

Ode to Trench Violets

Claude H. Dodwell

[A tuft of white violets was discovered growing on the trench side at F——. Our boys tended the tiny plants with almost motherly care.]

White Violets

Growing on the parapet.
Fair, scented loveliness
Crowning the ugliness ;
Saying " God is with you yet,"
Lest men forget.

Frail Flowerets

Laboured o'er with loving zeal ;
Where all is desolate
With blooms immaculate
On the crest God sets his seal—
White Violets

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Meditation

By Lynn C. Doyle

How dear to my heart are the signs in our ward-rooms
Where the late Granville owner presents them to view,
The matches, apenta, the sanitas fluid,
The corsets, pianos, and bath mustard, too.

Ah, why should we care for a glimpse of the Channel,
A look at the cliffs, or the broad distant view,
In place of apenta or sanitas fluid,
Or corsets, pianos, and bath mustard too ?

- In fond (?) recollection I'll cherish the pirate
Who put up these sign cards to vie with the view !
We've matches, apenta, and sanitas fluid.
And corsets, pianos, and bath mustard, too.