

TO THOSE WHO MOURN.

The following beautiful lines (not heretofore published so far as we know), will be appreciated by those mothers and wives who have so bravely and loyally given their best and dearest in the cause of freedom and of righteousness :

SOME DAY.

Some day fresh grass will creep along the Belgian lanes,
 Some day the flowers will open to the May,
 And on the grave of my brave soldier boy the grass will grow—
 But not to-day.

Some day the birds will build their nests again round Lille,
 And on the dunes again will children play,
 Some day kind time will lay her hand upon my aching heart—
 But not to-day.

Some day the Widows of Lorraine will cease to weep,
 And from the ashes of those ruins grey
 Will rise a city fashioned by the love of all the world—
 But not to-day.

Some day the soldiers will come back again from France
 And England will be hung with banners gay,
 And I shall see them marching past—the comrades of my boy—
 But not to-day.

Some day—that golden some day which the future holds—
 When trumpets blow and angels line the way,
 My soldier boy will come to meet me, down the glittering ranks,
 And he will say:

“Welcome brave mother heart, the day at last has dawned!

The parting and the pain have passed away!”

Yes—I shall see, my ears shall hear, my heart grow young
 Upon that Day.