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**THE
SHELL**

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A.C. STEWART

Mr. Allen.

From the Author

Sister M. Stewart

† mas 1917

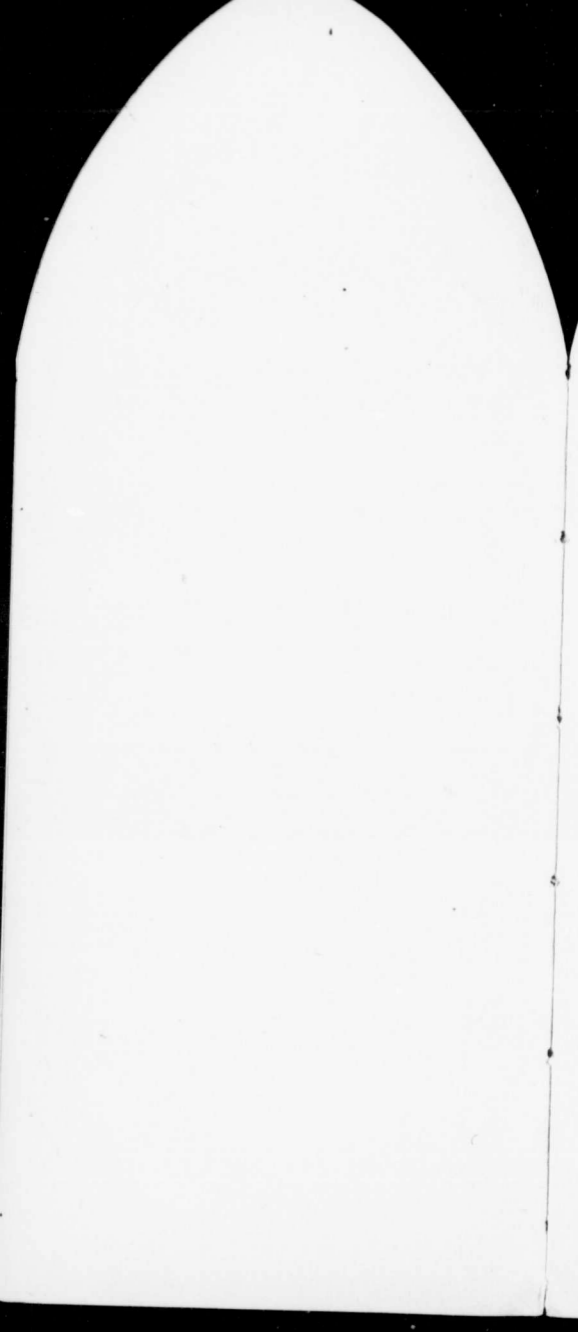






*Of our fellowship! Oh ye
Who my broken fragments scan,
Seeking vales of Arcadie
Vibrant with the pipes of Pan—
Man destroying brother-man
Steeps in gloom our fearful years;
Thus, whate'er I had of pain
Must reflect the gleam of tears.*

*Ah! I know the rose is red.
Blood, too, bears that vivid hue.
Blossoms by the bees are wed.
Oh that youth by death were, too!
Youth, oh princely youth! For you
And the Motherhood that waits
I have woven a wreath of rue
In compassion for your fates.*



THE SHELL

WITH
FRAGMENTS
AND
REVERBERATIONS

By
A. C. STEWART

Toronto :
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1917

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TO

The Chivalrous Sons of Canada

TO THE NATIVE-BORN AND HIS FOSTER BROTHER
AND TO THE BOY WHO FROM THE
BATTLEFIELD OF VIMY
WROTE HIS MOTHER
THAT HE HAD
"BORNE HIMSELF LIKE A CANADIAN"



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PREFACE

IN this day of High Speed and High Explosive, lightning transformations and sudden readjustments, conceptions are destroyed almost before completion and completion itself is but the point to immediate reconstruction.

This little volume, then, does not pretend to claim attention on any basis beyond its fragmentary consonance with the wreckage of the Great War.

To play the pedagogue while millions perish is, I think, to miss the import of the hour, and dogmatism can find shelter only in the dugouts of ignorance.

Still let us dare to hope that the world will not be forced to choose between the deadly assumption of the devitalized Cathedral and the more grossly repellent and inartistic insolence of the Bank Building—between the moral slavery of Creeds and the mental slavery of Cash.

To the murderous materialism of the bloody superman the whole world has determined that it will not submit.

In despite of long years of tuition in the cult that enthusiasm is idiotic and indifference the first quality of Genius, grief-worn humanity can refresh its blood-shot eyes upon the rose—it is not edible; omnipotence is no Hun. And therein lies a basis for belief that the principles of human Right and human Decency are not debatable, but are like Time and Space, indestructible, and would remain eternal when—

“The unbridged flood shall flow 'twixt silent banks
Unfreighted to the sea,”

when the books on the Great War—when all books—shall have been drifted like fallen leaves into the hollows of time.

To hope for "a new heaven and a new earth" may seem to wealth seditious, but what has wealth given in return for the service of its slaves? It has swanked upon the hilltops while the mob floundered in the swamps and now, dazed with dissipation, it has the effrontery to require spiritual vision and unselfish sacrifice from the souls it has debased. Not only that, but demands a profit in the process.—Gentlemen of the clubs and cabals! That punk is gone for ever. Let the parvenus, also, whose sires wore duck and worsted, take thought and restore their sympathies to their derivatives.

Of the Politicians, Time has taken note. Some are still Politicians—playing the shell game, pilfering at the ribbon counter, soliciting favors for friends, discounting same and passing on the residue. Some are in the penitentiary—by proxy (names on application). Others, and they are not a few, have risen to the altitude of the hour, worthy of those who fight for us and for Decency. To you and your kind, Michael, Hail!

In a Dedication to *soldiers* it is a *necessity* to declare that I know the difference between a fighting man and a fraud, between service and subterfuge, between the political appointee and the patriot recruit. I am not of those who believe that power means merit, that the ability to plunder implies quality to command, that skill in petty politics or in ritualistic rites carry with them of necessity skill

in the art of War. That belief seems a joke—a ghastly joke—when we know that it has cost Canada many thousands of young and gallant dead. Men sent “over the top” at the Somme without artillery is a thing to hush laughter—except in Germans.

It is neither excuse nor palliation to cite Gallipoli or Mesopotamia and to indulge in the stale complacency of “muddling through.” Humanity is soul-sick with the odor of these fat philosophies. Who has the right to *muddle* with human lives?

Counsel for the Defence may argue that such calamities are inseparable from hasty organization upon sudden demand, etc., etc. This will not serve when it is known that the ablest men in Canada, men whose reputations were Dominion-wide and Dominion-made, offered their services without stipulation and were replied to with a jest: “No more ornaments needed in the army.” One recipient returned the wire with a slight inversion: “Right, the Army needs no more ornaments.” This was early in the war—August, 1914. The sense of proportion at the Birks building is somewhat changed since then—we are celebrating the advent of abstinence with an orgy of dissipation, *but* the *bureaucracy* is still dominant—and men are suspicious that dehumanized *Business* is commercializing Death.

