

So cover I my face
That men spoke well of; yield my dust to dust,
Ashes to live ashes, earth to red earth. Yet must
My soul unsleeping brood
About the shadowy Rood,
Which eyes of pure and good report may trace.

But weld no chain for me;
No harsh "Hic Jacet" raise, no cenotaph
Of weary bronze. Memory my epitaph
Of Loveliness sublime
Defying Death and Time
Shall blazon on men's hearts . . . nally.

September 29th, 1914,
Cowichan Station,
Vancouver Island, B. C.

TO A BELGIAN BOY

So they've broken your quaint little home in bits;
Trampled your checker-board garden to mud;
Where your tiny chair stood, now a big gun sits,
But it sneers at porridge, and bellows for blood.
Smashed is the fine blue plate of Delft
That used to rest on the ingle-shelf;
And the old copper coffee-pot shines no more
In the glint of the sun through the open door.

When the "bon papa" hurried away that day,
Dropping his blouse and his old "sabots,"
You straight picked them up in your manly way,
As you picked up his jobs, and all "ces choses"
Which you knew he'd to drop for other work
Which wouldn't wait, so you didn't shirk,
But flung out your chest as a good boy should,
And milked the old cow and chopped the wood.