

struction were making ready "to poison the minds of men, before destroying their forces and delaying their purposes," the predicted conflict seemed inconsistent with the military victory we were promised, which then seemed to spell peace. In March, 1919, we see more clearly some phases of that "titanic struggle" of which the war was said to be only the beginning. So, too, with most of the other prophecies, many of which were in direct opposition to what we who received them believed probable.

Therefore, taking into consideration all these "signs" that have been given to us, one feels warranted in emphasizing afresh the warnings and the urgent pleas for united constructive effort emanating from the same sources.

"Double your efforts to bring men together in purpose," a visitor from the second plane beyond our own wrote re-

cently to his son. "Details of disagreement must be put aside now. The crisis is the more serious because it is not yet fully understood, and men who should be working in perfect harmony toward a common and clearly visible end are squabbling over small details of political or social theory. . . . Destructive forces are organizing rapidly and proselyting vigorously in all classes and in all—or almost all—countries. When they cannot create a strong union for their own purposes, they create discontent and disaffection among those who should be strongly constructive. This is no time to split up anything, unless it is actively destructive. Hold together, and change direction where it is necessary. But hold together. And gather in more where you can. Work for more understanding, more sympathy, more common effort for a common good."

A Summer Song

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

THE winds of morning are like lyres;
Now flame and flare the poppy fires
The garden ways along,
And the sequestered forest choirs
Are rapturous with song.

The drowsy burden of the bee
Is like a honeyed harmony,
And till dark claims its own
The crickets will chirr ceaselessly
In rhythmic monotone.

Then, with the falling of the dusk,
The scent of mignonette and musk
Will all the air enshroud,
And the new moon will slip its husk
Of sailing silver cloud.

And in the glamour of its light
You, clad in draperies of white,
As fair as those above,
Will steal adown the paths of night
To keep a tryst with Love.

“Missing”

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY



WHEN all your life you have been a shepherd and then they turn you into a soldier!

You see strange lands; you are wounded, imprisoned, hunted; you get away at last; and you come home. You are here, standing on the top of the hills—these gracious green giants that all your life made your boundaries; were your girdle; hemmed you in.

The misty blue nose of Firlie Beacon, suddenly appearing as he crowned a ridge, made him understand how he had fretted for these hills in a strange land.

He was thinking about this as he went along, walking high, with the arable land and the little villages far below. It was a wonderful walk that he was taking, for he was still weak, bewildered, and half starved, so that nothing seemed quite real and he was ready for anything.

He would have a lot to tell Annie. She wouldn't believe half. There were things that he did not expect her to believe, and other things that he did not want to tell her—horrible things that he, with the others, had suffered. He did not wish her to know, yet he knew very well that it would all trickle out of him as they sat together by the fire that night, just the three of them.

As he walked along he looked at the sky, asking it that futile question which men ask. He asked why wars were. Why should this shocking thing be which took a man away from his sheep and his wife and his home?

But it was over and it would not be again in his time. So he could once more be a shepherd and be a husband.

As he walked along he noticed things. The hill was vividly green, and a black cow sitting on the slope of it had a domestic pose. She looked, so he thought, like a cat sitting on a hearth-rug.

He went lirting down. In a few min-

utes he would come to that rough sheep-track, milk-white, chalky, which led to his cottage.

He clumped along in a quiet yet thrilling gratitude of mind. He had come back; he was safe and sound.

There had been rain for many days. The blurred, blossoming look of that flooded marshland was not lost upon him. Seven miles or more away lay the blue sea. He knew just where to look for it, but he did not want to see it any more. He'd done with the sea and done with travel, pray God.

There was a soft mist that day. Through it came the sound of bells. Then he saw, some distance off, a vague, pearly mass of sheep, just faintly moving on the edge of the hill, on its steep north side.

He listened to those bells, he saw the rigid black figure of the shepherd, and he saw the shepherd's watchful dog. He had come back, and he also was going to be a shepherd until he died.

Men that he knew, that he had soldiered with, been a prisoner with, swore that they would not return to quiet country labor. They talked of towns and new lands; they laughed at him. But all he wanted was to live all day upon the hills he knew, leading sheep, days on the hills, nights in the warm cottage, just the three of them. What more did a man want?

He had come back to it all. He would be home in a minute. Very soon there would be arms 'round him, kissing, and a glad noise—behind a shut door.

He came to the track, which was just one of many tracks, leading off the great Downs. They are all alike, and each man loves his own best. So, when he saw that track his eye—that started from a sharp cheek-bone—was alert with rapture. There was stinging in his eyes, oppression at his breast. He was so weak and so glad.

Annie had very likely given him up