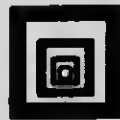


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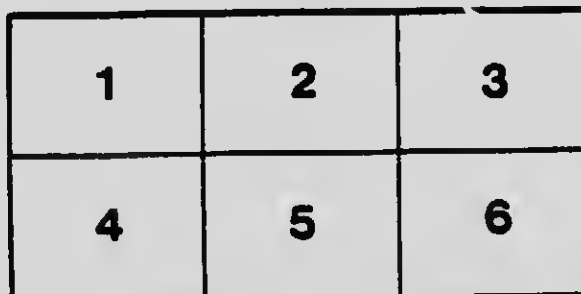
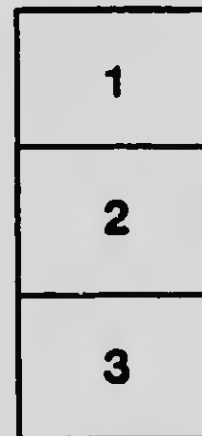
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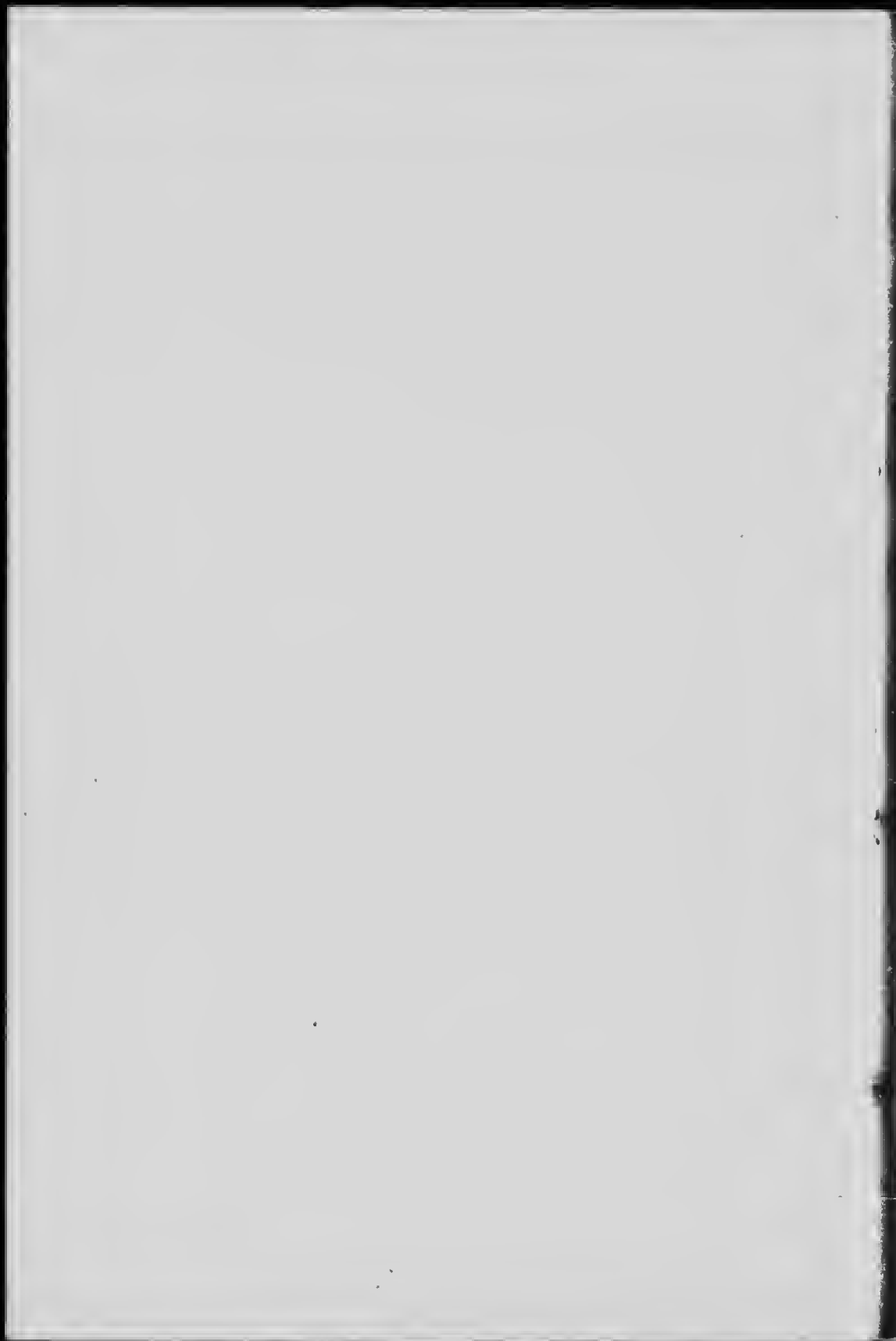
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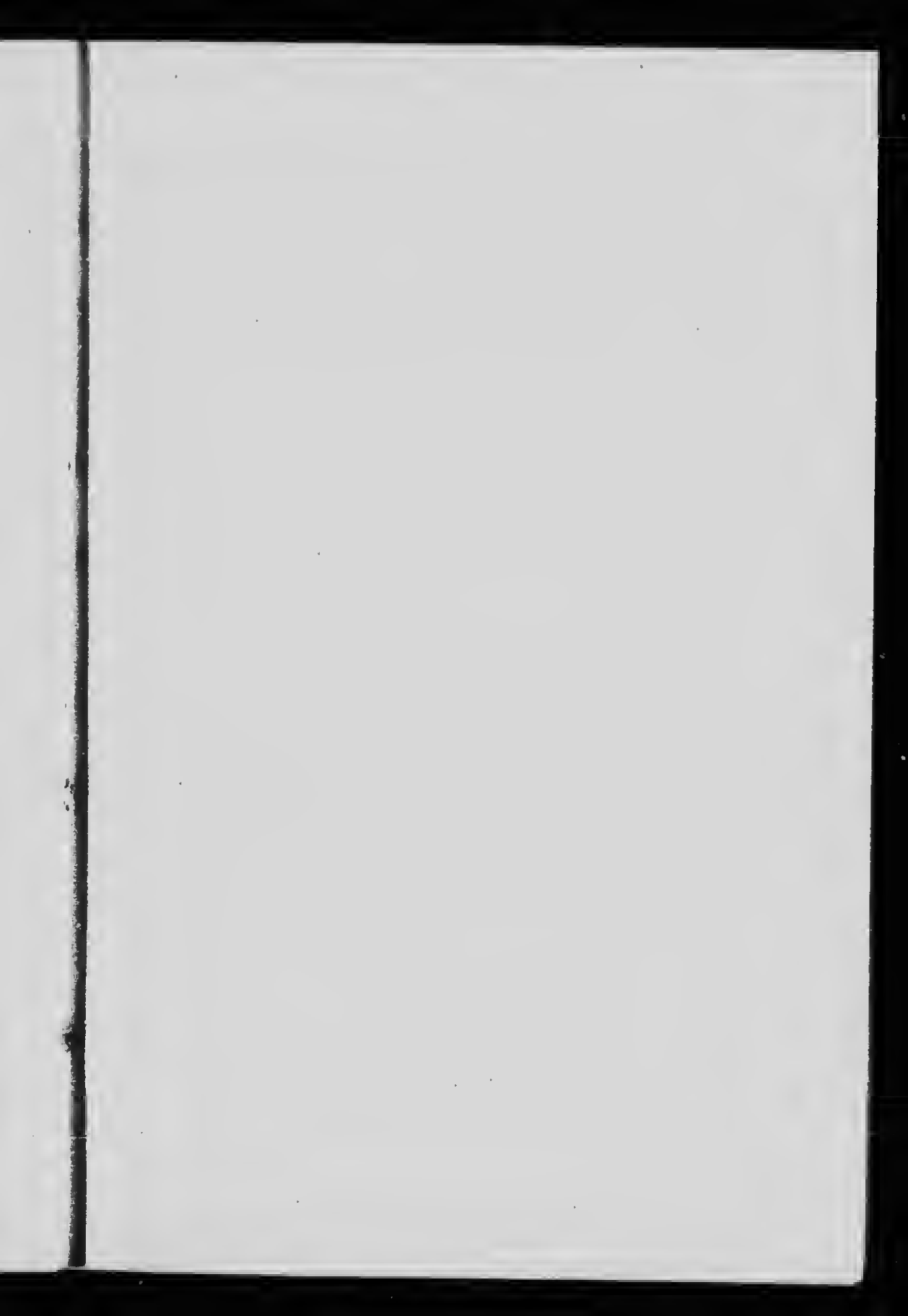
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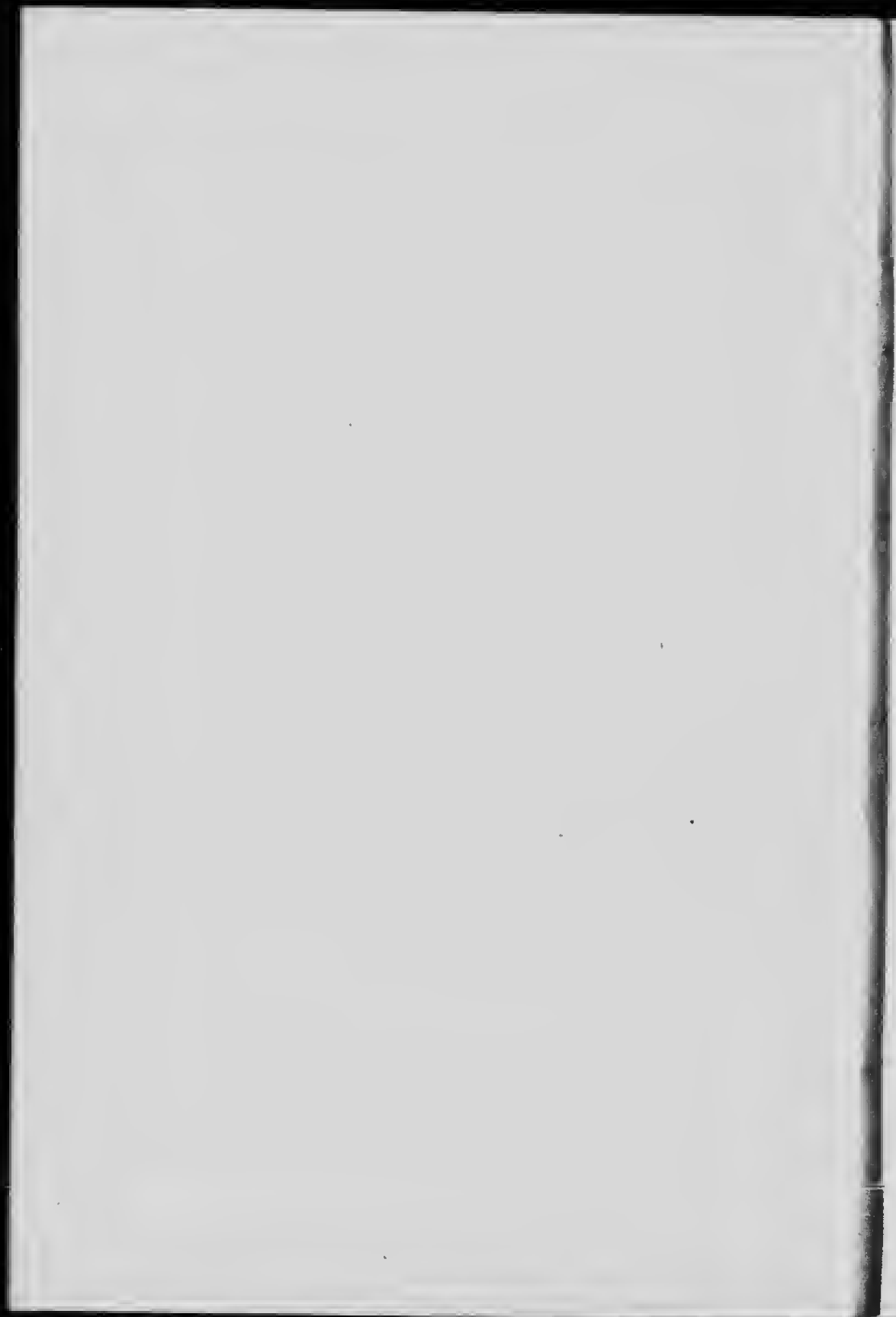


