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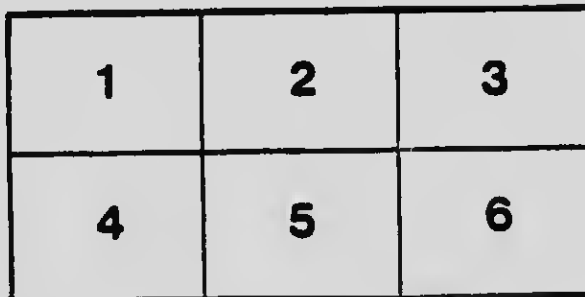
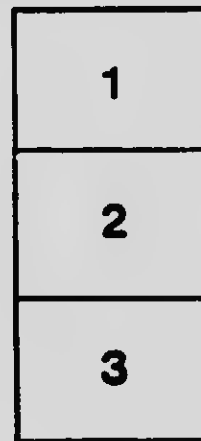
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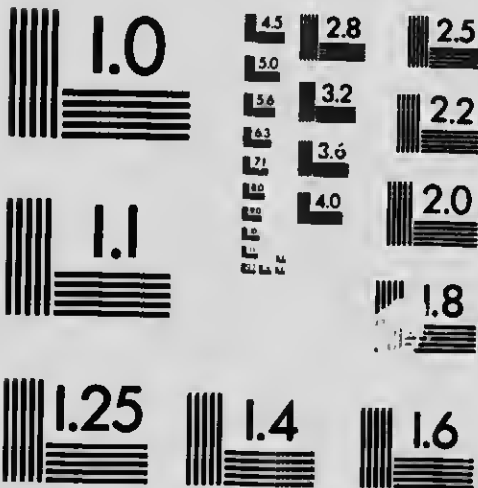
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HIS OFFERING

POEMS

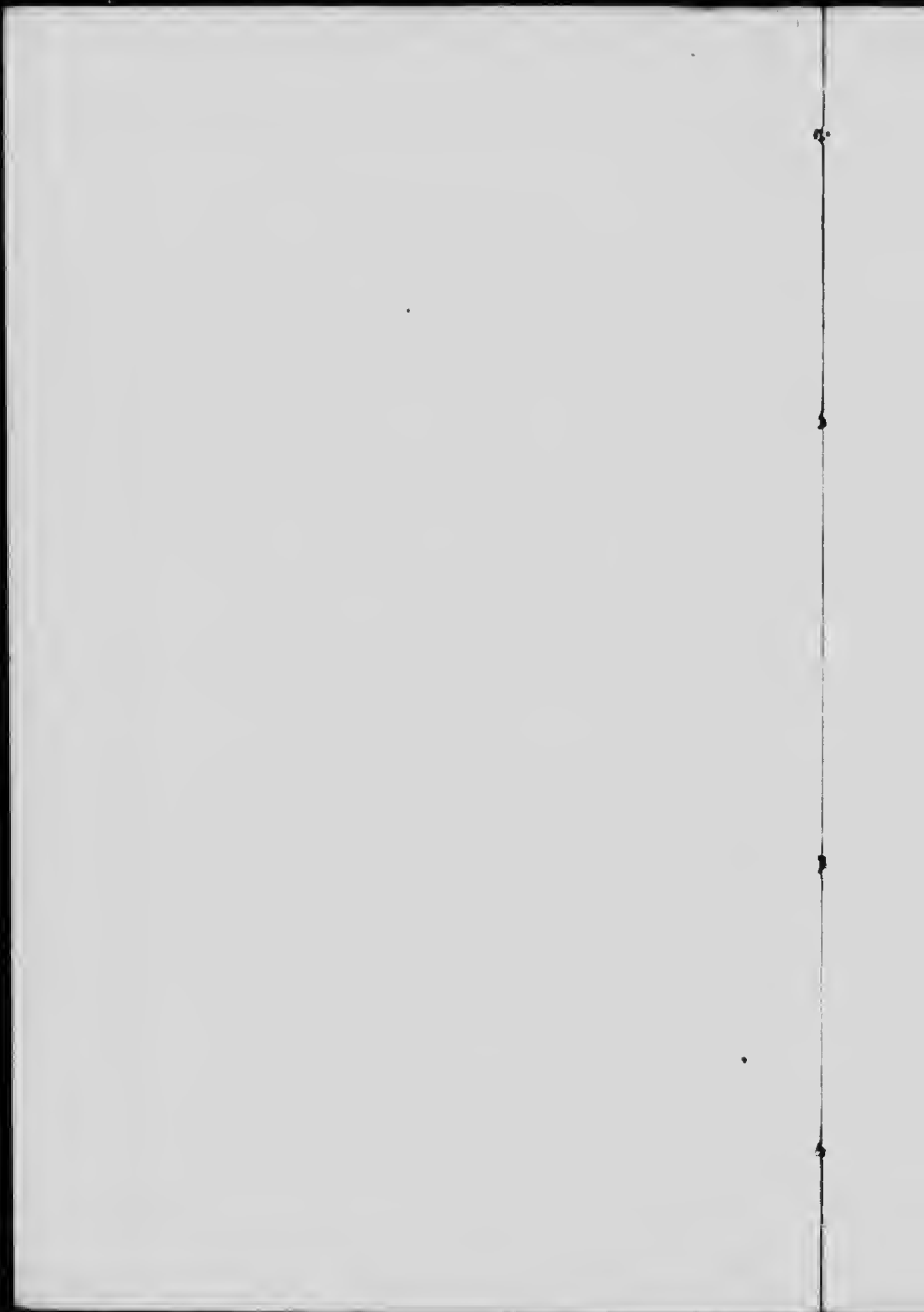
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NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
1897

