

THE MESSAGE.

(Continued.)

Where horses stand in ranks so grand,
 Or fall—when their work is done,
 And shrapnel squeals 'mid the thunder
 peals
 Of War with its carnage grim!

* * *

For somebody's sake he gave his all,
 And Somebody—SHE GAVE HIM.

Or maybe you went for a sail to-day,
 And the wind was fresh and sweet,
 As the white wings flapped and the wavelets
 lapped
 In a lullaby 'neath your feet,
 The soaring gulls and the distant hulls
 And the fleecy, drifting cloud
 (As you lolled in summer reverie),
 Each one of them spoke aloud.

All had a message for you to-day.
 They said that the world was fair,
 And they bade you bear their word of
 cheer

To the heroes—over there,
 Where the same wind blows on the hulls
 of steel,

As they watch on the gray North Sea,
 And the same cold waves are the thousand
 graves

Of the heroes that died for thee,
 Where cannons roar on deck and shore
 And Death is in the air!

* * *

He died for the sake of somebody else—
 Oh! somebody, THINK OF HER.