

pathos, the other in its restrained and tender grief. Then there are the verses of Private Godfrey of the Australian Anzacs, (written in Gallipoli,) the rough and ringing "Red Cross Rhymes" of Robert Service, (a British Columbian,) Arnold Graves, "The Long Retreat", Howard Steele's "Cleared for Action", St. John Adcocks "Hymns of Battle", and many another volume of poem or verse, all interpretations of the varied and awful aspects of the war by men actually participating in its heroisms and its horrors. There are also many little volumes of interesting verse—sometimes it is little better than doggerel—that still are of interest and value, as showing how the men on the firing line think and feel. Frank Brown's "Contingent Duties" and Captain Blackall's rhymes enable one to live with the soldiers as they are read.

This is the song of the bloomin' trench
 It's sung by us, it's sung by the French;
 It's probably sung by the German Huns.
 But it isn't all beer and skittles and buns.
 It's a song of water, and mud and slime,
 And keeping your eyes skinned all of the time.
 You dry while it's dark, and you work while it's light
 And then there's the "listening post" at night.
 Though you're soaked to the skin and chilled to the bone;
 Though your hands are like ice, and your feet like stone.
 Though your watch is long, and your rest is brief,
 And you pray like hell for the next relief.
 Though the wind may howl, and the rain may drench,
 Remember, you've got to stick to your trench.—
 Yes, stick like mud to your trench!

The verse of the soldier poets will be remembered, some of it longer even than their valiant deeds. Some of them hide their seriousness in laughter, some call like clarions to constancy and courage—all to duty, faith, service. They rebuke our flippancy, our indifference, our selfishness, our materialism. From the heavens above, and the waters under the earth: from the seas they sweep in triumph, the lines they hold, the fields they conquer, they call to us at home to do and to endure. Many of them "poured out the red wine of youth, gave up the years to be of comfort and of joy." From little wooden crosses in shell-torn, shot-swept countrysides they point us back to another, that in even greater darkness was once set on