

The New Apocalypse.

AND OTHER POEMS
OF DAYS AND DEEDS
IN FRANCE.

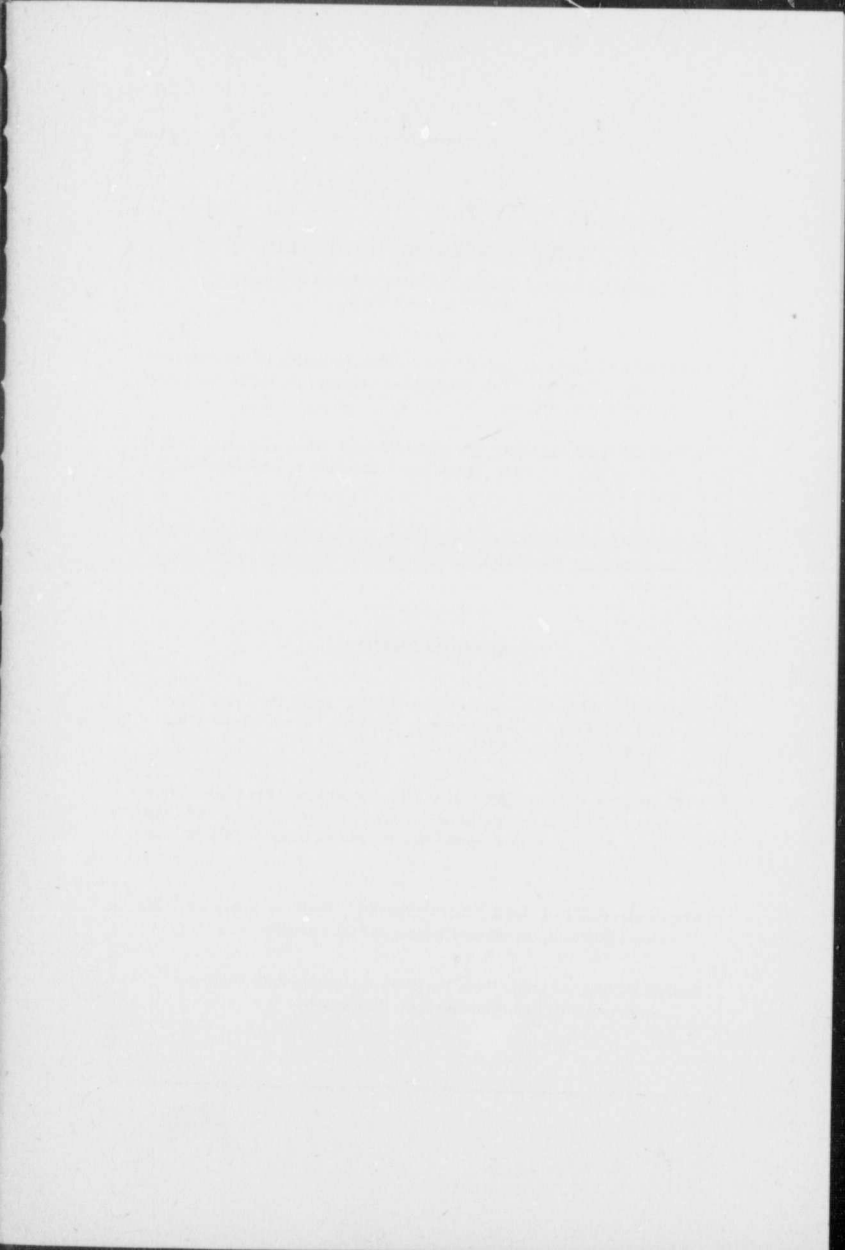


BY

John Daniel Logan

LATELY SERGEANT, 65TH BATTALION, NOVA SCOTIA HIGHLANDERS

A BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE.



OTHER VERSES BY DR. LOGAN

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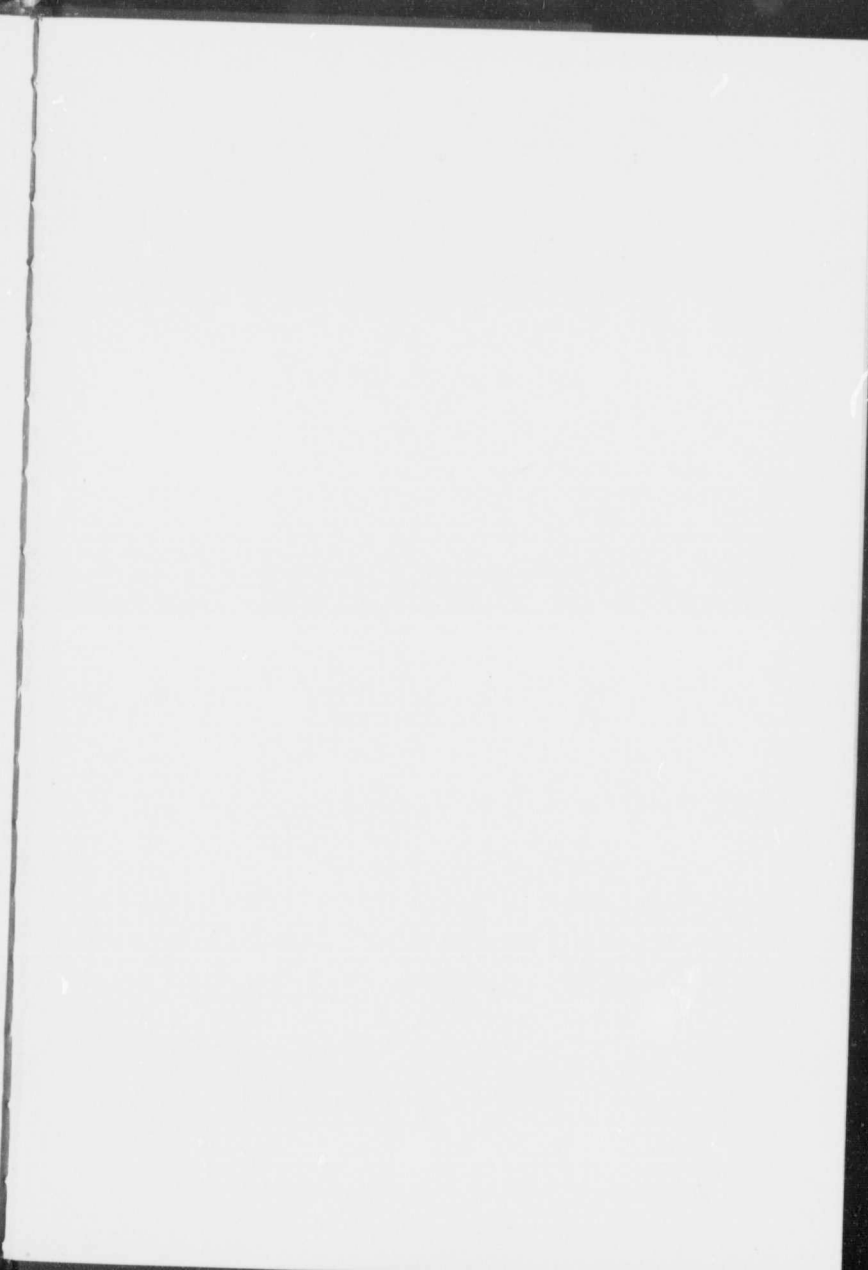
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Illustrated with Reproductions from Photographs.





