

(Continued.)

Beautiful roses of pink and white,
Growing wherever there's room!
How can you live in this war-cursed spot?
How can you bud and bloom?

I walk through a place where a garden stood.
It once was enclosed by a wall,
But now its beds are torn to shreds.
'Tis littered with shrapnel ball!
But here, half buried, a currant bush
Is laden with fragrant fruit
And strawberries hide beneath the leaves
From many a straggling root.
Oh! how can it be that these still live
In this wasted and stricken spot?
Oh! how can they live where all else is
dead,
Can flourish and heed it not?

THE ANSWER.

A burst of shrapnel overhead,
Another close at hand!
And as I shelter best I can,
I seem to understand.
Yes.—Man may blast the works of Man;
His handiwork may fall;
But these are the works of God alone—
They shall survive it all!

*June, 1917.**Written at Givenchy.**The "hill" referred to is the famous Vimy Ridge.*