

AUTHOR'S NOTES.

Page 15 "Insulters of Death." The nearest approach to this phrase in modern English poetry is a participial phrase—"insulting death"—in one of the lines in Herbert Trench's epic idyll "Deirdre Wed." I wish to impress on my readers a unique fact, namely, the central hero of the ancient Gaelic sagas, Cuchullain, while as fierce and invincible as Achilles of the Iliad, was always, as Achilles never was,—magnanimous towards his foes and even tender toward the fallen. Surely we may be proud of the fact that the British, which include the Canadian, warriors in Flanders and in France, in contrast with the brutal, ruthless Huus, display towards their foes, both those active in the fray and those that have fallen, the ancient Gaelic magnanimity and humanity of Cuchullain, the incomparable and unconquerable.

Page 17 "Timor Mortis." The philosophy of the poem is, of course, that there comes to the finite individual a time when his person and deeds *can* have significance for the Infinite, and that to miss that great opportunity, through the accident of death, is to have lived and died in vain—possibly, too, in dishonor. If the world *will* be Satanic, as it is now, we *can* match Satan and his hour and see to it that, in his despite, the world *shall* be spiritual. To be inhibited by death from doing this, when one wills to do it, would be an absolute spiritual loss; to die in the attempt to thwart Satan and save the world would be the supreme venture and consummation in having lived and served.

Page 18 "Sursum Corda" ("Lift up your hearts"). No doubt, the poem has the metaphysic of Browning's "Abt Vogler," or, at any rate, of the line—"Why rushed the discords in but that harmony might issue forth?"

Page 19 "Renouncement." The poem may suggest Lovelace's familiar lyric, but the refrain—"If that I give myself I also, dear, give thee"—is certainly more philosophical and veracious than Lovelace's unpsychological paradox—

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more."

Page 20 "A Requiem." Written to memorialize the personal loss of one who was a college chum and a colleague in journalism. The late Sergeant Mac Donald was a lineal descendant of the famous Mac Donalds of Keppoch, Scotland. In a letter to the dead soldier's family (Capt. R. Mac Donald, North Sydney, Cape Breton), Col. Wauchope, his commander, highly praises the fallen soldier's loyalty and fighting spirit.

Page 21 "The Greater Love." The late Father Finn, of the First Battalion, Dublin Fusiliers, was the first British Chaplain to fall in the current war. While succoring wounded and drowning comrades at the landing at Gallipoli, he himself fell at the edge of the strand, riddled by Islam bullets. But mortal wounds could not quench his heroic Gaelic spirit. With his latest breath he asked: "Are you fellows winning?" Then being answered in the affirmative, he smiled and passed to peace, amid the awful diapason of the thundering guns on sea and land. Thus died one of Ireland's—and Britain's—true patriot priests—poor in worldly possessions but rich in love. And, as it is written, "Greater love hath no man than this—that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Page 22 "For An Only Son." In order not to intensify another's personal sorrow, and to universalize the appeal to any parent bereaved of an only son, I do not divulge whom I have memorialized in this poem. I may say, however, that the dead soldier was a young Nova Scotian, an alumnus of my own college at Halifax, Nova Scotia, a fine athlete and a splendid specimen of Canadian manhood. But any mother who has lost by this accursed war her life's one pearl of inestimable price, has this solace—that, as Mrs. Annie Rothwell Christie beautifully put it, she is blessed amongst women who can raise empty arms to Heaven and say, "Thank God, I gaze."—Avalon, the Gaelic paradise, Heaven.

Page 24 "Poe of Princeton." This is a tribute to the American sympathy with Canada and England in the cause of freedom and humanity. John Prentiss Poe, Princeton, class of '95, was my contemporary while I was a student at Harvard. He was an illustrious "football star," and, after graduating from college, went adventuring in wars. The almost colloquial lightness in the refrain of the poem is due to the fact that John P. Poe was a rare soul, possessing both a fearless spirit and a merry heart. He always concluded his letters to his old college mates with—"As ever, while water runs and grass grows—J. P. Poe."

Page 25 "To win this war—that is the work before us. It makes no difference who is working, so long as the work is done."—Lord Kitchener.

Page 26 "Flame of God." It may seem superfluous on my part again to memorialize the late English poet-warrior, after the fine poems written to his memory by Dr. Dollard, A. S. Bourinot and others. I do not emulate them. I write of Brooke because he was my personal friend and critic, from whom I received priceless material, as well as spiritual, gifts.

Page 28 "Gone On Ahead Awhile." Reprinted by request—and as a fitting *avis*—from my "Songs of the Makers of Canada and Other Homeland Lyrics" (Toronto, 1911).