

With the Canadian Poets

In Times of Strife and Stress

The War has not Robbed
Us of Wholesome
Sentiment

Autumn in the Northern Bush

Green of the pine on the dark hillside,
Glory of gold on the lea;
Purple and scarlet the last leaves bide
On the dead and the yet to be;
Where Autumn's lingering sunbeams glide
To comfort each dying tree.

The white creek winds with many a fold,
Silent and still and deep,
Where gaunt crags paint their shadows bold
On wood-strewn strands and steep.
The bare, brown banks, all scarred and old,
Slope down where the rapids leap.

A lone bird poised in the cold blue sky
Moves on wide wings and slow,
Breathing farewell ere he wheels to fly
Far south from winter's snow.
A murmurous stillness throbs on high
And broods in the woods below.

O summer rain-drops, O summer sun,
Come back yet a little while;
Cheer the chilled maples, one by one,
With old-time, tender smile.
Light with pale green the poplar's dun,
And the birch's silvery aisle.

The bleak wind stirs all dang and drear;
Our hearts with pain are numb.
We have sorrowed so much in the passing year
And we dread the year to come.
The lure of the woods has turned to fear—
And your voice, O summer, is dumb.

LIN WILLIAMS

You Will Not Dance

You will not dance when I am gay,
You will not mourn though wild my grief,
On sorrow you obtrude relief,
You haste to cloud the sunshine's ray.

And you would chase my tears away
Inveigh against my unbelief,
You would not dance when I am gay,
You will not mourn though wild my grief.

Perversity's your name, I say;
Ah! could you learn this lesson brief—
"My moodiness needs no relief."
So you must learn to pipe my lay
And you shall dance when I am gay.

HUGH S. EAYRS

Among the Looms

There is tumult, there is tumult in the boastful Magog looms,
There is deaf'ning clash of iron in the long vibrating rooms,
Where they crowd like angry men
Who must shout and shout again,
Who must beat upon the ear-drums their stentorian refrain—
Labour's song.

There are rioters dismembered in each protestant machine,
There treading shanks and jointed knees and crooked fingers lean
Ceaseless clutch and pass and tread—
Whose the hard-won daily bread,
That they ply, hic and fly in such a harried, haunted dread
Long day long?

There is gruesome, grinding triumph in the textile Juggernaut
That long since crushed the wheel and loom within the
weaver's cot—
Bore down lifted arms of flesh—
Are these men the frames enmesh?
In these grumbling iron workmen do dead strikers strive and
thresh
Ancient wrong?

Grim Industry, is progress but a vampire tell that feeds
On human blood—new Magog but old Manchester and Leeds?
Is this rumbling but the ghost
Of old issues won and lost?
Or is Labour's dirge-like rhythm manufacturer's vaunt and
boast?
It is strong!

MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

The Angels at Mons

The silent legions of the Lord
Came riding by—
The blinding flash of the flaming Sword,
Under the flaming sky.

A handful passed from the jaws of death
And stumbled by,
But a host was quelled by a fiery Breath,
Under the flaming sky.

MARGARET HILDA WISE

The Heroes of Gallipoli

No epitaph is theirs—yet need they none;
But in some future time their flag, unfurled,
Shall float above them, and a British sun
Shall warm this newest corner of its world;
And comrades' cheers with British bugles blent,
This—this shall be their greatest monument.

MARGARET HILDA WISE

Lines on an Old Flanders Battlefield

Only the echoes of bugles blown,
Here, where the boys have been;
Only a myriad poppies sown
Bright on a field of green,
Here, where the wooden crosses hide,
Silent, and poppy-crowned,
This is a spot where brave men died,
This is their hallowed ground.

MARGARET HILDA WISE

A Cradle Song

N.B.—"Lennavan mo" is Gaelic for
"My little child."

Lennavan mo, lennavan mo,
Mother is rocking you to and fro;
Hush, my baby, the cradle swings,
And a sleepy song your mother sings;
Winds from the coast of Dreamland blow—
Husheen lo, husheen lo!

Lennavan mo, lennavan mo,
Out on the waves of sleep you go,
Drifting on tides of dream afar
Where the islands of slumber are,
Hark to the sleep-call, soft and slow,
Husheen lo, husheen lo!

Lennavan mo, lennavan mo,
Little brown head, with curls arow,
Baby fingers, of play so fain,
Rest till the daylight comes again;
Softer, thicker, the shadows grow,
Husheen lo, husheen lo!

NORAH M. HOLLAND

Do You Remember?

Do you remember golden autumn days,
Woods leaved in amber-coloured splendour,
We wandered, happy through October haze
Or lingered by the sumac's sun-kissed blaze—
Do you remember?

Do you remember short days sullen-skied,
Rain thro' leafless branches of November,
Long hours of dreaming by the safe fireside,
While ruddy flames flared forth and leaped and died—
Do you remember?

Autumn's fleet interlude is here again,
With sunlit mocking days which bring no rest,
And sodden hours of ever-falling rain—
All bring but memories which blind with pain
Since you "went West."

R. G. V. C.

The Sick Child

My child is sick, my child with the rose-sweet body,
The bud-sweet body, dewy and fragrant and tender;
The mouth I have kissed so oft in the midst of laughter
Is hot, is parched; and his eyes, new stars of the morning,
Are strange in the heaven of his face, are fever-lighted;
His shining hair, like the milk-weed silk for softness
And sheen and fineness, is tossed and dry and disordered;
And his curving brows, like the wings of the flying swallow,
Are drawn, are distressed, as the swallow's wings were wounded—
Were sorely wounded, staying flight and gladness.

Where is the Evil hath stricken my child, my cherished?
Let the Lizard crawl forth in his claws and his scale-like armour—
Let him rear from his belly, the Worm, the Prince of Serpents,
And grapple—And I, the child's mother, will slay, will throttle,
Will stop his horrible breath, with my hands destroy him!
But he hides and plies his traffic, and dares not meet me,
My child suffers and tosses, crying faintly,
And I, his mother, must knot my hands and hear him,
Must wait and hear him, must wait and listen, tortured,
Must wait while Evil works and succour tarries.

My heart drags like a stone in my rending bosom,
My limbs are lead, and my bitter, bitter anguish
Mounts like a flame that is all my life within me.
And the flame is my voice and my tears and my burning passion
Of Love, of Hate, of Entreaty—O Almighty,
Let him not suffer, the child for whom I travailed,
Let him not wither, the Flower that I have cherished!
Show me the Foe that I may Fight and vanquish,
Let me find and destroy the covetous twisting Presence
Invisible, close by the cradle of my first-born.

MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER