

Rupert Brooke, writing before the war, from America, said that the breezes had no memories. They have one memory now for all "over there", which comes wafting now and then to fan the ardour of those who can barely remember. To us here those breezes seem to bring us many things which we cannot forget.

"THE DEAR ILLUSION"

E. J. PRATT

Dusk with a gray and silent sea,
The fading outline of a shore,
A bittern's cry, and evermore—
The lonelier cry of memory.

Night and the lifted clouds afar,
And yonder near a little hill
A cross above a form so still
Holds vigil with one raying star.

Sleep falls and lo! the gift of dreams;—
He comes again, I clasp his hands,
Death's bars are broken, and he stands
As once he stood;—or so it seems.