

NOT THERE THEY SLEEP.

They do not lie beneath that sod
Where still the cannon wheels bite deep,
They hear not now the noise of war,
In other fields they sleep.

In other fields they sleep and dream
Nor wake to hear the bugle call,
And each day comrades join them there
While still the heroes fall.

They dream of English countryside,
Or roam once more the northern down,
They smell again the salt-steeped breeze
That sweeps the sea-port town.

Then weep not o'er that broken cross,
It is not there the heroes lie,
In other fields they sleep and dream
Beneath a fairer sky.

KILLED IN ACTION.

We find your name upon the fatal list
Which day by day our anxious eyes have read;
You whom we loved have won your place among
The mighty army of Canadian dead.

And was it fighting in the captured trench
Where the last foe put up resistance still?
In the wild charge, or in the brave defence
Of some position on a numbered hill?

We know not where you made your sacrifice;
It matters not, for this untold we know,—
For Canada, your home, you fought and fell
Still with a fearless face turned toward the foe.