

WAR THOUGHTS ON A LONDON 'BUS.
DECEMBER, 1917.

The omnibus is crowded quite,
The light is very dim,
And I gaze around and ponder,
On the lives of other men.
I wonder what they're thinking ?
Where they're going, how they live ?
Do they meditate so sadly,
O'er the sons they had to give ?

A young girl sits beside me,
A long letter in her hand,
It's from her soldier lover,
In a far-off foreign land,
She looks so sad and lonely,
As her fingers gently press,
The dear and treasured letter,
In the bosom of her dress.

The woman in the doorway
Seems anxious and upset.
Is she thinking of her husband
Whom for months she has not met ?
Is he fighting for his country
On the battle fields of France ?
Is he wounded ? Is he missing ?
Has he still a " fighting chance ? "

Oh, the misery and the heartache,
On the faces that I see,
And my soul goes out in longing,
With a strange new sympathy.
I know my eyes are swimming,
There's a feeling in my throat,
As I see those war-dimmed faces,
And it fairly makes me choke.

There's an old man sadly grieving,
Sitting just across the aisle,
And a woman sits beside him,
Striving bravely—just to smile.
He is stooped and crushed with sorrow,
By some overpowering fate,
She in tender silence watches,
Ready comfort for her mate.

There's a maiden in the corner,
Much too young to be alone,
And her eyes are red with weeping,
You feel sure her daddy's gone ;
Gone to join the many millions
Who are fighting over there,
She is left to face life's struggle ;
Tell me, does it seem quite fair ?

You really want to be her friend,
But don't quite see the way,
You want to cheer the poor old man,
But don't know what to say !
I would like to ease your burden,
Like to offer you my hand,
As we all sit here together,
For I think I understand.

But here we are on Regent Street,
And I must surely go,
Though I realise your feelings,
All the sadness, all the woe.
The shadow of your sufferings,
Casts a shadow on my heart,
God help you, fellow passenger,
My blessing 'ere we part.

—L.B.

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT.

A courtship at Cooden Camp is all very well
until the Orderly Sergt. reads out the list of
discharges on Friday ! Then a few tears and
fond farewells, and a glad eye for someone else.

The Sanitary Sergt. went with the football
team last week to see that they cleaned up
everything properly.

That feed in the Sergeants' Mess at night—
" gone, but not forgotten."

Also the limit of beer, poor patients' Sergt.
no " spirits " for anything.

Baillie's pup.

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