fought for the oppressed of the whole world. They had been fighting her battles — the battles of the days of her strength. And there, farther off, was friendly America. For the moment she saw her ideal State — the union of Serb countries into an independent National State — a Serbian or Croato-Serb monarchy.

Then, a shout, a clamor of voices, "Monastir! Monastir! Serbia! Serbia!" Not a year since that awful retreat, and now the long exile was nearing its end. King Peter, and the Crown Prince, the Government, the whole Nation were hurrying home!

"There is no death without the appointed day," chants the old pesma. Serbia will live!

