

THE CUP OF WAR

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The Cup of War by Elizabeth Braithwaite Turner Buckle

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ELIZABETH BRAITHWAITE TURNER BUCKLE

**THE CUP
OF WAR**

THE CUP OF WAR

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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THE CUP OF WAR

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESPECIALLY"
AND "WAYSIDE LAMPS"

"In the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and
the wine is red."

THIRD IMPRESSION

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TO THE
GREAT HEARTS WHO ARE GLAD
WHEN IT IS TIME TO GIVE

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PREFACE

THOSE who read this slight sketch may think the title unduly great, since it could only describe what my own eyes have seen in sheltered England during the last eight months. Yet I fancy that those who are drinking the Cup of War in Flanders and upon the decks of our ships would agree with me that they do not drink alone—the bitterest drops are for the aching hearts at home. The Cup of War is a great and terrible cup, but nevertheless it is glowing and golden, and its glory should stanch our tears.

Very mundane things may become glorious, even as a pool will reflect the brilliance of the sky, and just now I see glory flashing from the Commodore's signal to his Flotilla as he asks which officers will follow the great example of our King in giving up alcohol for the duration of the

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war, and the answering signals reply "All." Think of the long lonely night watches, the spray-drenched bridge and the bitter wind before the dawn. Think of the stiffened limbs, the aching throats and the straining eyes—and then—no glass of hot grog to hasten the coming of sleep!

"Draw near together; none be last or first;
We are no longer names but one desire."

But for the war we had not known there were such giants in these days: their mothers and children and wives may well walk with uplifted heads though sorrow walk beside them. We drink the Cup together.

L. B. B.

SPRING, 1915.

The grateful thanks of the author are given to Sir Henry Newbolt for permission to quote from his wonderful poem "Sacramentum Supremum."