

The Bringer of the Summons

By Curtis Guild, Jr.

*Angel, male, of the steady eyes,
Older brother of Time and Space,
Watching the slip of the centuries,
Guarding the goal of the ungod's race,
Spurning the braggart, "I've won,"
Crowning the toiler, "I've tried,"
Conqueror, glorified,
Of the pain that awaited Man and of Man the Son,
Angel of Death!*

*Horror, awful and ultimate?
Yes!*

*The idler, knowing Life's true features for the first time as She leaves him,
Is afraid.*

*The shirk, running to Thee from his bitter task,
Is afraid.*

*The hypocrite, who must gaze even at mirrors, masked, but may not so look
at Thee,
Is afraid.*

*The coward, who has never stood alone, who has offended none, faced
nothing, faces Thee*

And is afraid.

*The robber, waxen great on the goods, the reputations, the lives of other
men, sees in Thy eyes the image of himself, naked,
And is afraid.*

*Horror, awful and ultimate?
No!*

*The soldier, fallen that civilization may rise, waiting wounded in the rain for
the savage who will crush each joint, one by one, with smashing stones;*

*The laborer who works with his hands, patient, weary, tempted to riot but
loving the law;*

*The parson, agonized that with his pittance wife and children must suffer
for his sacrifice;*

*The politician for righteousness' sake, losing pleasure, money, business,
position, office, friends;*

*The idealist flogged by Duty from the soft mire to the flints that do lead
to the mountain but gash and flay the feet;*

The Man:

*Dear Death, these know Thee and see
Through veils of flame
Love and reward.*

*Angel of Death, I fear not Thee.
I fear lest I greet Thee unworthily!
Not Refuge, Rest be Thy gift to me,
Angel of Death!*



THE FIRING LINE

As in Time of War

By E. H. Naylor

IT all seemed like a real war. Once more the booming of artillery and crackle of rifles reverberated from Little Round Top to Culp's Hill and on over the town of Gettysburg, and again the red sun sank in the smoke of battle as it did forty-seven years before. Men marched and fought now as then, except in purpose. Then it was a conflict, now it was with a similar spirit and desire. And as a unit the men now strove for the future protection of that Government which then was so precariously existing. The United States army maneuvers have lately taken place at Gettysburg, and this is why for the month of July the tranquil hills of that region, which sleep in reverend memory, seemed such places of strife and conflict.

When the word maneuver in regard to the army is first heard by a civilian, his mind's eye most naturally pictures a brass band and parade. And, such is one's

inherent gentle conceit, that often what he imagines he makes himself believe to be the fact. In considering some military maneuvers as being composed chiefly of brass buttons he is not far astray; but were he to go to such as those at Gettysburg, he would be immediately convinced that in this case it is "all work and no play." Most justly the question arises: What is the advantage to be derived from a maneuver? It must take a great deal of money. What is the return? It is to answer briefly such a query that the consideration is here given.

The camp, located a mile on the other side of Gettysburg from that of the battlefield proper, was known as the Camp of Instruction. And that is just what it was. There regiments of regulars and volunteers were brought together to be practically instructed in the art of war. There was no ceremony outside of regular camp life; it was all business and hard