

Canadians in London

WE knew her clothed in sombre black and grey,
The glittering tinsel doffed and flung aside,
And in her clear, calm eyes a steadfast pride
That silenced grief and brushed the tears away;
We deemed her cold, until we learned to prize
The yearning warmth beneath her chill disdain--
Her heart's high courage in the hour of pain,
And the rich wonder of her sacrifice—

So when the closing menace grips no more,
And she in her accustomed glory moves,
Radiant and lovely, we shall still recall
How first we knew her—mourning vanished loves
With unbowed head, and dauntless brows that
bore
Thorns as a diadem imperial.



Rouge Croix

*("Rouge Croix" is the name of a cross-road at
the entrance to the trenches near Neuve Chapelle.
The name is self-explanatory.)*

BEFORE the wayside shrine we fall
While yet the hours are terror-free,
Awhile to pray, awhile recall
The blood-red Cross of Calvary—