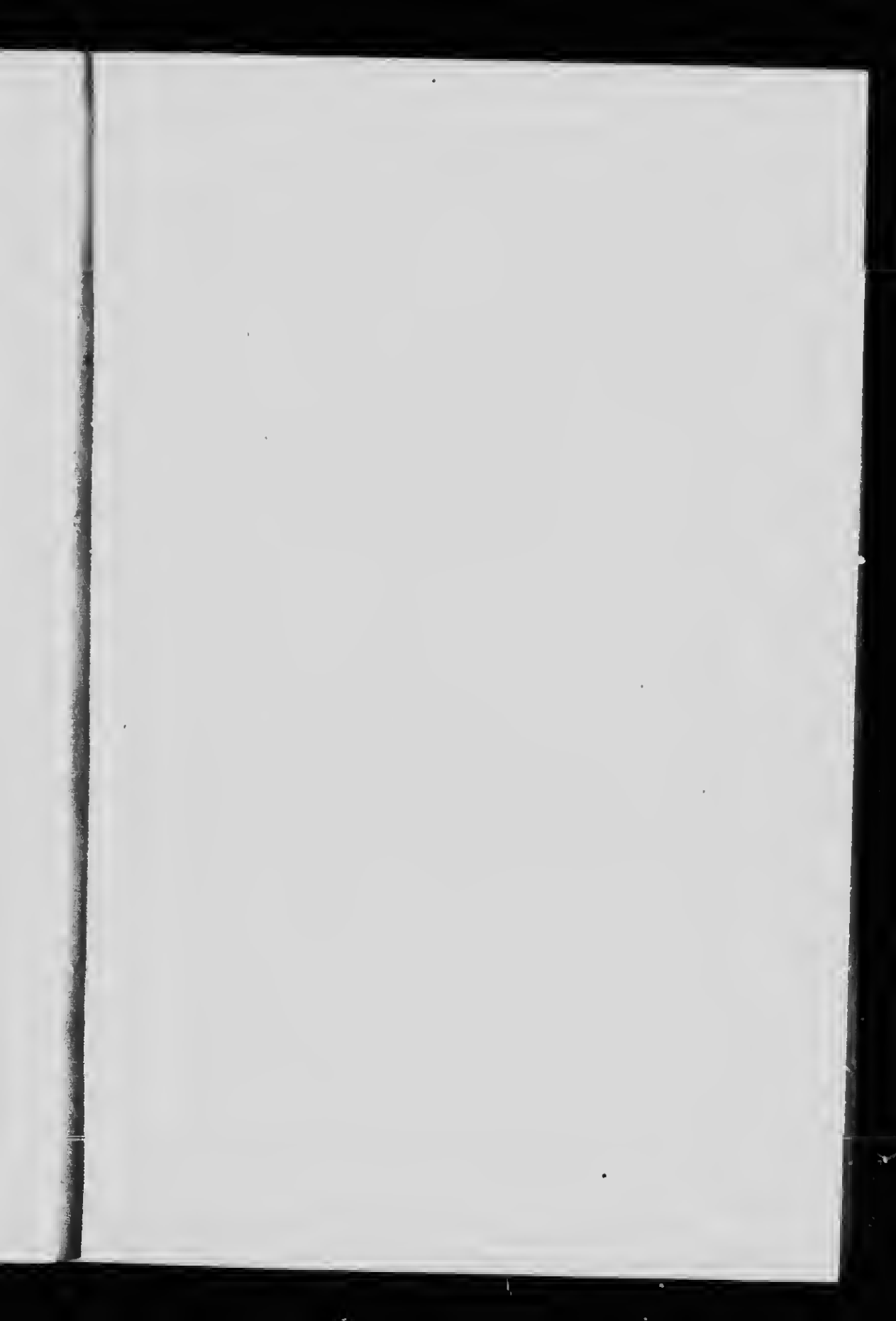
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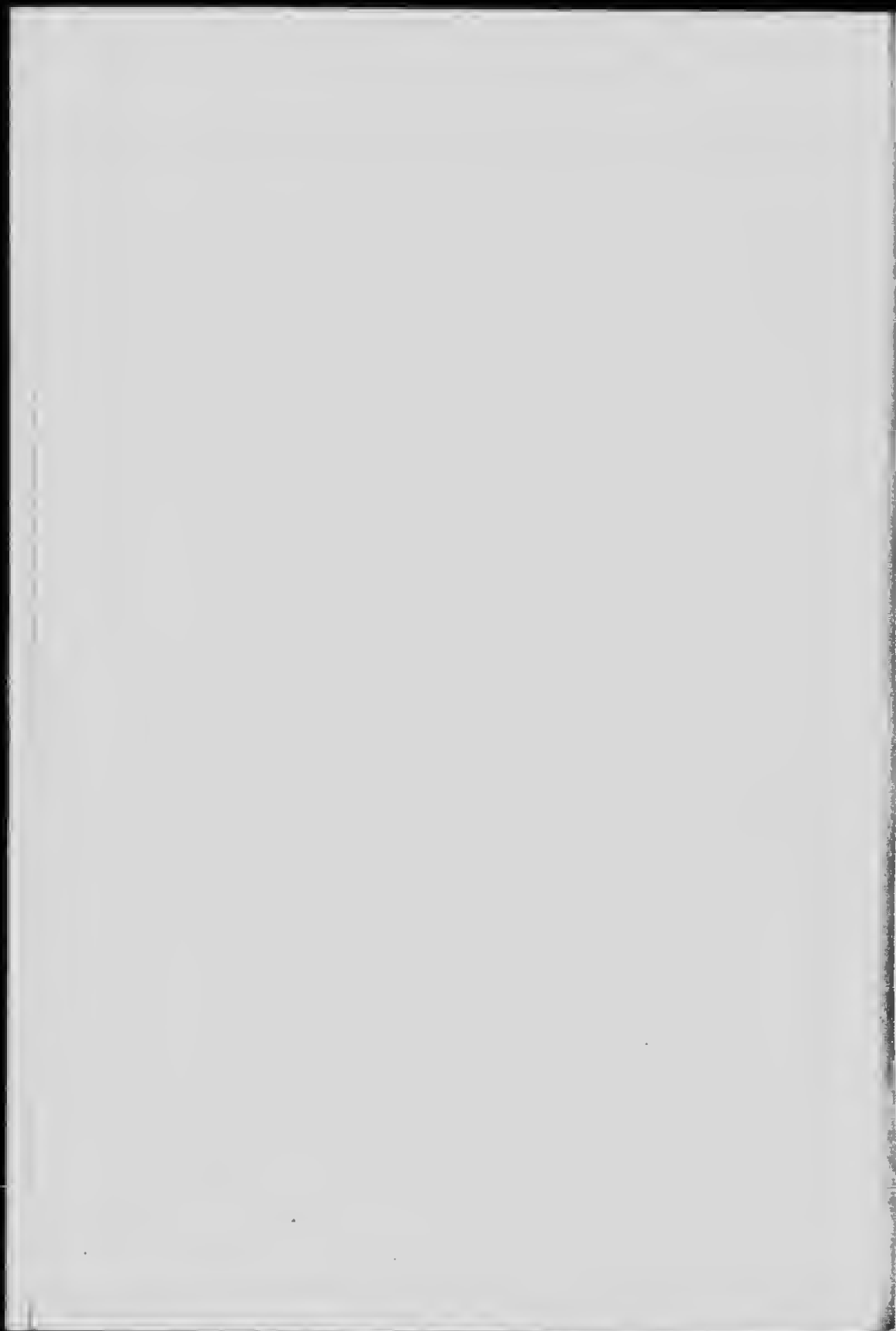


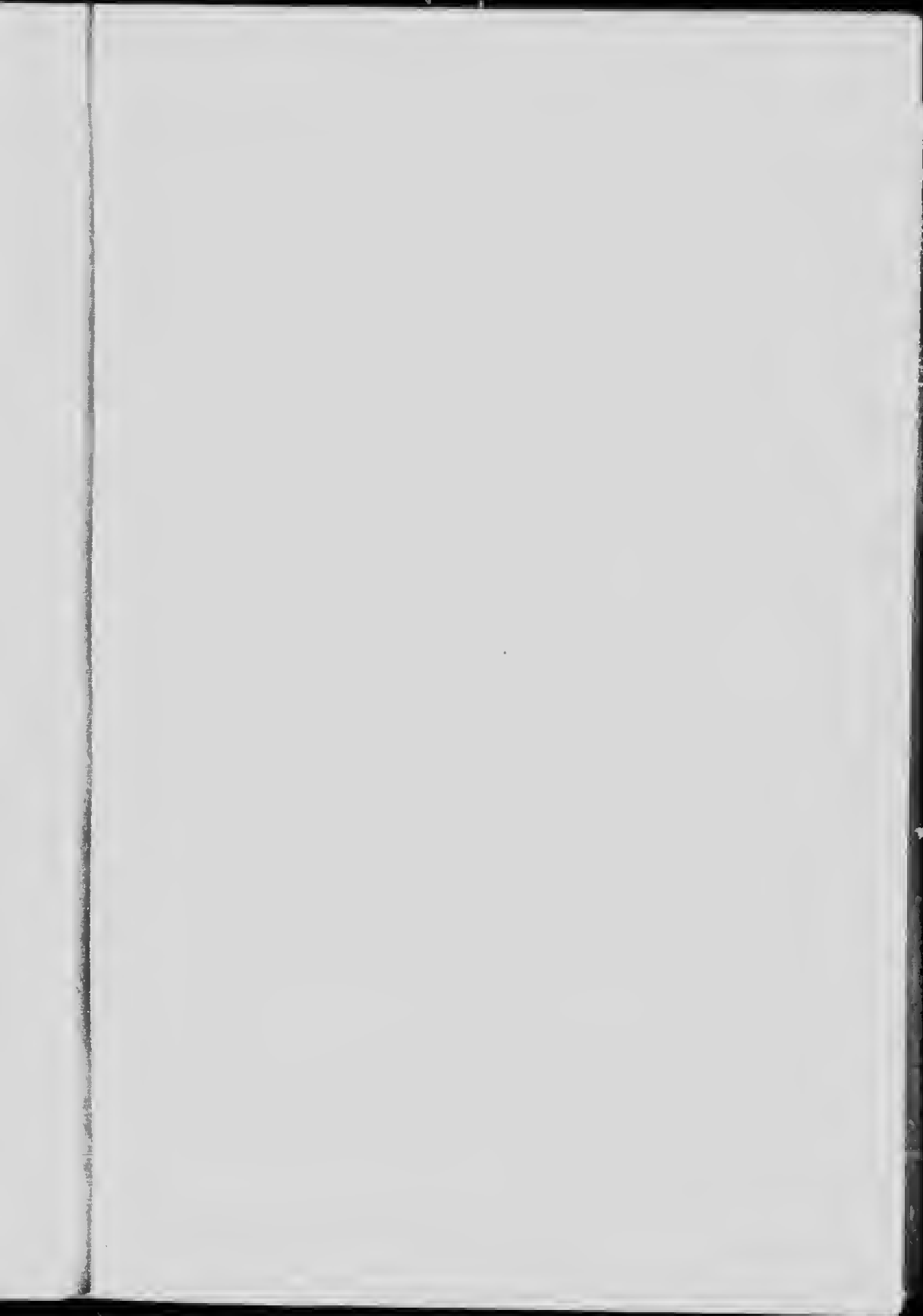














RAINBOWS  
ON  
WAR CLOUDS

BY

JAMES L. HUGHES

AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF GLADNESS,"  
"STORIES AND MUSINGS," ETC.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.  
C. W. BARDEEN

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## FOREWORD

These poems are published with the hope that they may help to heal sorrowing hearts and aid in the spread of true ideals regarding love, and sacrifice, and duty, and universal brotherhood.

It is hoped, too, that they may increase the respect and deepen the sympathy of true men and women for the brave soldiers and sailors who are so nobly fighting for freedom, justice, righteousness, home, and Christian civilization.

JAMES L. HUGHES

Toronto, Canada



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**RAINBOWS ON WAR CLOUDS**  
**BRIGHT RAINBOWS**

Proudly went our sons to battle  
While the dew was on life's flowers;  
While the rising sun of morning  
Was awaking vital powers.

