

### ARMAGEDDON.

The crimson clouds of war close down about  
The world, all trembling with reverberation  
Of crashing cannon and the warrior shout  
Of mighty nation charging against nation;  
The blaring bugles shriek above the din,  
As army after army rolls to death;  
Volcanic fires bursting from within  
Light up the lurid conflict with their breath.  
The hungry ocean rises in its might,  
The bolts of heaven cleave the broken sky.  
'Tis Armageddon! 'Tis the fateful day  
When man and beast and nature join in fight  
While gods and demons laugh to see them die,  
Till earth, and heaven, and hell are burned away.

### TO DUTY.

Thou who didst bind the bondsman to the free,  
The freeman to his king, the king to thee,—  
Dread spirit who hast led this nation forth,  
Grasping our best with an imperious hand,  
Pouring the strength and valour of the North  
To death and glory in a ravaged land,—  
Thou who hast taken all our youth could give,  
Blinding and maiming, crushing out its breath,  
Bidding the hero die, the coward live  
To eat and drink and meet a coward's death,—  
Strengthen our hearts to fight the battle through,  
To reap the harvest that in tears we sow;  
Oh Duty, hold us to thy service true  
That we may rise triumphant o'er the foe.

### TO FRANCE; MARCH 1916.

Now is thy hour, France, to stand or fall!  
The Hun in desperation hurls his might  
And heated cannon thundering day and night  
Against thy hard-held frontier's northern wall.  
Nobly thy armies answer to the call,  
With fearless hearts and tireless hands they fight  
And gladly die for thee and for the Right,  
In that high courage Death cannot appall.  
Shall all their sacrifices count as nought?  
Their love of honor and their patriot fire?  
Can death and desolation be the lot  
Of those whom Liberty and Truth inspire?  
Or has the foe, with hate and malice hot,  
Kindled the brand to light his funeral pyre?