

"No," said George after a pause; "I've been realising that for some time. Make it oak then; we can't get out of it."

## THE RECALL

I am the land of their fathers,  
In me the virtue stays;  
I will bring back my children,  
After certain days.  
Under their feet in the grasses  
My clinging magic runs.  
They shall return as strangers,  
They shall remain as sons.  
Over their heads in the branches  
Of their new-bought, ancient trees,  
I weave an incantation,  
And draw them to my knees.  
Scent of smoke in the evening,  
Smell of rain in the night,  
The hours, the days and the seasons  
Order their souls aright;  
Till I make plain the meaning

Of all my thousand years  
Till I fill their hearts with knowledge,  
While I fill their eyes with tears.

#### GARM--A HOSTAGE

One night, a very long time ago, I drove to an Indian military cantonment called Mian Mir to see amateur theatricals. At the back of the Infantry barracks a soldier, his cap over one eye, rushed in front of the horses and shouted that he was a dangerous highway robber. As a matter of fact, he was a friend of mine, so I told him to go home before any one caught him; but he fell under the pole, and I heard voices of a military guard in search of some one.

The driver and I coaxed him into the carriage, drove home swiftly, undressed him and put him to bed, where he waked next morning with a sore headache, very much ashamed. When his uniform was cleaned and dried, and he had been shaved and washed and made neat, I drove him back

to barracks with his arm in a fine white sling, and reported that I had accidentally run over him. I did not tell this story to my friend's sergeant, who was a hostile and unbelieving person, but to his lieutenant, who did not know us quite so well.