J. D. LOGAN, Ph. D.(Harvard)

The New Apocalypse

AND

OTHER POEMS OF DAYS
AND DEEDS IN FRANCE

With an Essay in Paradox, entitled, "The New Atone-
ment of the Living Dead."

BY

BY

JOHN DANIEL LOGAN,

Lately Sergeant in the 85th Battalion, Nova Scotia Highlanders,
Canadian Infantry, British Expeditionary Force, France.

Author of "Insulters of Death and Other Poems of The Great
Departure," Etc., Etc.

FOREWORD by Colonel W. E. Thompson, lately D. O. C.,
Military District, No. 6.

COVER DESIGN AND ORNAMENTS by P. E. Covey.

But if in Britain's host
Men suffered undismayed,
And tried to smile and smiled the most
When they were most afraid,
And laughed before the grave,
And jested in their pain,
Herein, maybe, the Living Brave
Shall hear them laugh again.

—Lieut. A. P. Herbert

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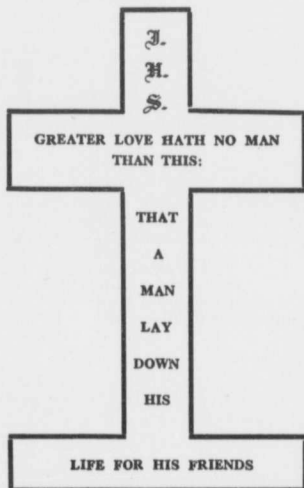
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DEDICATION

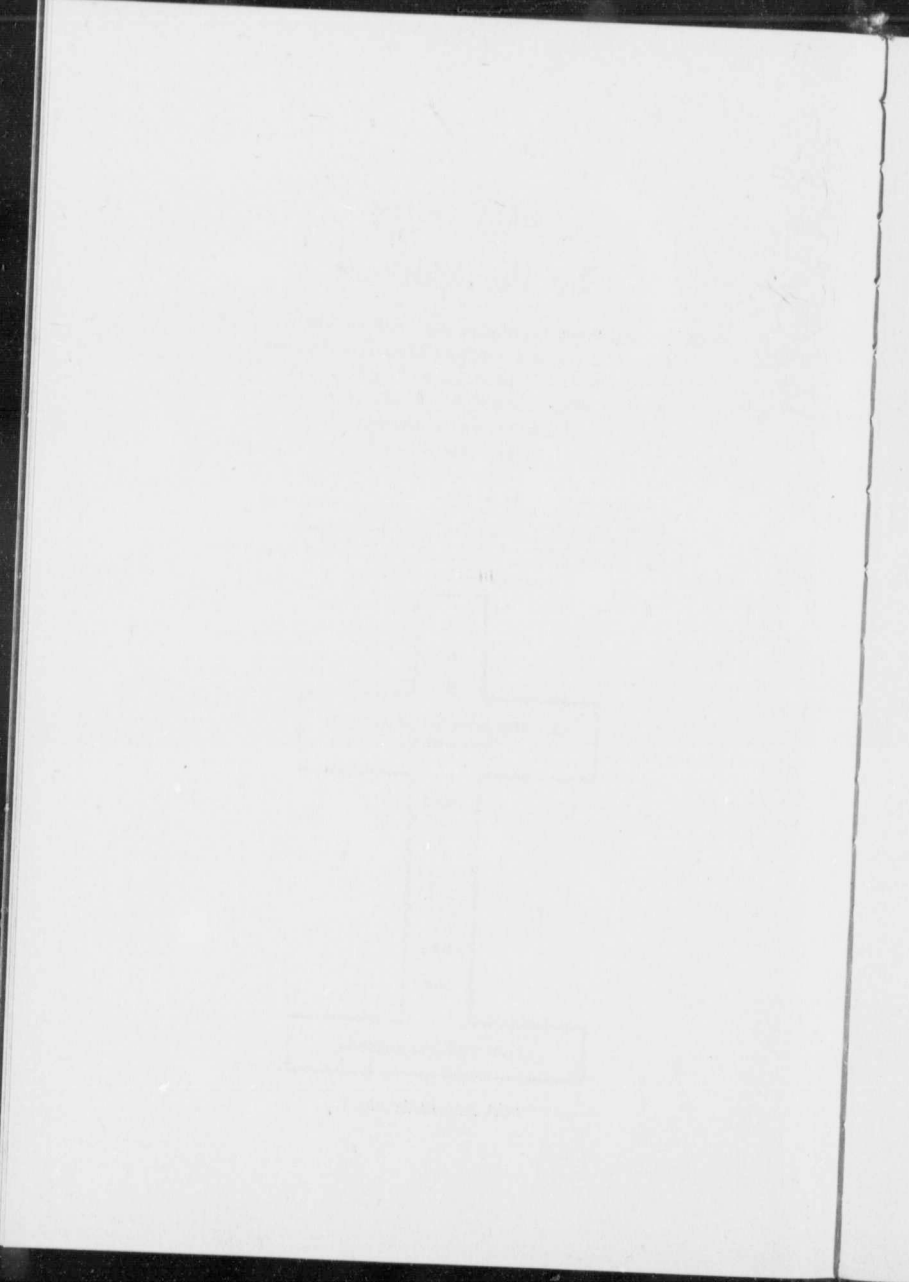
To the Mothers

Of My Martyred Comrades Who Fell on The Field of
Honor, 1917, 1918—Whose Dust Has Hallowed
the Soil of France and of Flanders, and
Whose Sacrificial Death Has
Wrought For Humanity
A New Atonement!

