

## The Old Estaminet Across The Way

By *Claude H. Dodwell*

We're in the same old billets for a rest,  
The ones we left to join that last small fray.  
The quarters ain't the best, but to balance all the rest,  
There's the old estaminet across the way.

The same fat smiling Madame selling *bierre*  
(*Deux sous, Monsieur*), and steaming *café au lait*,  
Whiffs of sizzling *pomme de terre*, scent the comfortable air  
Of the old estaminet across the way.

Jackson says the old pianner needs repair,  
But we roar the choruses, and make him play  
The sweetly mournful air, Turkey trot, and Grizzly Bear,  
In the old estaminet across the way.

Oh ! A subtle something in it makes you yearn.  
It will linger in your heart for many a day.  
And when peace at last we learn—oft in fancy we'll return  
To the old estaminet across the way.

## Builders

By *Dorothy L. Warne*

A scrap of moss, and bare, brown, knotted sticks,  
Placed in a chosen spot with patient care,  
Soft, flutt'ring wings, and lo ! a nest is there.  
The sculptor's hand, with Art's well-practised tricks  
Plays on a rough-hewn rock with sharp-edged tools,  
Then wait,—beneath his touch the stone transforms  
To beauty rare.

Go where the limpid pools  
Chain, link by link, the shadow'd woodland glades,  
There tiny creatures toil, while many suns  
Pass, east to west, across heaven's mighty arc.  
The grandest forest trees, the smallest blades  
Of em'rald grass, the ant-king's shelt'ring duns  
Show Nature's handiwork.

And are not we  
But chiselled by Life's cunning Master hands,  
Until each glorious work completed stands  
To grace God's temple of Eternity ?