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100005  
25  
To dear Mrs Balew  
With Compliments  
from the  
Author's Mother

HIS OFFERING





## FOREWORD.

---

**T**HIS little book of verse is intended to serve as a tangible Memorial of my dear brother, who sleeps in a hero's grave, unknown, perhaps unmarked, near the village of Passchendaele, Belgium. Many of the poems have already been published in the *Port Alberni News*, the newspaper of a little township in Vancouver Island, where he lived for a number of years.

Leaving England at the age of sixteen years, he had few educational advantages. The poetry was in his soul; the rhythm was in his blood. He felt and he wrote, and here, no doubt, is the explanation of both the merits and the defects of his work. Some of the poems will he read with interest; some will he read with amusement; while some will he read with reverence, for they unveil the deepest recesses of the soul of a man who made "His Offering" for us. The spirit of freedom, individuality and adventure, and the love of "God's open garden," breathe through the lines, and no reader will fail to observe the burning patriotism and tender ideals of home-life so characteristic of the poems and of the man.

Though, by nature, a wanderer, he loved his country and his home, and when the Empire's great call for service went up in 1914, he was among the first to volunteer at Victoria, B.C. On two or three occasions, however, he

was refused by the Army authorities, but after undergoing an operation to remove his physical disability, he was finally accepted for service in the Seaforth Highlanders.

He arrived in England on April 22nd, 1917, and after a short leave at home, crossed to France on May 23rd. His work as Observer to the 72nd Canadian Battalion took him into many dangerous places, and entailed countless hardships. But neither regret nor misgiving ever entered his mind. He was happy in the consciousness that he was serving his country in a just cause, and ever hopeful of a safe return to everything he loved.

The end came on October 30th, 1917, during the heavy fighting on the Passchendaele Ridge.

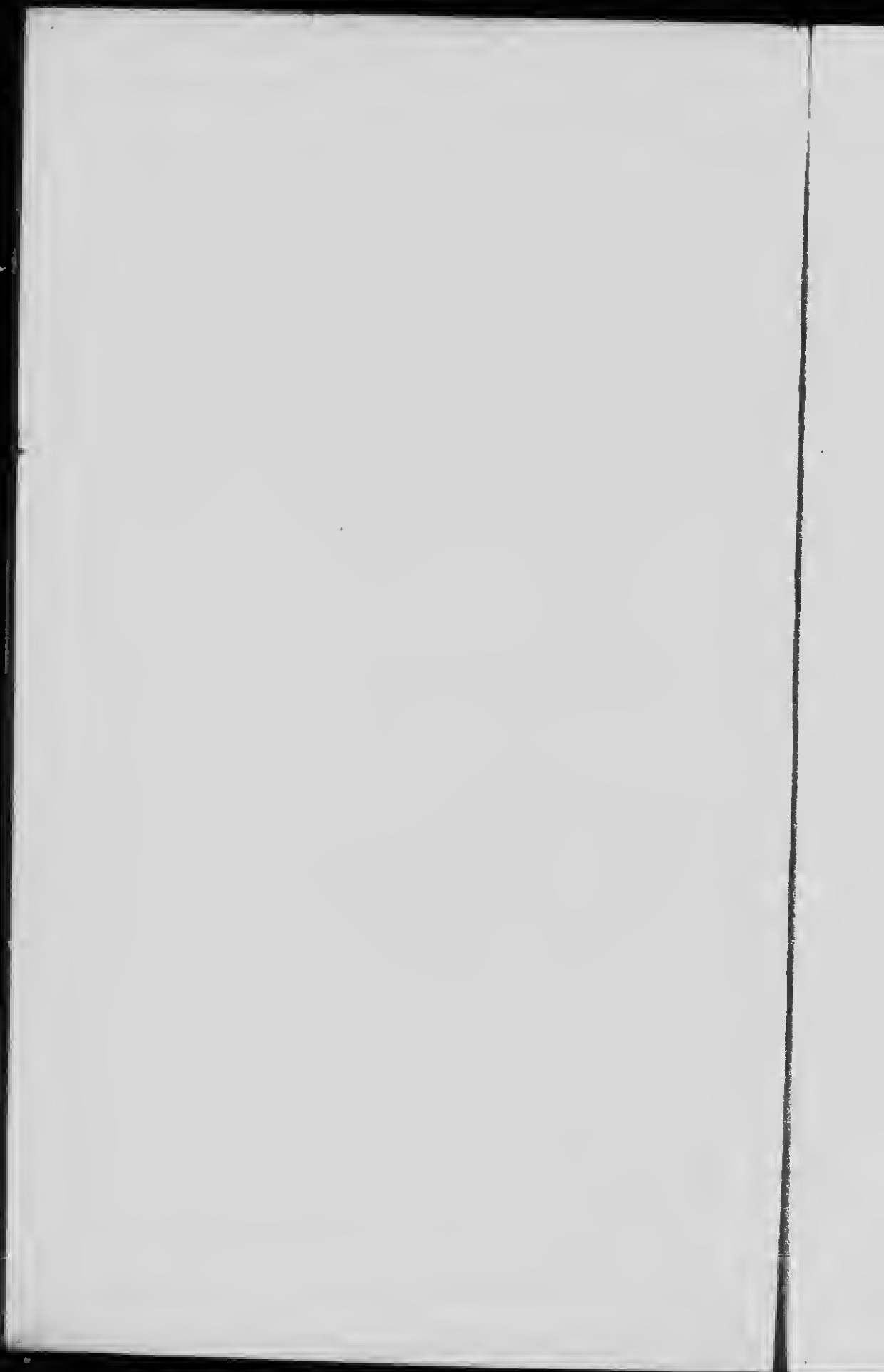
"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