OH, think not they lie low and mute
Beneath a foreign soil, poor equals with the mouldering brute!
Far-off I see the Army of the great Immortal Dead
Move unto Heaven's gate—the Vanished Victors—diamonded
With Christ's fair star; and Christ is General, and greets
Each Victor, tramping, saved and starred, adown the White Eternal Streets

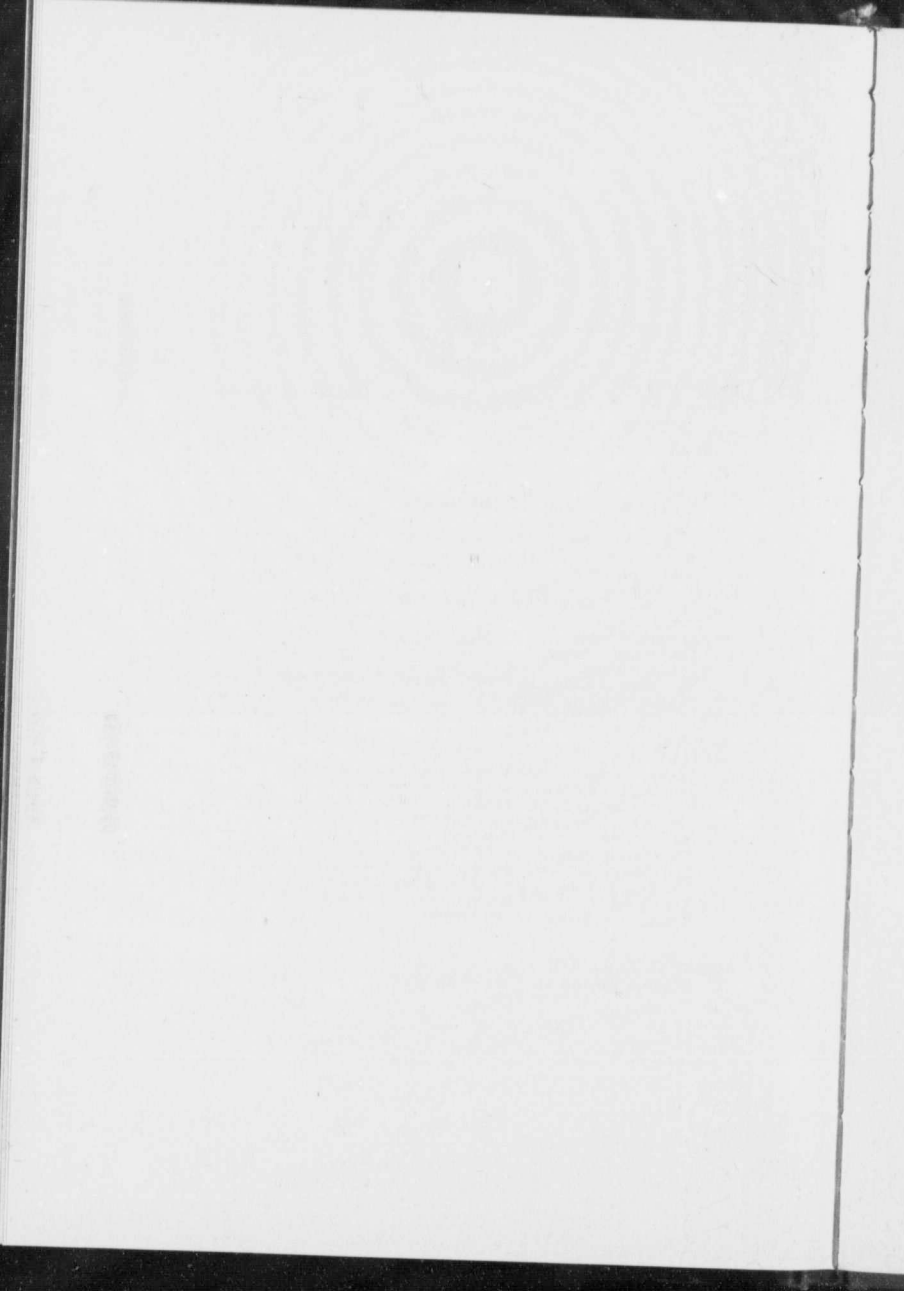


FOR REMEMBRANCE



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
FRONTISPIECE	
FAC-SIMILE of "A Soldier's Shrines," in author's handwriting and autograph	
DEDICATION.....	v
FOREWORD.....	ix
PREFACE.....	xi
POEMS:	
PRELUDE - - - Let There Be Laughter.....	3
The New Apocalypse.....	4
A Soldier's Shrines.....	5
Nanine.....	6
Lads' Laughter.....	8
Night Witchery in France.....	9
The Vesper Bells of Avion.....	10
Passchendaele.....	11
Farewell to France.....	12
The Immortal Bonds.....	13
The Spendthrifts.....	14
The Choir Invisible: McCrae, Langstaff, Trotter, Seeger, Kilmer.....	16
The Remembering Christ.....	17
POSTLUDE - - I Did My Bit.....	18
AUTHOR'S NOTES.....	
MOTLEY AND MEDLEY: For "The Boys"	19
The O. C's: Lt.-Colonels Borden, Phinney and Ralston.....	23
The M. O.: Lt.-Colonel Joseph Hayes.....	24
The Paymaster: Major Malcolm Morrison.....	24
The Bandmaster: Lieut. Dan Mooney.....	25
The R. S. M.: "Scotty" Campbell.....	25
The Provost Sergeant: George Horne.....	26
The Comedians: Harry Murray and Bandsmen.....	27
The Anxious Kin: Christmas Greetings: England, 1916.....	28
The Unfinished Task: Christmas Greetings: France, 1917.....	28
Triumph and Glory: To Our Ladies.....	28
ESSAY IN PARADOX:	
The New Atonement of the Living Dead.....	31



FOREWORD.

By Colonel W. E. Thompson,
Lately District Officer Commanding,
Military District, No. 6.

CLAIMING no standing as a literary man, I approach, with diffidence and self-consciousness of my inability, the writing of a Foreword to this little volume of War Poems.

My only justification is my sincere appreciation of the author—an appreciation gained from an intimate friendship extending from boyhood days at Pictou Academy, through Dalhousie University, with its never-to-be-forgotten football days, through the vicissitudes of business life, and culminating in an even closer association as Soldiers during the Great War, though it was not my fortune to be with the author during his strenuous period at the Front in France.

