

And, now, you're adrift on the long high-way
Which leads where the good God only can tell;
But you trudge, strong and sturdy, as a brave boy may,
With a scornful "pouf" for the hosts of Hell!
Your father may lie on some hideous field,
But your mother is here, and needs a shield;
And the little sister, cuddled in her tired arms,
Wants a big brother handy in case of alarms.

Salut! you plucky little Belgian boy,
We all want to give you a lift on the way
Back to your chores and your mended toy,
Back to your healed old home some day;
To your jolly old saints, Michel and Pierre,
Who will smile a welcome, while they drop a tear
For a child made man in a school too sure,
Kneeling once more at the old "*pre-dieu*."

October, 1914,
Cowichan Station,
Vancouver Island, B. C.

ICH DIEN

(N.B.—The Prince of Wales left for the front on November 16, 1914.)

This high prerogative of my estate,
Rusting too long in dalliance of name,
Now clamant chafes for utterance in deed.
The burden of the future, aureate, dim,
In heaviest thought as yet galls not my back,
Scarce loosed from boyhood's little, laughing cares;
My hand frets not for orb; my head for crown;
No bannered dreams make pageant of my blood.
Only I seek to serve:
As that Arthurian boy at manhood's brim
Who sought man-service in the press of men:
To draw this maiden sword for Right and Faith;
To sheathe it only at the honour's sate
Of our dear England, whom through life till death
I serve.

November, 1914,
Cowichan Station,
Vancouver Island, B. C.