

Or they creep at night, like panthers,
Through the waste of No Man's Land,
Their hearts afire with a wild desire
And death on every hand.

And out of the roar and tumult,
Or the black night loud with rain,
Some face comes back on the fiery track
And looks in their eyes again.

And the love that is passing woman's,
And the bonds that are forged by death,
Now grip the soul with a strange control
And speak what no man saith.

The vision dies off in the stillness,
Once more the tables shine,
But the eyes of all in the banquet hall
Are lit with a light divine.

Frederick George Scott.

Vimy Ridge, April, 1917.

YULETIDE IN FRANCE.

O LITTLE sprig of rosemary, I pluck you in the garden,
In this little Gallic garden, on this misty winter's day.
I can hear the old rooks calling,
And the distant shells are falling,
But this little sprig of rosemary has borne my heart
away.