

TO GLADYS.

WHEN rain drops fall and grey clouds fill the sky,
The blood runs slow, one's spirits are not high;
And if beyond the smile of some true friend,
On memory we assuredly depend.

The clammy wet, the sodden, windy way,
Hold forth no interest and suggest decay;
The thing to do is nestle to the fire,
Forget the week and so forget the mire;
To exercise the mind in channels bright,
And this is, what I do upon this night.

I stretch the tentacles of thought through space—
They feel, they test, they nestle on your face;
And so the mind, obedient to the call,
Responds and pierces through the murky pall.

Again I stand to take my leave for France,
To do my bit as Fate shall lay the chance;
And, grasping your true hand, look in your eye—
I know why men go forth to do or die.

The evening's play, the play of wit,
The crowded way through which the motors flit,
The passing things, the rush of hurrying feet,
The whistled call, the policeman on his beat;
It is my last—the morrow's earliest dawn
Will see my freedom gone—once more a pawn.

You stood resplendent in your womanhood—
Demure, contained and modest, as you should;
Your graceful shoulders, rounded neck and arms,
Your soft complexion and your thousand charms;
You pictured in my mind Britannia's grace,
That which inspires and stimulates our race.

And now I wonder, as I turn away,
How did your thoughts, how did your fancy play?
Were you as cold—did not your heart respond
To some dear thoughts—as I passed out—beyond?
No. 1262252.

THE INFANTRY-MAN.

BY PTE. W. E. BRYANT.

THIS is the song of the Infantry-Man,
Of the Infantry-Man—the real fighting man;
With his kit and his pack, and his rifle in hand,
He's ready for action, is the Infantry-Man.