

Eyes That Could Not See;
Heart That Could Not Understand:
The Evil Soon to Come.

The Devil appeared on the earth one night.
In beauty the stars did gleam,
The moon was casting her silv'ry light,
O'er Peace, in her placid dream.
As to and fro he wandered around,
Heard strains of a joyful song,
As swiftly it swept o'er the mystic ground,
From the hearts of a peaceful throng:
"They are too happy," he said, "this hour.
"This gladness I must stay;
"If a fool I can find with love of Pow'r,
"Peace with the Sword I'll slay!"
He wandered around from State to State,
A braggart and fool to find,
He at last discovered his long sought mate,
And entered the "Kaiser's" mind.
The cup that contained the withered brain,
He filled with illusory thoughts,
With false ambition it became insane,
Its purpose naught could thwart.
The Kaiser mustered his armies from near and far,
He armed them with sword and gun,
The Gates of Peace were rent ajar,
God's work of Love undone.
As murder and arson filled their breasts,
On weak ones marched they down,
To appease the thirst of a "Cursed Beast,"
Aflame in the Scarlet Gown.

Corp. W. J. CROW,

The Ottawa Whizz Bang

A live regimental paper is the *Whizz Bang*, published by the 207th Ottawa-Carleton Battalion, which has just come to our notice. The four companies, the M. G. and the Signalling Sections, Stretcher Bearers, Paymaster's Office and even the Brass Band are well represented in the eight large pages of the issue, but there is rather a scarcity of literary contributions.

The standing note under the title that, The "*Whizz Bang* is the name given by the boys in the trenches to a high explosive shell which travels with a *whizz* and explodes on contact with an intences *bang*"—sounds a bit gratuitous, to overseas Canadians.