

MOTHER LOVE

By Jack Cadden.

Son o' mine, the night is dreary; ashen skies are bending o'er us,
 As the night wind in its sorrow sends its sigh across the plain;
 And my heart is cold and empty as the months that stretch before us,
 Yet I'm praying for you, laddie, over yonder by the Aisne.

Oh the days are dark without you, and the nights are filled with longing,
 (You can never know the sorrow that a mother's heart can bear);
 And at night the tingling darkness brings a thousand memories thronging
 From the days through which I watched you, with a tender, loving care.

When the sound of martial music worked its witchery upon us,
 And our village street resounded to the tramp of marching men;
 All the death and desolation for a time was hidden from us,
 And the thin veneer of glory screened the horror of the slain.

But to-night I know you're sleeping where the world is rent asunder,
 And it's little I am caring for the glory of it all;
 I can only see the ruin that is working over yonder,
 As the march of nations changes to a dismal funeral.

Oh it's little they are thinking of the mothers who are waiting,
 For the Dawn to spill its splendor o'er the rude, red hills of War;
 And it's little they are caring for the hearts in silence breaking,
 'Neath the hush that casts its shadow through the years that stretch before.

And I'm sure you hunger, laddie, for your native, fragrant prairies,
 The wind of old Saskatchewan that makes your pulses run;
 The quiet of the starry night, the sweep of the Auroras,
 The rest that yields its treasures when the honest day is done.

But I've given you to Britain, and I do not grudge the giving,
 (Her call across the Seven Seas shall never sound in vain);
 All my prayers are with you, laddie, where the world with strife is riven
 And the battle-smoke is drifting,—over yonder, by the Aisne.

THE LITTLE WINDOW.

Here, at this window, looking out,
 She heard afar the echoing shout,
 The voices of the distant drum
 And pealing fife proclaim: I come!

And from this window, looking down,
 Above the tumult of the town,
 She heard the marching step below
 That seemed to echo: Love, I go!

And, as a statue still and pale,
 Wide-eyed, where tears could not avail,
 Lip-locked she sat through hours alone,
 In her dumb sorrow turned to stone.

She did not mark the morning hours
 Slow striking from the tall gray towers,
 Nor heed the city's gathering hum
 That told another day had come.

But with her soul's prophetic eyes
 She saw another scene arise:
 Afar, a cruel, bloody plain,
 And knew he would not come again!

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O, little window! Through the years
 Of bitter loneliness and tears,
 Is it not strange, in spite of fate
 She still will pray and watch and wait!

G. R.