

## THE ARMY DOCTOR

*(Written by a Toronto Lady and dedicated to the Young Doctors  
who are so heroically "Doing Their Bit at the front.)*

Stirred love for his fellow-man,  
And the passion of duty that through him ran,  
Eager of hand and foot he went,  
And his heart on service was keenly bent.

Steady and calm, his fearless eye  
Shed not a tear as he said good-bye,  
For he'd seen a vision of pain and strife  
Where men were fighting, life for life.

His aim, not to flaunt acquired skill,  
But to cure where the shot had failed, to kill,  
And comfort and ease the dying hour  
Where death had gripped past human power.

This it was, with his nerve keyed high,  
With pulse athrob and dauntless eye,  
He met the heroes of pain and death  
Who sing for the flag with their last faint breath.

They brought him men from the blood-soaked field,  
Where they lay like leaves, till his own brain reeled,  
As he saw the suff'ring where shot and shell  
Had rent and torn till the pain was hell.

But he gave them all of his strength and skill,  
From morn till night, and again until  
A new morn dawned with shadows grey  
And brought the toll of another day.

Untired and nerveless, on he worked,  
And under his knife it seemed there lurked  
Miraculous power, strange and queer,  
Staying the lives of his fellows dear.

He sang them song of mirth and love,  
And many a soul, e're it went above,  
Gave thanks for the cheer that was given that day,  
And he asked of earth no better pay.

And so, methinks, at the trump's last call  
He'll stand in line with the victors all,  
And writ in gold on his crown will be :  
" My son, you have done it unto Me."