

WHAT HE HAS LEFT UNSAID.

At the end of another cycle when a hundred years go down,
Two nations stand together in the light of the Holy Crown,
And the voice of their countless people together is raised
in a prayer

To the God of this little island in the sea of the Everywhere.

*When we've steeped in the dregs of conquest, till we're heedless of
right and wrong,*

*When the vices of generations have swayed for long and long,
When the voice of a breed that is temperate is lost in the prate
of a few,*

Wipe off the century's record from the slate and begin anew!

When the cries of men that are dying call far to us over the sea,

Let each nation take example of what a wrong can be,

*When the blood of brothers is spilling in strife that reason should
cool,*

God in the era beginning, let mercy and temperance rule!

Such voice of the Twin White Nations goes up to God in a prayer,
To the God of this little island in the sea of the Everywhere.

Then let the Judge of creation, the Judge of the weak and the
strong,

Heed, and in infinite justice balance the right and the wrong!

—*Williams Lit.*



CONSTANCY—A JEWEL.

Upon his desk it stood, a picture frame
Gay with the garnet of our old Swarthmore,
Embellished with many a brave design
Of ball, tobacco pouch, and cigarette.
From out this haunt of commonplace there shines—
Like an angel's from a pawn-shop door—
A sweet young face, with eyes serene and calm.

I go, and three days after come again,
And lo! the frame stands empty on the desk,
The fair young girl is gone, I know not where.