

MACFARLANE'S DUG-OUT 9

For when the night was dark with dread,
and the day was red with death,
And the whimper of the speeding steel
passed like a shuddering breath,
And the air was thick with wingéd war,
riven shard, and shrieking shell,
And all the earth did spit and spume like
the cauldron hot of Hell :
When the heart of man might falter, and
his soul be sore afraid—
We just dived into the dug-out that Mac-
farlane made !*

Deep is the sleep I've had therein, as free
from sense of harm,
As when my curly head was laid in the
crook of my mother's arm ;
My old great-coat for coverlet, curtain,
and counterpane,
While patter, patter on the roof, came the
shrapnel lead like rain ;

* It may interest the reader to know that these lines are being written during a very considerable bombardment, in which one misses the friendly proximity of just such a dug-out as Macfarlane's.