

THE PARTY

BY FRANCES DICKENSON PINDER

I MADE a little party for a friend —
'At five,' I said, 'for cakes and tea,'
And in his little note to me
Confessing the gay hope that he
Might be the only guest, dared to append
That proverb as to company —
Complete of two and spoiled of three —
With blithe assurance that he'd be
With me at five, 'for cakes and tea,
Yours faithfully. . . .'

And so through all that afternoon I went
In happy absent-minded mood
And after four much precious time I spent
In pondering if the garden viewed
With eyes true to a taste imbued
With old-world standards would seem crude. . . .
And all that 'cakes and tea' include
Sometimes . . . till, yielding to sheer sentiment,
At last chose the dim solitude
Of that long, low dream-haunted room where brood
Old meanings of half-words half-understood,
And only little perfumed winds intrude
With shy avowal of the flowers they wooed. . . .
Then went to don my flowered gown, intent
On all that 'cakes and tea' construed
As such, or more than such, have meant. . . .
And so mused through the interlude
Till five, content.

But he was late — and though at last he came
With frank excuse and contrite air,
A something over-fragile, fair,
In poignant fragments everywhere
Distressed us with a frail despair. . . .
And neither of us was to blame,
Yet miserably we were aware
That some sweet thing we'd hoped to share
Had perished ere it had a name!

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THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

BY JOHN S. ARKWRIGHT

O VALLANT Hearts, who to your glory
came
Through dust of conflict and through
battle flame;
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue
proved,
Your memory hallowed in the Land
you loved.

Proudly you gathered, rank on rank to
war,
As who had heard God's message from
afar;
All you had hoped for, all you had,
you gave
To save Mankind — yourselves you
scorned to save.

Splendid you passed, the great surren-
der made,
Into the light that nevermore shall
fade;
Deep your contentment in that blest
abode,
Who wait the last clear trumpet-call
of God.

Long years ago, as earth lay dark and
still,
Rose a loud cry upon a lonely hill.
While in the frailty of our human clay
Christ, our Redeemer, passed the self-
same way.

Still stands His Cross from that dread
hour to this
Like some bright star above the dark
abyss;
Still, through the veil, the Victor's
pitying eyes
Look down to bless our lesser Calvaries.

These were His servants, in His steps
they trod
Following through death the martyr'd
Son of God:
Victor He rose; victorious too shall rise
They who have drunk His cup of
Sacrifice.

O risen Lord, O Shepherd of our Dead,
Whose Cross has bought them and
whose Staff has led —
In glorious hope their proud and sor-
rowing Land
Commits her Children to Thy gracious
hand.

AMEN.

GREATER LOVE

BY WILFRED OWEN

RED lips are not so red
As the stained stones kissed by the
English dead
Kindness of wooed and wooer
Seems shame to their love pure.
O love, your eyes lose lure
When I behold eyes blinded in my
stead!

Your slender attitude
Trembles not exquisite like limbs
knife-skewed,
Rolling and rolling there
Where God seems not to care;
Till the fierce Love they bear
Cramps them in death's extreme
decrepitude.

Your voice sings not so soft —
Though even as wind murmuring
through rafted loft —
Your dear voice is not dear,
Gentle, and evening clear,
As theirs whom none now hear
Now earth has stopped their piteous
mouths that coughed.

Heart, you were never hot,
Nor large, nor full like hearts made
great with shot;
And though your hand be pale,
Paler are all which trail
Your cross through flame and hail:
Weep, you may weep, for you may
touch them not.