Though they come no more to greet us,  
Those young hero sons of ours,  
Rare and radiant was the beauty  
Of their early morning flowers.

And the perfume of their blooming  
In its sweetness will remain,  
Giving life a richer glory;  
Helping to relieve our pain.

Though our hearts be sad, and tearful  
Be our eyes in coming years.  
Memory will see bright rainbows  
On the cloud mist of our tears.

## CHEERI-O

He remained at his post to the end  
While the Huns swept past  
And he phoned to headquarters the news;  
He was found at last;  
Then he said, "They are now very near,  
Cheeri-o, I will die with a cheer."

Then he called his great message again,  
"Cheeri-o, good bye,  
In a moment I know I must go  
To my home on high;  
But when freedom and right are at stake,  
Cheeri-o, I will die for their sake."

(A true story that led to the adoption of Cheeri-o,  
as a hsttle cry of the Allies, when going "Over the  
Top.")

## THE TRULY UNSELFISH MOTHER'S ANSWER

God gave my son in trust to me.  
Christ died for him, so he should be  
A man for Christ. He is his own,  
And God's and man's; not mine alone,  
He was not mine to "give". He gave  
Himself that he might help to save  
All that a Christian should revere,  
All that enlightened men hold dear.

"To feed the guns!" Oh, torpid soul!  
Awake and see life as a whole.  
When freedom, honor, justice, right,  
Were threatened by the despot's might,  
With heart aflame and soul alight  
He bravely went for God to fight  
Against these savages whose pride  
The laws of God and man defied;  
Who slew the mother and her child;  
Who maidens pure and sweet defiled.  
He did not go "to feed the guns",  
He went to save from ruthless Huns  
His home and country, and to be  
A guardian of democracy.  
"What if he does not come?" you say.  
Ah, well! My sky would be more gray,  
But through the clouds the sun would shine,  
And vital memories be mine.  
God's test of manhood is, I know,  
Not "will he come?" but did he go?  
My son well knew that he might die,  
And yet he went with purpose high  
To fight for peace, and overthrow

The plans of Christ's relentless foe.  
He dreaded not the battlefield;  
He went to make fierce vandals yield.  
If he comes not again to me  
I shall be sad; but not that he  
Went like a man—a hero true—  
His part unselfishly to do.  
My heart will feel exultant pride  
That for humanity he died.

"Forgotten grave!" This selfish plea  
Awakes no deep response in me;  
For though his grave I may not see,  
My boy will ne'er forgotten be.  
My real son can never die;  
'Tis but his body that may lie  
In foreign land, and I shall keep  
Remembrance fond forever deep  
Within my heart of my true son,  
Because of triumphs that he won.  
It matters not where anyone  
May lie and sleep, when work is done.  
It matters not where some men live.  
If my dear son his life must give  
Hosannas I will sing for him,  
E'en though my eyes with tears he dim.  
And when the war is over, when  
His gallant comrades come again,  
I'll cheer them as they're marching by,  
Rejoicing that they did not die.  
And when his vacant place I see,  
My heart will bow with joy that he  
Was mine so long—my fair young son—  
And cheer for him whose work is done.

## **"OLD GLORY" AND "THE UNION JACK"**

"Old Glory" has new glory now.  
Its message to the truly free  
Is universal, unconfined  
By boundaries of land or sea.

Beside the flags of other lands  
That love democracy and right,  
Americans "Old Glory" bear  
To break the power of despot might.

Americans will proudly sing  
"My country"—land of freemen still,  
But higher vision of "our world"  
Will give their hearts a deeper thrill.

Mankind should sing of "home, sweet home,"  
Of country, and of empire, too,  
But brotherhood will bring new light,  
And wider, clearer, truer view.

And all will for "our world" rejoice  
In songs of gladness for the day,  
When trustful nations will unite,  
And selfish barriers burn away.

"Old Glory" and the Union Jack  
Have waved good will a hundred years  
And smiled across our horder land.  
Hats off to them, and rousing cheers!

And they will float in harmony  
Through all the ages yet to be;  
And help to make the whole wide world  
Join in fraternal unity.

## A NOBLE MOTHER

I went to tell his mother  
Her oldest son was dead,  
Killed by a shell. "My hero,  
My brave, true son," she said;

"I'll hang a purple rihhon  
Upon his flag, to tell  
He loved his country's ensign,  
And for it fighting fell.

"Now, Bohhy, you must go, dear,  
To take your brother's place,  
I know your country's honor  
You never will disgrace."

I went again to tell her  
That Bohhy, too, was dead.  
"I'll hang another rihhon  
Upon the flag," she said.

"And Tom will do his duty,  
In freedom's cause he'll fight;  
My sons are men who fear not  
To die for God and right."

O, mothers! Noble mothers!  
How true your love! How deep!  
Whose peerless hearts are hopeful,  
While for your sons you weep;  
Who hang the purple rihhons  
For those who are asleep.

## AFRAID TO TELL HIS MOTHER

When war began, Jim's father  
And mother were away;  
He telegraphed his father  
At noon the second day.

His father got the message,  
And this is what he read:—  
"I have enlisted, father."  
Then to himself he said:

"I'm glad, but O, his mother!  
She will not let him go.  
'Twould fill her heart with sorrow,  
To lose her hoy, I know."

For two long days his secret  
He did not dare to tell,  
Until his wife said kindly,  
"Dear John, you are not well."

And then he told the message,  
And waited still in dread.  
"Of course you sent an answer,"  
Said she. "No, dear," he said.

"I could not send an answer  
Until I first told you,  
I was afraid to tell you."  
"Dear John," she said, "I knew

"You had some cause to worry  
Which seemed too hard to hear;  
You should have told me sooner,  
That I with you might share



"The sacred joy of knowing  
We have so true a son,  
Who did his duty bravely.  
What else could he have done?

"You should have answered promptly;  
It was not fair to Jim;  
Now let me have the message,  
And I will answer him."

"Dear Jim," she wrote, "I'm happy  
To learn you are so true;  
I'm proud to be the mother  
Of such a son as you."

## LEAVE THEM TO REST

Dead they lie—ten of them  
There in one grave.  
Well they fought! Heroes all;  
Noble and brave.

One cause they battled for—  
Freedom and right;  
One God they worshipped, as  
Each saw the light.

Protestants—Catholics  
Fought their last fight;  
Great was their victory  
There on the height.

Protestant—Catholic  
Chaplains are there;  
In the last services  
Each has a share.

God hears them—both of them—  
There as they pray.  
God bless them—both of them—  
Marching away.

Over the graves let us  
Sound the last post;  
They were true noblemen  
Part of God's host.

Sons of light—all of them—  
Each did his best.  
Cheer for them! Honor them!  
Leave them to rest.

**O, HEROES, FEARLESS HEROES!**

“Wake up your section, sergeant,  
I need a volunteer,”  
The colonel said, “for duty  
That will be most severe.”

Ten men were soundly sleeping  
There in the trench, for they  
Had fought for days most bravely,  
Holding the Huns at bay.

They quickly rose. The colonel  
Said in a solemn tone,  
“I have a work of danger.  
Who dares to go alone?”

Then in an instant, proudly  
Each took one step ahead—  
The blood of Britons ever  
Is warm, and rich, and red—

And stood awaiting orders  
In readiness, and so  
“The sergeant said, “Well, colonel  
You see I’ll have to go.”

“For, if I one selected,  
The others would be mad;  
Lie down and sleep, brave fellows,  
I’ll go, sir, and be glad.”

He did the needed service  
Amid the hursting shell,  
And safely reached the trenches  
Back from the German hell.

O, heroes! fearless heroes!  
O gallant, noble men!  
When freedom needs your service,  
You're ever read, then.

### I'VE GOT MINE

When a comrade falls on the battlefield  
In the charge up the fire-swept hill;  
And you stop a moment to give him help;  
And he says, "I've got mine—old Bill";

Then you drop your rifle, and kneel by him,  
And you see that the end has come;  
And you look around and no chaplain see  
So you pray with your dying chum.

O, your prayer is short, but so full of love,  
And you add to your words your tears,  
Till your comrade smiles and in whisper low  
He says, "Bill, the dear Father hears."

Then he takes your hand, and he looks away  
To a village across the sea,  
And he says, "Dear Bill, I've a letter here  
For the sweetheart I'll never see.

"And another, too, for my mother, Bill,  
They will miss me, and yet I know  
They will not forget, but will love me atill,  
And be proud that I dared to go."

Then his eyes grow dim and his handclasp weak,  
As he whispers a last "good bye,"  
And he kisses his cross; and you say, "Dear God,  
It is blessed for Christ to die."

And "O, dear Pat! I ahall miss you, lad,  
Though in creed we were far apart;  
You were God's true man." Then you climb the hill  
With a hope in your deepest heart

That the man-made dross may be burned away  
From religion, that men may be  
From all narrow creeds and base bigotry  
By the light of Christ's truth set free.

## HEROISM AND TENDERNESS

Yes! Yesterday he bravely won  
V. C.;  
He's playing with a child today  
I see.

The poor child's heart with sorrow deep  
Was filled  
When by a shell her mother dear  
Was killed.

He took her to his tent last night  
To sleep,  
And says, if no one comes for her  
He'll keep

Her gladly, and will take her home,  
When he  
Goes to the King next week to get  
V. C.

Brave as a lion yesterday;  
Today  
He is as gentle as a lamb  
At play.

Great are the men of tenderness  
Who fight  
So gallantly for liberty  
And right.

## THE LAST POST

Within the grand cathedral  
I heard the haggpipes play  
Grief's wild lament—"Lochaer"—  
That sad November day.  
I heard the "Last Post" sounding  
Death's most pathetic cry,  
Till souls sobbed out their sorrow  
For those who dared to die.

The service was for others  
Whose sorrow I could share;  
Whose souls were thrilled by music,  
And calmed by hopeful prayer;  
Whose hearts re-echoed gladly  
The sermon's lofty tone;  
They loved their heroes fondly,  
I fondly loved my own.

Within the grand cathedral  
I sat that sacred day,  
But in a Flanders churchyard  
My heart was far away  
In Loere, where his comrades  
Had laid my gallant son,  
And there I heard the hughes  
Tell that his work was done.

From that old village churchyard  
Yonder across the sea  
His comrades moaned their message  
Upon the breeze to me;  
And always in November  
As leaves float down to rest,  
I'll hear the "Last Post" sounding  
Above my dear son's breast.

But I will listen proudly  
In May time, when the breeze  
Brings me the birds' sweet joy-songs  
Out of the lilac trees  
Beside his grave at daybreak.  
My faith triumphant then  
Will hear God's grand reveille  
For all His noble men.

Suggested by a memorial service in St. Paul's,  
Toronto, conducted by the Very Rev. Archdeacon Cody  
at the unveiling of tablets in honor of two young  
Toronto officers killed in France.



## BROTHERHOOD

Upon the Western battle front  
Two men for freedom fight;  
And aide by side they struggle on  
For justice and for right.

One is a Roman Catholic  
With simple faith and clear,  
The other is a Protestant  
To whom all truth is dear.

Each trusts his neighbor perfectly,  
Each is the other's friend;  
And day by day, and night by night,  
Their songs together blend.

Their thoughts about life's basic facts  
In harmony agree,  
Both to the same great Father pray  
In hopeful unity.

They share each other's joys, and share  
Each other's sorrows, too,  
They have been tested, and each found  
The other brave and true.

Why should God's altar separate?  
Why should religion break  
The love bonds joining human souls?  
Can true religion make

Men love each other less! O, No!  
The brotherhood of man  
In loving service fellowship  
Is Christ's divinest plan.

Fight on together for the right.  
Self-sacrificing men  
United in a sacred cause  
Can never fight again.

For God to men who work for him  
Will vital love reveal,  
Although they do not, when they pray  
At the same altar kneel.

## **THANK GOD FOR FEARLESS FATHERS**

Thank God for fathers who were brave,  
Not cowards hase,  
Men who were true, who feared no wrong,  
But face to face  
Grasped evil with heroic grip,  
Fought it, and won the mastership.

Thank God for aons of manly men  
Who fear no foe;  
Who have a vital faith in God,  
And dare to go,  
Where an unblemished conscience leads,  
To do for duty fearless deeds.