Life has been held so cheap that the results and conclusions are terrible. Citizenship of the world lies far beyond the dark horizon, and all manner of speech appears grotesquely inadequate. Yet thought recoils from refuge either in hopeless pessimism or tawdry optimism. Rather faith would aspire above the welter

of seething Philosophies, breaking on the soulless shores of individual cynicism, and rise with our proud and gallant youths—the fighting men of St. Julien, of Courcellette, of Vimy, of Fresnoy—who sealed with knightly blood their immortal protest against reactionary barbarism abroad and viciously immoral self-complacency at home; who conquered for us that we might conquer ourselves, and who bequeathed us the doctrine of their devotion, “Death, yea—but not of the Soul.”



THE
SHELL

I'M the High-Explosive Shell,
The Giant Shell!
The lathed and polished copper-ring'd, the Masterpiece
of Hell,
The deadly Shell!
Sired by the God of Death
In destruction's maddened mood,
Nurtured in the womb of Wrath—
Queen of devastation's brood;
From my mother earthquake-torn,
I, the lyddite-soul'd, was born.
I am the Shell!

I'm the Shell!
The crashing Shell,
The nation-wrecking, race-destroying, world-engulfing
Shell,—
The murderous Shell!
I'm the final god and first,
Worshipp'd, vilifi'd, accurst,
There are no more gods save me,—
Nothing human or divine,
Neither on the land nor sea,
Ever held command like mine,
Earth is whirling in my spell,
I am the Shell!
The Foster-Son of Science, that hath studied long and
well
To formulate a force that makes an infant's toy of
Hell—
I'm the Shell,
The Monstrous Shell!



I'm the Shell,
The unsung Shell!
He flounders in futility who apes my thunderous swell.
I have sunk the Poet's drone
To a maudlin monotone;
The Tornadoes of my Threnodies belong to me alone—
Stranded in Conception's storm,—
Thither by the Tempest blown,
Huddled close his shaken form,
He sits crouching like a crone,
While explosive Devastation peals its deafening
cyclone,
And the Vendors cheap of lies
Stammer in a dazed surprise,
Whelm'd in dark ferocious horrors, deeper than they
dared devise,
Glutted, choked with red atrocities up to their foolish
eyes—
In the blood and murder zone,
I am single and alone;
Imagination faints, and fails to follow where I've
flown.
I am the Shell!
The monstrous Shell—
Degeneracy's Nightmare never hatched a parallel
To me, the Shell!

I'm the High Explosive Shell,
The deafening Shell!
My volcanic diapason makes a drowsy hum of hell;



As I crash across the sky
Charnel houses multiply,
And, out of human semblance blown, the nameless
 thousands lie,
While the stricken nations quail
Groping dumbly in the gale,
And bow their sacrificial heads against the iron hail.
Lo! my doom is but begun,
 My commands shall be obeyed,
 They shall render Sire and Son
 To the gods their fools have made.
They shall welter in the shambles till they cease to be
 afraid,
And, choked with blood, repudiate the idols whom
 they pray'd.
I am the Shell!
The prophetic, analytic, the iconoclastic Shell,
 The smiting Shell!

I'm the Shell,
The cynic Shell!
With my weird and demon's breath
Breeding millionaires from Death,
And crowning skulking cowards with bold Valour's
 stolen wreath,
With my ghoulish ghastly art,—
 While the blood of Courage flows
 Clotting from the hero's heart,
 I transmute it to a rose,—
In the commercial buttonhole, how jauntily it blows!



I have fattened up the lean,
Dignified the base and mean,
Made a Magnate of the Mucker, changed the Harlot
to a Queen;

I have swallowed up the brave
With the chivalrous and good,
Left the Poltroon and the Knave,
As a curse to Womanhood,—

To submerge the high heroic with Degeneracy's brood,
While my steel-starred lightnings slay,
Fatuous mongerers of words,
Creatures of the "Cult of Prey,"
Wallow through the crimson curds,
Gasping grey grotesque philosophies above the sham-
bled herds.

But I,—I am the Shell,
Cosmic Judge of men and nations, whom no sophistry
can quell

How I hail in fierce ecstasies
Commerce and her bloodless sons,
Howling deathless patriotics,
Hedged behind the belching guns.
I'm the venom'd Scourge of Time,
Proof and Penalty of Crime.

I have scorched the Conqueror's laurels and made mur-
der unsublime;

I have rung the Despot's knell,
I am the Shell!

I'm the High Explosive Shell,
Coercion's Shell!

King, when unmask'd Diplomacy steps naked from
her cell.



All the studied terms of guile,
In the loom of Falsehood wrought
With the brain-entangling wile,
Suddenly become as nought,
And Rapine, savage, unrestrain'd, foams through the
breach he sought.

Crude dissimulations cease,
Murder mounts his gory throne,
Frenzy slits the throat of Peace—
In a trice—to the Unknown
The spider webs of Platitudes and Policies are blown.
I'm the Ego of these things—
Custom, Commerce, Cash and Kings,
Who keeps their dupes, the brainless-born, careering
round in rings.

I wield autocratic sway,
When I speak the serfs obey,
Flung forward in their multitudes that I may blast
and slay.
I am the Shell!

I'm the Shell,
The blighting Shell,
Of the myriads that have mustered I alone know how
they fell,
Corps, division and platoon,
Flung in fragments at the moon—
Surging on in swift array,
Armies meet and melt away
Confounded, and compounded with their basic matter,
clay.



From the belching of my breath
Plunge Niagaras of Wrath,
That whelm the marching millions in colossal waves
of death.

Youth the valiant, blighted, dies
As I scream across the skies,
Flinging Wreck and Desolation to the nations as their
prize:

From the Fortress of the Soul
I explode the mind's control,
And horror-maddened human things echo my echo's
roll.

In my orgy fierce and dread,
Stumbling o'er the shapeless slain,
Stricken deeper than the dead
Cower the shattered—soul and brain,
And grinning idiots babble at the terrified insane.

I am the Shell,
The Lathed and Polished Copper-ring'd, the Master-
piece of Hell,
The maddening Shell!

I'm the Shell,
The Dark'ning Shell!
My smoke-clouds shroud Dominions where my red rain
never fell:

Far beyond the seven seas,
On the mountain and the plain,
Hearts are shrunken to the lees,
Souls are withered for the slain.
I am the Shell!

My dread reverberations echo over hill and dell,



Where the grey-haired Mother sits,
Fearful that the sock she knits
Will never reach the boy whose face before her vision
flits.

