

Through the clash and smoke of battle,  
Rising high o'er hill and tower,  
Comes the voice of fame and glory,  
Popularity and power,  
Consecration to the Mammon,  
Pride and pleasure, for a day,  
Which, in Providential planning,  
Must forever pass away.

And above the peal of cannon,  
(Now's the time to keep the tryst),  
Comes a still small voice from Heaven,  
With a message from the Christ,  
Telling of a world of sadness,  
Thwarted hopes, and pain and woe,  
And appealing to the aspirant  
For a willingness to go.

With the double voices sounding,  
Far and near, and clear indeed,  
One from sources of the worldly,  
One from sufferers sore in need,  
One for glory, self, and honor,  
One on which the Life depends,  
Shall we choose the Self and Mammon,  
Or achievement for our friends?

W. S. R. '15.