God pity him who ia so base  
He will not see  
His duty to his home, his God  
And Liberty;  
Whose self-degraded conscience finds  
Excuses scorned by noble minds.

God pity the ignoble sons  
Of fathers brave,  
Who fear to meet the despot foe  
Freedom to save;  
Who claim their country's rights to share,  
But to defend them will not dare.

### CAPTAIN SMITH, V. O.

Who is that hero who had the cross  
Pinned on his breast today?  
He was an outcast, when war began;  
"Drank like a fish"—they say.

Entered the army, and some with sneers  
Said he would useless be;  
Others objected to have their sons  
Fighting with such as he.

But in his soul was God's image still  
Ready to grow in power.  
War was its Springtime, and it burst forth  
Into life's perfect flower.

He was "Bill Smith", in his old home town  
Hopeless, unkindled, then,  
Bringing but shame to his mother's heart,  
Shunned by his fellowmen.

"Past all believing!" you dare to say,  
"Miracle great!" O, No!  
He's an awakened and vital soul  
Starting towards God to grow.

Tested in flame of the world's fierce War  
Dross has been burned away;  
He is revealed as a noble man.  
Captain he is today.

Never before had his heart been stirred  
Deeply by duty's call,  
But, when he heard it, he answered, "Hero!"  
Bravely he offered all.

Fighting for liberty, justice, truth;  
Fighting for home and right,  
All that was best in his life awoke;  
Weakness was changed to might.

"Valorous, chivalrous, noble, brave;  
Hero!" his comrades say.  
Worthy was he of the cross the King  
Pinned on his breast today.

## LIEUTENANT BROWN

Lieutenant Brown was going home,  
He had been granted leave;  
He'd done his duty grandly, but  
He would no praise receive.

"'Twas all in the day's work," he said,  
"You were all brave and true;  
I found it easy to be hold  
With comrades such as you."

"I'll tell your friends in Canada  
How fearlessly you fight;  
Especially your sweethearts, boys;  
I go tomorrow night."

And then we said, "A dinner, Brown,  
We'll give before you go,  
Tomorrow night; the high esteem  
We hold you in to show."

We fought the Huns next day, and won  
A victory, hut O!  
Brave Brown was lost, and when we dined,  
Our hearts were full of woe.

As Brown's own Captain, I proposed,  
"Here's to Brown's memory;  
Because we knew him, each of us  
Will ever better be."

Next night I sat alone, and thought  
Of Brown's great bravery,  
When part of him crept down the trench,  
And slowly said to me,

"I missed the dinner, Cap, tonight,  
O, yes! I know I'm late;  
I slept awhile, and coming back  
I had to find a gate

"Between the barbed entanglements  
Before the trench we took;  
One leg, one arm, I had to creep;  
One eye I had to look.

"They saw me crawl on 'no man's land',  
And fired, but I lay still,  
Pretending death, until the moon  
Had set behind the hill.

"But I am very hungry, Cap,  
And very thirsty, too;  
Please bring me something soon, 'twill be  
So—kind—and—good—of—you."

He fainted then, I ran for help,  
I brought him nourishment,  
I gave him wine to strengthen him,  
And for the surgeon sent.

When consciousness returned, I said  
"We thought you had 'gone west',  
But you will be all right again  
Now that your wounds are dressed."

"Not quite all right," he smiling said,  
"But what is left of me  
Will prove to you that I am still  
The friend I used to be."

We made it clear to him that he  
Lay in the trench two days,  
And that last night we toasted him  
In words of highest praise.

"I must have been unconscious then  
For thirty hours," he said,  
"'Twas kind of you to toast me, boys,  
I'm glad I was not dead.

"Another dinner I will give  
And toast you ere I go  
Back to my dear Toronto home,  
And the kind friends I know."

When all the other men had gone,  
He said, "I'll be grateful he,  
If you will send a cablegram  
To my old dad for me.



“Just say that I am wounded,  
But that my wound is slight,  
For the official message might  
Give my home folks a fright.”

And then he smiled and blushed, and said,  
“O, Cap! please write for me  
A letter to my sweetheart, dear,  
And tell her I will be

“Quite well again, and will come home  
To see her hie and bye;  
And that to date I’ve only lost  
One leg, one arm, one eye;

“That I can get a fine glass eye,  
A new leg, and new arm,  
And that I hope my new make up  
Will still have power to charm.

“Say, too, I am not quite all here,  
But what is left loves you;  
I think one arm will fold you, dear,  
Almost as well as two.”

He lay face down for two long months.  
I went each week to see  
How he got on. Each time I went,  
He joked and laughed with me.

I wrote his letters, and they still  
Were full of hearty cheer,  
E'en when his dreadful agony  
Forced an unwilling tear.

O, noble Jack! Upon the field  
You were a hero true;  
Unselfish Jack! In hospital  
You were a hero, too.

You are a type of thousands, who  
In fearlessness abound;  
Who in their service for the right,  
A vital faith have found.

## PRIVATE JONES

He seemed hopelessly, utterly bad;  
He was lazy and slouchy, too;  
And he could not be trusted to do  
Anything that he ought to do.

When we called him the lowest of names  
He would snarl like a dog, and swear;  
When we told him to better his ways,  
He would never appear to care.

But one day, when the "drum-fire" was on,  
And the field was torn up with shell;  
Private Jones went to rescue our "Cap",  
Where he lay in the fiercest hell.

For the Germans had broken his leg,  
And our Captain in anguish lay,  
But "Bad Jones" dared the fire, and he brought  
Our Captain dear safe away.

Then we gathered Jones into our arms,  
And we hugged him and tried to tell,  
How we loved him, and said he was white;  
He just smiled, as he said, "O, hell!

"Do you think I could see the old Cap  
Lying there on the field to die?  
No! I said to myself—Bad Bill Jones.  
It is up to you, Bill, to try.

“And the smile on the Captain’s face,  
And the things that he said to me,  
Made me vow to the Lord in my heart,  
Private Jones will a new man be.

“And I thank you all, boys, for the way  
You have treated me here, and now;  
If you stand squarely by me I know  
I can live up to that great vow.”

And we promised that we would be square  
And would proudly true friendship show.  
Well, he kept the great vow that he made,  
And his soul-shine began to glow.

His true soul had been dormant for years  
But its power is vital now,  
It awoke when he did his brave deed,  
So he registered then his vow.

Both his heart and his clothes are now clean,  
For there is not a man so bad,  
That he has not a soul light within  
We may kindle, and make him glad.

**"WAR ENDED MY RELIGION"**

I asked a man to go to church  
With me one day;

"War ended my religion, sir,  
No more I pray.

"I knew that Christ had surely failed,  
When war began.

He taught me peace, and hade me love  
My fellowman."

"He taught you, too," I said, "to fight  
For truth and right;

For justice, honor, freedom, 'gainst  
Despotic might.

"He taught you they are hetter far  
Than peace with wrong.

No lasting peace can come until  
Christ's men are strong.

"The war was caused by ruthless Huns  
Who Christ deny;

And who the power of Christian men  
With scorn defy.

"Had men not cared for honesty  
By Christ's laws taught,

Nor for the sanctities of life,  
As true men ought,

“We might have had a German peace,  
When war first came;—  
An ignominious peace—a peace  
Of conscious shame;

“A peace by which the Germans ruled  
The whole world o’er;  
By which the truest things of life,  
Were ours no more;

“A peace by which democracy  
And hope were lost,  
But Christian men rejected peace  
At such a cost;

“And with a vital faith in God,  
And hearts alight,  
Unselfishly for love of Christ  
Entered the fight.

“You speak of your religion, sir,  
What kind had you?  
Its loss should not affect you much—  
It was not true.

“I hope you may discover Christ  
Who came that we  
Might have a more abundant life;  
Then you may see

“Essential truth, Christ’s vital truth  
That makes men free;  
Then, sir, a faithless pessimist  
You will not be.”

## **"YOU CANNOT PASS"**

"Onward to Paris," the tyrant said,  
"France must ha humbled low."  
"You cannot pass," said the gallant French,  
"Backward your hosts must go."

Onward in pride came the German hordes,  
Boastful in ruthless might;  
"You cannot pass," said tha noble French,  
"France will uphold the right."

Fiercely for months did the dastard Huns  
Struggle to reach their goal;  
"You must not pass," said the fearless French,  
"France has regained her soul."

Recklessly, ceaselessly cama the foe;  
Calmly the French replied,  
"You must not pass o'er the Verdun hills;  
Vain is your boastful pride.

"Honor, and justice, and home, and truth,  
We will defend from you;  
You shall not pass; in her testing hour  
Franca will be strong and true.

"Back you must go," said the peerless French,  
Free shall our children be;  
You shall not pass; we are here to guard  
Their sacred liberty."

Dauntlessly, brilliantly fought the French;  
Backward the Huns they hurled;  
They did not pass, for the hrave French stood  
Firm for a sunlit world.

## THE FIRST AMERICANS TO DIE

Sons of America, fearless and free,  
Four of them lie side by side in one grave;  
First of her heroes to die there in France;  
Fighting for liberty their lives they gave.

Bravely they battled, and dauntlessly died,  
Honored the earth is that lies on each breast;  
Weeping, but proud of their valorous dead  
Comrades have tenderly laid them to rest.

Lovingly o'er them the "tricolor" waves  
Close to "Old Glory" to say to the world,  
"Till we have triumphed o'er despotic might,  
We fly together for freedom unfurled."

Ended the service—a leader of France  
Said, "In the name of my country I give  
Honor and thanks to these heroes who died  
Fighting so bravely that justice may live."

"Farewell true noblemen. Your death will hind  
Your land and my land forever for right;  
We by your grave looking up to God's sky,  
Pledge that in brotherhood we will unite.

"Sound the 'Last Post.' They will hear o'er the sea,  
And its sad message o'er valley and hill  
Will wake men's souls, and they'll prove to the world  
That in America freemen live still."



## IN LOCRE

Lover of liberty answering duty  
Proudly he went, and his sacrifice made;  
Killed there in Kemmel heside the green mountain,  
Yonder in Locre his hody was laid.

Long it has lain there beneath the old lilacs;  
There hy the side of the church is his grave;  
Long have we mourned him, yet proudly remembered  
That he went bravely true freedom to save.

Now there in Locre the fierce battle rages;  
Day after day the wild struggle goes on;  
Hand to hand fighting from dawn light to eve glow;  
Shrieking of shell fire from eve glow to dawn.

Six times has Locre been lost and retaken,  
Three times hy us and three times hy our foes;  
Over his grave hy the church side they struggle,  
But he sleeps on in his well earned repose.

O God of battles! For Thee our brave heroes  
Nobly have fought and so bravely have died;  
Wake all the nations, reveal the great visions  
Taught hy the Lowly One men crucified.

## AT BAY

Horde of Huns savagely  
Rushed to the fray;  
Lovers of liberty  
Held them at bay.

British, Americans,  
Frenchmen were they,  
Who on the "Western front"  
Held them at bay.

Gloriously, gallantly  
Day after day  
God's splendid noblemen  
Held them at bay.

"Come," said they, fearlessly,  
"We're here to stay;  
Ready to die for right  
We stand at bay.

"Despots can never drive  
Freemen away;  
Justice and right must live;  
We stand at bay."

So the unconquered stood  
Intrepidly,  
Hurling the fierce Huns back;  
Nobly at bay.

Chivalrous, valorous,  
Resolute, they  
"Backs to the wall" stood there;  
Dauntless at bay.

Heroes all! Honor them!  
For them we pray;  
God bless them, and keep them  
Safe there at bay.

### "OVER THE TOP"

O, Molly; How I long to see you smile,  
And stand with you upon our hill awhile.

My heart is often there at eve with you  
To let you hear its love-beat say, "I'm true."

And hear you sweetly answer, "Dear I know,"  
And with you watch the western's sky's red glow.

O, Molly darling, at the dawn of light  
Tomorrow, we go "O'er the top" to fight.

And, as we go, I'll think of you, my own,  
And in the charge I will not be alone.

I will be conscious, dear, of God and you,  
And fearlessly my duty then I'll do.

## AN ENGLISH VOLUNTEER

A man of forty-five came in,  
And said, "May I enlist?"  
His eyes were red, and still he tried  
To wipe away tear mist.

