

## The Rockwood Review.

### TWO SOLDIERS.

Two ships go sailing out over the sea,  
Over the sea to the Eastern shore,  
To the land where the palms and the temples be,  
And the races and history old and hoar.  
And one of the twain her white wings spread,  
Ploughing the furrows of liquid green,  
Her billowy canvas piled overhead,  
Speeds with a soldier of the Queen.

Where the Himalayas' slope down to lave  
Their feet in the ancient rivers' tide,  
And many an English soldier's grave  
Lies under their shadow by Gunga's side, —  
Thither our soldier boy goes forth,  
Bright and brave o'er the southern main;  
When, ah when will the ship sail north  
That brings our warrior home again.

Silently under the heaving line,  
Beyond the towers of Osmarlie,  
Where the rocks and hills of Palestine  
Are glassed in the purple Aryean sea, —  
Another barque drops softly down,  
Furling its wings as the sea-birds do,  
In the ancient port of Jaffa town,  
And this ship carries a soldier too.

Not with banner and accolade,  
Not with shield and with sword in hand,  
Cometh the Knight of the new crusade  
Over the seas to the holy land.  
Nor yet shall the conflict of battle cease  
With him, or the struggle and stress of war,  
Though the Envoy be of the Prince of Peace,  
And the King of King's ambassador.

Oh seas be calm, and winds blow fair  
That speed them over the perilous deep,  
From danger and death that is everywhere  
In the untried path their footsteps keep.  
Our hearts are with them on the sea,  
And with them on the battle plain;  
God crown the fight with victory,  
And guard from harm our soldiers twain!

K. S. McL.