

man traders, shipping agents, and settlers abroad, some of them naturalized citizens of their adopted country, were not satisfied with these very substantial results. They have for several decades been carrying on a policy of organized 'peaceful penetration.' Some of their methods of commercial infiltration were legitimate. Some were not. Many of these Germans were apostles of *Deutschtum*, and used the rights and privileges accorded them to secure

control of products and industries of direct national or military importance, and to exercise political influence.

In France, Italy, Russia, and the whole British Empire, there is a strong feeling against leaving the way open for a revival of this subtle form of aggression. The Germans themselves seem to be aware of the existence of this feeling, and there are many among them who dread its possible consequences to themselves.

## THE GUEST

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

SOMETIMES I feel that Death is very near,  
And, with half-lifted hand,  
Looks in my eyes, and tells me not to fear,  
But walk his friendly land,  
Comrade with him, and wise  
As peace is wise.

Then, greatly though my heart with pity moves  
For dear imperilled loves,  
I somehow know  
That death is friendly so,  
A comfortable spirit; one who takes  
Long thought for all our sakes.

I wonder: will he come that friendly way,  
That guest, or roughly, in the appointed day?  
And will, when the last drops of life are spilt,  
My soul be torn from me,  
Or, like a ship truly and trimly built,  
Slip quietly to sea?

# THE GREAT EXPECTANCY

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

YESTERDAY we had our Sunday-school picnic. We have one every year, and heretofore they have all floated down the tide of memory, hardly distinguishable, in a medley of green trees, fried chicken, boys and girls, toddling babies, and old people. But this one was different. I shall always remember it on account of old Aunt Livy.

It so happens that three of our four volunteers come from different branches of the same family, and they are all Aunt Livy's great nephews. They had come home for the picnic from nearby training-camps, — very gay and self-conscious in their khaki, — and were soon to leave us, first for larger training-camps, and then for France. And while they strutted about and drilled the girls in their Red Cross costumes, Aunt Livy sat under the green trees and wept all alone, and everybody pretended not to notice. We did not want to see the tears, we wanted to think that war was just smart uniforms, and pretty Red Cross girls, and picnics; and so, when Aunt Livy, in her bright purple dress and her hat with its black plume nodding grotesquely down over her eyes, said, 'He's my little nephew,' and, 'Well, write ef you kin,' mopping her eyes and her trembling mouth with a big old hand, because she had lost her handkerchief, we all tried to slip away from her. But I shall always see that picnic, with the boys and girls laughing together, and the babies meandering here and there, and in the background, poor Aunt Livy, with no one to comfort her, sitting all alone under the

sugar-maples, trembling and old, weeping over her little nephews.

And now Christopher is dead, Christopher, who came all the way from England to our mountains seeking his fortune; Christopher, who shot ground-hogs, and rode, and fiddled, and sang 'John Peel' so gayly, and who sat at our dinner-table just before he sailed for home and the great adventure.

'Yes,' Maggie says, 'I kin see him now a-settin' right here,' — she indicates a special corner of the table, — 'an' he says, "Yes, when the war's over I'll come back an' give a lecture here in the church and tell you about fighting in France and everything."'

O Christopher! If you would come back now and tell us all about everything, how breathlessly we should listen! But I like to think how happy you were just before you went. Down here in the West Virginia mountains, so far away from the great conflict, I suspect that you had known 'great thoughts of heart.' But once the decision was made, you won through to a great serenity and content; and one thinks of you only as young and gay and fortunate; for, in the old days, — such a short little time ago, — when we all made merry together, who ever thought that so many of you Englishmen were to be offered a place in the ranks of a great crusade, to have the glory of a very great enterprise?

And what of us who are left? Life has all at once become a very solemn and sacred thing. We cannot take it lightly any more, it is sanctified by the