"It's chilly, sir, today," he said,  
"It makes my old eyes drip;  
I've 'ad a letter, sir, from 'ome,  
My wife,"—he bit his lip—

"My wife writes, you must fight the 'uns  
We've 'ad an air raid 'ere,  
And your poor mother 'as been killed";  
Again he dropped a tear.

"That 'orrid wind! it makes 'em leak.  
I came out to the States  
To make a 'ome for wife; hut now  
She says that all my mates

"At 'ome in England have gone off  
The blooming 'uns to fight,  
And 'elp to save the world, she says,  
For freedom, 'ome, and right."

"She says, 'The Kiddies, Jack, and I  
Will be all right, you know,  
For I am strong, and I will work,  
So, Jack, you'll 'ave to go.

“ ‘They killed your mother, Jack, those ‘uns,  
I can’t be ‘appy, Jack,  
Until you wear the uniform;  
So I am going back.

“The wife is right, I must enlist,  
I ‘ope you’ll pass me, too,  
I think you’ll find my body strong;  
I know my ‘art is true.

“For mother dear, and motherland;  
For wife and kiddies too,  
I’ll go across the briny, and  
My duty I will do.

“And, when the war is over, sir,  
I will come back again,  
And bring the wife and kiddies too  
To live ‘ere with me then.

“I love the grand old ‘Union Jack,’  
I love ‘Old Glory,’ too;  
I know those flags forevermore  
Will be to freedom true.”

(In a recruiting office in the United States)

### GRANDFATHER'S JUST PRIDE

O, yes! It was my grandson,  
It was his second flight  
In France, and he was flying  
High in the bright sunlight.

When suddenly three Germans  
Dropped from the clouds, but he  
Flew at them gallant hearted  
And fought the German three.

Down went the first bright flaming,  
Down went the second, too;  
But then a German bullet  
His manly breast pierced through.

He fainted, and his trusted plane  
Fell headlong towards the ground.  
The rapid fall aroused him;  
He woke and looked around.

He saw the British trenches;  
He got control again,  
And glided till he landed  
Behind the lines, and then

His brave, true life seemed ended;  
Insensible he lay,  
Till stretcher bearers found him,  
And carried him away.

He did not die. He's living  
In Iowa with me.  
He's getting stronger quickly,  
And says he soon will be

Quite ready to go flying  
Again beyond the sea,  
To do his chosen duty  
To help to make men free.

O, yes! of course I'm proud, sir,  
Mine was a fighting race;  
I have no fear my grandson  
Will ever bring disgrace

To either home or country,  
Or to the Allied cause;  
He'll bravely fight for justice,  
For truth and righteous laws.

## WELL DONE, FRED

I hear that you go soon to France,  
Fred's father, my old comrade, said;  
I wish you'd visit my boy's grave,  
And standing there say, "Well done, Fred."

I promised him. I found the grave,  
And on it tenderly I shed  
A loving tear, and with heart full  
Of sympathy said, "Well done, Fred."

Unselfishly you left your home  
By consciousness of duty led;  
You nobly fought in freedom's cause  
And earned the tribute—"Well done, Fred."

For liberty you died—nay, lived,  
And still will live—you are not dead.  
Around me now I seem to hear  
The angels singing, "Well done, Fred."

I look away beyond the clouds  
That sail in glory o'er my head,  
And on the western wind I hear  
His homeland message—"Well done, Fred."



## **TOMMY ATKINS, JACK CANUCK, AND SAMMY**

Tom and Jack met Sam in France,  
And welcomed him one day;  
They grasped his hand, and gripped it hard,  
And cheered—"Hooray! Hooray!

"We've waited for you, Sam," they said,  
"We're glad to see you here;  
We're freedom's sons of one old stock,  
So let us all three cheer."

And cheer they did, and then said Tom,  
"We've had some scraps of yore,  
But bygoness long are bygoness,  
Our scrapping days are o'er.

"And Britons shake your honest hand,  
And welcome you with joy.  
We're glad to fight till freedom wins,  
Brave Sam, with you old boy."

Said Jack, "Dear cousin, we have had  
Misunderstandings, too,  
But for a hundred years, and more  
"We've lived in peace with you.

"And as we fight for home and right  
Against the ruthless foe,  
Our hearts together bound by love,  
Will ever closer grow."

Then Sammy said, "I thank you both,  
I'm with you till we win;  
I'm proud to claim you as my friends,  
For we are surely kin.

"One God we love, one faith we hold,  
One freedom we defend;  
With our great heritage of pluck  
We'll conquer in the end.

Then hand in hand in sacred tones  
They pledged fidelity.  
And said, "Through all the coming years  
True brothers we will be."

## VETERANS BLUE AND GRAY

They stood together on the street,  
Their old hearts heating fast,  
And watched the stalwart soldier hoys  
So proudly marching past.

Their memories recalled the day  
Near sixty years ago,  
When they had marched through cheering crowds  
To meet an unknown foe.

"I went when Lincoln called," said one,  
"To make my country free."  
"I went to fight for freedom, too,"  
The other said, "with Lee."

"Men never fought more bravely than  
The blue and gray did then,"  
Said they, "Their sons in freedom's cause  
Will prove that they are men.

"For comrades now undauntedly  
Our boys in freedom's light  
Go forth for God and liberty  
For justice, home and right.

"And North and South—one nation now—  
With all true men unite  
To save democracy, and teach  
Mankind no more to fight;

"That all the earth may understand  
Christ's all embracing plan,  
And make the dream of ages true;—  
The brotherhood of man."

## CHRIST ON THE RUINED WALL IN YPRES

There stood the fine cathedral  
Beside the grand Cloth Hall  
Now it is dust and ashes,  
But one small bit of wall  
Is still unharmed, and on it  
Christ's statue stands alone;  
His calm, true face still glowing  
With love for all His own.

The Prussians did not spare it  
A due respect to show,  
For they despise Christ's teaching,  
And aim to overthrow  
His basis of true freedom,  
His law of righteousness;  
And ridicule the lessons  
He taught, mankind to bless.

Each soul may give its answer,  
But there it stands today,  
And from their homes in cellars  
The Belgians come to pray  
Before it. See one kneeling  
A little girl, there now;  
Down on the dust and ashes  
She kneels to make her vow.

And prays for faith to strengthen,  
And for the soldiers true,  
That they may have Christ's guidance  
In all they try to do.  
Dare any sneer or mock her?  
Dare any one deny  
That simple faith has taught her  
She must on Christ rely?

## RE-DISCOVERING CHRIST

Efficiency the German God  
Began to rule mankind;  
Foul selfishness dwarfed human souls  
And made men's spirits blind.

The love of these material things  
Destroyed the vital power,  
Of higher, clearer vision, till  
The re-awaking hour,

When robber Huns contemptuously  
Christ's basic truths denied,  
And with imperilous insolence  
The Christian world defied.

But Christians nations, unified  
For freedom, honor, right,  
Arose with Christian chivalry  
To check the rule of might.

And men have re-discovered Christ,  
And learned to see the good  
In all mankind, and love the law  
Of human brotherhood.

And we will prove that we can be  
Efficient Christians, when  
The war is won—not heathens base—  
And love our fellowmen.

## WHEN OUR BOYS COME BACK

"War brutalizes, and our boys,  
When they come back again  
Will all have lost their kindness,  
And changed to brutal men.

"War makes men hard and selfish,  
Our boys of gentleness  
Will come with ruthless hearts and be  
Ruled by base selfishness."

O, no! Our boys will be more true  
More tender and sincere,  
More conscious of their brothers' rights  
With vision true and clear.

They fight not for themselves. They fight  
To make men truly free;  
They fight for babes and womanhood;  
They cannot selfish be.

They fight to make the innocent  
From evil more secure;  
Their fight against impurity  
Will make their lives more pure.

The boys who dare the rain of fire  
Their dying chums to bless,  
Will come with hearts aflame with God  
And deeper tenderness.

The boys who rarely went to church,  
But, as their comrades die,  
Pray a heart prayer, have learned the way  
To life more true and high.

The boys who fight for right must feel  
Life's higher destiny,  
The boys who fight for womanhood  
Learn Christian chivalry.

The boys who bravely climb the heights  
To meet the savage Hun,  
Will come with faith in God and right  
When freedom has been won.

The boys who sing, when facing death  
Of mother and of Sue,  
The sweet old songs of home and love,  
Are men divinely true.

The boys who, when they leave the trench  
To meet the Huns in fight,  
Sing, "God our help in ages past,"  
Will come with souls alight.

### MADE SELFISH BY LOVE

"You have three sons," I said,  
"You should spare two;  
They wish to join the ranks,  
Let them be true."

"I love my sons too well,  
My fine young sons,  
To let them go to die  
Murdered by Huns."

"Thousands have gone," I said,  
"Duty to do;  
Their mothers love their sons  
Tenderly, too."

"They do not love their sons,  
As much as I  
Love mine. If mine were killed,  
Then I would die."

"Their's is a higher love  
Than yours can be;  
Service to God and man,  
Their love can see."

"I'm knitting socks, and so  
I'm serving, too;  
That is enough for us,  
'Tis all we'll do."



"You serve in your own way,  
But why restrain  
Your sons who clearly see  
Their duty plain?"

Then spoke her eldest son.  
"Mother," said he  
"Knitting is not enough—  
Christ died for me.

"All that He taught is now  
Threatened by Huns,  
Yet you refuse to let  
Your willing sons

"Fight against despots base  
For God and right,  
For home, for truth, and peace  
With freedom's light.

"I should be ready now  
To show that I  
Am willing in Christ's cause  
To bravely die.

"Love without service dwarfs,  
It cannot bless;  
Love without sacrifice  
Is selfishness.

"Mothers who cannot see  
Upon the height  
God's guiding hand, have lost  
Love's glowing light.

"I am God's son, and man's—  
Not yours alone;  
I represent God here;  
I am my own.

"I am responsible  
To God for power  
He gave, which I should use  
In this great hour.

"So mother, I must go.  
With coward's heart  
Life would he hitherness;  
I'll do my part.

"My brothers, too, intend  
To go with me  
To fight for you, and help  
To make men free.

"If we come not again,  
Mother, to you,  
You will remember that  
Your sons were true."

### CHRIST-LIKE MEN

E'en some of those who stay at home,  
And do not dare for Christ to die,  
Speak of the soldier's wickedness,  
And shake their heads with tearful eye.

O! base, ignoble, torpid souls,  
Unkindled minds with narrow view;  
Who doubt salvation for the men  
Who die for Christ as heroes true!

The soldiers may not talk of Christ,  
But better far they try to do  
Their duty as true Christian men.  
Can this be said, vain men, of you?

Christ left his home the world to save.  
The soldier sailed across the sea  
Away from home and friends, that he  
Might fight for Christ to make men free.

Christ knew not where to lay His head  
When weary. So the soldier lies  
In trench or on the battlefield  
With face exposed to frowning skies.

Christ suffered hunger for mankind.  
So the brave soldier suffers, too,  
From hunger through long days and nights  
To save your liberty for you.

Christ faced the mystery of death,  
And agonized for you and me;  
The soldier nobly faces death,  
And anguish of Gethsemane.

Christ willingly laid down His life,  
That through His death all men may see  
The glory of His perfect love,  
And learn man's highest destiny.

The soldiers, too, lay down their lives,  
As freely as on Calvary  
Christ died. They die in sacred cause  
For justice, right, and liberty.

They live like Christ—like Christ they die.  
They loving service do for men.  
Their fellowship of suffering  
With Christ, will make them live again.

## **MORE DEGRADING THAN WAR**

When war is waged for selfish aims;  
Or settlement of rival claims;  
Or when ambition to be great  
Fills souls with bitterness and hate;  
Or when a despot ruthlessly  
Dares to destroy man's liberty;  
Then war is wrong, degrading, base,  
A monstrous crime against the race.  
But there are things in human life  
More base than even war's fierce strife.

When conscience-power has decayed;  
When truth and justice are betrayed;  
When men lack moral force to fight  
Against aggression's frenzied might;  
When they have lost the vital force  
Impelling souls to nobler course;  
When they would barter right for peace,  
Though justice die and honor cease;  
Then could have lost the guiding light  
That leads men upward to truth's height.

