

From My Gallery

THREE FRIENDS

One night our column near Cambrai
Was badly pilled; a sighting shell,
A fierce and savage vulture fell,
Stark on three comrades in the way.

We placed three crosses on the grave
One for our big and handsome Rod,
One for the soul of all his squad,
Our Pat, and one for Rufus brave.

A lump comes somewhere as I cast
My thought far back, and summon up
Pat, Red and "Ruf," their noble pup,
That Cambrai night which was their last.

O yes beneath the Maple's sway
In some sore hearts the memory
Is green for Rod, the strong and free,
And happy Pat, killed near Cambrai;

Perchance, too, they recall the loss
Of that good pal, who used to leap
And bark, but now in slumber deep
Lies still beneath the middle cross.
"Ruf"—your paw!
Et c'est ça.

WAR-FLOTSAM

O yes, the mighty current with swift rush
Goes by, bearing upon its flood raft, boat,
And log, the while within a bay, afloat
In shallow, or aground amidst the brush,
Some timbers broken loose are lost. The crush
And roar of war like dying storm remote
Subside, while captured guns with empty throat
Adorn our parks, as towards the paths of hush

And peace men gladly turn, the ruin black
Forgetting and its horror; then, anon,
Asleep beneath the mantled Union Jack
A form is borne, the gunless wheel upon,
The flotsam of the hurricane and wrack;
Caps lift, the traffic pauses and swings on.