

MAJOR SCOTT'S POEMS.

Not all of our readers in the 1st Division may be aware that Major F. G. Scott, Senior Chaplain of our Division, is also a poet, and a very distinguished one too; we understand that his War poems written during the present conflict, are shortly to be published in book form at the moderate price of one shilling. We much enjoyed reading a little book of pre-war poems by Major Scott, entitled, "The Gates of Time," which happened to get into our hands the other day, and we are reproducing a poem from it in this issue. It was written during the sunny days of peace, so they were perhaps more welcome to us than poems written on war would be, altho' the Canon's poems on that subject are remarkably good, and have caused many favourable comments. Major Scott is one of the most hard working, fearless, and popular chaplains in the C.E.F. He always has a cheery word for the boys when he meets them on the road, together with that smile of his that reminds one that the world is not a bad old world after all.

IN THE WOODS.*

(By the Senior Chaplain, 1st Cdn. Div.)

This is God's House—the blue sky is the ceiling,
This wood the soft green carpet of His feet;
Those hills His stairs, down which the brooks come stealing,
With baby laughter making earth more sweet.
And here His friends come, clouds and soft winds sighing
And little birds whose throats pour forth their love;
And spring and summer, and the white snow lying
Pencilled with shadows of bare boughs above.
And here come sunbeams through the green leaves straying,
And shadows from the storm clouds overdrawn,
And warm, hushed nights, when mother earth is praying
So late that her moon candle burns till dawn.
Sweet House of God, sweet earth so full of pleasure
I enter at thy gate in storm and calm,
And every sunbeam is a joy and treasure
And every cloud a solace and a balm.

* "Gates of Time and other Poems," by F. G. Scott; Publishers, S. BAGSTER & SONS, Ltd., Paternoster Row.

THE HOUSE OF PAIN.

The house of pain stands by the road
That all life's voyagers must tread,
Its doors are wide, and in its halls
Rest those who lie 'twixt hope and dread
For Life's achievements and ideals
Can never reach their highest aim
Until our purpose and desire
Are tested by the fires of pain.
The house of pain stands by the road,
Shadows abound like elves of night,
Sombre it seems, yet hope is there
To shine out as a beacon light.
Whenever doubt obscures the view,
However dark the storm clouds rise
Hope springs anew and bids us seek
God's silvern lining in the skies.
The house of pain stands by the road
(Rest weary souls and no more roam!)
God, the Great Architect, hath put
Compassion for its corner stone.

13164. R. W. TROWSDALE.

A ROUGH NIGHT IN THE YPRES SALIENT.

Sleep not we to-night,—the battle
Roars its medley through the veiling,
And the air is full of voices
Groaning, moaning, screeching, wailing;
Here and there the shroud is torn—
'Tis the cannon's fitful flashes
Like the fiery eyes of demons,
Fierce within their winking lashes.
All around—a circle almost—
Rise the flares, then drooping,
floating—
'Luminates for miles the landscape,
Where the God of Wars lies gloating,
O'er the dreary devastation
That is silhouetted sadly
'Gainst the blackness far beyond us.
Still the battle rages madly
And the flares denote alarm,
Keenly felt down in the trenches,
Where the agony of suspense is,
Where the metal deluge trenches.
See the coloured balls of fire
Soaring to the clouds low-hanging—
Signal of distress beseeching
Mid the crashing and the banging
And the rumbling—steady rumbling—
Like a thousand drums a-drumming,
'Tis the Heavens far behind us—
We can hear their vomit coming.
Like a mammoth locomotive
Rushing o'er a bridge above us—
'Tis a moving roof of metal—
Keep it moving, Thou who loves us,
Spit and cough the eighteen-pounders,
Just behind the first-line ditches,
High keyed, sharp their cruel song is
Screeching wild in varied pitches,
Swift, unseen o'er No Man's Land there
Plunging with triumphant screaming,
Crush and scatter entrails wildly,
Where the blood of battle's streaming
See the muddy fountains shooting
Fast and many, after merging,
Making one gigantic heaving,
Like a mighty ocean surging.
Here were once the devious trenches,
Dug-outs, parapets and wiring
Primitive, yet well-appointed,
Built by many hands untiring,
Now a mangled heap of debris—
Who can tell what hopes entombing
No, the spirit "carries on" man.
See the poppies red a-blooming,
Now the night's crepe curtain rises,
Filters through the dawn's wan
smiling,
Sweet the cuckoo's salutation,
All depressing thoughts beguiling,
See the fields with gaping hollows,
Fresh the earth around them
scattered,
And the poplars broken, bowing,
Weeping for this beauty shattered.
Loom the wind-mills gesturing arms
Like a phantasy appealing,
And the battered farm-houses,
All the naked truth revealing.
Once a passive pastoral poem (?)
Where the Goddess Venus dallied,
Strewn now with war's essentials,
For an army now is rallied.
Sleep not we to-day the battle
Waning now the dirgeful whining,
Spurs the soldiers on to labours
While the monsters are declining.

