

THE MESSAGE.

15

(Continued.)

Be sure when your heart has been opened wide,
And your purse-strings opened too,
And you feel in your heart that, at least, a
part
Of the task belongs to you.

Oh! then the wood, the wind and the sea,
The horses' hoofs and the sun
Will speak to you of the things you do—
Your duty nobly done!

August, 1916.

THE REST CAMP.

Oh! polish your buttons and buckles and boots,
You men of the Seventy-twa!
It's nothing to you what the Hun may do;
You've little concern in the war.
You came to fight for the cause of right,
And nobly you did your part;
So polish your buttons and buckles and boots,
And parade till it breaks your heart!

Oh! was it for this that you came to France,
To stand in a neat, straight line?
Oh! was it for this that you left your home
And gave up your prospects fine?
And is there a man in the ranks of you,
Who'd answer the call to-day,
To stand out here, like a "Chocolate" man,
With the war ten miles away?