

IN POTTER'S FIELDS

(Dedicated to the "Last Post" Fund, by Sergeant John Joseph Atherton, C.E.F., Calgary, Alberta, Canada).

Where sleep our heroes of the PAST,
Unhonored by a "Last Post" blast?
Can stately Abbey walls yet tell?
Is Obelisk their Sentinel?
Or, are their bones (now bleached in death)
Forgotten, with their parting breath?
Unwept, unhallowed, and unnamed
—In Potter's Fields?

Where rest our men of OTHER DAYS,
Stern fighting Sires of by-gone frays?
Is Pantheon their embellishment?
Or Mauseleum their monument?
Or, are they rudely massed in tiers—
With rough-hewn wood sepulchral biers?
Now rotting 'neath the dank foul earth
—In Potter's Fields?

Shame! Shame! that such was heroes' bed!
We lacked in duty to our Dead.
Why prate of maudlin sentiment?
Their precious blood for us was spent!
NOW shall their names be carved in gold!
War paeans sung, their deeds extolled!
Their bones interred, **NOT** like of old
—In Potter's Fields?

—JOHN JOSEPH ATHERTON.