

GOOD-BYE!—and off he strides, six-foot of straight
Young English manhood! Passing through the gate,
Looks back; then, with a smile and a salute,
He's gone—and we stand watching. And we see
A little figure in a sailor suit,
With fat, bare knees and a shy little smile,
The "Little Laddie" of so short a while
Ago, twisting the elastic of his wide straw hat
(The one with the blue ribbons, you remember?),
With a hairy cardboard donkey, now pressed flat
Under his arm, his best-beloved toy,
Broken and worn but never out of sight,
Played with by day and hugged in bed at night—
This is the little fellow who has grown
And gone—not now to school to play
His schoolboy games, and fight
In schoolboy fights—but gone to-day
To join in the terrific game the nations play—
This little fellow of not long ago.

—V. M. Doudney, in the Daily Mail.