



OPENED BY THE CENSOR.

THE FIRST.

Miss Mary Angelina Craven-Hall,
Park Avenue,
The Annex,

MY DARLING,— Montreal.

'Neath a fickle tallow light
A message of our love would I indite ;
The message of a starved and aching heart,
Sick of the conflict ; sick of slaughter's mart.
It is to thee I turn. In spirit haste
To help me bear this desolated waste.
Thou art my constant comrade, and I feel
Thy presence o'er my wearied senses steal.
I lit my comfort-pipe, and in the smoke
Behold ! I saw thy face. 'To me it spoke
Of Love and Home, and all that goes to make
Life's even way the rose's colour take.
Oh ! would that I might hold thee to my breast,
Or, safe beneath thy care, sink into rest ;
Or feel thy crushing lips in love's caress
Waft out the soldier's cares to nothingness.
Oh ! but again to see the gloried sun
Caught in thy tresses of the gold beams spun ;
Oh ! once again to take thy trusting hand
And lead you thro' a fairy castled land.
Forget not, in the city's monotone,
The chant of faith to thee I sing alone.
And ne'er forget the sacred word that binds
Our pulsing hearts, our intellects and minds.
May God in Heaven guard our treasure-trove.
Remember I am always thine.

With Love.