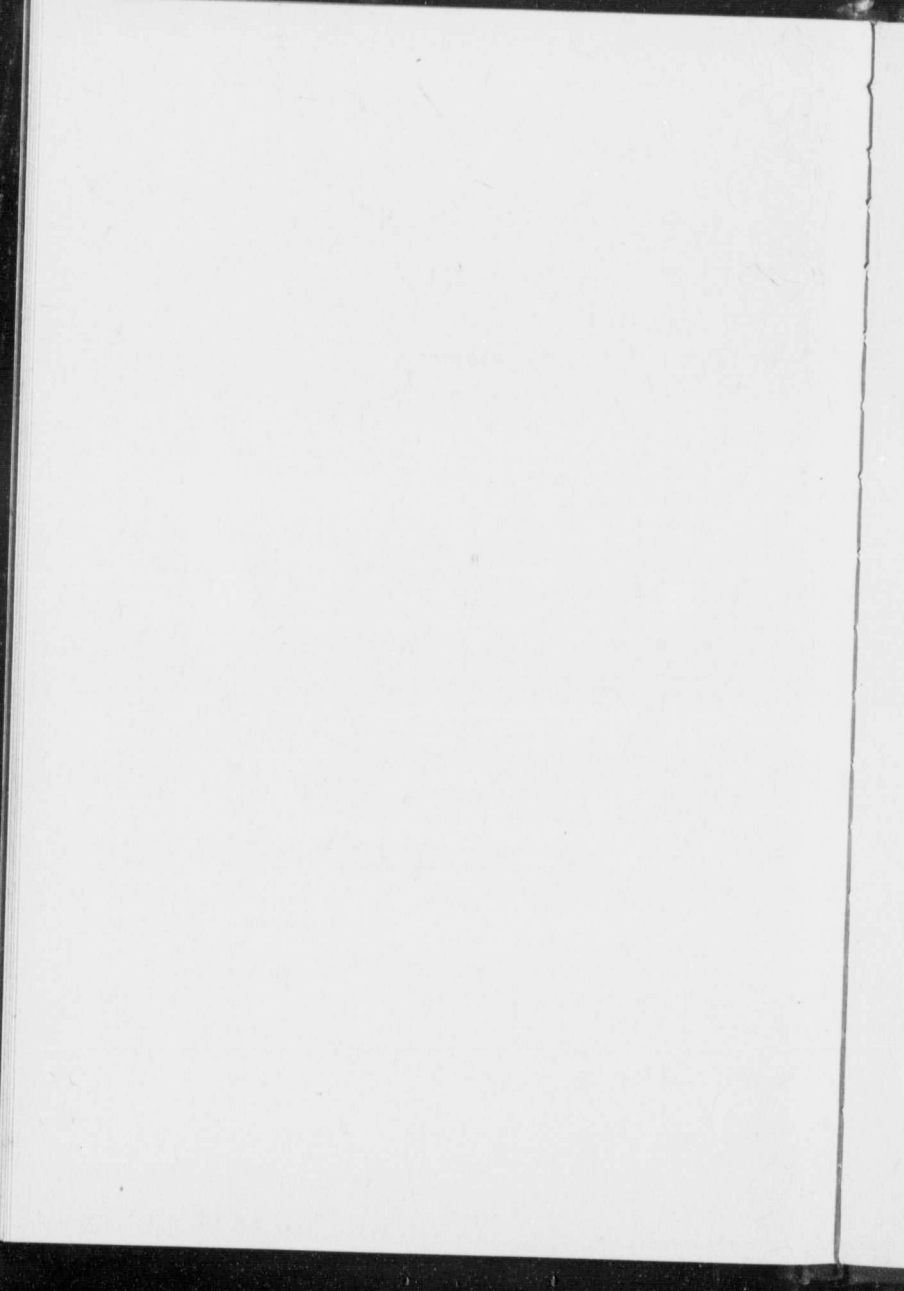
The War inspired the mind of the author with fresh thoughts and led him, through the close touch it gave him with men of all nations engaged in the intensely practical affairs of fighting, to a "larger life of holier aims", and to an expression of his thoughts in words that he who runs may read and enjoy.

Those who have read the stately lines of his first volume of War Verse—"Insulters of Death and Other Poems of the Great Departure"—replete with noble imagery and subtle philosophy, written when the author was obsessed with the fear that he might not reach the actual Fighting Front, will readily appreciate this change of mental attitude when they read "The New Apocalypse", "Nanine", and other poems in the present collection, whose meaning and message flit, without pause, through the mind of the reader, and grip his heart or stir his soul.

May this volume find its way into many hands! It will then have won its objective. For once glanced through, its gripping poetry will not permit it to be lightly laid aside.

W. E. THOMPSON.

Halifax, April 11—1919.



PREFACE.

THE Soldier-Poet—the fighting poet—a song on his lips, a sword in his hand—is no new social phenomenon. King David of Israel is to the modern heart the prototype of the lyrical warrior. Aeschylus, Tyrtaeus and Simonides were the outstanding soldier-poets of Greece in ancient times. Dante, in mediaeval days, was a soldier-poet. In the century preceding our own, Byron and Walt Whitman were authentic poets who fought or served in the field. In short, all wars have produced, or have had, their soldier-poets. But the late Great War, in this regard, differs memorably and uniquely from other wars, in at least three important ways. First, the number of soldier-poets in general and actually produced in the field by the Great War is a phenomenon by itself: an army of singers in an army of warriors. Secondly, the excellence of the poetry, much of it produced in the field to the awful and Hadean accompaniment of screaming shell and thunderous artillery, is also a phenomenon by itself. Thirdly, the flowering of the poetic spirit on the fighting field has, by admiration and emulation, not only stimulated the general poetic spirit but also caused it to disclose its existence and potency in a new generation of poets of nature, society and the arts of peace. In a phrase, the Great War has created an authentic Renaissance of the Poetic Spirit and of Poetry.

I shall say a few words about each of these singular results of the late war. As to number, the fact is that the total of poets, lay and martial, inspired by all the wars of the past are not nearly so many as are the strictly so-called soldier-poets inspired or produced by the recent Great War. The creative poetic spirit in the armies of the Allied Nations was as universal and democratic as the fighting spirit: the outburst of song in the field issued from the hearts of all ranks; officers, as well as n. c. o's and men, were alike spontaneously, under inward compulsion, moved to utter the thoughts and emotions which they found welling up in their consciousness and hearts when facing the tremendous realities of their new and overwhelmingly obsessing experiences of the greater love and of war and death. That the poetic spirit should be so universally manifested in the Allied armies, particularly in the armies of the British, which includes those of the Overseas Dominions, was due, no doubt, to the fact that there was never before in any other fighting bodies of troops so many men of education and culture, gifted to become poets under adequate inspiration, and so many men who, previous to the war, successfully essayed verse and poetry, as were even in the ranks of the armies of the Allied peoples.

