

A SOLDIER'S PLEA.

I've done my bit, Sir; Yes, I hope, Sir, well;
 I've stood 'mid shrapnel and 'neath shrieking shell;
 I did my best to bravely play the game
 And never flinched until death's message came.

But now, Sir, with my broken, shattered bones,
 My thoughts turn back from war to those at home;
 And tender longings fill my fevered breast,
 Oh, Sir! I would that I were there to rest!

I thank you, Sir, and thank yon Sister, too,
 For all you've done, and all you still must do;
 But, Sir! I feel my cold and pallid brow
 Would yield the pain were Mother with me now.

I still look back, Sir, to that day last Fall
 When first I heard a sorrowing nation's call;
 And clasped in mine, her hand so thin and white
 As in my ear she whispered,—“Boy, do right.”

I often thought of her out in that land,
 And pictured her dear face within the glare;
 And as I raced along with that brave band,
 My ears could softly hear her silent prayer.

I wonder if I realized her worth,
 Or understood how bitter was the strife,
 Of losing one to whom she gave sweet birth,
 And she within the winter of her life?

And by the look I see within your eye
 I read my fate, and oh, 'tis hard to know,
 That in a foreign clime I now must die,
 And never see her face before I go!

So now I charge you, Sir; this message give
 To those who rule and guide my native land;
 “My life was spent that such as she might live,”
 And I am sure they all will understand.

But should they fail to make her burden light,
 And in to-morrow's deeds forget the past;
 There still is One, Who always judges right,
 And n'er forsakes the first, nor yet the last.

And I am sure His Loving Arms will hold
 And lend support until life's race is run;
 Then from His Lips shall issue words of old,
 “What greater love? She gave her only son.”

—A. B. Wickware.

Ottawa, March 15, 1917.

“CIVILIANS” AT THE FRONT.

“Send me another copy,” writes an old subscriber to *The Civilian*. “I send mine, every issue, to my son at the front. It's the only way to send him all the Civil Service news.”

The suggestion might be accepted with advantage by many subscribers who have friends from the Service now overseas in the army.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The portraits of Major P. P. Acland, Lieut. B. W. Harmon and Corp. Dan. A. Simons, which have been features of recent issues, are taken from “Two Years of War,” the big, new special number of *The Civilian*, just off-press.