And the widow'd matron sews
While her strain'd eye overflows,
As the toddler by her chair
Gazes 'tranc'd at her despair,
Aw'd by the blighting tragedy of which he is the heir.
Victory strikes no vibrant tone
In her bosom reft and lone,
Her heart rocked in an agony for him who was her
own.

I am the Shell,
I owe it to the Diplomats to do my function well.
They temporiz'd and fell.
But I—I am the Shell!
Arbitrament's Finality—the Power that *can* compel.
I am the Shell!
On human love, despair and grief I have no time to
dwell.

I am the Shell!
The resolute Destroyer of the woof and warp of Hell,
The soulless Shell!

I am the Shell!
Not wholly nor forever the fierce instrument of Hell:
Though I sweep in fearful guise,
Flaming Murder, Hate and Wrath.
Grief relumes the darkened eyes.
Life is vitalized by Death.



I am the Shell!
I'm the spirit of Reform,
Sovereign of the Battle-Storm,
My explosions wreck the blind
Misconceptions of the mind
And blast them formless, shattered, from the highway
of mankind.
And my dread convulsions shake,
Rule's foundation bond and form;
Till the boldest visions quake
Striving to o'erpeer the storm—
While self-concenter'd Parasites still strive to keep
them warm—
But I—I am the Shell.
Finance hath whelp'd a Frankenstein it vainly seeks
to quell.
I am the Shell!
The gory Retribution of the knaves who buy and sell
The blood and souls of dunces whom they toss off-
hand to Hell.
I am the Shell!
I strip Fool and Flunky bare:
In the crucible of war
All the bloodless Frauds that were,
Lie reveal'd the dregs they are.
I'm the Shell!
The desolating, renovating, re-creating Shell.
"The Shell!"
The doom of putrid Privilege, Emancipation's Shell,
The crashing Shell,
"The Shell,"
"The Shell!"



THE OVERSEAS CONTINGENTS

"BUGLES shrill are calling, Fane and Temple
falling,

We are but a unit of the British rank and file,—
Sweeping to positions, to die for our traditions,
Anywhere and everywhere, from Biscay to the Nile.

Commerce, Cash nor patron, mother, maid nor matron,
Curbs the instinct primitive that flings us on our
way.

Prices may go smashing—while the guns are crashing.
Us to reach the fighting line, ours into the fray.

Wealth is sudden obsolete. Traffic none but soldiers'
feet;

The work of art and artizan the Goth blows clean
to hell.

Earth and all her nations shake to their foundations.

The battle line's the place for us. "Forward!" All
is well.

"Dense" maybe, yet discerning, annihilations warn-
ing,

Where the Learned Barbarian flaunts in his sulphur-
ous mist.

Sons of our Creator's, we are no debaters;

Rolling to the battle-van to spike the "mailed fist."



We were taught in babyhood War was of the Dragon's
brood.

"Peace," that senile driveller, lies 'neath the
tyrant's feet.

All the old perspective is cull'd with the defective,
So forward to the carnage where the crashing col-
umns meet.

Passions, dark, primeval, echo the upheaval;
The belching of the cannon is the very breath of
life.

The straining soul is war-taut: the human brain is
blood-shot,

WAR: with the tube and sabre: the bayonet, the
knife.

Units of the Empire—to meet the Gothic Vampire,
We have quarrel nor cavil with or creed or cult;
Where the earth is shaking and there's history making,
Blending our identity in the net result.

Outposts on the planet (let the vandals scan it),
Into deadly action by a danger magnetized,
From Earth's farthest spaces where'er the British
race is,

On the Gothic foeman sweep the units polarized."



UNCLE SAM'S
FINAL NOTE

I'M sure a-comin', Bill!
Daown tew yer own hum taown,
 To slide aroun'
An' take a peek at your infernal mill.
 I don't go towerin'—much,
But somehow I've tuk a tarnation itch
 Just now, by gum,
 To travel some.
I'll jest scare up a stack or tew o' change,
 Sum billyuns more or less—I put it tew—
 But any-haow I'll bring enough tew dew
 My friends an' me.
An' gosh! Petain an' Haig might like a spree.
 Wal—Let-me-see.
Ding busted heaps o' baggage tew arrange,
 I've mostly stuck to hum
 So long, by gum,
My family o' boys is sech a size
 That dang my eyes,
It takes a right, smart time to realize
 The darn dod-gasted toys,
 Cannons and sech,
It takes, to rig up my ten millyun boys.
 But—shucks!—I'm rich—
A pesky sight o' husky, young galoots.
 Wall! Bet yer boots,
What they can't do I reckon can't be done.
An', dang it! Mighty sudden, with a gun,
 Sh'd say so, son.



But sure I'll cum.

Hope ye'll be tew hum,

'Bout time I strike your taown.

I'll loaf a day or tew, an' nose aroun'.

An', Bill, I've heer'n

You've got a tidy slush o' loose machines.

See—sub-marines,

Scootin' aroun' jest 'bout where am a-goin'.

Wall, yank 'em outa that.

'Cause if ye don't—Aw, well,

Seein' as war's jest Hell—

Gol' darn my skin, I'll plug the pesky lot—

Quicker'n seat!

Get that?

Betcha, I will.

So long, Bill.

I am,

Yours,

SAM.



THE MONGREL
AT
VIMY RIDGE

"A little mite of a dog went all the way across with us. . . . I got four Heinies. . . . missed him at dawn."—*Extract from a soldier's letter.*

A LITTLE mite of furry noise
That frisked and frolicked with the boys,
Chummed in their bully beef and joys,
Their beds and vermin;
Fought any beast regardless size—
Cat, rat or German.

His pedigree was full sinister;
His dam, monogamy had missed her.
Unfettered, free—a lord or master—
She sniffed to scorn.
So Nip splashed into life's disaster
A mongrel born.

Though to a prudish world he came
Unregistered, without a name,
He slunk not by in slavish shame
For dam or sire;
But, scion of a reckless flame,
His blood ran fire.

His size sore subject to misprision,
His breed a butt for coarse derision.
Yet he no pacifist logician.
A fighter born,
Grim mustered with the Fourth Division
On Vimy morn.



In fierce explosions, thunderous roar,
Night lit with hell—the boys went o'er.
Commanders fell and sergeants swore
 With throats aflame.
Keen and courageous to the core
 Nip played the game.

.
Th' batt'ries bellowing flaming wrath
Ripped heaving gulfs across his path.
Nip scrambled on in fighting faith,
 While many a boy
Sank crumpling down in sudden death
 With glazing eye.

As gay through death and wreck he sped,
A Captain smiled—clutched at his head—
Through writhing lips swift-flecked with red
 He fiercely cried:
“By—God—the cur's—a—thoroughbred—”
 Fell forward. Died.