What is, however, significant is not the number of the soldier-poets inspired or produced by the Great War but the *excellence* of their poetry—an excellence both of *ideas* and of *artistic form*. The truth is that only in the verse of the soldier-poets shall we see clearly, vividly, as if transfigured in the skies, what men really think and feel about war and death and love and home and country and the good green earth and peace. Sincerity and truth may be found in the verse of other poets; but sincerity and truth of ideas are the very life and soul of the verse of the soldier-poets inspired by the Great War. In closest contact with Reality, these soldier-poets sang of truth for their own comfort, solace, strengthening and joy in noble doing—and they sang beautifully; and because they sang nobly and beautifully, their poetry became solace to the broken-hearts, support to the fainting, and spiritual refreshment, in Satan's despite, to the undaunted and the unconquer-

able before the hosts of Satan. As soldiers they gave the world noble examples of manliness, fortitude and self-sacrifice. As poets they gave the world great ideas and emotions, some of them transfigured with art that is beautiful and others of them flaming with undying splendor.

Truth, beauty and splendor—these are the three supreme excellences of the poetry written on active service, on the fighting field, by the soldier-poets inspired by the late Great War. I must, however, remove a misapprehension. The wonder is that their poetry could have any excellence, formal or spiritual, at all, if we consider that the most of it was scribbled down on any bits of paper to hand, and scribbled at chance times and places, and not only under all sorts of discouragements, impediments and interruptions but also to the accompaniment of the diapason of the awful engines of death and while the poet himself could not know whether or not the next moment as he wrote might be his last on earth. To have written it all and to have given it even a decent degree of formal finish, under the unhappy and awful circumstances of conception and writing, must justly be considered a unique and wonderful literary feat. Despite the untoward conditions on the field, the astounding facts are that the verse of the soldier-poets, the verse actually written on the field or at least on active service, in many instances is on a high level of excellence in form and imagery, and that in a few instances it has attained to immortal beauty, glowing on the utmost verge of noble art with undying splendor. I have, therefore, no patience with, and certainly no respect for, those fatuous critics who refuse to apply the epithet "great" to the war-verse of the soldier-poets, on the ground that, as the critics allege, it has not the formal finish expected in sustained production. It is all, as I said, in the nature of a literary feat, and done by young poets under the most untoward or harrowing circumstances; and though much of it lacks the finish of perfect art, the best of it is *great in ideas*. What these ideas are, I have no space here to recount. But the greatest of them was the absolute meaning and value of the sacrificial Renunciation of Love. For these young soldier-poets, fallen or still living, renounced Country and Life because they loved country more than themselves and life for humanity more than their own personal persistence. In life they left us a Christlike example of self-slaying love; and in art, poetry of immortal beauty and spiritual ecstasy.

They left, moreover, a legacy of inspiration. Admiration for the verse of the soldier-poets has resulted in a noticeable revival of the creative poetic spirit. Their fine and noble work in poetry has caused a new conception of the spiritual dignity and office of the true, that is, the sincere, poet. The inspiration is derived from the reflection that if the poetry of the soldier-poets was so potent for noble vision, for moral impetus, for solace, for spiritual sustenance or refreshment, and for absolute loyalty to the ideal, and if it was written, as it was, under the most untoward circumstances and yet written with as much concern as possible for ideas and formal finish, then, inasmuch as these soldier-poets achieved so splendidly as they did in poetry, how much more should poets who can write, at leisure and in peace, be obedient to the highest ideals of nobility in conception and of beauty in artistry and craftsmanship whenever they essay poetry. If the living poets do not obey the voice of the fallen soldier-poets, the work of these soldier poets shall rise up in judgment against them—and condemn them.

The verses in the little volume in hand were, with two or three exceptions, written while the author was on active service overseas, in France, and even while in the fighting field. They are published in booklet form for three reasons: first, for remembrance and memorial of my fallen—I cannot, I will not, say *dead*—comrades, whose dust has made the soil of France and Flanders holy ground and former part of the land of Canada; secondly, for the solace and sustaining of the robbed and stricken mothers and wives whose dead (as they call them) are also

my dead; and, thirdly, as a contribution, small, but sincere, if in some ways unworthy, to the Canadian Poetry of the Great War. The last phrase is plagiarized from the title to Mr. J. W. Garvin's anthology; and I should be renegade to my professional function as a university lecturer on Canadian Literature and as a literary critic if I did not here signalize the great service which Mr. Garvin has done not only the Canadian Corps which served overseas but also his country, Canada, in compiling and editing, with a severely critical eye for the best, the war poetry written both by those Canadian men and women (God bless them!) who, for one reason or another, were compelled to write at home, and by the officers, n. c. o.'s and men who wrote war verse on active service or on the fighting field. Canada's debt to Mr. Garvin is great, but it can be partially paid in two ways: by possession of the volume itself as a spiritual treasury; and by searching its pages for proof that, as foreign critics have admitted, "the War Poetry written by Canadian civilians and Canadian soldiers on active service is as excellent as that by the poets of the older Allied Nations". In this regard, I need only remark the nobility and beauty of the war poetry of Colonel John McCrae and of Lieutenant Bernard F. Trotter, both of whom are now with the company of the fallen singers, "the choir invisible"; and of Lieutenant Arthur S. Bourinot, who, in the providence of God, was spared to continue his delectable singing, as he is doing, in his homeland in peaceful conditions which he himself, as a combatant unafraid, helped to make possible. Mr. Garvin's volume will furnish the names of other Canadian writers of war verse, with samples of their excellent poetry. Let me observe, in passing, that great poetry can be, or will be, created in a country, especially a young country rising to nationhood, when the hearts of the people are sympathetic with it. Mr. Garvin's anthology of Canadian War Verse will awaken unwonted sympathy with poets and poetry—and this sympathy will assist in promoting the Renaissance of poetry now in process in Canada and other English speaking countries.

To my verses, I have, as is my custom, added an Essay. My experiences of the tremendous realities of war, active service at the Front, resulted in priceless blessings. For one thing, they compelled me to modify my metaphysic of Absolute Idealism, so far, at least, as to cause me to believe that by positive warring on the hosts of Satan, I, the poor finite individual, actually *did* assist in giving human existence and ideals a genuinely significant moral meaning and in perfecting the life of Infinite Reality which is spiritual through and through. Moreover, in a humaner way, I learned what are some of the enduring satisfactions and blessings of life—I learned that, as Hilaire Belloc has most beautifully sung,—

"There's nothing worth the wear of winning
But laughter and the love of friends".

Finally, in France, on the battlefields and in the soldiers' cemeteries, "the Gardens of the Dead", I saw, for the first time, the holy apotheosis of Love. For I had a new vision and I perceived that the fallen are not the dead but the *living*, so long as we win them to life by tender remembrances and loving communion with them; and that the dust of the bodies of the fallen, mingling with the mould of the French soil, transmutes the land of France into the one "universal homeland", spiritually owned by all the nations, whether friend or enemy in war, and some day, by grace of the beautiful mercies and love manifested, by friend and foe alike, in those dear Gardens of the Dead, the once warring peoples shall be united in genuine charity and brotherhood. This is what I mean by "The New Atonement of the Living Dead", which is the title of my Essay. If the verses do not appeal to any reader or supply solace to the broken-hearted, possibly the Essay may do so.

