

Poetry

Husband O' Mine

By Mrs. Wm. E. Walker.

Husband o' mine, so long that day
 Since last you clasped me in your arms,
 So peaceful our united way.
 Till you—astir at war's alarms,
 Left me to live my life alone,
 Husband o' Mine.

With sinking heart I watched you go,
 (And yet how proud I was of you).
 What years would pass we could not know
 Ere once again that heart so true
 Should fondly beat at sight of home.
 Husband o' Mine.

Oh, proudly here I walk alone,
 And pity feel for those poor wives,
 Who vowed with many a sob and moan
 They would not, could not live their lives,
 And let their husbands go to war.
 Husband o' Mine.

Think you they loved their husbands more
 Than I did mine, who let you go?
 I loved you truly and though sore
 My heart, because I loved you so.
 How dared I urge you to be false? No!
 Duty called you from afar—
 Husband o' Mine.

I could not spend my feeble power
 Tho' fain I would in freedom's plan;
 But I could help out in the hour
 Of Britain's need, to bid my man
 Godspeed to help to win the war—
 Husband o' Mine.

Husband o' Mine, we're growing old,
 A quarter-century has passed
 Since first I wore your ring of gold—
 And now you're coming home at last
 In God's good time, from lands afar—
 Husband o' Mine.

And come you straight and sound and
 whole
 As when you left me—or not so—
 Not as you were before. Your soul
 Will still be true; and henceforth we shall
 know
 That you are one of those brave ones
 Who helped to win the war—
 Husband o' Mine.

Friendship

By C. M. Watson

A friend in need is a friend in deed,
 Not one who says, but does.
 In joy or sorrow, health or pain,
 Willingly shares our loss and gain
 For the love of friendship's aim
 As when the sun in course doth set
 And strengthening shadows fall
 So may the friendship that we've met,
 Strengthen, towards the Call.

The Twilight Spell.

Doris Rosalind Wilder

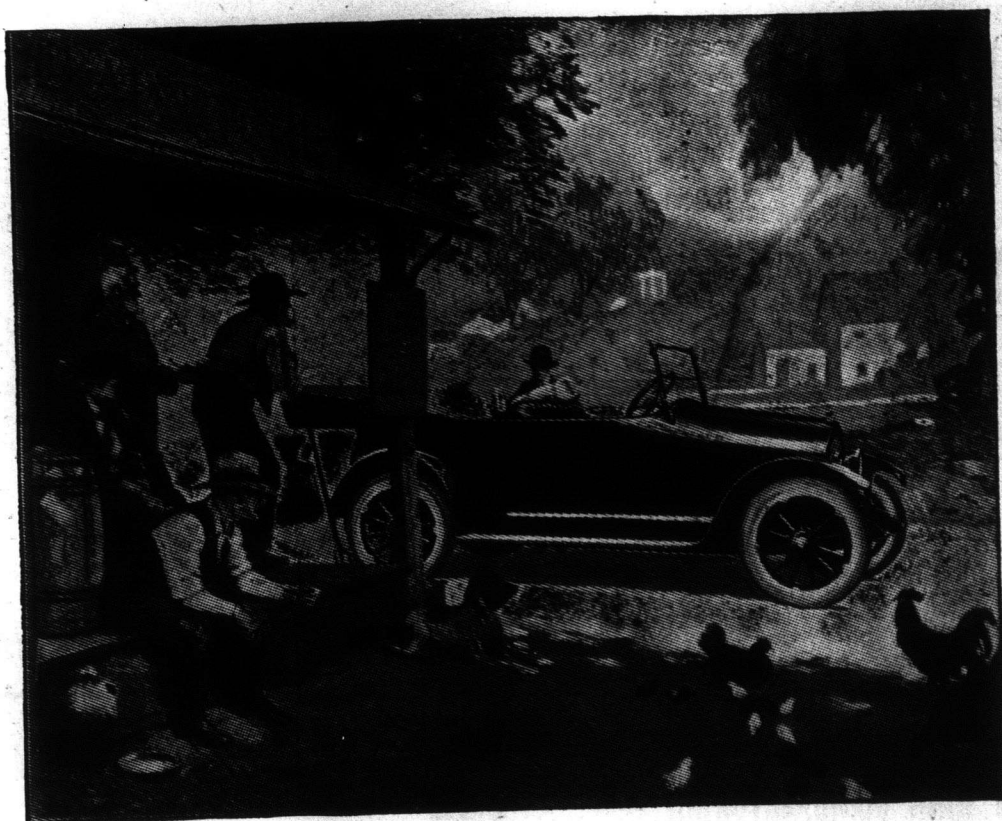
The ling'ring sunbeams from the garden
 fade,
 The golden ending of a golden day;
 Across the sky the wood-dove wings her
 way
 And shadows merge in one unbroken
 shade.
 With mirth and laughter from the mossy
 glade
 The children hasten homeward from
 their play;
 The robin softly trills his evening lay
 And dreaming lover tunes his serenade.
 O little fairies, pixies, goblins all,
 Who steal from out your flower-cups at
 night
 To frolic in the moonlight in the dell,
 Obey the signal of the white owl's call,
 And tripping in the ring of magic light
 Unseen, unheard, now weave your mystic
 spell!

My Ball

I had a pretty little ball,
 And it was red and white;
 I found it in my stocking
 Which I hung up Christmas night.

I went out on the lawn
 To jump about and play;
 Then I found my ball was gone,
 I looked for it all day.
 —Terrill H. Ruprecht, Age Eight, Ohio.

Overland



"Public Opinion"

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