

Though many pretty verses
Adorn our Christmas cards,
Selected from the writings
Of sages and of bards,
However slow you read them
More meaning you will find
In the single, little, simple word
"Someone" has underlined.

Jan. 7th, 1916.

BABEL, THE HALF-BREED.

He told me once, if he could write, he'd let
the people see,
And so, for him, I'll use the best of my ability.

You think it does not hurt him when you hint
that he's a "breed."
You think he has no feelings when he doesn't
seem to heed.
Perhaps there's something underneath, that
makes him hold his hand
And take, with gentle patience, what a white
man wouldn't stand.

Perhaps, behind the curtain of those features
brown and grim,
He has a sort of notion, a kind of knowledge
dim,
That days are swiftly coming when the colour
of his face
Shall be the cause for happy pride and not
for sad disgrace.