

17.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

(Dedicated to those who are making fortunes out of war contracts and to a dear old lady of eighty years who sent us a much-needed parcel of socks.)

I hate to think, in Canada, that grafters ply their trade,
That out of blood and suffering great fortunes can be made:
That we, who for her honour fight, should have to share the
 stain
Of those who smirch her honour, with their filthy love of gain.

I love to think, in Canada, a dear old lady sits,
And weaves a prayer in every pair of soldiers' socks she knits,
For we, out here in Flanders, know her thoughts and ours are
 one,
That each is glad to bear a share of work that must be done.

Oh, dear old lady, knitting, we fight the same good fight,
Our youth we give our country, you give the widow's mite,
And God, who seeth all things, and judgeth from the heart,
Will place the loving knitter and the Judas far apart.

The Salient, July 4th, 1916.