His case is by no means unique. He was just *our* one of the many noble, worthy sons of the Motherland, who, remembering her, forgot self. While life lasts, all of them shall be gratefully remembered and held in honour.

J. GOWERS BANNELL, M.A.

46, Willowdale Road,  
Fezakerley, Liverpool.

A LOVING TRIBUTE  
IN HONOUR AND REMEMBRANCE OF  
ONE  
WHO MADE A WILLING AND COMPLETE  
OFFERING OF HIMSELF  
TO HIS COUNTRY,  
TO DUTY,  
TO GOD.







# HIS OFFERING

## POEMS

BY

CHARLES SAMUEL BANNELL

SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS  
CANADIAN FORCE

*(Killed in Action, October 30th, 1917.)*

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THIRD EDITION.

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# POEMS.

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## INDIVIDUALITY.

"The laws and codes of ages are not wrong."  
So speaks the weakling as he shirks the fight;  
And, thus absolved, sees nought to set aright,  
But bound by custom, idly treads along  
The beaten paths, which he accepts as safe  
And right and wise for any man to go,  
Accepting bondage, daring not to know  
That false conventions tire, and gall, and  
chafe.

The greatest men were always they who dared  
To think apart, nor dreaded a mistake,  
And scorned precedent for its own sake  
And for the world's opinion never cared.  
The world may blame, but what is said of me  
Shall never for a moment change my course.  
My thoughts are mine, and of my deeds the  
source.

I trust myself, and leave the rest to Thee.

*January, 1916.*

2           RIGHT WILL TRIUMPH.

"God of the Fatherland"—millions are saying  
it;

"God of our Sires"—other millions are  
praying it;

Equally pleading and equally sure of it,  
Equally bleeding and sharing the lure of it,  
Equally claiming they fight for the good of it,  
Equally blaming the foe for the blood of it,  
Equally raising their eyes to the sky,  
Equally ready to slaughter—or die!

How shall we show what is right, what is  
wrong with it?

Only we know, we must hasten along with it.  
How shall we tell what is valour, what crime  
of it?

Only we know we must share in the slime  
of it;

Only we know that the ultimate end of it  
RIGHT WILL PROCLAIM!

*April, 1915.*

TO AMERICA.

A hundred millions standing idly by!  
A hundred millions hear that piteous cry  
Which calls unceasing o'er the ocean wide.  
They hear and pass—upon the other side.

The world to-day is looking o'er the sea;  
America, to-day 'tis unto thee  
That stricken Europe turns her anguished  
gaze  
At this, the greatest, parting of the ways

TO AMERICA.

(Continued.)

3

'Tis not for me to choose the wrong or right,  
Or even say where lies the greatest might.  
I only would repeat direct to thee,  
What others say of thy neutrality.

Is Liberty, the cause for which you bled,  
Not sacred? Or the pledge you made to God?  
Oh! are thine heroes all among the dead,  
And are their spirits, too, beneath the sod?

Ask Washington, who nobly did, and dared  
The traitor's doom (had victory been gain-  
said);  
Would he be still, if once that cry he heard?  
Would he be silent but that he were dead?

Ask Lincoln, who his country cleaved in two  
And bled her inwardly, because the fates  
Decreed a bondman, alien in hue,  
Claimed sacred liberty within her gates.

And is Democracy to thee so grand  
When thou canst see that great Republic bleed,  
Fighting defensive 'gainst the despot's hand  
To keep her children free? Dost thou not  
heed?

And has the Briton now no claim of blood?  
And hast forgotten when upon the main  
His ships gave aid unto thine arms, and  
stood  
A bulwark strong behind thee, nor in vain?

## TO AMERICA.

*(Continued.)*

Or is it that the Teutons in thy realm  
 Would will thee not to strike against their sire?  
 If so, perchance to them you yield your helm,  
 And thus condemn them, too, to share his  
 mire.

