

The hero's hands clenched, he halted and turned,
 And his eyes for one instant flashed fire—his cheek burned.
 Yet his look not of rage, but fierce pity was born
 As he turned on his foe, and returned scorn for scorn.
 "Oh, Emperor!" he cried, and his eyes flashed again,
 "You deem you have won, but your conquest is 'Shame!'
 For your flag drips with blood, and the treaty you sealed
 Lies in fragments—a curse on the sceptre you wield!
 Ruined homesteads, burnt villages, cities and towns,
 Great cathedrals—God's temples—yes, burnt to the ground.
 Stricken women and children,—all these you have gleaned,
 With Ambition your God—and Remorse as your Fiend!
 And yet you have won! Emperor, hear you not yet
 A voice in earth's wilderness—'Lest ye forget!'
 War is not conquest. Great the defeat
 Of the War-Lord when brought to the Almighty's feet.
 Judgment, the healer, defies all your powers,
 And still you would say 'Heaven's judgment is ours!'
 Will you cry to your land from the shadow of Hell,
 "Victors! Vengeance, take vengeance, for still all is well?"
 Will you run your great race, mocking, 'Have you not sold
 All those riches which cannot be gotten for gold?'
 Then for one fleeting second, ere reaching your goal,
 You shall pause, whilst my answer rings back—'Not my
 soul!'"

(Taken from a Cartoon).

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