.
One soldier who survived that hell,
Who scathless fought where thousands fell,
Wrote briefly home his luck to tell:
 “Poor Nip! He's gone.
I got four Heinies. . . . Fit and well
 Missed him at dawn.”



"BILL"-ON-THE-
TOBOGGAN-SLIDE-
BOUND-FOR-HELL

From the German of Lissauer.

WITH his docile vermin
Kowtowing in German,
"Kultur's" maniacs squirming
In hypnotic spell.
God and Gasconading,
Krupp and cannonading,
Bill fanfaronading—
Steered-for-hell.

Submarines and cruisers,
Junkers, murdering boozers,—
France and Russia losers,
Sounded mighty well:—
"Deutschland domination,"
Murder as persuasion,
"Bill" in red elation—
Bound-for-hell.

With the Austrian Deutcher
Plus the Turkish Butcher,
And the German hooch—or
Gas, ah! swell.
Old Attila aping,
Killing, maiming, raping,
Bloody "Bill" went shaping,
Straight-for-hell.



Scattering hates and curses,
Ripping throats and purses,
Slaughtering nuns and nurses,
 To hear the timid yell.
Bill, ferocious fighter,
European blighter,
Took the red all-nighter
 Straight-for-hell.

At the scorching portal
Satan cut him short, all-
Sternly thundered: "Mortal,
 Wouldst thou dwell
Where such thugs are fitted
For their crimes committed?
Avaunt! they're not permitted
 In-my-hell."



TO THE
"MANCHESTER
GUARDIAN"

On its Gratuitous Advice to the Canadian People on
the Retirement of Lieut.-General Sir Sam. Hughes.

MENTOR and Guardian of the spindled Heaven,
Port of the produce of the pillaged realms—
The pury monitor to whom is given

The callous complaisance that overwhelms;
We of the spaces wide and vast and clear
Ask not your mode for our emotions here.

You were of those who lauded to the skies
Hughes, when his clarion call'd our armies forth.
You fawned upon and praised him English-wise
In stolid paragraphs as dull as earth;
Now you would teach us how our hearts should
beat
In consonance with yours at his defeat.

He was too brusque and honest long to please
The insular conceptions of your isle.
He was no servitor with supple knees,
And little cared for a patrician's smile.
The energy that filled his head and heart
Made him unfit to ply the courtier's art.

Let's speak the truth out openly for once—
If merit's measured by your style of fame
Dull mediocrity adores a dunce,
And costliest failures win the greatest name.
Canadians deem it *insult*, not *reward*,
With merging chaps like Aitken made a Lord.



If you wished servitors, not soldiers, you
Must seek them elsewhere. Thoroughbred we are,
As proud as you are. To our breeding true,
And ask no odds from mankind near or far.
As is our right, we stand for Freedom's cause,
Nor seek for titles to support her laws.

And so meseems it is not yours to say
What special temper we should bear to Hughes.
'Twill be sufficient if your ponderous sway
Can tinct your brewing gods with clearer views.
Place your monitions where they're understood,
They neither suit the moment nor our mood.

Because we here are hurt. He steps aside,
Who toiled like Hercules, and gave his best
While sordid thieves were grafting far and wide;
He labored on without reward or rest,
And, for he dared to say the thing he thought,
His past performance is to go for naught.

While docile temporizers fearful tread
In devious ways to hold their barren power,
Or ducking partridge-like their hiding head
From storms afoot to kindly covert scour.
And you, forsooth, would tell us where to place
One sound Canadian snobs could not debase.

Granted that, like Themistocles, he gave
Against his judgment fealty to his friends,
And like the mighty Greek at times would rave
At greater length than modesty commends.
Yet his gigantic work not Envy hid
But hated him the more, the more he did.



Canadians owe him much, and England should.
Restrain your censure—for the most part blind.
We have no liking for the super-mood
That claims a mission to instruct mankind.
Such "Kultur," gothic in descent and art,
Falls like a frost on the Canadian heart.

Call him, as do his enemies, "a fraud,
An egotist, a mountebank, a dunce."
Prove yourself caitiff, publish it abroad
That you were merely flatterers for the nonce.
But do not ask us *all* to prove that we
Have neither sense, nor heart, nor loyalty.

He did his work and did it like a man,
Ev'n with the handicap of truckling slaves.
And if his zeal discretion oft outran,
He shamed at least the calculating knaves
Who steal by proxy and securely calm,
Watch their poor catspaw lick its blister'd palm.

Let Canada his flagrant faults condone!
'Tis but Divinity that never errs.
His weakness and mistakes were all his own,
His virtue, strength and energy were hers.
Freedom forbids the Empire to refuse
Her meed of glory to the name of Hughes.



DARKNESS AND
DEATH—1917

THE SOLDIER.

GLANCING out across the night,
Crouched beyond the parapet,
Knowing death is poised for flight
Where the wired lines are set;
Cautious lest the star-shell's flare
Guide destruction lurking there;
Valiant, young, alert and bold,
Fate forbids him to grow old.

THE MOTHER.

Peering wistful thro' the gloom,
Up the village street or lane.
Ominous the empty room,
Thick with threats the gusty rain.
"Sure he knows I'll watch for him
Till the stars—of life—grow dim.
Wait—he was so proud and bold—
God knows; maybe stiff and cold."

THE SWEETHEART.

Gazing out into the night
Where the ghostly shadows dance,
Desolate; her source of light
Lies eclipsed, in distant France.
Fear stands sentry at her heart,
Death broods where the shadows part.
Blighted at her best of life—
She will never be his wife.



THE WAR-LORD.

Glaring out into the dark,
Aching for the blood-red dawn;
His command the fatal spark
Sets death's fearful orgy on.
"Yokels are but born to die;
Earth was made for such as I."
Fool, thy horoscope is drawn.
Fate hath spoken, "Death at Dawn."

THE PHILOSOPHER.

Prying dimly through the night,
Balancing the cons and pros;
Dazed by the fantastic light
That the High Explosive throws.
"One more point to be resolved,
Then I have the problem solved."
Death, the sergeant, shouts "Dismiss!"
Solve your tasks i' the abyss.

THE SOUL.

Choking, strangling in the murk;
Grief-convulsed, the human soul
Cries anent the ghastly work
Purpling earth from pole to pole:
"Is there hope for human kind?
Or a God save in the mind?"
Dunce of finite faith and breath,
Death, the questioned, answers "Death."



WRITTEN AS A
MARCHING SONG FOR
A WESTERN BATTALION

FROM the mountain and the prairie
We are marching light and airy,
To the fighting fields that Fame is now adorning.
And we'll teach the ruthless German
To bewail his murdering vermin
That so gaily plundered Flanders in the morning.