Oh! shall the world, or any single nation  
 Point unto thee with scorn and say, "Behold,  
 "She hath no shame, no honour, pride of  
 station,  
 "Mistress of worthless nations—and of  
 Gold!"

Freedom's child! proclaim thy noble breeding  
 And vindicate thy heroes' deathless creed,  
 For even were thy temples torn and bleeding,  
 A crown of thorns would be a crown indeed!

*October, 1915.*

## SONG OF EMPIRE.

Sons of Britain's mighty Empire  
 Standing, falling, side by side,  
 Now, at last, are all united,  
 Brothers, now, whate'er betide.

Sons of Britain's mighty Empire!  
 Would my tongue could find a name  
 That would call us and enthrall us  
 Each apart and all the same!

From the fertile land of India,  
 From the Yukon's frozen waste,  
 From the forest, ranch and wheat-land  
 Heeding nothing in their haste,

Sourdoughs and swarthy coolies,  
 Oh! my tongue could find a name  
 That would call us and enthrall us  
 Each apart and all the same!

## SONG OF EMPIRE.

5

*(Continued.)*

From the Transvaal's golden kopjes,  
From New Zealand's sunny isles,  
Men who yesterday were foemen,  
Now have friendship in their smiles.  
Africanders, New Zealanders,  
Oh! my tongue would crave a name  
That would call us and enthrall us  
Each apart and all the same!

Kilted legions come from Scotland,  
Trousered Scots from o'er the sea,  
Caring not for dress or birth-place,  
All intent on victory.  
Sons of Old and Nova Scotia,  
Would my tongue could find a name  
That would call us and enthrall us  
Each apart and all the same!

Redmond's men and men of Ulster,  
Side by side, united stand,  
Ancient bitterness forgotten,  
All as one for Motherland.  
Sons of North and Southern Erin,  
Oh! my tongue would crave a name  
That would call us and enthrall us  
Each apart and all the same!

If 'twas destined blood and battle  
Should proclaim our spirit so,  
Should excite us and unite us,  
It was worth it just to know!  
Sons of Britain's world-wide Empire,  
Who shall stand before your might,  
Who shall break the bond of kinship  
God hath made to 'fend the right?

*December, 1915.*

## THE HOME GUARDS.

Hark! the bugle-call is sounding!  
 Can we idly hear it ring,  
 Calling you to War and Duty,  
 Calling me to serve my King?  
 We, who o'er the waste of ocean  
 Watch the greatest of all wars,  
 Wonder what can we be doing  
 To uphold our country's cause.

True, we cannot all be soldiers;  
 True, we can't all go to France;  
 Some have gone and some are going,  
 Some have never had the chance!  
 You, who cannot join the R'g'lars  
 To defy the Kaiser's glut,  
 What's the matter with the Home  
 Guards?

Why not 'list in Hodgson's Foot?

Why not learn to shoot with transit,  
 Drill with shovel, axe and rod?  
 Then you'll not be kept for ever  
 Drilling in the "awkward squad."  
 All our heroes once enlisted,  
 Yet, in Duty's name, they died!  
 Who can say, some future Roberts  
 May be marching at your side?

Shall we fear the bursting shrapnel?  
 Shall we dread the "White Arm's  
 fall?"

No! We'll face the foe like Britons--  
 Down in Waterhouse's Hall!  
 What care we for noise of battle?  
 What care we for war's alarms?  
 Safe shall be our hearth and home-  
 stead;  
 Hodgson's Foot is up in arms!



## THE HOME GUARDS.

(Continued.)

7

Let them come, and "we should worry";  
We can beat the Kaiser's Huns;  
Yes! we'll shoot them all to pieces—  
That is, when we get our guns!  
Grenadiers have songs of glory,  
Fusiliers have had their bards.  
We shall sing how gallant Sanders  
Led the Port Alberni Guards.

Waterloo shall be forgotten,  
Alma from your minds shall fade,  
Mons and Aisne shall be as nothing,  
When you see us on parade!  
Why applaud the deeds of Belgium  
Or the gallantries of France?  
Come and watch your home-grown  
guardsmen—  
When we give a social dance!

Charge them! fifty cents admission!  
Shower upon them—cups of tea!  
Huns to the right of us, buns to the  
left of us—  
'Twas a famous victory!  
When they hear the muskets rattle,  
Or the sound of marching feet,  
Men shall gaze on us and murmur,  
"Gee! I'm glad we've got a fleet."

Jokes aside, I want to tell you,  
If your heart is beating true,  
You had better join the Home Guards—  
That's the least that you can do.

*Recited at the Patriotic Society's Concert  
held in Port Alberni, Feb. 1915.*

Oh! what's the matter, fellows, with this little  
town of ours?

There's scarce a man I care to meet to-day.  
The "bunch," who used to knock around at all  
odd kinds of hours,

Why, every mother's son has gone away!  
So what's the use of sticking round?  
I've got a notion mighty,  
And half a hunch to follow the bunch  
To the good old shores of Blighty.

Oh! what's the matter, fellows, with Argyle  
Street and First?

