

[*The Westminster Gazette*]

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.

Feb. 19-1921



THE Chinese character shown above is composed of four simple characters, thus: No. 1 is a character meaning "food" and in turn is composed of the characters No. 2, meaning "union," and No. 3, meaning "the six kinds of grain;" the character for food then being the "union of the grains." The right hand part of the big character, No. 4, means "distress or misery" and in turn is composed of No. 5, a "door partly opened," and No. 6, a "figure in bent position crouching to enter," the entrance being difficult to effect. The big character now becomes "distress or misery in regard to food" and means, taken as a whole, "hunger."

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