Sure the trickster, always scheming,
Dreamt the Lion's whelps were dreaming
Of deserting those Traditions they were born in.
But the Old Flag streaming o'er us,
Every Cub picks up the chorus:
"We are off to smash the Kaiser in the morning."

Oh, the Boys from Australasia
Have a fighting style to plaze ye,
And can do a Turkey Trot with little warning.
But we'll show the German Leygions
How to step like our Canadians,
And then fight them to a finish in the morning.

Ev'n the Pirate, plunder laden,
Never wronged the helpless maiden;
But the dirty Goth holds decency in scorning.
Sure, he'll learn a new opinion
From the Boys of this Dominion,
And we'll point it with our bayonets in the morning.



ON A FRIEND—
ONE OF MANY THOUSANDS
WHO DIED GALLANTLY
AND WITHOUT PARADE

ON you the world had ceased to smile,
The lights of Love and Faith were gone,
Disaster wrecked your years of toil,
Misfortune play'd you as her pawn.
Those friendships that were wont to fawn,
Unpaid, withheld their fulsome thanks.
But Bugles blew another Dawn,
You marched a private in the ranks.

The pledges beauty gave your youth,
The golden promises of Life,
Recanted in the face of truth,
And peace a derelict of strife;
The broken ties of Friends and Wife,
That round the withered heart would twine,
You cleft with resolution's knife,
And marched a private in the line.

Not yours to seek for special terms,
For shelter safe with privileged ones.
When Freedom called the brave to arms
You mustered with her fighting sons.
Lord of the courage staunch, that shuns
Parade and pity, tears and noise,
You marched against the blasting guns,
A silent soldier with "the boys."



Honor to those who voiceless go,
Unheralded, to lose and save;
Who inconspicuously low,
Lie with the unrecorded brave.
No granite quarried by a slave
Vies with the wooden cross, whose sign
Stamps benediction on the grave
Of these, the privates in the line.

Idlesse may cast a listless eye
On this, that hides a nameless name;
Or coldly-wise assume a sigh
To mask whate'er it feels of shame.
You triumphed over praise or blame,
In a true soldier's fighting chance,
And glory paid a hero's claim
With a proud private's grave in France.



ON THE COMMERCIAL
EXPLOITATION OF THE
POEMS OF ALLEN SEAGER
AND RUPERT BROOKE

"But for a Dream born in a Shepherd's Shed."

—Kettle.

THE music of their grief compell'd a tear
That briefly dew'd the world's decadent heart,
And that worn drab and her disciples sear
Saw glorified self-immolation's art;
Through the warped vision of diseased belief
Thought themselves thrill'd with recreating grief.

Tinct with the virus of wealth's vicious days
The hectic sons of vice-venom'd sires,
In war's fierce stimulant beheld a blaze
Which folly hail'd as elemental fires;
And Commerce lauded in financial joys
The sacred tears of these immortal boys.

Trade's inartistic sophists clutch'd at aught
To lend a glamour to her sordid crimes.
The immoral midnight of degenerate thought
Read false deductions from their boyish rhymes.
Young immature illusion's sacrifice
Was hallow'd sanction for colossal vice.

Renunciation by the innocent
Was wrested to disguise a rotten cause;
That youth elated to the slaughter went
Drap'd stolen dignity o'er beggar'd laws,
While blear'd debauchees of Corruption's flood
Hailed cheap redemption in their offspring's
blood.



Coarse Commerce cites their agonies untold
As exaltation of her orgies dread,
Computing Victories, Colonies and Gold
As liquidation of her countless dead.
While fetter'd truth, dazed in a fierce surprise,
Stares stupefaction from her blood-shot eyes.

The shackled millions marching to their death,
Their patriotism indexed, tricked, debased;—
No human hope to glorify a faith,
No spiritual star to gild their waste.
The insane nations have nor aim nor end—
Save fatal wealth—to conquer or defend.

While you, dear lads, your priceless visions set
In Barter's show-case with his huckster's wares,
Your glorious faiths flung like a gambler's debt
On the cold altar of commercial shares;
Your god-like deaths are travestied and made
An inspiration for their murderous trade.

Grim o'er the shambles of the brave and bold,
Where Armageddon's Arch-Priest Death presides,
Heartless and tearless looms the Idol Gold,
Its soulless base lash'd by the purple tides;
Unmoved and murderously callous, blind,
While multiplying horrors whelm mankind.

Hunger and Famine, Butchery and Lust,
Madness and Murder, Pestilence, Disease,
The endless Hecatombs of tortured Dust,
Death, Wreck and Devastation—none of these
Halts from its aim pursued in savage stealth,
The hell-born, dread, remorseless tyrant Wealth.



Sleep, gallant youths! Your unavailing cries
Hush'd in the wasted hearts that gave them birth;
Fate, kindlier than your kin, hides from your eyes
The cold colossal irony of Earth,
Whose gracious promise of her rarest forms
Lies, ruin'd wreckage of Destruction's storms.

You spoke. But who shall voice the silent ones
Who fled no crime, who never bore a stain,
Yet marched unfaltering on the blasting guns,
Sound, clear-eyed, virile, clean of heart and brain;
Who *knew*, yet mutely seal'd in high-born faith
Th' indignant protest of a voiceless Death.



GOLDSMITH—1917

SON of the race to exile born,
He wandered far from sweet Lissoy,
His soul filled with the light of morn,
His heart with human love and joy.
The hope of time's eternal boy
He long opposed to fortune's frown,
With faith no mirage could destroy.
But now he sleeps in London Town.

In rustic guise through genial France
He strayed, and from the Appenines
Beheld with the unrolled expanse
Humanity's diverse designs,
And garlanded in waving vines
Rome's monumental ruins frown,
Stern precepts in the immortal lines
Of him who sleeps in London Town.

The poet's soul found always home.
His wide compassion, kindly mirth,
Were native, though his steps might roam
Far from the land that gave him birth.
A homely citizen of earth,
He loved it well, yet deeply down
His heart was with his Irish hearth—
But now he sleeps in London Town.



A stranger in that haughty Isle
Whose trident dominates the wave,
Her the lone scholar's slighted toil
Sought from her fatal wealth to save.
His vision saw the future slave,
Worn serf of trade's debasing crown.
She gave the prophet-bard a grave
And lease to sleep—in London Town.

The deaf'ning thunders of the Strand
Roll heedless o'er his dreamless head.
But fleets at sea and hosts on land
May well recall the prescient dead.
Time and the hour beholds them led
By those whom England trampled down.
Her saviors from the race that bred
The seer who sleeps in London Town.

In vain the scholar seeks to find
The pristine sources, whence he caught
His clear lucidity of mind.
His matchless clarity of thought,
The star-like marvels that he wrought,
Reflect a magic glory down,
Their rays with gems of wisdom fraught,
By him who sleeps in London Town.

