

[*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."

*This interesting poster, printed in black on Chinese ceremonial red, is designed for window display. Whether you have subscribed to the China Fund or not, mail \$1.00 and secure a poster, then place it in your window to interest and attract the attention of others. Sent postpaid on receipt of \$1.00.*

CHINA FAMINE FUND

8 Arlington Street, Boston

GENTLEMEN:

Enclosed find \$ \_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ copy copies of the CHINA FAMINE FUND poster.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# THE LIVING AGE

FOR NEXT WEEK WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

## A WEEK OF THE WORLD

**The Psychology of Greece**, from *L' Action Française*; **Echoes of Ancient Discord**, from *Kölnische Zeitung*; **Japan and the Future of the Orient**, from *Le Correspondant*; **Rumors from the Sentry Line**, from the *Rote Fahne*, and *Kölnische Zeitung*; **Sidelights from Sovietland**, from *Derevenskaya Communa*, and *Krasnaya Gazeta*; **Sunbeams and Cloudbanks**, from *Der Tag*.

OSCAR WILDE: A Portrait of the 'Nineties *By E. T. Raymond*

IN THE AIR *By Archdall Reid*

THE STORY OF A GREAT MOUNTAINEER *By Lord Bryce*

THE AVERAGE MAN AND POETRY *By W. J. Randall*

THE HUMAN SIDE OF THE GREAT RETREAT  
*By M. O. Sale*

If you are not a subscriber, and would like to receive the magazine regularly fill out coupon below.

The Living Age,  
8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$6.00 for my subscription to THE LIVING AGE for one year, beginning.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS..... CITY.....

2-3-21