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A table of contents for *The Churchman* can be found here:

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At Close of Day.

MAY 19, 1898.

IN gloom and fateful silence, vast as night,
 The shadows of a dying century
 Close fast about us. The loud wheels of War,
 The tramp of invisible hosts, break on the ear
 In awestruck echoes. Lo, o'er East and West
 Fate lays an ominous finger, while men stir
 Uneasily, in dumb disquietude,
 Marking the balance of the scales of God.

And yet, mid these large issues of the time,
 Not wholly toward the embattled cloud has set
 The nation's thought; but there, where Cambria's
 bound
 Melts into England, has the wide world's gaze
 Turned with a noble pity. Death at last
 Hath laid his hand upon that figure, grave
 And bowed with weight of years, and called him hence
 Softly, in painless sleep. Ev'n so we prayed;
 Nor deemed him less heroic in his hour
 Of patient, uncomplaining fortitude,
 Than when his matchless accents, lifted up
 To voice some golden truth, held charmed the ear
 Of listening Senate, shook the people's heart,
 And triumphed o'er supineness and despair.

E. H. BLAKENEY.