The Irish soldier from afar
Who never stood on Erin's soil,
The son of chivalry and war—
Those heirlooms from his father's Isle—
Steps swiftly through the splendid pile
Where sleep the great of sword and gown,
But stays in dewy mood to smile
Where Goldsmith sleeps in London Town.



Loved goddess of youth's halcyon days,
His rural Muse with artless air
Charms with her summer-smiling face
And blossoms in her wind-blown hair.
Benignant, beautiful, and rare
And lovely, in her rustic gown,
Sweet alien to that desert, where
Her poet sleeps in London Town.



A VISION—1917

DRAIN deep your crimson bowl
Of vandal brew
To the poor tempest-driven Irish soul!
Who could believe that you
Ever spoke true,
Or that your cutthroat bands
Could scale the dazzling heights where Freedom
stands;
Or that your furtive gaze
Could bear her flashing blaze
Of indignation at your purpled hands.

Better his native stew,
Though scant and thin, than luxury with you!
Better his ragged coat,
The catch in's . . . throat
And in his heart that never-dying flame—
Though liberty to him be but a name—
Better that he retain
His quenchless genius, his unfettered brain,
His smiling tears,
The cold repression of his desolate years,
Than wear your brand of chain!

Better his passionate soul
His bosom never filled. The freedom that
Clings like a glory round his battered hat,
The smoke that from his dudeen's bowl
Rises to heaven to intercede for Pat.



Ulster is stern—not cold,
And, like her southern sisters, dauntless-souled;
But—being a changeling—jealous of her place.
Yet her heart's warm.

I know—I'm of her race.
And not a son her mothers ever bore—
Through stress and storm
And years of exile—ever loved her more.
'Tis not her heart—but head,
The century-rooted dread,
That Rome would thrust on her enfranchised neck,
Her yoke, her cramping creeds,
Her lazy, droning breeds
Who stripe the straining flanks of bowed Quebec.

Better—Ah, yes—
That cloudy Ulster and her sisters south
Should live from hand to mouth
In cold distress,
In doubt, suspicion—none to make them less—
Than that they took from you
Your soul-debasing brew,
Your blight,
Your mental night,
Your valuation of the Spirit's right.

Begone, ye coarse spalpeen!
Ye wanton murderer! Ye graceless churl!
Ye know not Erin's wurrel
Nor what it is.
Pat's heart and mind are clean.
There's never been
In all the world a reverence like his
For the dear honor of his sweet colleen.



Hence to your hordes of fear!
 No bosom here
 Quails at the flash of the Teutonic spear.
Hence to your furtive cave!
Though Albion's hand is cold her heart is brave.
Hence to the midnight of your ghostly owls,
 Your damned Walpurgis nights,
 Your ghastly rites,
Your vile, misshapen, fierce, predacious ghouls,
Your murderers clanking in their fear-forged steel,
The red gouts dripping from their ruthless heel;
 Stalking o'er ravished maids,
The blood of infants on their crusted blades.
Hence to your savage scene——
Our fairies dance upon the moonlit green—
 The gracious kindly folk—
And chivalry exposes but the sheen
Of a bare bosom when flung back her cloak.

Erin, Agra! The stranger never knew
The radiant spell of your maternal eyes,
 The charms that hallow you,
 The visions ever new,
The drenching splendor of the Celtic skies.
'Tis but your own who from your bosom drain
 The mystic dew,
 The wrapt, illusive art
That streams perennial through the filial vein,
Throbbled from the fountains of your fairy heart.



How could the alien know
Your careless revel hides a sacred woe,
Your laughter ever echoes grief's refrain,
Your joy dissolves in sighs;
Or dream that Valor's eyes
Shone bolder, after their unwarlike rain.
How could they feel that courage ever keeps
The open bosom of a little child,
That Freedom *never* sleeps,
That from her dungeoned deeps
Her ideals flame forever undefiled.

Erin, mavourneen! If I could efface
The scars that Time has seared upon your soul,
Deep in my heart compress
Your wrongs, your shames, distress,
And plunge with them beneath oblivion's pole;—
It were enough reward;—
These and one son forgotten by his race;—
To know you marching in your dauntless grace,
One with yourselves and Albion on the goal,
Where pointed falling Redmond's knightly sword.



THE RECALCITRANT MOTHER

SHE would not send her recreants forth
Against the Gothic horde,
Though of no special brand of earth
To dignify a sword.
She could not hide, poor sordid goose,
Her parasitic fear—
Her cold, smug egotist's excuse:
" 'Twould ruin their career."

No grief should pierce her callous heart,
Nor wake her selfish brain.
Let others play the heroes' part,
Her sons must not be slain.
The Blood of those who fall to save
Her cowards in their fear,
Should choke the indurated slave
Who prates of their career.

Say, Madam, if the Valiant held
The doctrine you proclaim,
How long till womankind compell'd
Would writhe in tearless shame?
If Valor did not fight and die,
If mothers shed no tear,
On what poor fool could you rely
To bolster their career?

Have you attained that soulless poise
Indifferently to smile,
While others see their gallant boys
Fall shattered, file on file?
Think you no shame your craven brood
Skulks low, dishonored here,
Yet drains a foster-mother's blood
To nurture its career?



Let not the Soldier hear it said—
He holds a nobler aim
Than to consume ignoble bread
In acquiescent shame.
Let him not know that, while he bleeds,
Pale cowards in his rear
Wring profits from his direst needs
And vaunt their base career.

Let him not know that Wisdom drains
Rich draughts from his distress,
Transmutes the vintage of his veins
To wine for her excess.
His service made, a foolish lie,
His sacrifice, a sneer,
While brazen thieves of Commerce ply
Their dastardly career.

And further, think not Nature's plan
Of such a raw design,
That man his debt to brother man
Can pay in bloodless coin.
If such cold, damning lie survives
This age of blood and tears,
In vain our noblest gave their lives
And wasted their careers.



LINES WRITTEN FOR
THE UNVEILING OF THE
FORT WILLIAM COLLEGIATE
INSTITUTE HONOR ROLL

Containing the Names of those Students who in
Defence of Decency Exchanged their Books for
Bayonets in the Great War.

HERE, where they studied peaceful arts,
The crimsoned scroll of War appears.
Our comrades of the gallant hearts,
Who earned our homage and our tears,
Carved in the adamant of time
These names shall challenge glory's glance,
Immortal, chivalrous, sublime,
Our valiant boys who fell in France.

Though yesterday it seems, they passed
In shelter of a mother's knee,
They answered Freedom's bugle blast
Like Paladins of chivalry.
Once more on earth's decadent mind
Was flashed the elemental truth.
The gracious faiths of human kind
Spring primal in the heart of youth.

Our tears are with our dead to-night.
Thank God, we feel no flush of shame.
Though brief, their proud career was bright,
And glory stamps each knightly name.
Though young, unseasoned and untried,
And burdened with commercial modes,
They cast our sordid creeds aside
And bore themselves like demigods.