They're lonely as the drink I took to-day.  
For what's a fellow got to do except indulge  
his thirst,

When all the decent boys have gone away?  
So what's the use of sticking round?  
I've got a notion mighty,  
If I'd the gut to get out of the rut  
I'd follow the bunch to Blighty.

I'm getting lots of letters from the boys who  
went away,

They're telling me to come and see the fun;  
They're telling me to shake a leg and not to  
waste a day,

If I'm to get out there before it's done.  
Of course, I'm leaving you behind,  
But I've a notion mighty  
That everyone I care to see  
Will follow me to Blighty.

*November, 1916.*

## THE LAST CHANCE.

9

### PART I.

We've sown our mad Wild Oats so long,  
In the town, and the wild, and the sea,  
And this is the day that the world has sent  
For the likes of you and me!

Oh! didn't you promise them long ago  
That some day you'd return?  
Oh! didn't you mean what you said that day  
And didn't your wild heart yearn?  
And didn't you plan—and fail—and plan—  
And fail—to plan once more  
To make your chance to return again  
To the Memory-land of yore?

Oh! haven't you sat by the camp-fire's glow  
And called you a thousand names?  
You—who are prayed for far away—  
And thought of your thousand shames?  
And haven't you tried to play the man?  
But grim despair has crept  
To the roots of the mind and the heart of you  
Till all but your eyes have wept.

You couldn't return in the shape you were,  
You failed, if you ever tried.  
You've only one small honour left,  
(Or is it a curse?) your pride.  
You couldn't return and say you failed,  
While still you were young and strong,  
After all the boastful promise of youth,  
The promise that all went wrong.

But years are rolling swiftly by  
And what are you going to do?  
Oh! this is the day that the world has sent  
For the likes of me and you.

## PART II.

The world has offered a mighty chance  
To the likes of you and me,  
Who sowed our mad Wild Oats so long  
In the town, and the wild, and the sea.  
She offers a chance which is not a change  
To one who has always tried,  
And she makes a pledge she will faithfully  
keep  
To save and to build—your pride.

She does not ask you to turn away  
From the bold pursuits you love,  
Nor forfeit your care-free wanderings  
But, rather, that you prove  
The spirit that made you seek for "life,"  
Choosing the West for a field,  
And offers you there, in the civilised East  
What the Wild West failed to yield.

She does not ask you to change your part.  
She wants you as you are.  
She only asks you to answer her.  
She calls you, near and far.  
For you, who have always been care-free  
(Except when you stopped and thought!)  
Are just the man that she wants to-day,  
The man who has dared and wrought.

Oh! why will you add to the wasted years  
Which ever are rolling on?  
There is room to-day in the ranks of Men.  
To-morrow, perhaps, 'tis gone!

## PART III.

You've sown your mad Wild Oats so long,  
And where do you stand to-day?  
If the call comes now to the Great Divide  
What are you going to say?  
You would say, may be, that you did your best,  
But would your words ring true?  
Have you used aright the talents of gold  
Your Maker gave to you?

You have risked your life by the hundred times  
In the quest of worthless gold.  
You have searched the earth for the danger  
spots,  
Where the land was wild or cold.  
And, whether the end you had in view  
Was love—or power—or gain,  
You know, in your heart, 'twas a selfish quest  
And a quest that was all in vain.

Now, the prize that you sought in the wasted  
years  
Is offered to you to-day,  
And the world is calling aloud to you,  
What are you going to say?  
And when the children, yet unborn,  
Shall ask about your share,  
Do you think that you could meet their eyes  
And say, "I was not there."

## THE LAST CHANCE.

*(Continued.)*

Oh! you who have looked in the eyes of Death  
 And laughed with a "De'il may care"  
 Would drop your eyes with a pang of shame  
 When the children asked your share.  
 Oh! you who have sown your mad Wild Oats  
 And mocked at the gathering tide,  
 'Twere better for you that the children say,  
 "He fought and he lived—or died."

We've sown our mad Wild Oats too long  
 In the town, and the wild, and the sea,  
 And this is the day that the world has sent  
 For the likes of you and me!  
*February 21st, 1917.*

## AU REVOIR.

My pen goes back to the ink-splashed rack,  
 For this is no time to write;  
 For words must cease till times of peace,  
 'Tis deeds—not words—to-night.

And if 'tis willed my voice be stilled,  
 (Oh! earth is a kindly place,  
 With its ups and downs, its smiles and  
 frowns,  
 When I win, or lose, the race),

If some small word from my lips was heard,  
 Or thought by my pen was writ,  
 That was worth the while, or raised a smile,  
 I shall feel I have done my bit.

*April, 1917.*

*Written just before leaving Canada.*

Perhaps you went for a walk to-day  
 To breathe the woodland air,  
 And enjoy the cool of the shaded pool,  
 The scent of the growing fir.  
 All nature smiled as of yore to-day  
 And the sweet woods spoke to you.  
 The sun so bright and the shaded light,  
 The flowers, the buds and the dew,  
 All had a message for you to-day.  
 They said that the world was fair,  
 And they bade you bear their word of  
 cheer  
 To the heroes—over there,  
 Where quick Death stalks, bullets fly like  
 hawks,  
 And there mounts a carnage grim!