TOM HARTON.

AT THE Q.M. STORES.

A.D. (At Q.M. Stores). Will you please
give me *Allemande*.
J.C. Sorry! we haven't got any Germans
in stock at present. (But all he
wanted was *A-Lemon*, it was merely
the way he pronounced it).

THIS AND THAT.

In the Fredericton Gleaner of 5th June, we read that Pte. Arnold F. Blizzard, "Whose sight and hearing was badly affected when he was gassed by the Germans, while acting as a Stretcher bearer in the Canadian Field Ambulance," has joined a New Army—the army of the benedicts.

No. 1 of the "Whiz-bang" official organ of the 207th Bn. in Ottawa, has arrived on the scene and has been much fingered by the boys. Judging by the Ads. it must be a proposition. A boost for Nixon's All Cream Ice Cream on page 3 made our editorial mouths water, whilst Ketchums Ad. for High-Class Athletic and Sporting Goods made us wonder if the war will be over in time to allow us to walk in and purchase a pair of snowshoes for next Winter.

Budding Paderewskis, Kubeliks, and others have a chance of buying a Windsor Banjo in perfect condition together with music, extra strings and instruction book, by applying to No. 16769, Pt. L. Foster, 2nd Bgde. Band (Don't think we're getting any *rake off* out of this advt. We're just inserting it to oblige "One of the bhoys!")

On account of injuries received in the trenches, L. Cpl. Maylor, News Editor of the L.P., has "gone down the line," but nevertheless, to show that he is by no means downhearted, has sent to his paper an amusing article on "Nurses" (who by the way he alludes to as Doctorettes) from the hospital ward where he happens to be located. We wish Brother Maylor a speedy recovery. He is succeeded in the News Editorial chair (we guess it is more often a sand-bag or bully-beef box) by another Scotchman, Pte. J. W. Campbell (and there are people who say the Scots have no sense of humour). We have to again congratulate Capt. Orr, the Editor in Chief upon the continued success of his paper.

BIVVIES IN FRANCE.

I wish I could show you my "Bivvy"
in France,
You might call it far from neat,
Its roof is a Army blanket gray,
And also a rubber sheet.
At present it's under an apple tree,
That's white with the blossoms of May,
And to-morrow—perhaps 'twill be
pitched the same,
But a good many miles away.
At night if the air be damp and chill,
Or even there happen a storm,
I can lie quite snug 'neath a saddle-rug,
Wrapped up in my British warm;
Then why should I worry about "la
guerre."
And the scraps that we all may see,
For among all the bullets that Fritzie
holds,
There may not be one for me.
So I'll crawl, while I can, in my bivouac
frail.
And bed down as best I may,
For many poor lads who lay warm last
night,
Are under the Belgian clay.
It's a queer old world at the best you
know,
And there's much that we leave to
chance,
For many who once held castles in Spain,
Are reduced to "Bivvies in France."

ROBT. T. ANDERSON.