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**T H E   W H I T E   C O M R A D E**

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Hot from the hell of conflict whence I come,  
Where life and death, binding men's spirits close,  
Have sealed a certain knowledge on our souls.  
Christ has come back to earth in these great days,  
I, but a young Canadian, tell you this.  
The stories of our battles,—Neuve Chapelle,  
St. Julien, Festubert, and all the rest—  
They have been told already scores of times,  
Sung, written, painted, burned in words of flame.  
My words are homely as a tallow dip,  
As crude as that, but just as stoutly true.  
Christ has come back to earth in these great days  
He has come back, as in the centuries past  
He suddenly appeared upon the streets  
Of old Judean towns. Let people talk  
Of ancient creeds and dogmas as they will,  
That helps not, hinders not, the vital truth  
That one young man in his most ardent youth  
So loved life, felt life, understood its laws,  
So took pain to his heart, so took great love,  
And knew that pain and love are always one,  
And knew that death can be lived through to life,  
Till he commanded death, and death obeyed.

So comes the Comrade White, down silent pain.  
He comes to woods and battlefields to-day,  
(Sometimes I think he loves the woods the best)  
And finds free souls flung skyward, glad to go.  
Among the lonely and the pain-racked ones