THE HAPPY DEAD

Russia today—not all of which has been shot and hanged. These are men who have heard the mighty music of humanity. They will sing their dream and grave their message upon the peasant soul.

Not the Russia of Nicholas Romanoff. Red Sunday was the beginning of the end forever of Little Father. His passing and all the princes of his tainted blood will be but an incident of the Great War. Very low in the west among the red blinking points of Mediterrania is Nicholas and that Russia. In the east is the Russian novae, before the sun, commanding the dark before the dawn.

THE HAPPY DEAD

The Place of the dead is fair and still,
The grave-stones gleam like doors in the hill,
    When the sun goes red,
And the moon comes white.

The trees on the hill are kingly high,
Their plumes swing proudly against the sky
    In the blaze of noon,
    In the ghostly night.

Why moan you there by the peaceful dead,
And cry on the earth and hide your head,
    On the stormless hill,
    By the tearless bed?

Oh, rest, sweet rest for the quiet dead,
Beneath the grass in their lovely bed—
    Not a twinge of pain,
    Not a hunger pang!

I weep for those in the place of life
Whose hearts have died of the bitter strife—
    Not the sleeping dead,
    Not the happy dead.

Marjorie Sutherland.