

# CHRIST IN FLANDERS

## THE POEM COMES FROM A SOLDIER IN THE TRENCHES

We regret that we do not know the name of the author of these striking verses. A correspondent sends them to us with the statement that they were originally published in the London "Spectator." We have searched our file of the "Spectator" as far back as last December without finding the date of the poem's first publication. It may have first appeared early in 1915.—THE EDITORS.

We had forgotten You or very nearly,  
You did not seem to touch us very nearly;  
Of course we thought about You now and then,  
Especially in any time of trouble,  
We knew that You were good in time of trouble,  
But we are very ordinary men.

And there were always other things to think of;  
There's lots of things a man has got to think of—  
His work, his home, his pleasure, and his wife;  
And so we only thought of You on Sunday,  
Sometimes, perhaps, not even on a Sunday,  
Because there's always lots to fill one's life.

And all the while, in street or lane or byway,  
In country lane, in city street or byway,  
You walked among us, and we did not see.  
Your feet were bleeding as You walked our pavements.  
How did we miss Your footprints on our pavements?  
Can there be other folk as blind as we?

Now we remember over here in Flanders  
(It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders);  
This hideous warfare seems to make things clear.  
We never thought about You much in England,  
But now that we are far away from England  
We have no doubts, we know that You are here.

You helped us pass the jest along the trenches,  
Where in cold blood we waited in the trenches  
You touched its ribaldry and made it fine.  
You stood beside us in our pain and weakness,  
We're glad to think You understand our weakness,  
Somehow it seems to help us not to whine.

We think about You kneeling in the garden,  
Ah, God! the agony of that dread garden;  
We know You prayed for us upon the cross;  
If anything could make us glad to bear it,  
'Twould be the knowledge that You willed to bear it,  
Pain—death—the uttermost of human loss.

Though we forget You, You will not forget us;  
We feel so sure that You will not forget us,  
But stay with us until this dream is past;  
And so we ask for courage, strength, and pardon,  
Especially, I think, we ask for pardon,  
And that You'll stand beside us to the last.

# DELIVER US FROM—

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Is there no greater good than health and ease?  
Is there no deadlier enemy than death?  
Is God a dream to deal with as we please,  
And life only the drawing of our breath?  
Duty a fever phantom that misleads  
The sick confusion of a straying brain?  
Let the King's Highroad choke with tangled weeds  
If they but barricade our paths from pain!  
"Give us this day our daily bread"—that prayer  
We all remember! What comes next? The cry,  
"Deliver us from sorrow and from loss,  
Who were not made to suffer and to bear."  
How strangely beat those words against the sky  
Where stands unchanging a forgotten cross!

## AMERICA

BY EMERY MAY HOLDEN

The distinguished English poet John Masefield recently offered some prizes for literary work done by students of Westover, the well-known girls' school at Middlebury, Connecticut. There were three prizes, one for the best poem of not more than thirty-five lines, one for the best short story, sketch, study, or impression of not more than five hundred words of prose, and one for the best brief essay, collect, or ordered piece of thought upon a subject of not more than two hundred and fifty words. In offering these prizes Mr. Masefield said that his purpose was to stimulate interest in writing, since the art of writing had given him many great pleasures which he should like to have others know and feel. The poem here printed won the prize for poetry.—THE EDITORS.

She goes and listens thrilled. She thinks it fine  
That men should give their lives for honor sweet.  
She tells her friend, "The lecture was divine,—  
I loved it so!" and all the time her feet  
Are beating out the measures of a dance.  
The music teems with cries of dying men,  
And still she dances on. She casts a glance  
Outside. Good God! A moment only pauses, then  
She dances on, that light and froth-like thing.  
Ah, to those feet that lightly tread this floor  
Soon may the whirling years their sorrow bring,  
And leave there mark of misery evermore;  
That her great luxury and vice forgiven  
She may at last stand with all Europe shriven.