

The Belgian Mother.

The sorrows of the Belgians are graphically described in this poem from the pen of T. A. Browne, of the Immigration Branch. Referring to it, the Ottawa "Journal" says: "Mr. T. A. Browne, who, for his many cleverly written poems, is recognized as one of the Capital's most talented writers, and whose works are always cherished by many, has written a powerful poem, "The Belgian Mother," which appears in another column. Mr. Browne will probably include this in a book of poems which he contemplates publishing in the near future."

Hear me, O God, that reignest upon high,
From blood-bespattered fields hear Thou my cry!
Hear Thou a Belgian mother's fierce appeal,
Whose torn bosom, 'neath the Prussian heel,
Crimson and breastless challenges Thy sky,
Of Christ the merciful demanding why,
Wherefore the murder of my valiant sons?
Wherefore the ravage of my little ones?
Hear me, O Father; Jesus, hear me pray:
Shall there be reckoning, shall Prussia pay?

Father, to whom I knelt these many years,
Thou wilt give answer to a mother's tears,
Give answer to the cry of her despair,
If heav'n be not o'erthrown, if Thou are there!
Helpless I stand amid the storm of hate,
My children slain, my fields made desolate,
I will not cease from urging till Thou give
Some sign, some token, that Thy justice live.
By daytime and by nighttime I shall pray,
For these foul crimes on mine, shall Prussia pay!

For sack of cities, sacrilege of shrines,
For trampled tombs, a thousand nameless crimes
That cry for vengeance unto heaven's throne,
Shall he not pay, shall Prussia not atone?
The dying hands of children grip my heart;
From vale and upland, and the thronging mart
There is no laughter where they used to play;
They cry unmothered, starved, with faces grey.
If this be not a hell 'neath devil's sway,
For all my little ones shall Prussia pay!

O God of mine, thy harvest moon still beams,
Nor hides in horror from such ghastly scenes,
And Thy great Sun I thought Thy hand might shade,
And dim the light that gave such carnage aid.
Red ravage rides across my piteous plain,
Behold Namur, behold beloved Louvain!
Temples of Wisdom prostrate in the dust,
Trampled and scarred to glut a despot's lust.
Hast Thou no rod this crowned Ghoul to flay?
For ruin of Beauty, Lord, shall Prussia pay?