Christ taught men to be true and strong  
To fight for right against the wrong,  
And yet base cravens dare to use  
His name, when they to fight refuse.  
When in religion's sacred name  
Objectors try to hide the shame  
Of coward hearts that will not fight  
For freedom, justice, home, and light.  
Such state of mind and heart is worse  
Than war their souls to blight and curse.

## TRIUMPHANT DEMOCRACY

I saw the German army  
Just as the war began.  
Three days I saw them marching  
To carry out the plan.

Made through long years by selfish  
And savage despots who  
Planned to destroy man's freedom,  
And all that Christ made true.

I saw the noble Belgians  
Who dared to block the way  
Against the fierce invaders  
Who sought the world to sway;

Who scorned the Kaiser's offer  
To sell their souls for gold,  
And taught him that true freemen  
Can not be bought nor sold.

I saw the gallant Frenchmen  
On guard along their line  
Roused by a valiant spirit  
Unknown beyond the Rhine.

I saw their glance of valor  
In France's darkest days,  
And knew they'd die for honor  
Thrilled by the Marseillaise.

I saw the Gordons landing  
In France one epoch day,  
When Scotch and French were comrades;  
And worthy comrades they.

They sang with Highland ardor,  
As they marched proudly past,  
"O! God, be thou our helper  
Against the stormy blast."

I saw the English gather  
In London for the fray,  
Ready to die for justice  
Calmly they marched away,

Their country's call they answered,  
They saw their duty clear;  
Grandly they proved the falseness  
Of the proud Kaiser's sneer.

And Irishmen came gladly  
In freedom's sacred name  
To fight for King and Empire  
With Irish hearts aflame.

Old enemies united.  
From North and South they came  
To stand or fall together  
With but a single aim.

I saw the first Canadians  
Train on Valvartier's field,  
And knew that, when their test came,  
No foe could make them yield.

Forceful were they and fearless,  
Gentle, and kind, and true;  
Men of strong faith, went ready  
Great deeds for right to do.

I saw the men responding  
In the United States,  
When called to drive the boastful  
Foemen from Freedom's gates.

Intrepid men responded.  
Quickly they made reply,  
And never grander army  
Marched forth beneath the sky.

Long years the struggle lasted,  
And in the bitter fight  
Democracy was tested  
Against despotic might;

And Free men won, for Freedom  
Breeds vital, fearless sons,  
Resourceful, and strong-hearted  
To stand behind her guns.



### CHRIST'S QUESTION

What did you, in the world's dark hour  
To help mankind and me,  
When the Huns made the land a hell,  
And turned to hell the sea?  
Did you go?

What did you, when the Kaiser hase  
Killed babes and mothers, too,  
In defiance of all my laws;  
Tell me, what did you do?  
Did you go?

What did you, when your brave young son  
Said, father, let us fight  
For the freedom of all mankind,  
For home, and truth, and right?  
Did you go?

No! your duty you did not do;  
You brought me only shame;  
Though I died for mankind, and you  
Have dared to use my name,  
You did not go.

And you dwarfed your brave son's best power,  
When he was true to me:—  
From the light that you brought to him,  
He never can be free.

## UNSELFISH SOLDIERS

When Satan sees a selfish man,  
He smiles and goes away,  
"He's mine," he says, "I've got him sure;  
I do not need to stay.

"And some who 'Christians' call themselves  
Amuse me most," said he,  
"They fear that soldiers' souls are lost;  
Themselves they cannot see.

"Because their selfish souls are blind.  
The soldiers' little sins  
Give me hut little claim on them,  
'Tis selfishness that wins.

"The soldiers' souls I fear I've lost,  
They're free from selfishness;  
Each with his comrade shares his all,  
And fights, the world to hless.

"Those selfish 'Christians' who just aim  
To save their own dark souls,  
But fail to serve their fellowmen;  
When we have called the rolls,

"Will he surprised to learn that they  
Must come along with me;  
While soldiers take the other road,  
Who served unselfishly."

### THE CHAPLAIN AT VIMY RIDGE

"Your son was killed; we saw him die;  
He led our line."  
"He was God'a boy," the chaplain said,  
"As well as mine."

With dying men the chaplain prayed  
The long night through;  
Prayed as he never did before  
With power new.

But, when he saw the opal glow  
Of dawning light,  
He went to find his only son  
Upon the height.

With tenderness he carried back  
His gallant boy;  
He wept although his heart was lit  
With vital joy.

Around the grave his comrades stood.  
His father led  
In hopeful song and faith-lit prayer,  
And then he said:

"I loved you, son—O how I loved!  
God loved you, too;  
You are not dead; you still live on,  
But life is new.

"Your father's heart o'erflows today  
With loving pride;  
Christ died for you, my son, and you  
For Him have died.

"The flower that blooms in early morn,  
And dies ere noon,  
Lives truly its allotted time;  
Dies not too soon.

"Your life was short but beautiful,  
Your work is done;  
You nobly answered duty's call,  
And triumph won.

"God bless your mother, darling boy,  
Keep her heart strong;  
She knew that not alone to us  
Did you belong.

"I will work on with deeper love  
For dying men;  
Your life and death will give me strength  
Goodbye! Amen."

## THE OLD GERMAN BIBLE

Yes! that old German Bible  
My father gave to me;  
His father brought it with him  
To this land of the free.

For many generations,  
More than four hundred years,  
Our family has kept it,  
And still our hearts it cheers.

Grandfather's spirit led him  
To cross the great wide sea,  
That from despotic Prussians  
His soul might be set free.

My husband died, and left me  
Four sons—good men are they,  
For I have tried to train them  
To walk life's upward way.

We read the English Bible,  
But love the German, too,  
For it recalls the old days,  
When German hearts were true

To Christ and all His teaching  
Led by its sacred light;  
The days, when German people  
Loved justice, truth, and right.

Grandfather's vital spirit  
Still fills our souls, and we  
Despise despotic tyrants,  
And love true liberty.

My four sons now are fighting  
To make the whole world free.  
God bless my boys, and guide them,  
And bring them back to me.

### SAVED

Behind the lines near Arras  
We lived in "dug-outs" deep.  
"Look here; don't light your matches,  
We're tired and want to sleep."

So spoke my weary comrades  
In kindly threat to me;  
"Go back a mile and light them;  
Don't let the Germans see."

A letter from my sweetheart  
Had come from home that day;  
And so I rose and left them,  
And walked a mile away.

I found an unused "dug-out"  
And lit my matches there,  
To read the cheering message  
In which she wrote a prayer

That I should be protected  
By day and night from harm.  
Then I went back still dreaming  
Of Jean's bewitching charm.

But ere I reached the "dug-out"  
A high explosive shell  
Had killed my sleeping comrades,  
And left me here to tell

How death so nearly met me  
That sad October night;  
And try to do my duty  
More bravely for the right.

## THE FALSIFIED CONSCIENCE OF THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

"When a man says 'my conscience will not permit me to justify war,' I reply you had better justify your conscience."—Chancellor Day, Syracuse University.

Made by your lower self alone  
Your falsified conscience is your own;—  
Made by your basest selfishness  
It has no power to guide or bless.  
You say your conscience will not let  
You fight for truth and freedom; yet  
You claim to be a Christian. Shame  
To so degrade Christ's sacred name.  
Christ taught us what to be and do  
To make the world more free and true  
Your conscience should give steady light  
To guide you upward to the height  
Where duty calls true men to fight  
For honor, justice, virtue, right,  
Against base despot's ruthless might.

Your conscience robs your soul of power,  
And makes you useless in the hour  
When all Christ taught is threatened. Wake!  
And do your part for His dear sake.  
Your conscience you have dwarfed, and so  
Its light has lost its guiding glow  
And faith has no directing zest.  
You stand unkindled and unblest  
Content in selfish ease to rest  
While Christ's men climb to reach the crest.



You fail the sunlit heights to see,  
Where heroes fight to make men free.  
You know your mother, wife, and child  
May by vile despots be defiled,  
Yet will not do your duty clear,  
And fight for those you hold most dear.  
You "cannot justify the war,"  
Because you cannot see the star  
Of Bethlehem upon the sky.  
Set free your soul and let it fly  
Beyond your narrow selfish view  
To find a higher vision—new.  
Men grow who see with vision true  
And then their duty bravely do.

#### WHY WE'RE FIGHTING

We're fighting now that our young sons  
May never have to fight,  
As did their fathers for the cause  
Of liberty and right.

We're fighting now so that the world  
May evermore be free  
From despots who would dare to rule  
By brutal tyranny.

We're fighting now that fellowship  
And human brotherhood  
May ever be by all mankind  
More fully understood.

## THE OLD BRITISH VETERAN

Did you see his old eyes glisten  
When the soldiers marched away,  
As he proudly stood to listen  
To the band that autumn day?

Did you hear him tell the story  
Of the day so long ago,  
When for England, home and glory,  
He marched off to meet the foe?

Sixty years ago my mother  
Came to see her son depart,  
And beside her stood another  
Who had won my happy heart.

And "The Girl I Left Behind Me"  
That the band played loud and clear,  
Meant my Kate. My tears near blind me;  
For today she is not here.

In old Devon she is sleeping,  
Close beside the rock-bound sea;  
You must just excuse my weeping,  
For so much comes back to me.

As I hear again the rattle  
Of the drumbeat call her sons,  
Yes! and grandsons to the battle,  
To defeat the savage Huns.

When the war is o'er, I'll greet them  
Proudly if they are alive.  
Hopefully, I'll wait to meet them;  
God protect my valiant five!

They have gone for England's glory,  
Gallant five, across the sea.  
And I know they'll carve a story  
That will bring no shame to me.

So, although my eyes are shedding  
Teardrops, they are grateful tears;  
In my heart there is no dreading,  
It is beating hopes, not fears.

## A TRUE HERO

His life is full of horror,  
And yet his letters tell  
Of happiness, and end with—  
“Dear mother, I am well.”

He writes not of the trenches  
And how he suffers there,  
But of the flaming poppies  
Red blooming ev'rywhere.

When he has been commended  
For duty nobly done  
He boasts not of his valor  
But tells about his fun.

When he was badly wounded  
He wrote, “Don't worry, dear;  
I'm getting better, mother;  
Keep your heart full of cheer.”

He adds no pang of sorrow  
To her o'erburdened heart;  
He sees and tells the bright things,  
And this is life's great art.

For there is always shadow,  
But always sunshine, too;  
And he is life's true artist  
Who paints the brightest view.

## "YOU'RE DRAFTED"

Let joy triumphant fill your heart.  
You're drafted; proudly do your part  
For home and country, truth and right,  
Against the ruthless tyrant's might.  
Go bravely! Do you duty clear.  
You're drafted.

For God and liberty you go  
To fight against their basest foe.  
Humanity's most sacred laws  
He violates. Awake! The cause  
Of justice claims you. Do not fear,  
But answer with a ringing cheer;  
You're drafted.

Of freedom get a vision new;  
Of duty see the larger view;  
With soul aflame with fervid glow  
For freedom, honor, virtue go;  
Save all that noble men hold dear;  
Let your heart's echo be a cheer;  
You're drafted.

Democracy relies on you,  
Your manhood prove. Be strong and true.  
Fail not! To God and man be just.  
Your country trusts; accept its trust.  
With faith and hope its loud call hear.  
Yours is no coward heart—so cheer.  
You're drafted.

## SABBATH SERVICES

The church was large; the curé  
Stood near the altar there,  
That sunny Sakhath morning,  
And led his flock in prayer.

Old men were they who worshipped,  
The young had gone to fight  
In service of the Master  
To guard His holy light.

Behind them busy workmen  
Of "army service" were  
Repairing broken harness,  
Who listened to the prayer.

Was it not desecration  
Upon the Sakhath day  
To make God's house a workshop,  
While men had come to pray?

Both services were sacred.  
Some worked while others prayed.  
Both the great law of service  
Revealed by Christ, obeyed.

No day can be too sacred  
To work for His great cause;  
For freedom and humanity,  
For just and righteous laws.

## HAS CHRISTIANITY FAILED?

The atheist sneered, as he heard the chime  
Of bells in the churches at Easter time;  
"Poor weaklings," he said, "are the men who say  
That Christ is a force in the world today.  
Christ taught a religion of love and peace,  
And Christians have taught that all war should cease,  
But hate over love has at length prevailed,  
The world is at war, Christianity failed."

