

HONORS.

(*To the Undecorated: 1914-1918*)

BY D. M. B.

The thunder of stupendous things
Surges around us yet;
But Glory flits where falls the sun . . .
There have been silent battles won,
And mighty deeds in secret done.
— Would the saved world forget?

None knows in what wild hell of
fear
The brave, unflinching, burned;
Through what strange furnace of the
soul
The dense lines passed to reach their
goal.
Whose names adorn no Honors-Roll—
Of whom not all returned.

Great are the dead. As great are
they
Whom no proud city cheers:
Thank God for all whose valor caught
Fame's fitful gleam — the light un-
sought;
Thank God for all whose valor bought
No rarer crown than tears.

A secret knighthood all have won,
Struck by Love's shining sword;
For each has knelt before his King,
Chalice of life-blood offering,
And needs not any outward thing
For token or reward.

Yea! These have lived — or died —
and given
As Kings may give and die!
Angels have seen what none might
show!
Royally meek henceforth they go!
Their joy — to know as none may
know
The Peace of Victory!

The Westminster Gazette

BUTTERFLIES

BY SIEGFRIED SASSOON

Frail travelers, deftly flickering over
the flowers;
O living flowers against the heedless
blue
Of summer days — what sends them
dancing through
This fiery-blossom'd havoc of the
hours?

Theirs are the musing silences between
The enraptured crying of shrill birds
that make
Heaven in the wood while summer
dawns awake;
And theirs the faintest winds that hush
the green.
And they are as my soul that wings its
way
Out of the starlit dimness into morn:
And they are as my tremulous being
— born
To know but this, the phantom glare of
day.

The New Statesman

NO ONE CARES LESS THAN I

BY EDWARD THOMAS

'No one cares less than I,
Nobody knows but God
Whether I am destined to lie
Under a foreign clod,'
Were the words I made to the bugle
call in the morning.

But laughing, storming, scorning,
Only the bugles know
What the bugles say in the morning;
And they do not care when they
blow
The call that I heard and made words
to early this morning.