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THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

(By Sam Walter Foss.)

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where highways never ran—
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man

I see from my house by the side of the road
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travellers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

THE BOYS WE LEFT BEHIND

It was with deep regret by members of the 241st Battalion, that Capt. Beal, Lieuts. Bartlett, Fleming, Rolfsen, Masson, Meridith, Lovegrove, and A. T. Fergusson, all of whom had rendered yeoman service in recruiting and training the unit, could not accompany the Borderers overseas. Lieuts. Bartlett and Fleming have already done their "bit," while the others are not only willing but anxious to do theirs.

The writer desires to take this opportunity of thanking Major Richards for his great kindness on the day of the departure of the 241st, as well as on many former occasions, also Colonel Welch and Colonel Robinson for their uniform kindness and courtesy.