Should Christians be cowards, and tamely yield,  
Or fight for the freedom that Christ revealed?  
Should Christians be cravens, when neighbors bleed,  
Or go to their aid in their hour of need?  
The work of the Saviour is not yet done,  
More triumphs must still in His Name be won;  
But only the thoughtless believe that He  
Has failed in the struggle to make men free.

Democracy, based on the truths Christ taught,  
Has widened the vision of human thought,  
And driven the despots from height to height,  
Who taught the false doctrine that might is right.  
Each glorious century since He came,  
The light that He kindled has brighter flame,  
And shines on new crests, as men upward climb,  
Inspired by His life and His love sublime.

The cry of brave Belgium was loud and sad;  
The Germans had come, and with carnage mad  
Defying all laws the relentless horde  
Swept onward destroying with fire and sword.  
They ravaged her land with a savage rage,  
They murdered in frenzy both youth and age,  
The homes of the innocent peasants blazed,  
The temples of God were in fierce wrath razed.

If men in the day of their test had quailed,  
The skeptic might sneer, and say "Christ has failed,"  
But Christians were true, and they rushed to meet  
The despot, and drive him to sure defeat;  
They came with relief to the starving child,  
They lifted the maiden base beasts defiled,  
They answered a nation's appealing wail,  
With love, and with service—THEY DID NOT FAIL.



## THE GHOSTS OF 1776

Ghosts used to go around at night,  
Till twelve o'clock, and then  
They spread their gauzy wings, and went  
Back to their graves again.

But modern ghosts, like men themselves,  
Have wondrous progress made,  
They see, unscared, by day or night,  
In sunshine or in shade.

Two ghosts of sev'nteen sev'nty-six  
Came out one April day,  
And sailed across the briny deep  
To Europe far away.

They flew along the "Western front"  
And were surprised to see  
"Old Glory" and the "Tricolor"  
Together o'er the sea.

"They floated in America  
Together once," said one;  
"The French with us fought gloriously  
When we our freedom won."

"They fight again for freedom," said  
The other, "for I know  
Where tyrants threaten liberty,  
Those flags will ever go."

Then as they farther went they saw  
High flying side by side  
The British, French, and U. S. flags.  
"Thank God! Thank God!" they cried.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! the world is safe  
Old enemies unite  
To save democracy, and crush  
The savage despot's might.

"When we get hack with joy we'll tell  
What we today have seen,  
And Washington, and La Fayette,  
And Pitt with joyous mien,

"Will lead us all in singing  
Hosanas for the light  
That leads the freedom lovers  
To battle for the right.

"And Burns and Whitman then will read  
Their songs of liberty,  
And we will form a ring and shout,  
'The world will happy be.'

"And German ghosts will take our hands  
And sing and shout with glee,  
And say 'Thank God the war has made  
The German people free.' "

## **"MY OWN" COUNTRY**

"I will not fight across the sea  
To settle quarrels there,  
But, if on my own country's soil  
A foreign foe should dare  
To step, then I would follow thee,  
O! sacred banner of the free."

O! narrow, dormant, torpid soul,  
From selfishness awake.  
Christ died for you, and you should do  
Your duty for His sake;  
And help to save democracy,  
Or your own land will not be free.

Your morals, sir, are very low  
Based on your selfishness;  
Your life was given on the terms  
That you would help to bless  
All other lives. Remember then  
Christ taught the brotherhood of men.

Your logic, too, is very poor,  
It means that you should fight,  
Not for your country nor for state,  
But just for your own right.  
He dwarfs his soul who lives alone  
For self—whose motto is "my own."

## THE PLATTUDINOUS PACIFISTS

### I

**"But war can never make men free,  
War will destroy democracy."**

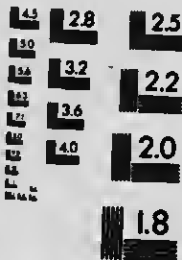
Whenever ruthless despot fights  
Against man's democratic rights  
One way alone is left to save  
Democracy. We must be brave  
And fight for justice, freedom, right  
Till we destroy his hoasted might.  
Since Christ revealed democracy,  
And taught that each man should be free,  
Base despots daring to control  
Man's body, intellect and soul  
Have fought against His loving plan;—  
The perfect brotherhood of man.

In wars by tyranny begun  
Democracy has ever won;  
Each war found freemen true and strong  
To fight for right against the wrong;  
Each war brought higher vision, when  
The world regained just peace again.  
He must not win whose poisoned mind  
Planned the enslavement of mankind;  
The dastard tyrant of all time  
Whose war of treachery and crime  
Against democracy and right  
Threatened all freedom by his might,  
He must be taught that freemen still  
Have power to break his despot will.



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Ours is not war of rival kings.  
We fight to save life's sacred things—  
Truth, justice, honor and the right  
To grow in freedom towards the light.  
The sweetest echoes of past years  
Are echoes of resounding cheers,  
When chains were broken, men made free,  
And deeper love of liberty  
Was kindled in men's souls to be  
New power in true democracy.  
So we must fight till joyous cheers  
Proclaim to all the coming years  
The final triumph of the right  
O'er savage hate and despot might.

## II

"We should have stopped the war by thought,"  
He said. "High thinking would have brought  
True peace without the loss of life—  
Without producing fierce world strife."  
"A ship's load sailed two years ago,"  
I said, "to end this dreadful woe  
Of war by hopeful thoughts of peace.  
They thought kind thoughts. War did not cease."  
All thoughtful people sadly smiled,  
While thoughtless pacifists reviled  
The men who bravely dared to fight  
To save the world from despot might.

A rabid dog with maddened brain  
Will not be peaceful till he's slain.  
If one in frenzy tried to kill

Your child, would you sit weakly still,  
And call him "doggy, dear," and say  
"Kind doggy, pause and drive away  
The fierce, wild dreams that make you mad,  
The world is happy, so be glad"?  
However peaceful, gentle, mild,  
You'd kill the dog and save your child,  
So must we conquer tyranny  
That men forever may be free.

### III

"I hate all war. It can't be right  
That men should ever have to fight."

I, too, love peace and hate fierce war,  
But with more vital force by far  
I love the light of liberty,  
And hate the bonds of tyranny.  
Peace may be purchased at the cost  
Of freedom, justice, honor lost.  
I love the joy song of the free;  
The spirit of democracy;  
The right of independent mind;  
The right of justice for mankind;  
The right to join in common cause  
With others making freemen's laws;  
The right to be, and think, and do  
What vision tells my soul is true.  
These are life's greatest things, and I  
For them should live, for them should die,  
If need be, fighting for the right  
Against imperious despot's might.



When tyrants dare to take from me  
My freedom, then no peace can be.  
Christ came not to send peace, but war  
Against all wrong, and still His star  
Leads to the crest towards which men climb  
Who strive to make all life sublime.  
Men are base traitors to the right  
Who for true freedom will not fight,  
Till despots from aggression cease,  
And brotherhood brings lasting peace.

### A WEAK APOLOGY.

"Don't blame the German soldiers for  
Their crimes of deepest shame  
Against fair woman and sweet child,  
For they are not to blame.

"Their officers commanded them  
To slaughter or be slain;  
Their brutal leaders drove them on,  
To them belongs the blame."

No! Their revolting deeds declare  
The vileness of the Hun;  
None but the foulest savages  
Could do what they have done.

What would a British soldier lad,  
Or gallant Frenchman, true  
Or chivalrous American,  
Or young Canadian do?

Or valiant son of Italy?  
Each one with flashing eye  
Would answer, "No! Take back at once  
Your base command, or die."

## FRENZIED FREEDOM

O, blind, insensate, frenzied men  
Who boastfully proclaim  
Your love of freedom, but degrade  
True freedom's sacred name!

O, incoherent pacifists  
Who with fantastic aim  
Would basely yield to tyranny,  
And freedom bring to shame!

O, men who do not wish to fight!  
Your consciences you made  
By your delirious selfishness,  
And peace you have betrayed.

You are the frenzied enemies  
Of freedom and of peace;  
You chatter nonsense, while men fight  
And die that war may cease.

They fight for all the highest things  
That Christ revealed, while you  
Rave wildly about Freedom's cause,  
And dream, but dare not do.

With senseless drivel you abuse  
The men who fight for you,  
And all the sacred principles  
To which you should be true.

Yet say no word against the Huns  
Who claim that "might is right";  
Who sneer at human brotherhood,  
And hate true freedom's light.

You are the world's chief charlatans,  
Its frantic, mad buffoons;  
You are the flighty, babbling babes  
Who try to grasp life's moons.

## A LOYAL GERMAN

A loyal German orator  
To Germans said, "Let's understand  
Why Germans should be loyal men.  
Why did you leave the Fatherland?"

"You left it to escape the yoke  
Of despot Prussian tyranny,  
And to America you came  
Where men are men, to be made free.

"Beneath that flag—Old Glory—you  
A home, and wealth, and justice found;  
Your children sing, 'America',  
This land to you is sacred ground.

"Why should you not be loyal men?  
Each thread of that grand banner there,  
Is dear to honest German hearts;  
Be honest men and do your share.

"Trust not the Prussian hirelings, who  
Would shake your loyalty to right,  
But tell them you have learned to see  
The glory of true freedom's light,

"And fight for freedom for your friends  
Who in the Fatherland may be;  
Fight with the brave Americans  
Who fight to make all Germans free."

## A DISLOYAL GERMAN

Outraged by German despotism  
A German sought democracy;  
And settled in a western state,  
When first he came from Germany.

He settled on free land and hreathed  
Free air on freedom's soil till he  
Grew rich; and told his neighbors how  
He loved America the free.

He boasted, too, that when he came  
One dollar to New York he brought,  
And made a million by his thrift.  
When war hroke out he hasely taught

That Germany should rule the world,  
For she was so efficient, she  
Should teach mankind efficiency,  
And Kultur spread that men might see.

When Congress passed the law of draft,  
And said each man must do his share  
For home, and liberty, and right,  
He raged, and said "no man shall dare

"To take my sons away to fight  
Against my dear old Fatherland;  
The act of Congress I defy,  
And on my rights a freeman stand."

He cursed the Stars and Stripes, and said,  
"If any officer comes here  
To take my sons, I'll shoot him down,  
I'll show the Yanks I have no fear."

Next day he was not quite so bold,  
And summoned by the court he went.  
The judge spoke sternly of his crime,  
And threatened prison punishment.

He meekly begged forgiveness then,  
And asked for mercy from the state;  
The judge was kind to him, and said,  
"Though your offence has been so great

"I'll let you off this time, but if  
You ever say one word again  
Against our flag, our laws, our land,  
Where you have made your wealth, why then

"I will deport you. At New York  
You'll get the dollar that you brought;  
Your million we will confiscate  
For Red Cross work. You must be taught

"Your duty. Under our free flag,  
Protected by our nation's laws,  
You have enjoyed a freeman's rights;  
Go and be true to freedom's cause."

### LIFE'S VITAL POWER

The battlefield has many scars,  
But life has vital power and so  
New branches spring from broken trunks;  
New leaves on shattered branches grow.

The nesting birds hatch out their broods  
In grave-like shell holes, where today  
They sing their songs in lovely hovers  
Of poppies red in bright array.

For Nature scorns the tyrant's powers.  
Vain are his efforts to destroy;  
She heals his scars, and soon again  
Earth's beauty springs to give us joy.

Though some have feared that faith was dead,  
And that no more its light would shine;  
Through sacrifice and service, faith  
Has grown in beauty more divine,

And consciously gives human souls  
The vital power of God to do  
The duty he reveals to each,  
If life be pure, unselfish, true.

So from the despot's ruthless war  
True freedom will in beauty grow  
O'er all the earth, till brotherhood  
In human hearts will ever grow.



## **TELL THEIR GREAT DEEDS**

Stories of dauntless heroes  
Dying for liberty,  
Winning for truth and honor  
Triumphant victory;  
Tell these great stories ever;  
We should forget them never.

Heroes of Balaclava,  
Heroes of Waterloo,  
Heroes who saved St. Julien,  
Fearless were they, and true,  
Tell their great deeds forever;  
We should forget them never.