\* \* \*

He went for the sake of somebody else—  
 Oh! somebody, THINK OF HIM.

Or maybe you went for a drive to-day  
 And the road was smooth and white,  
 And the summer breeze through the parted trees  
 Was as cool as the shaded light.  
 The wheels spinning round on the dusty ground  
 To your heart and your pulse kept time,  
 And the measured beat of the horses' feet  
 Had a message for you—in rime.  
 All had a message for you to-day.  
 They said that the world was fair,  
 And they bade you bear their word of  
 cheer  
 To the heroes—over there,  
 Where horses carry the mounted men,  
 Where horses drag the gun,

## THE MESSAGE.

*(Continued.)*

Where horses stand in ranks so grand,  
 Or fall—when their work is done,  
 And shrapnel s.ueals 'mid the thunder  
                   peals  
 Of War with its carnage grim!

\*           \*           \*

For somebody's sake he gave his all,  
 And Somebody—SHE GAVE HIM.

Or maybe you went for a sail to-day,  
 And the wind was fresh and sweet,  
 As the white wings flapped and the wavelets  
                   lapped  
 In a lullaby 'neath your feet,  
 The soaring gulls and the distant hulls  
 And the fleecy, drifting cloud  
 (As you lolled in summer reverie),  
 Each one of them spoke aloud.

All had a message for you to-day.  
 They said that the world was fair,  
 And they bade you bear their word of  
                   cheer

To the heroes—over there,  
 Where the same wind blows on the hulls  
                   of steel,

As they watch on the gray North Sea,  
 And the same cold waves are the thousand  
                   graves

Of the heroes that died for thee,  
 Where cannons roar on deck and shore  
 And Death is in the air!

\*           \*           \*

He died for the sake of somebody else—  
 Oh! somebody, THINK OF HER.



## THE MESSAGE.

15

*(Continued.)*

Be sure when your heart has been opened wide,  
And your purse-strings opened too,  
And you feel in your heart that, at least, a  
part  
Of the task belongs to you.

Oh! then the wood, the wind and the sea,  
The horses' hoofs and the sun  
Will speak to you of the things you do—  
Your duty nobly done!

*August, 1916.*

## THE REST CAMP.

Oh! polish your buttons and buckles and boots,  
You men of the Seventy-twa!  
It's nothing to you what the Hun may do;  
You've little concern in the war.  
You came to fight for the cause of right,  
And nobly you did your part;  
So polish your buttons and buckles and boots,  
And parade till it breaks your heart!

Oh! was it for this that you came to France,  
To stand in a neat, straight line?  
Oh! was it for this that you left your home  
And gave up your prospects fine?  
And is there a man in the ranks of you,  
Who'd answer the call to-day,  
To stand out here, like a "Chocolate" man,  
With the war ten miles away?

(Continued.)

You've written your name on the scroll of  
Fame;

No record is plainer writ.

You bathed in mud and you waded in blood,  
And you thought it was only your bit;  
And you didn't complain of the cold, or the  
rain,

Or the deluge of iron and lead;  
And you still carried-on, though your leaders  
were gone

And the friends of your bosom were dead.

So why are you grumbling and growling now

Ten miles from the seat of war?

And why are you asking:—"What on earth

Do they think we enlisted for?"

You came to fight for the cause of right,

But not to be "Chocolate" men,

So you strain and roar, "Get on with the war.

"We want to get home again."

Oh yes! There's a hundred thousand men,

(In fact, I believe there're more)

Who polish their buttons and buckles and boots

Ten miles from the seat of war;

Who polish their buttons and buckles and boots

And go for a march now and then,

Who fain would roar, "Carry on with the war,

"We want to get home again!"

*Somewhere in France,*

*July, 1917.*

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE. 17

About a mile from the firing line,  
And a mile beyond the hill,  
Where the foe held out all the winter long,  
(His guns have the range of it still),  
A village stood here in the days gone by,  
I picture it, shady and cool,  
As I come to drink, and I pause to think  
By all that remains of the pool.  
    Oh! the water is sweet to parched lips,  
    And clear as the summer sky.  
    So here I'll stay for a little while  
    And seek "the reason why."

I wander round 'neath the ruined trees—  
They're sprouting again, I see—  
There's ivy here on a shattered house;  
A bird flits out from a tree;  
A lark sings bravely in the sky,  
Not seeming to heed at all;  
And I find a nest with two young wrens  
In a hole on a broken wall.  
    And I wonder how such things can be,  
    Right here in the zone of war,  
    Where the air is thick with hell-fire smoke  
    And split by the cannon's roar.

I see a church which is smashed to dust,  
And graves that yearn anew,  
All rent and scattered by bursting shells,  
(White crosses are plentiful too).  
Yet here on the mounds and deep in the holes,  
As though they would honour the dead,  
Beautiful flowers in profusion grow—  
Purple and orange and red.

