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THE ENGLISH CLIMBER.

“ A drop into nothing beneath you
As straight as a beggar can spit.”

What is the English climber ? Several kinds of a fool !
Far from the shooting ranges, far from the rifle school,
Keen on his sport as mustard, bubbling with ill-judged fun,
His leisure is spent on the peaceful hills, and not with the
warlike gun.

Hid in the unsunned gully ; out on the fierce *arête* ;
When the sun burns hot on his shoulders, or the water falls
on his pate,
Lost in the dreary pot-hole, perched on a peak sublime,
Heedless of national duties, the climber wastes his time.

* * * * *

But the mountains answered in concert, “ Not on the field
alone,
“ Where the earth is ploughed with shrapnel and the garden
of swords is sown ;
“ Not on the war-worn borders of our empire across the sea ;
“ Not in the steady refinement of the language of “ Soldiers
Three ”
“ Can English virtue alone be found. Come forth to the
valley and hill,
“ And strength and health and courage shall be yours if you
only will ;
“ You have but our snows to conquer ; you have but our crags
to dare
“ To know the English climber. Come forth, you will find
him there.”

C. E. BENSON.