

SURSUM COR

STAND fast, my soul ! What if the steep affright thee
 Sheerly unscaleable ; no shift of turning.
 We have won thus far, let that delight thee ;
 And pride and hope alike forbid returning.
 Search close, mine eyes ; for to your keen espial
 There yet may be revealed the passage hidden.
 Steel thyself, will ; let there be no denial
 Of what inflexibly thyself hast bidden.
 Come then what may ! I see the summit shining ;
 My heart beats high ; the day is far from ended.
 What if we fail ? Why then, no vain repining,
 For to this issue all my days have tended.

L. S. A.

THESE rolling hills are barren, stone and sand
 Riven by frost, burnt by a steely sky.
 No springing green delights the thirsty land,
 Heedless the changing seasons pass it by.
 O'er the bare plain the bitter wind blows free,
 A breath of northern desert, eddying dust,
 And in the valley stands no friendly tree
 To bless with grateful shade the earth's hot crust.
 Yet has this land a beauty of its own.
 The plains reflect the sky's unmeasured space,
 By shadowing clouds caressed, the hills have grown
 To mountain stature and to formal grace.
 And in the evening light when all is stilled
 With loveliness these empty wilds are filled.

P. L.

Camp I on Mount Everest, April 1938.