For my Foreword, I am indebted to a really remarkable fellow-countryman, Colonel W. E. Thompson, who was, at the time he wrote the Foreword, District Officer Commanding Military District No. 6. Unfortunately the manuscript

of my verses was delayed in reaching the printer and publisher; and consequently my hope, as it was my intention, to have the volume published before Colonel Thompson voluntarily retired as D. O. C., was not fulfilled. However, since we both are out of the army now, I have opportunity to signalize some of the splendid services which Colonel Thompson performed for his country during the War—something that I could not do while I was a private or n. c. o. in the army, as being against military discipline and subject to court-martial (which is a very "trying" experience). For thirty-five years I have had no stancher friend and no more intimate and dear companion than Colonel Thompson. Manliness, tenderness, and loyalty are his outstanding qualities as a human being. But I must signalize his qualities as a soldier. In this regard, I first heard of him when, as Major Thompson, he had become noted as the citizen-soldier who was chiefly responsible for maintaining law and order during the Springhill miners' strike and, by his tact and good sense, for bringing about the settlement amicably on both sides. Next, I knew him as A. A. G. of Military District No. 6, of which General Benson was, at the time, G. O. C. This was in the second year of the war; and after I joined the 85th battalion and in the Spring of 1916 went with the unit to Aldershot Camp, Colonel Thompson was both A. A. G. of M. D. No. 6 and newly appointed Camp Commandant at Aldershot. Either office was large enough and arduous enough for any trained military officer to fill acceptably. Colonel Thompson not only filled his two offices acceptably to the Military Department at Ottawa but with such acumen and such efficiency in promoting camp discipline and the rapid training of the Nova Scotia Highland Brigade (5000 troops) that he was rewarded by being promoted to the rank of Full Colonel. But he took an interest in all things that the individual soldiers in the camp did outside of their military duties. It was he who "backed" me and found a publisher for me, so that I could publish my first volume of War Verse — "Insulters of Death and Other Poems of the Great Departure", Halifax, 1916. Remaining A.A.G., M.D. No. 6, by order from the Militia Department at Ottawa, which, though Colonel Thompson had striven hard to be allowed to go overseas in any capacity on many occasions, replied to all with the same refusal on the ground that his services as A. A. G. could not be dispensed with, he continued to perform these duties until the retirement of General Lessard from the office of G. O. C., M. D. No. 6, when Colonel Thompson was appointed D. O. C., from which, after the most arduous and competent service during demobilization, he retired, on his own request, to resume his business which he had put aside to serve his King and Country during the War. On retirement he was tendered a complimentary banquet by the officers of Military District No. 6 and of the Garrison forces.

What was admirable about Colonel Thompson's conduct as a soldier or officer was his mastery of organization and his genius for combining humanity with discipline. I happen to know that the way for the General Officers Commanding the District was made easy for them and the extraordinarily efficient conduct of the District made possible by the fact that Colonel Thompson was "the organizing mind and the efficient energy" of Headquarters, M. D. No. 6. To be noted was Colonel Thompson's humanity. He saw that every soldier, with a complaint or on trial for a breach of discipline, got the fullest and fairest hearing. Moreover, the dependents of soldiers had from him the most sympathetic consideration. He went personally to all sorts of inconvenience to adjust matters; and no one who came to him for aid or just consideration ever went away with any other feeling than that of having met a friend who was so genuinely human as to weep with those who weep and rejoice with those who rejoice. A rare officer and soldier was Colonel Thompson. Amongst the Garrison forces he was affectionately called "the sub-alterns' friend". If he himself was not permitted by the Militia Department to fight overseas, he sent his son, Edwin Thompson, who served with the

Grand Fleet in the North Sea during the war, and who won his commission as Sub-Lieutenant and recently received from the British Admiralty his sea-going appointment on the Destroyer "Vendetta". Colonel Thompson's Foreword to my verses is, as would be expected, soldierly in style—that is, sincere, brief, plain, and practical. Written at my request, his words give the little volume distinction and make it pleasant with the kindest regards—for remembrance.

I cannot close this Preface without a few explanatory words about the Dedication. It may strike some minds as too exclusive. It may be inquired why I did not include the Wives and Sweethearts, along with the Mothers. Let me say that all the prose and verse which I wrote while overseas, in camp or in the line, and which was published in the Canadian press—and I wrote considerable—was composed and published for the sustaining and comforting of the Mothers, Wives, Sisters, and Sweethearts of my gallant comrades in the 85th Battalion, Nova Scotia Highlanders. I have, however, in the Dedication to the little volume in hand, special reasons for memorializing THE MOTHERS of my beloved fallen companions in arms. I have helped, in the line while shells screamed and artillery roared and wrought destruction of human life nearby, to wrap many of my fallen comrades in their last blanket and lay them in their last earthly resting place. Living soldiers' tears and prayers at the rude obsequies over the remains of fallen comrades were a poor substitute for mothers' last tears and the last kiss of maternal love. Still, we who ministered at the obsequies always thought of the mothers at the burial of comrades—we thought of them chiefly—and gave our fallen companions the best substitute we could give in the stead of mothers' tears and farewells. Moreover, I have never heard from mortally wounded and dying comrades—and many of them were mere lads, and no doubt some of them were, in that dear, homely term of affection, "the baby" boys of their families—I have never heard from the dying a whimper of regret, but I have heard—oh, the tender pathos of it!—from lips soon to be sealed in silence forever the low, faint call, barely more than a whisper, "Mamma, mamma, mamma". Any psychologist will say that this was inevitable. As the earliest expressions of love which these fallen, dying soldiers experienced were those of mother-love and care, so, naturally, in the dissolution of spirit from body, the last call of these passing heroes was the human call for the mothers who bore them and to whom they, in the days before their manhood, turned for love, comforting and strengthening. God conferred immortal distinction on the mothers whose sons He chose to make the supreme sacrifice. Each of the fallen, as I know, went to his death calmly, triumphantly, renouncing country and life—without regret. Each of them had on his lips something like the Requiem hymn which Captain R. Dennys, himself fallen, sang so beautifully for them—

"No need for me to look askance,
Since no regret my prospect mars:
My day was happy—and perchance
The coming night is full of stars".