*(Continued.)*

Beautiful roses of pink and white,  
 Growing wherever there's room!  
 How can you live in this war-cursed spot?  
 How can you bud and bloom?

I walk through a place where a garden stood.  
 It once was enclosed by a wall,  
 But now its beds are torn to shreds.  
 'Tis littered with shrapnel ball!  
 But here, half buried, a currant bush  
 Is laden with fragrant fruit  
 And strawberries hide beneath the leaves  
 From many a straggling root.  
 Oh! how can it be that these still live  
 In this wasted and stricken spot?  
 Oh! how can they live where all else is  
 dead,  
 Can flourish and heed it not?

## THE ANSWER.

A burst of shrapnel overhead,  
 Another close at hand!  
 And as I shelter best I can,  
 I seem to understand.  
 Yes.—Man may blast the works of Man;  
 His handiwork may fall;  
 But these are the works of God alone—  
 They shall survive it all!

*June, 1917.*

*Written at Givenchy.*

*The "hill" referred to is the famous Vimy  
 Ridge.*

## WHEN WE RETURN.

19

When we return will the Homeland dear  
Be the same as it was in the yester-year?  
Shall we find forgotten the words you said,  
And the noble deeds of our noble dead,  
As we strive once more for our daily bread  
When we return?

In our sojourn here we have learned anew  
To love the land we have left to you.  
We have learned to see through tear-dimmed  
eyes  
The green of her woods, the blue of her  
skies,  
And to value the peace that beneath them lies,  
When we return.

We see with eyes that are clear and cold  
A-many things missed in the days of old.  
By duty shirked, or by lack of power,  
We yielded our birthright's bounteous dower,  
So we vow new vows for the day and hour  
When we return.

The world has called in her hour of need,  
And who shall say we were slow to heed?  
For not the masters of tongue nor pen,  
Nor learned seers were needed then.  
The call was plain—'Twas a call to men  
And men alone.

And the great were small and the right were  
wrong,  
And the strong were weak and the weak were  
strong,  
Strong in their sense of new-found power,  
Strong in their Pride, no pain could lower  
Strong in the fight—and for the hour  
When we return.

## WHEN WE RETURN.

*(Continued.)*

'Twas the order changed, and the signs were  
plain

That what we had lost was ours again.  
So we fight to bring the world release  
And die in the war to bring you peace.  
And shall it be that our power shall cease  
When we return?

And shall we yield the strength you gave  
That we might strike, that we might save?  
Have we not earned it in your sight?

The power you give that we may fight  
We shall retain—it is our right—  
When we return.

*August 27th, 1917.*

## POINT OF VIEW.

I slept amidst the storm's turmoil  
And dreamed of life.  
I saw 'twas naught but pain and toil  
And mortal strife.

I slept again, 'neath starlit skies,  
And then my dream was otherwise.  
For Joy and Sunshine filled the earth  
And Freedom was our right of birth.

I woke, and knew both dreams were true.  
And ours the choice of point of view.

*May, 1908.*

## FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

21

Speak not of Friendship, ye who give  
But the measure of that borne to thee.  
Speak not of Love, whose love will live  
Only when loved and nourished constantly.

Friendship and Love are doubly such when  
    given,  
Free and unmeasured, without cause or aim,  
Mute and unchangeable, neither drawn nor  
    driven,  
And when most undeserved, yet the same.

Deeper than oceans is the love they bear me,  
Oh! to deserve its shadow

GOD PREPARE ME!

*From his diary.*

*Received after his death.*

## TO HER. FROM FRANCE.

You needn't fuss or worry for us,  
And we don't want you to say,  
"Alas! too bad. Alas! poor lad,  
So young and so far away!"  
The life out here isn't skittles and beer,  
But it's not as bad as it seems,  
For we have sports to divert our thoughts  
And work to banish our dreams.

(Continued.)

And we would rather a thousand times  
Be here in the smoke and din,  
Than sit back home, with a lonely heart,  
And wait till the news comes in.

As, day by day, you kneel and pray  
And long for our safe return,  
Our foremost hope is—to find the soap,  
And what are we going to burn?  
Our cook is dead, there's not much bread,  
And matches are scarce as gold;  
But yours the grief without relief,  
Whose half cannot be told.

To us the fight is a cinema night,  
In fact, we call it a "show."  
But you must read—how your heart must  
bleed  
In dread of the names below!  
Our heart may thrill—or stand stock still—  
Or the struggle quicken our frames,  
But you can only turn once more  
To the endless list of names.

The saddest word I ever heard,  
When they carried one out of the fight,  
Was what my partner said to me,  
"God comfort his Missus to-night!"  
For we would rather a thousand times  
Be here in the smoke and din,  
Than sit back home, with a lonely heart,  
And wait till the news comes in.

*Found written in his Diary.*



JOHNSTON AND OWEN, PARTNERS.

Partners in peace!  
In the days when we knew them,  
Full of ambition and vigour and youth,  
Full of the power of true friendship that drew  
them  
Always together—  
Partners in truth.

Little we dreamed as we waved their last  
greeting  
We should be writing these verses to-day;  
Or that the word we exchanged at our meeting  
Would be a memory, ever to stay.