Hail to the brave who still fight on,
And hail to you whose hearts are sore.
All hail to those whose tasks are done—
The dead—who can return no more.
On the long roll that Freedom claims,
Fame bends no prouder, fonder glance
Than that of the immortal names
Of these our sons who sleep in France.



THE
IRISH MOTHER
JUNE, 1916

OCH-OCH! On-nee! My son,
I miss your boyish glance.
The heart of me was turned to stone
That day you sailed to France.

The light has left my eyes,
'Tis filled I am with fears
Of the cold strangers' curse that cries:
"For Ireland blood and tears."

For Ireland tears and blood
At home or scattered far;
War for the Shamrocks' fated brood,
War always—always War.

God knows—agra! My heart
Breaks, bidding you advance.
But you must play the knightly part
And draw your sword for France.

France! Shamed by the shameless Hun,
Foul'd by her graceless foe,
France and her sister both undone.
Go, dear! God love you! Go!



THE IRISH FATHER
TO HIS SOLDIER SON

GO forth, my son and soldier,
Against the Goth advance.
Not for our bond to England,
But for our debt to France.
France, chivalrous and gallant,
The champion of the free,
Claims service from the Valiant,
And so is worthy thee.

And Belgium devastated
Should bare an Irish sword,
To leap forth, animated,
Against the ruthless horde.
Let her to stead her bravery,
See how our fate we met—
Six hundred years of slavery,
Unsubjugated yet.

The sons that Erin mothers
Have never weighed the cost,
But fall to win for others
The freedom they have lost.
Their nationhood in ruins
The conqueror may deny,
But conquest has not cancelled
Their liberty to die.



And you, my son, inherit
From your Scottish mother's veins
The dauntless blood and spirit
That crimsoned Flodden's Plains,
The soul that brooks no tether,
The tide no foe can turn,
That purpled deep the heather
With Bruce at Bannockburn.

Then go! The breed that bore you
Fear nothing save disgrace,
And hold their lives and honor
A hostage to their race.
Their ideal universal,
Not bond, or lone, or blind.
Their Fate, the knightly service,
That dignifies mankind.



WILHELM
THE DESTROYER

WHEN the judge of the future sums up your
career,
And apports the guilt of your blood-sodden
reign,
Compassion herself might accord you a tear,
Were it left, after weeping for millions of slain.

What answer, vain fool, shall you render to Time?
You inherited peace, you were cradled in power,
And you plotted an age ere you plunged into crime,
And ruined your race for the lust of an hour.

Obsessed and o'erwhelmed by a madman's desire
To pose as a conquering claimant of Fame,
Of Flanders you made one huge funeral pyre,
Whose flames mount to heaven to witness your
shame.

Poor Egotist, nature had warped you at birth.
What she partially did you have toiled to complete.
Your ambition! Say, what has it left you on earth,
Save a multiplied wreck and colossal defeat?

At your mental disorder the world stands agape,
The unctuous vice and the murderous trust.
You launch forth your vandals to slaughter and rape,
And order Jehovah to hallow their lust.



Yet why rail at you when complaisant mankind
Your obsessions, traditions and legends ignored,
And valued the threats of your unbalanced mind
As a fool's—until Belgium was put to the sword.

You warned them aloud, but the world took no heed,
And but tardily woke when her rivers ran red.
Now her untrained rush forward to perish and bleed,
And redeem her neglect with their millions of dead.

Yet better our race should succumb in the strife
And perish the last of the Islanders' breed,
Than one single coward should salvage his life
To subscribe to the hell of your murderous creed.

A creed without honor or ruth or remorse,
With deeds that a savage would blush but to name.
Even murder recoils from your blood-flooded course,
And, horror-struck, seeks for a refuge in shame.

You have lived, you have reigned, you have ruined
mankind.
May your wreck be the lesson humanity needs,
To impress, to instil, to engrave on its mind
That succession should cease when a madman suc-
ceeds.

You have bartered your crown for a homicide's fame,
You have branded your race with degenerate crime;
And this legend tradition will fix to your name:
"The most fiendish, abhorrent abortion of time."



A vain, prating boaster who skulked in the rear,
While his hypnotized slaves stumbled forward to
death;
Yet holding his craven existence more dear—
Than the lowliest yokel that ever drew breath.

Go, murderous coxcomb! If sullen remorse
Can awake in your heart one lone, chivalrous beat,
Seek refuge in death from humanity's curse,
In the wreck where your millions went down to
defeat.



OF THE—
IRISH DIVISION

AT home in Ballyfotherly,
The fairies' king and queen,
With all their blithesome companie
Dance on the dewy green,
In gay and graceful revelry,
From mystic eve till morn—
At home in Ballyfotherly,
The place where I was born.

At home in Ballyfotherly,
The clear-eyed Irish girls
Go flinging songs along the way
From red lips lined with pearls.
Yet hush their moonlight melody
To pass the fairy thorn—
At home in Ballyfotherly,
The place where I was born.

At home in Ballyfotherly,
The lad who strides to meet
His sweetheart, lingering where she may
On love-enamored feet,
Halts kindly in his haste away
To hail the fairy thorn—
At home in Ballyfotherly,
The place where I was born.



At home in Ballyfotherly,
The fairies' dance is o'er,
The lonely colleen lists to pray
For those who come no more;
The banshee's wail wakes startled day
While maids and mothers mourn—
At home in Ballyfotherly,
The place where I was born.



ON A
WOUNDED
GULL

MONARCH no longer of the air's dominion
Struck with a mortal dwam,
Cow'ring and sick with trailing, shattered pinion,
Beside the turbid "Kam."

No more high-sheering o'er the elevators,
Thy glazed, death-filming eye,
Drench'd by the wash of the colossal freighters,
Churning deep-laden by.

No more to hear dark Kakabeka's thunders,
Nor breast the gale and soar
Where Mount McKay piles up his wave-worn wonders,
Superior's ancient shore.

No spring shall lure thee with her wand Ithuriel,
Thy brooding mate's resorts,
Where Thunder Cape, majestic and imperial,
Defends the princely ports.

This is thy bourne; nor can the human creature
On his intensive plane
Leng aeons distant from thy form and feature,
Compute thy grief and pain.

And who shall say your limits and perceptions,
Lost or denied control,
Are not illusions one of time's deceptions,
Hiding a speechless soul?



Hast some dim sense that thou art co-related
 With all that death denies;
Bond and subservient, yet co-ordinated
 With the remorseless skies?

Poor wounded type of human things that languish,
 Stricken with sin and crime,
While cruel blood-beats drip a crimson anguish
 On the grey shores of time.

When back into their force-expelled cognitions
 They reascend their source,
What value shall be placed on these contritions,
 The human heart's remorse?

