

"Prosperity, prosperity"!—
'Twas not for this they took the sword,
The ensign of thy destiny
Unfurled for them a deeper word;
In tears and blood they paid the price,
And thou art pledged in sacrifice;
Oh, not in vain
The loss, the pain,
If thou dost mourn thy mighty slain
In hearts forsworn of greed and gain,
In hearts that bowed and broken cry
For light and guidance from on high,
That greatness may not pass us by!

Helena Coleman.

From "Marching Men." J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto.

WHAT DID YOU SEE OUT THERE, MY LAD?

WHAT did you see out there, my lad,
That has set that look in your eyes?
You went out a boy, you have come back a man,
With strange new depths underneath your tan;
What was it you saw out there, my lad,
That set such deeps in your eyes?

"Strange things,—and sad,—and wonderful,—
Things that I scarce can tell,—
I have been in the sweep of the Reaper's scythe,—
With God,—and Christ,—and hell.