Always together—  
In work and in pastime,  
Business and pleasure, in sunshine and rain;  
Parted awhile, they are now for the last time,  
By the dread Reaper,  
United again.

Coming, to aid our ambition they sought us;  
Staying, their aim was to help and to cheer;  
Going, they left us the love that they brought  
us;  
Dying, they live in our memory dear.

If they had failings,  
Forgive and forget them—  
He that is sinless may throw the first stone.  
It is enough that, whatever beset them,  
Each by the other  
Was trusted and known!

*(Continued.)*

Stay not your tears. Take no shame at their  
 flowing,  
 Rather have pride that they fall for a while.  
 Who, with a heart, can recall without showing  
 Grief, for the absence of Song and of Smile?

Take down their sign,  
 Let us frame it in Glory!  
 Hang it on high that the world may be told  
 Now, and for ever, the beautiful story—  
 Partners in Youth  
 Who will never grow old.

*May, 1916.*

*Port Alberni tradesmen, both killed  
 in action, 1916.*

### CANADIAN SOLDIERS' RELIEF FUND.

Away at the opposite side of the earth,  
 The furthestmost point from the war,  
 'Tis little the credit that's coming to us  
 And little we're asking for.

But if, just a little, we help or cheer  
 The man who is going or gone,  
 We shall feel in our hearts when the end draws  
 near,  
 Our little was better than none.

*October, 1915.*

Though many pretty verses  
Adorn our Christmas cards,  
Selected from the writings  
Of sages and of bards,  
However slow you read them  
More meaning you will find  
In the single, little, simple word  
"Someone" has underlined.

*Jan. 7th, 1916.*

## BABEL, THE HALF-BREED.

He told me once, if he could write, he'd let  
the people see,  
And so, for him, I'll use the best of my ability.

You think it does not hurt him when you hint  
that he's a "breed."  
You think he has no feelings when he doesn't  
seem to heed.  
Perhaps there's something underneath, that  
makes him hold his hand  
And take, with gentle patience, what a white  
man wouldn't stand.

Perhaps, behind the curtain of those features  
brown and grim,  
He has a sort of notion, a kind of knowledge  
dim,  
That days are swiftly coming when the colour  
of his face  
Shall be the cause for happy pride and not  
for sad disgrace.

*(Continued.)*

Perhaps he mourns his people's fate (who own  
the land by rights),  
Down-trodden and polluted by the coming of  
the Whites.

Perhaps he thinks accounts are square—grant-  
ing the good we brought,  
And does not feel ashamed of it, and who  
can say he ought?

What matter if your white man's tongue  
cannot pronounce his name,  
If he can do a white man's work and play  
a white man's game?

What matter if he come from Nootka, Skide-  
gate or Beale,  
If he knows how to tell the truth, and never  
how to squeal?

What matter if he's fond of fish and loves a  
gaudy dress?

What matter if his mother's brown, his father  
just a guess?

Perhaps, when in the great "To Come" we  
hear the trumpet call,  
It may be just a half-breed who's the whitest  
of us all.

*April, 1916.*

#### ELECTION PLATFORM ECHOES.

The "good old times" are still to come!  
Don't say that they are past.

The days when we shall happy be  
Are now approaching fast.

The City Fathers we have had  
Have done the best they could,

But things have changed, to be arranged  
By me (and Robert Wood\*).

Our province, too, must make a move  
 And things will soon be starting,  
 For Dick McBride\* has crossed the tide,  
 (We wish him joy at parting).  
 The world shall hear our factories roar,  
 And ask us, "What's the row, Sir?"  
 When old B.C. shall governed be  
 By me (and Billy Bowser\*).

We'll then away to Ottawa  
 To straighten the Dominion,  
 And questions sore shall be no more  
 A matter of opinion.  
 The faults of party politics  
 Shall all be on the shelf,  
 And men will boast, from coast to coast,  
 Of (Borden and) myself.

And then we'll take another step  
 And turn to things Imperial.  
 And we will show, what Britons know,  
 We have the right material!  
 For harmony shall reign supreme  
 And perfect peace shall be,  
 When British lands are in the hands  
 Of (Bottomley and) me.

*Feb. 2nd, 1916.*

\* *Well-known figures in Port Alberni  
 political circles.*

28 THE MAN YOU NEVER SEE.

Our great Pacific boasts of men, the best from  
many quarters,  
Who go down to the sea in ships for business  
in deep waters.  
We know that in the Pilot-house the best of  
men are found,  
But what about the oily cuss who makes the  
wheels go round?

No matter what he thinks he wants, your  
captain rings a bell,  
And wonders why the engineer consigns him  
straight to—church.  
He doesn't care a cigarette how much he makes  
her pound;  
There's nothing else to do below but make the  
wheels go round!

He neither asks for golden braid nor sings  
McAndrew's hymn,  
But sweating, cursing, down below, amongst  
the death-traps grim,  
Half-choked with gas, and deaf with roar,  
yet 'live to every sound,  
A great, big heart, in a greasy coat, he makes  
the wheels go round!

*Feb, 1916.*

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