In the gross sum of animate creation,
 Of suffering, soul, and breath,
How shall they rate the final computation
 When the gods audit death?

Deep calls to deep. November dark is wailing
 With dissolution rife.
Thou dying, us to die, what boots this failing,
 Frail, fragile thing called life?

In the cold light of reason's inquisition,
 Reflection only gives
As the sum total of its definition,
 "Each to his stature lives."



IN A FIELD HOSPITAL,
GREECE

OCH Inishowen, dear Inishowen!
The Grecian hills are blue;
But they the tint have never known,
That warms the vales of you;
Their streams flow brightly to the sea,
Through scenes long since divine,
But nothing stirs the heart of me,
Fair Inishowen, like thine.

It may be that the Irish heart
Is partial of its store,
Or, that the more it strays apart,
Its birthright loves the more;
It may be that the Irish eye
Dwells kindest on its own,
But this I know, my only sigh
Is thine, sweet Inishowen.

This heart of mine that's wearing low
Holds not a thing of hate
Against the bold and warlike foe
That comrades me with fate,
And sorrow! but my latest breath
Were his in thanks, Ochon!
Had he but dealt me with my death
A grave in Inishowen.



'Tis there my father (rest him) lies,
My mother, too, machree!
And there a colleen's Irish eyes
Could dew the dust of me;
Och, were I from the stranger's coast
And gathered to my own,
They could not feel that I was lost,
Asleep in Inishowen.



TO
CANADA

From Her Sons at the Somme.

October, 1916.

ON the red ridge at Courcellette
We spilled Libation's flaming wine;
Our eyes on Time's Immortals set,
We poured like prodigals divine.
Splashed with the ruddy hue of home—
Our Cup with Death was purple-edged—
In tears and lavish glory dumb
To you, O Canada, we pledged!

We pledged you while that wrecked terrain
Rocked in the whirlwind storm of Shell;
The living envious of the slain
Who sealed proud homage as they fell.
To hold inviolate our Faith,
Life's gage was flung contemptuous forth
In challenge to exultant Death,
To pledge our Mistress of the North!

We flung it forth not for a name
Nor for a phrase in uncouth rhyme—
For you we filled the Cup of Fame—
'Gainst Science panoplied in Crime;
Not for the idols of the age,
Nor prestige of a Chosen Few,
But, to exalt your heritage,
We fell, O Canada, for you!



When Time brings less heroic days
And dust bedims our withered wreath,
When sheltered Peace, in cold appraise,
Shall marvel why we drank with Death,
Heed thou them not—it was our pride
To pledge you in the Immortals' view—
For you, O Canada, we died;
We died, O Canada, for you!



PRIVATE
NO. 135,989—
102ND BATT., C.E.F.

STRONG-LIMBED, behind his geldings keen,
In dust and thought he strode along;
Oft at the headlands viewed the scene
While ceased his fitful song.

The field was finished; worn the day,
Gnats simmered in the slanting beam.
He pulled a bolt, and struck the clay
From the packed hoofs of his team.

Then slipped the traces from the plow,
Looped on each bit its hempen rein,
Mounted, and with a cloudy brow
Swung in and up the lane.

Stripped, in the stable moist and cool,
He smoothed their rumps with lingering arm;
Clapped their moist thighs:—"Quit! Star, you fool!
Why, Ned, old boy, you're warm!"

"How did it go to-day, my lad?"
"Fine—dad. The summer fallow's done—
And—dad—good-bye— I'm going—dad."
"Well—boy—good-bye, my—son."

"Tell mother—— Ned, confound you! Whoa!
Behave, you clown!—that—I'll—be in—
To tea—in half an hour—or so——
I've dropped a clevis-pin."



"Right, boy—I'll shout as I go by.
I'm—driving to the burg." "All right."
"Want anything?" "Well—no—dad—I
Have all—I need.——Good-night."

.

The sun sank through the orchard boughs,
Far frogs spun listless lullabies,
Beside the creek the drowsing cows
Stamped, lurching at the flies.

Hid in the hedge, a nestling bird
Cheeped silence. One strayed, bleating lamb
Sped frantic to the huddled herd
To find his ans'ring dam.

Clear piped the plaintive whippor-will,
Hushed the last raucous, peevish crows,
And o'er the fading eastern hill
The moon in glory rose.

.

Faithful to Nature's final art
That motherhood must always wait,
She waited—till her mother's heart
Stopped—with the opening gate.

Smiling, he came, and pausing near,
He tossed his hat beside her feet.
"Hello!—How are you—mother—dear?
Got something—ma—to eat?"



"The tea is cold——" Against her cheek
He bowed his head to ward her glance——
"Dearest—I know. You—need not—speak. . ."
"Yes, mother—me—for France."

.
At Vimy, from the flaming guns,
Night vanished like a startled fawn,
While Canada's victorious sons
Hailed the volcanic dawn.

And one of these, with filming stare,
Sank, whispering, to the blood-stained snow:
"Tell—mother—dad—that—I'll—be there—
In half—an hour—or so——.

"I—might—be late. I—broke—a chain.
Just where—we halted—our advance—
Likely—I'll not—be—home—again——
Oh, mother—me—for—France!"



P.S.—PERSONAL
AND PRIVATE

YOU the boys of blades and swords,
Experts in alert review,
May demand: "Why spinning words
When there's desperate work to do?"
Well, there's explanation due,
'Sפש-ly to a fighting lad.
I knew work, but never knew
Much of Politics, bedad!

I could always show my face
In the tunnel, field or flood.
And at putting piers in place
Wasn't reckoned any "dud."
But a gink of good red blood
Couldn't touch the dubs who had
Nerve to wallow in the mud
Of their politics, bedad!

I tried Meighen, Bennett—all,
(Sam had said, "I like his shape,
But . . .") burst cash and pride and gall
Stumbling through their measly tape.
Well! I sickened—acting ape,
Pull would drive a Moses mad,
Blast them! Well—I'm wearing crape,
Just through politics, bedad!



*Sure I know the railroad game,
Carried water years ago;
Through apprenticeship, became
"Walking-Boss"—"The Sup." you know.
With the sand hogs delved below
Th' glacial drift, and knowledge had
Of Niagara's wicked flow—
None of politics, bedad!*

*Can't speak much of courage, I
Had enough to do my job.
But for speed—my rivals—boy,
Travelled trailing with the mob.
Well, with many a brainless slob:—
Wasting, valiant fighting lads:—
Decked with stars and crowns—be gob!
I damned politics, by gads!*

*Still, my soldier boy, if here
You have found one single rhyme
Worthy of a soldier's tear,
Worthy of your deeds sublime—
I can smile at Death and Time,
Thanks to you, dear, gallant lad,
Raised high o'er the petty slime
Of their politics!..By Gad.*

A. C. S.