Heroes who won at Vimy,  
Heroes of Paschendale,  
Heroes who died at Locre  
That freedom might prevail,  
Tell their great deeds forever;  
We should forget them never.

What shall the coming age  
In story tell of you?  
Honor, and faith, and freedom  
Impel you to be true.  
You must record your story,  
Either of shame or glory.

Never was freedom threatened  
As now by despot power,  
Never was duty clearer,  
Now is your testing hour.  
You must record your story,  
Shall it be shame or glory?

Duty to home and empire,  
Duty to liberty,  
Call you to valiant action;  
What will your answer be?  
You must record your story,  
Shall it be shame or glory?

Civilization weeping  
For Belginm'a heart that bleeds,  
Calls in the name of mercy:  
"Wake and do noble deeds  
Wide are the gates of glory,  
Enter! Record your story.

## LOVE AND HATE

### "God Curse England"—German Prayer

You poison the springs that should ever flow  
To aid the bright flowers of peace to grow;  
You teach little children in school to pray  
That curses may blight, and that wrath may alay;  
You plant in the soil of their young hearts seeds  
Of baneful, destructive and deadly weeds;  
You rob them of vision of higher view;  
You wither their power to be pure and true;  
You turn them away from love's garden gate,  
And chill their warm blood with your hiss of hate,  
But hack o'er your land all your curse clouds roll  
To darken and shrivel your nation's soul.

You savagely boasted your brutal might,  
And scornfully sneered when men spoke of right;  
Refused to be true to the pledge you signed,  
And jeered at the nations a hand could bind;  
Defying humanity's moral law,  
You murdered the helpless without a cause;  
You secretly tried an infamous plan  
To sow deadly strife between man and man;  
Your foul plots miscarried, perfidy failed;  
The nations awoke and the right prevailed.  
Now, facing in terror, avenging fate,  
You shriek in your fury the curse of hate.

We heed not your curses. We know God bears  
The cry of the nation whose bitter tears  
Flow out from the heart that in anguish bleeds  
Because of your merciless, ruthless deeds.  
Brave Belgium's blessing of prayer and praise  
The curse of your venomous hate outweighs.  
We sprang to her aid with our souls aflame  
To save from dishonor old England's name.  
Peace lovers are we, but true Britons fight  
When freedom is threatened by despot might.  
We hate not your nation. We fight that we  
May aid in the struggle to make men free.

For all that you did in your brilliant past  
We thank you, but mourn that, misled at last,  
You sullied the fame of your noble state,  
And shadowed your soul with the curse of hate.  
Base, selfish ambition has made you blind,  
Has narrowed your vision and warped your mind.  
We hope you will learn, when the strife is o'er,  
That all war is evil, and fight no more;  
That hate is a monster whose fatal breath  
Bears ever a message of gloom and death;  
That love is the highest power man can know  
To start the divine in his life to grow.

## LIFE AND DEATH

Some count their lives by days and years;  
True life is what we do  
To dry the founts of human tears,  
And lead to higher view.

Death is hut life at rest awhile  
After the day is o'er,  
Awaiting with a tranquil smile  
The morn to work some more.

## MYSTERY AND GLORY

There is mystery and glory  
In young life's untimely end,  
But we'll understand the story,  
And our tears and smiles will blend.

For the mystery will leave us,  
As the sadness disappears;  
And its pain will cease to grieve us  
In the sorrow-healing years.

Tben the glory and the beauty  
Of the life that once was ours,  
Will guide us to higher duty  
And to more triumphant powers.

### COMRADE FATHERS OF HEROIC SONS

Fathers of noble sons are we—  
Heroes who died for liberty;  
Sons who to us will ever be  
Living in loving memory.

Glad they were men whose hearts were true,  
Proudly we saw them go to do  
Duty for home and country, too;  
Duty for right with vision new.

Sons such as ours brought no sad tears,  
Lives such as theirs ne'er gave us fears;  
Deep in our hearts through coming years  
Grandly will ring their parting cheers.

### THE SOLDIER'S WILL

His metal disc was in his hand,  
Where on the field he fell,  
And on it they could read the words,  
"Give all I own to Nell,

My wife." He had not made a will,  
But when the bullet brought  
His sentence; of his wife and home  
The dying soldier thought.

With knife upon his disc he scratched  
The will that gave his wife  
And habies all that he had owned;—  
The last act of his life.

## CANADA TO THE UNITED STATES

### One Hundred Years After Lundy's Lane

Bravely they fought that day,  
Red coats and blue;  
Fiercely they fought that night  
Gallant and true.

Under this mound they lie  
Side by side still,  
Men who died foot to foot  
Here on the hill.

Standing beside their graves  
Weeping no tears,  
Grateful are we for peace  
A hundred years.

Furled are our battle flags,  
Old issues dead,  
Heart-free are we from hate,  
Love rules instead.

Here on the battlefield  
Hand clasping hand  
Pledge we to work for peace  
In ev'ry land.

## FATE AT THE FRONT

### I

Two officers upon a hill  
Were standing side by side;  
A shell brought death-hurst to their feet;—  
One lived, the other died.

### II

“Good bye, old boy,” a comrade said,  
One day upon the road;  
“I’m going home to Canada,  
This is my final load.”

He shouted after he had passed,  
Good luck, old chum,” he said;  
A shell screamed o’er my head, and he  
And his two mules lay dead.

### III

When near his hut one evening  
Killed by a German shell,  
The last they fired that fatal day,  
A young lieutenant fell.

A sentry stopped him on his way  
With good intent to say,  
“Do not go home, sir, by the road,  
They’re shelling there today.”



Had he gone on without delay  
The German shell would not  
Have harmed him, hut the sentry stood  
Right at the fatal spot;

And in an instant both were killed,  
Though neither was to blame;  
Because to save the officer  
The watchful sentry came.

"'Tis fate," the soldiers say, hut not  
The fate that robs of power,  
And trusting faith, and valiant deed  
In duty's vital hour.

Not heathen fate, hut Christian fate,  
That shines with hopeful, light;  
That leads to self-forgetfulness  
Which dares to fight for right.

### HIS UNFINISHED STORY

I cannot know the story  
Of what you might have done;  
I can but dream of honors  
You would have earned, dear son.

But I shall keep the record  
Of how you did your part  
True to your highest, ever  
Deep in my happy heart.

Beauty of dawn and sunset,  
Glory of sky and sea,  
Grandness of star and mountain,  
Will bring you back to me.

Often in woodland pathway  
Beside me you will stand  
Tranquil and true, and tell me  
Of work that you had planned.

And life will aye be sweeter,  
Hope be more strong and clear,  
Faith more serene and vital,  
Because I feel you near.

## CHESTER

He was the wind from the hillside,  
Bringing the balsam's perfume;  
He was the dawn of the morning,  
Clearing the mist-clouds of gloom.

He was the rock-bounded streamlet,  
Leaping in glee through the glen;  
He was the wide-flowing river,  
Bearing rare treasures to men.

He was the sun of the Summer,  
Giving new growth in the field;  
He was the harvest of Autumn,  
Rich in its bountiful yield.

He was the arms of the hemlock,  
Waking enchantment in me;  
He was the crimson-toned maple;  
He was the wave-crested sea.

He was the afterglow glory,  
Ending the day with delight;  
He was the moon's wondrous magic;  
He was the star-shine of night.

He was the flower of the Springtime;  
He was the pine's mystic tune;  
He was the spirit of Nature,  
Singing its joy-song in June.

So through the years will the streamlet,  
River and wave-crested sea,  
Dawnlight and sunshine and eve-glow,  
Star gleam and flower and tree,  
Bird song, and growth time, and wind breath,  
Whisper his sweetness to me.

### OUR MEMORIES

Not as a soldier grim,  
But as a happy boy  
Will we remember 'im,  
Radiant with each new joy.

Not as a soldier grim,  
But as a winsome youth  
Will we remember him,  
Clear-eyed and loving truth.

Not as a soldier grim,  
But as a man upright  
Will we remember him,  
Glowing with hopeful light,

Yet—though our eyes be dim—  
Earnest and true and brave  
Will we remember him,  
Fighting life's best to save.

### MY VALIANT SON

For my dead son so dear  
I shed a father's tear,  
But in my heart I cheer,  
    Though eyes be dim.  
True-hearted, strong and free,  
A just, kind man was he,  
A loving son to me.  
    Why mourn for him?

When duty's loud call came,  
He went with heart aflame,  
And won an honored name;  
    My valiant son.  
Had I more sons, they, too,  
Would be, I know, as true,  
And their whole duty do,  
    Till freedom won.

His place I cannot take,  
But for my dead son's sake  
New efforts I will make  
    For home and right.  
No garb of mourning sad  
I'll wear. My heart is glad  
A son so true I had  
    To nobly fight.

Proudly I saw him go,  
With his youth life aglow,  
To meet the ruthless foe,  
    With hope and joy.  
Mine will be joyous tears,  
Mine will be grateful cheers,  
Through all the coming years,  
    For my brave boy.

### DEAD!

Life's supreme shock of sadness  
Dims my eyes with loving tears,  
But I know that glowing gladness  
    Will be mine throughout the years.

Never shadow came nor sorrow  
From my happy-hearted boy,  
So through all the great tomorrow  
    Memory will bring me joy:

Joy of honest, manly doing,  
Joy of service for his friend,  
Joy of upward path pursuing,  
    Till he reached life's noble end.

Doing bravely sacred duty  
For the right and liberty.  
How could death have grander beauty?  
    More triumphant dignity?

## TO MY ONLY SON

Freedom and hono. called you,  
Nohly you made reply;  
For right and truth and justice  
Bravely you went to die.

You chose the life of service,  
Chose it yourself alone,  
And made the path of duty  
To God and man your own.

Killed on the field of battle  
Yonder across the sea,  
Dear son, I'll ever keep y.  
Fondly in memary.

Boyhood of loving kinship,  
Youth of unfolding might,  
Manhood of faithful service,  
You made all life more bright.

Comrade, I longed to know you  
Till you were old and gray,  
That I might watch your progress  
Along life's upward way;

That I might keep the record  
Of life so well begun,  
And share with you the uplift  
Of triumphs you had won.

I shall dream on, beloved,  
Of deeds you might have done;  
Dream as I climb life's hillside  
To see the setting sun;

Climbing with clearer vision,  
And step more light and strong;  
Singing because I knew you  
A sweeter, grander song.



## SORROW AND JOY

Oh, yes! I'm sorry he was killed,  
My brave, my only son;  
But I am glad his life was filled  
With man's work nobly done.

I'm sad because he died so soon,  
But glad he lived so long,  
His heart with purpose high in tune,  
His soul serene and strong.

Regret oft drives its poisoned dart  
Into my breast, but then  
I think how well he did his part  
And I rejoice again.

The shadow of his loss I see;  
Sometimes the clouds hang low,  
But then his life light shines in me,  
And sets my heart aglow.

I'll smile, though loving tears may fall  
As pass the coming years;  
He heard and answered duty's call;—  
Mine are exultant tears.

### HIS LAST LETTER

Dated the day before  
My brave son fell,  
Ere the dread cable said,  
"Killed by a shell."

Surely it must have come  
Straight from his tomb,  
Message of love and light  
To break the gloom.

Written two weeks ago  
"Somewhere" it said;  
"Living and working hard,"  
Now he is dead.

Manly his hopeful words  
Full of good cheer;  
Tender his thoughts of home,  
Home ever dear.

One note of sadness told  
His heart was sore;  
"Baker, my chum, is blind—  
He fights no more."

Message of faith and hope  
Last from my son!  
He lies across the sea—  
Life's work well done.

## MARS AND VENUS

The spirit of Mars on the earth looked down;  
Mankind I control, he said,  
The world is at war, and men's hearts are mine;  
The spirit of love is dead.  
Hate rules! I am king! At my feet men kneel,  
And worship the power of my bloody steel.

The spirit of Venus replied: False god,  
The hearts of mankind are mine,  
The clouds of your hate will soon pass, and then  
The sun of my love will shine.  
The hearts that you darkened will light again,  
And glow with true love for their fellowmen.

Brave men are at war for the love of right;  
To freedom and justice true  
They fight to prevent the appalling crimes  
Of despots who worship you.  
Love rules! I am queen! Your malignant dream  
Is ended, and love is enthroned supreme.