Nay, Mothers—not perchance, but indubitably the coming night of so-called death was for your fallen ones full of stars—the Stars of Everlasting Life and Christ's Reward; and, with the eye of faith, you may see them, hear them, still marching on, tramping triumphantly, as I have pictured them in my verses, "The Spen-thrifts"—"adown the White Eternal Streets".

Now, as to the wives and sweethearts, it must be remembered that all the fallen had mothers, either living or passed; but that not all of them had wives or even sweethearts. Moreover, I may assure the wives of fallen husbands that in fully conscious moments before death, their husbands not only spoke their names but also gave directions to some comrade how to perform a commission in the wives' interest. Again: if it will bring belated joy and comfort to any Sweet-heart of a fallen soldier, I add these intimately known and sympathetically ap-

preciated facts. I know that many photographs of fallen soldiers are still tearfully secreted away and longingly gazed on and loved by young girls who one day saw him who created the first sweet romance of their lives go aboard a waiting troopship—and they wait, sorrowing and in vain, for their first lover's coming. But I also know this, which I have seen. For I have helped to lay in the grave in France young lads from the inner pockets of whose tunics I have taken, for transmission to relatives, little possessions; and amongst them I have found photographs of winsome maidens whom, by one sign or another on the photographs, I knew were beloved by the fallen. To any sweetheart of a fallen soldier, be this tender fact a genuine source of solace—he who created the first romance in your life, whom you renounced for country and the greater love when you sent him to war, and of whom you were robbed by war, no less, in your own degree, than was the mother of your soldier-lover, he had you in image, just as really as if you were in the flesh by his side, with him, sustaining and inspiring him, when he fell. For wife and for sweetheart, fallen husband and fallen lover, as Lieutenant R. E. Vernede, himself a vanished soldier-poet, has nobly and movingly sung, have kept inviolate and imperishable these two spiritual possessions to send for solace in bereavement:

"What if I bring you nothing, Sweet,
Nor, maybe, come home at all?
Ah, but you'll know, Brave Heart, you'll know,
Two things I'll have kept to send:
Mine honor for which you bade me go,
And my love—my love to the end".

In conclusion: I wish to remove a misapprehension of the function and method of poets. When I published, in fugitive form, "Let There Be Laughter" and "A Soldier's Shrines", which are also published in this volume, some unimaginative persons thought the verses were to a *real* human being. The facts are that I went aboard the waiting troopship and sailed away for overseas without the parting handshake, glance, smile, or other farewell from any real woman, young, middle-aged, or old and gray; and that the dedicatory formula, to these and other poems, namely, the formula, "To——", is the sign of an imagined being, an *ideal* companion of the spirit. I went away "unfarewelled" and I came back "unwelcomed". But I had a heart and an imagination; and functioning as a poet, I expressed in my poor verses what, by gift of human heart and sympathetic phantasy, I knew were the inner thoughts and emotions of soldiers who had tender farewells on sailing for overseas and who might fall in war and who, whether they were fated to fall or not, would constantly be thinking tenderly, wistfully, longingly of the beloved who gave them a tearful, wistful farewell and whose innocent, tender hearts were indeed the "secret shrines" of the absent warriors who kept themselves pure, brave, and happy and who, if they fell, would, from the thither shore of Life, be seen waving the hands—of love and hope and joyous marching on—to the beloved in the earthly demesne. In short, it is the function of poetry to utter universal truth, to express the universal heart; and in sincere war poetry, as written by soldier-poets, the world finds disclosed what men really think and feel about war and death—and the greatest of enduring realities and powers, human love when it is tender, loyal, and holy. I went to war for love—but not for the love of any adult man or woman; nay, but for the love, as I have said elsewhere, of little children, for the sake of the little ones now born and those conceived and about to be born and those yet to be conceived and to be born while time remains—the future generations. That was the ideal end, possibly not always consciously perceived, for which the Allied Nations fought—that, and its ideal condition, an enduring Peace and Brotherhood of Man. And because they thus fought, then, as Vernede so truthfully sang—

"Then to our children there shall be no handing
Of fates so vain—of passions so abhorred.....
But Peace.....the Peace which passeth understanding.....
Not in our time.....but in their time, O Lord!"

Halifax, November 11th, 1919.
First Anniversary, Armistice Day.

J. D. LOGAN.

THE NEW APOCALYPSE



PRELUDE

LET THERE BE LAUGHTER

(To——. From Aboard H. M. Troopship "Olympic", On Sailing,
with the Nova Scotia Highland Brigade, for Overseas, October 13, 1916.)

WHEN I have gone aboard my waiting boat,
And waved Farewell to homeland and to thee,
Let there be neither low, sad sighs for me,
Nor any bitterness of tears;
But only mellow memories
Of laughter singing in my ears
To keep me cheerful company
Upon the violent, voracious Seas.

And when in camp or trench, in lands remote,
I work secure, or face my mortal end,
Let me in fancy hear the sound
Of jocund laughter gayly blend
With shout of men or bugle-note,
Or fusilades that thunder round
The hell I breathe beneath the fortified ground.

Or should I fall at length, and never more
Look on my homeland, or in thy dear eyes,
Oh, may'st thou always, with Love's sure surmise,
Behold me waving from Life's thither shore
To thee, who walkest lonely, widowed, sad;
And may'st thou hear me laughing—clear and glad,
As laughs the Day to greet the Dawn's fair rise!

THE NEW APOCALYPSE

WHEN I, full-armed, marched forth through Picardy
 (Not pleasant Picardy of yore),
The spectacles I saw in Picardy
 (In Picardy despoiled by war)
Were not alone the wastes I thought would be,
 Nor only deeds I should abhor,
But I beheld in town, in trench, on plain,
 What may not be on earth again:
The forms of Faith and Hope and Charity
 Walk close with Death in Picardy.

The little village homes in Picardy,
 Shell-wracked and tenantless and bare,
Gaped lornly at the brown-clad soldiery
 That trooped by blithe and debonair;
But near the ruined Chateau Brevigny
 I saw three wan-faced women fare
'Mongst wayside graves, smile sweet as holy nuns
 And bless the tombs of martyred sons.
Then I knew Faith had found safe sanctuary
 In widowed hearts in Picardy.

The once fair fields of fertile Picardy
 (Oh, ruthless was the conqueror!)
Stretched gray and fallow, far as eye could see,
 Unploughed save by the shards of war;
But when I passed beyond Sainte Emelie
 I glimpsed an old man, bent and hoar,
At work afield while shells burst with their dread,
 Fell deviltries above his head.
Thus Hope held fast, and wove earth's livery
 Of green and gold in Picardy.

