

They came from ranches of the West, where plain and mountain call,
 From down east way, 'by Fundy's Bay, from Don and Montreal;
 Their feet had known the sea-walled street, where ocean mists hang gray,
 And one to four, though stricken sore, they kept the foe at bay.

The air rained death by bomb and dart, the earth belched death below
 By shining blade and hand grenade and death by poison slow;
 Three days of hell, with shot and shell, they fought 'neath moon and sun;
 The Belgian plain was strewn with slain, Canadian and Hun.

Ye troubadours—that sing of wars and brave deeds handed down,
 When you will sing how for the King they strove near Ypres town,
 Tell how they fought and nobly wrought like Paladins of old;
 Tell how my sons retook the guns and won their spurs of gold.

And you will tell how Birchall fell as calm as on parade,
 How on they bore amid the road in that wild charge they made,
 Where Julien's wood in moonlight stood when midnight met the morn.
 Tell how they died, my brave, my pride, on that field battle torn.

They went not forth for gain or gold, 'twas not for such they died.
 They fought for right, 'gainst armed might that covenants defied.
 Pure was their quest, to serve the best their banner they unfurled
 For that high plan, the rights of man, the freedom of the world.

The feet that press'd my ample breast, the eyes that loved my pines
 Will know no more my welcome shore, but still their glory shines.
 Sing, troubadour, let thy notes soar, sing with a voice divine,
 Of how they saved the day and braved the despot of the Rhine.

“THE SOUVENIR.”

By the Poet “Low-Rate.”

Vivid, aflame, the autumn sky
 Draped the dome of the earth and sea
 As a pilgrim walked by a long-lost lane
 The lonely way of his destiny.
 Fatigued, wayworn, begrimed with dust,
 He thrust himself awhile to rest
 Beside a rock on his lonesome trail,—
 His eyes toward the reddened West.
 At last: a friend; for he had spied
 A lonesome blossom, which seemed to him
 To beg to be loosed from its lonely life
 And join in his every mood and whim.
 He plucked it, and said, “How comes it now
 You seem more brilliant than other flowers,
 And your perfume's so subtle and pungent, tho'
 You're scorched for the need of reviving showers?”
 “Dear brother: friend:” the blossom cried,
 “‘Tis your soul's perfume that you find so dear,
 And it charms you, for I am nothing more
 Than a tearful souvenir.”