

*As a Watch in the Night*¹

THE soldier called from rest or play
To take his post as sentinel,
To guard until the break of day
Some sore-beleaguered citadel,

Springs to his arms with beating heart
To take some war-worn veteran's place,
Proud to perform a soldier's part,
Dreading what yet he dares to face.

His comrades' footsteps on his ears
Ring fainter and fainter. Silence falls
About him. Moments seem like years,
And loneliness his soul appals.

¹ Read at the Dinner given in May, 1913, in honour of Professor van der Smitten, Professor of German in University College, Toronto, on his retirement after forty-eight years' service in the University and University College.