

of the river-gate! (*This is visible to the audience, a single spark.*)

**The Fool:** O triple fool! (*He has joined the Herald at the eastern window.*) It is the first glint of moonlight that shall see us murdered every one! They will put every living thing to the sword; they will burn every building with fire; they will efface the City of Blabre from the memory of man!

**The Herald:** I see the dragon helm of ruby! (*There is a faint red spark visible in the darkness, above the silver spark.*)

**The Fool:** It is the blood of the veins of your mad eyes. (*The light increases through the eastern window, very slowly.*)

**The Most Reverend Elder:** O Lord! Wilt thou not have mercy upon thy chosen people? Wilt thou not remember thy people in the hour of their extremity?

**Chorus:** O Lord! O our Lord God! is there no help for the city?

(*A pause. All bend deeper, muttering in prayer. The moonlight strikes the roof of the council-chamber. The Fool returns to the western window.*)

**The Fool:** The captains turn to the ranks; they exhort their men to be pitiless. The spearmen charge their pikes, and the swordsmen raise the scramasax.

**The Most Venerable Elder:** Where is the sword of the Lord? and the battleaxe in the hands of the Saviour?

(*Moonlight now floods the council-chamber, but as a diffused gleam.*)

**The Most Reverend Elder** (*furiously, to the Prophet*): Thou hast lied in the name of the Lord!

(*The door opens. There enters a man of gigantic stature. He is clad in silver armour. On his head is a helmet with closed visor above which towers a dragon of rubies. He moves to the center of the stage, near the footlights, and turns to face east. The moon, rising through the window, throws him into startlingly bright light. In his hand is a naked sword, and in the crook of his left arm rests a battleaxe. He surveys the scene with perfect self-possession.*)

**The Herald** (*who has been passionately gazing out to the east, now turning, and so the first to observe him, as the Elders are all in prayer, the Fool watching the market-place,*

*and the Prophet again sunk in self-absorption*): Behold the Saviour!

(*All except the Prophet and the Fool rise and rush toward the person thus indicated, even the Palsied restored to energy by the ecstasy of relief which floods them all. They sink on their knees before him in adoration. The Young Plump Elder, on the side next the footlights, clasps his knees and kisses them. All cry aloud in rapture: "The Saviour!" "Praise to the Lord!" "The Saviour of the City of Blabre!" "Glory to the Lord God Most High!" etc., in a violent and confused manner. The clamor makes no impression upon the dignity and immobility of the newcomer.*)

**The Herald** (*rushing to the west window, and blowing a tremendous blast upon his trumpet*): Oyez! Oyez! Rejoice, we conquer! The Saviour of the City hath appeared in the Chamber of the Council of the fathers of the City! Rejoice, we conquer! (*He blows another yet more joyful blast. Cries of joy without; the people raise the National hymn. The Elders continue their confused cries of rapture. The Herald returns.*) Hail, Saviour of Blabre!

(*A standard bearer, and two soldiers, of the Gnogues enter. The former bears the banner of black; the latter drag by her long fair hair a young girl of the people of Blabre. Behind these are as many other soldiers as may be convenient. At the same moment the Saviour slowly raises his visor. (These two directions must be carefully synchronized.) He is seen to be of the race of the Gnogues.*)

**The King of the Gnogues** (*without excitement, but in the peculiar harsh intonation which is natural to Gnogues*): Put every living thing to the sword; burn every building with fire; efface the City of Blabre from the memory of man. (*He pinches the cheek of the Young Plump Elder, who like the rest is paralyzed by the horror of the situation.*) Roast me this man for supper! Let him be larded with the fat of this young girl, when I have finished with her.

(*The standard-bearer goes to the window, and signals.*) (*The National Hymn turns to shrieks, which mingle with the roar of the charging Gnogues.*)

**The Prophet** (*above the tumult, an ecstasy of joy thrilling his hollow voice*): Woe unto Blabre! Woe to the wicked City! (*The curtain falls quickly.*)

## THE STIRRUP CUP.

By S. J. ALEXANDER.

Alack! 'Tis a mad world, with mad gods above it,  
Who weep for it, laugh for it, loathe it and love it,  
Creating in jest, in a phantasy breaking,  
Like petulant children, the toys of their making.  
When they struck from their souls the hot spark of our being,  
It flashed from their clutches beyond their foreseeing.  
They dreamed their gods' dreams, and beheld in the vision  
Their toy puppets dance on their string of derision.  
They worked their gods' work, all unwotting the sequel;  
We are soul of Their Soul and inherently equal.

Though they rive the pole star from the chains of its mooring,  
The soul is beyond them, supreme and enduring;  
Above and beyond their desire and endeavor,  
It sweeps in wide circles for ever and ever.  
Then, here's to Our Gods, though they bend us and break us,  
Though they torture and slay, yet they cannot unmake us.  
And here's to the grace of the cup that they pour us,  
The Black Stirrup Cup for the journey before us;  
Drink deeply and pledge them, resigned, or defying,  
A Health to Our Gods! We salute them in dying.