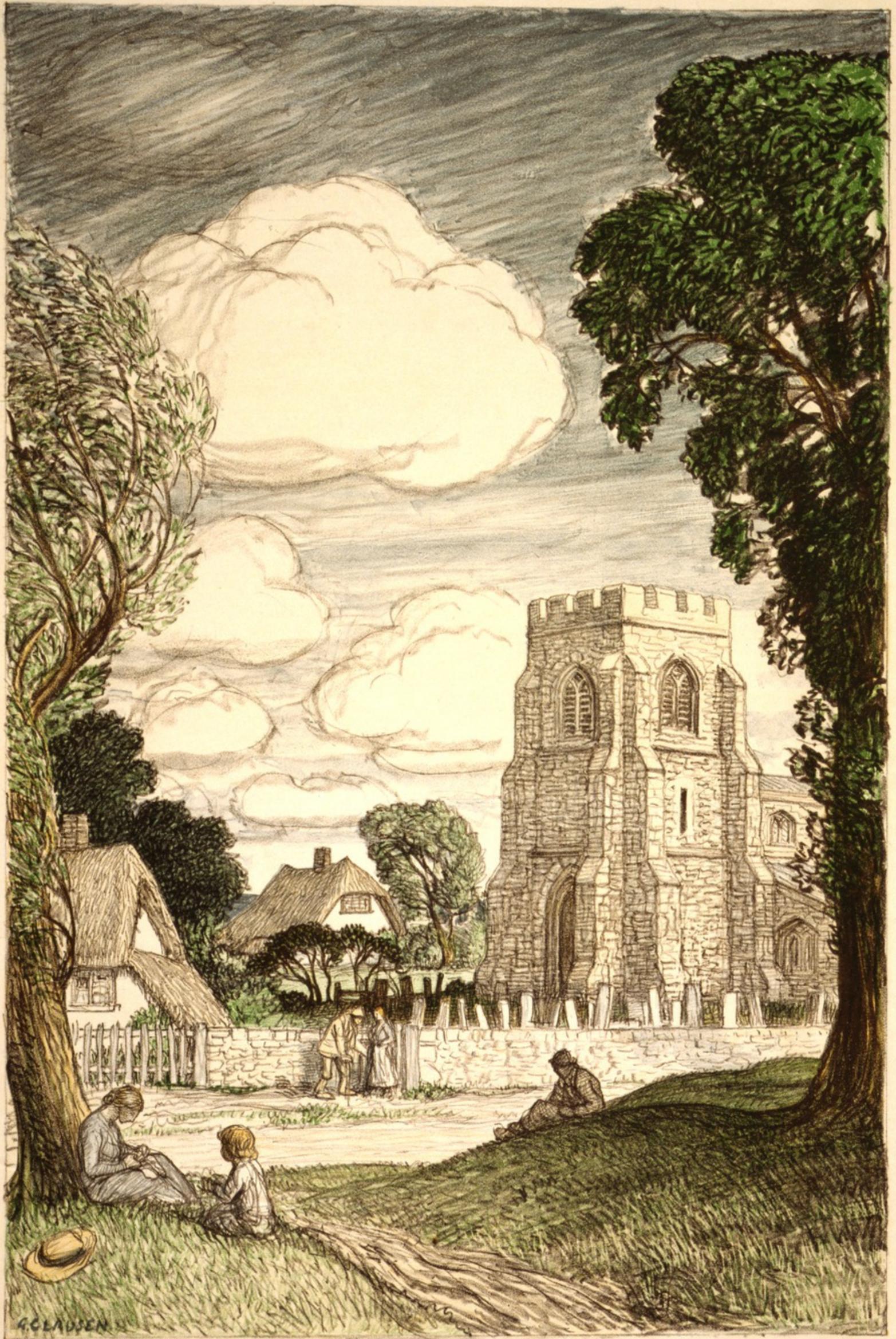


The Underground Railways of London, knowing how many of their passengers are now engaged on important business in France and other parts of the world, send out this reminder of home. Thanks are due to George Clausen R.A. for the drawing.



A WISH Mine be a cot beside the hill; The swallow oft beneath my thatch; Around my ivied porch shall spring; The village church among the trees.  
 A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear; Shall twitter from her clay-built nest; Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew; Where first our marriage-vows were given,  
 A willow brook that turns a mill, Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch; And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing; With merry peals shall swell the breeze  
 With many a fall shall linger near; And share my meal, a welcome guest; For russet gown and apron blue. And point with taper spire to Heaven. SMUEL ROGERS