

THE ARMY DOCTOR.

The following poem was written by Miss Maud Broomhall, of Toronto. We take from *The Mail and Empire*:

Stirred by love for his fellow-man
And the passion for duty that through him ran,
Eager of hand and foot he went,
And his heart on service was keenly bent.

Steady and calm, his fearless eye
Shed not a tear as he said good-bye,
For he's seen a vision of pain and strife
Where men were fighting, life for life.

His aim, not to flaunt acquired skill,
But to cure where the shot had failed to kill,
And comfort and ease the dying hour
Where death had gripped past human power.

Thus it was, with his nerve keyed high,
With pulse athrob and dauntless eye,
He met the heroes of pain and death
Who sing for the flag with their last faint breath.

They brought him men from the blood-soaked field,
Where they lay like leaves, till his own brain reeled
As he saw the suff'ring where shot and shell
Had rent and torn till the pain was hell.

But he gave them all of his strength and skill,
From morn till night, and again until
A new morn dawned with shadows grey
And brought the toil of another day.

Untired and nerveless, on he worked,
And under his knife it seemed there lurked
Miraculous power, strange and queer,
Staying the lives of his fellows dear.

He sang them songs of mirth and love,
And many a soul e're it went above
Gave thanks for the cheer that was given that day,
And he asked of earth no better pay.

And so, methinks, at the trump's last call
He'll stand in line with the victors all,
And writ in gold on his crown will be:
"My son, you have done it unto Me."