The wooded, winding roads in Picardy
 That echoed oft to lovers' song
Are now rude, iron trails in Picardy
 O'er which brave legions bear along
To where men die for Right and Liberty,
 And foemen die for Might and Wrong.
Amid the lust of life insatiate
 I overheard no threat of hate,
But I saw Christ, in form as Charity,
 Speak peace with Death in Picardy.

A Soldier's Strains

The secret strains that are for me:

The one a roadside calvary,

now-remembered by far and fame:

And Mother of I seek away,

Christ's benediction to pray,

Christ's benediction to pray,

Christ's benediction to pray,

Christ's benediction to pray,

Christ's benediction to pray,

Christ's benediction to pray,

Christ's benediction to pray,

Christ's benediction to pray,

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Christ's benediction to pray,

Christ's benediction to pray,

Christ's benediction to pray,

Christ's benediction to pray,

Christ's benediction to pray,

Christ's benediction to pray,

Christ's benediction to pray,

France, 1919

[Signature]

When secret strains for me are for me,

O heart of mine, O heart of mine,

And thou, O heart of mine,

And thou, O heart of mine,

And thou, O heart of mine,

And thou, O heart of mine,

And thou, O heart of mine,

And thou, O heart of mine,

And thou, O heart of mine,

And thou, O heart of mine,

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And thou, O heart of mine,

And thou, O heart of mine,

And thou, O heart of mine,

And thou, O heart of mine,

And thou, O heart of mine,

And thou, O heart of mine,



A SOLDIER'S SHRINES.

TWO secret shrines there are for me:
The one a wayside calvary,
Low-canopied by fir and pine.
And thither oft I steal away,
Kneel penitent and pray.
Christ grants forgiveness, free, divine;
And Mary Virgin, grace benign;
And John, his tender charity.

O welcome wayside calvary,
O calm, secluded shrine,
O sweet retreat of mine,
Whose holy peace brings blissful eucrazy!

Another shrine for me there is,
Recessed, inviolate, within
The ruby chamber of my Love's pure heart;
And only I, her devotee, I wis,
May duly enter in,
And supplicate and worship there apart.
Before her dear remembered Image now,
Unworthy worshipper, I bow:
Her winsome graces are my Creed;
Her low, meek speech, my Litany;
Her tender thoughts, my Rosary;
And her '*Absolvo te*', my strength for holier deed.
O Heart of Mine, O Heart of Mine,
Whose secret chamber is my constant shrine!

NANINE

A War Incident of the Souchez Valley, France, 1917.

AMONG the hoarded happy memories
Of my rare days in patient France, far more
Than all the rest within my tender store,
Two win me with peculiar potencies:—

*The triumph-chants I heard on Vimy's scene
By linnets lilted from dead comrades' crosses;
The red rose plucked from Souchez's emerald mosses
By the little, gentle Gallic maid—Nanine.*

Oh, winsome was Nanine and lily-fair:
The soft, clear azure of her strange-sweet eyes
Was lovelier than the blue of Gallic skies,
The gold of setting suns shone in her hair.

Bewitching elf, not older than six years,
I glimpsed, at first, the gold-light of her tresses
While she went gathering moss and water-cresses
By Souchez's stream in Souchez's vale of tears.

Stayed by the lovely vision, the peaceful scene,
I wondered that, in France, such things could be:—
The innocence, the prattle, and the glee
Of the little, winsome Gallic maid—Nanine.

When I at length reached where she rose and stood,
And asked her why she did not fear to play,
"Le Dieu est bon, mon brave soldat Anglais",
She said. "Ah, yes", I answered, "God is good".

I bent and kissed her; then, melting, turned to fare
My way unto the bloody battle-land:
"Voilà", she cried, a red rose in her hand,
"Apportez ma jolie rose rouge a mon pere".

The sweetest child (I thought) that e'er drew breath,
Whose simple faith shamed my misgiving mind;
But, alas! for her and me and humankind,
What could she know of God and War and Death!

Thus pondering I passed down to the fight—
At Fresnoy, Angres, Lens, and Avion
Where myraids fell, no more to look upon
The holy hills of France and earth's dear light.

When once again I trod the Souchez trail,
From out a ruined home rushed one to tell
That fair Nanine had died by Hunnish shell
And sleeps nearby the stream in Souchez's vale.

L'ENVOI

O arch-fiend Kaiser, spawned in hell's demesne,
God may forgive your deed most foully done,
But I shall not, you butcher-breeding Hun,
Who slew the guiltless Gallic maid—Nanine!

LADS' LAUGHTER.

A Reverie of Vimy Ridge Revisited.

THANKS be to God, that my late red-drenched days
Are solaced by Love's sacred conjury:
Beside me, when I tread the shell-swept ways,
Move, serried deep, a spectral company—

A brown battalion, youthful, buoyant, strong;
No eyes, save mine, behold the ghostly light
Of that bright host. With me they swing along
By day; with me they bivouac at night.

'Neath rains torrential, and 'neath skies of brass,
Warward they wend—and boldly jest and sing:
The lone, gray fields smile grimly when they pass,
The little hills shout back their chorusing.

They march with me to Vimy's bristling crest;
In scorn they flout the belching barricade:
For still they laugh and still they rudely jest
Before the cannons' fiery fusilade.

Though, one by one, that shining warrior band
Keep tryst with Death on Vimy's white-crossed height,
Each day they cry me 'Hail'! from Death's dark land,
And come to jest and laugh with me each night.

Thus my ensanguined days are comforted
With joys vouchsafed by tender reverie:
I tramp to war, with swift, intrepid tread,
Dear spectral friends to keep me company.

Companioned so, nor pang nor death I fear;
Serene I stand while round me comrades fall;
For midst War's howling holocausts I hear
Lads' laughter ringing, clarion-clear, o'er all.

NIGHT WITCHERY IN FRANCE.

I WHO with ravished eyes, have seen
A thousand homeland Sunsets lay
The lavish glories of their fulvous lights
Before the Dusk; and watched the Moon rise up, serene,
And queenly ride adown her vast highway,
Close-sentinelled and cavalcaded by
A million stars; or gazed, in wonder, on the ghostly dance
Of rare Aurora Borealis in the Northern sky—
I, who have drunk these ever-fresh delights,
Declare the witchery of thy nights,
O fair enchantress, France!

A soldier I, far from my native land
And all the dear, sweet ministries of love,—
I look upon thy battlefields, I look above,
And ask: What commerce can I have with beauty,
Whose times are wholly pledged to deeds of brutal duty?
Yet when I contemplate the placid dome
Of thy nocturnal skies,
My heart turns back to home:
The Moon a mother is, who watches o'er
Her little ones, with wise solicitude;
The Stars are all her Children, playing on the floor
Of Heaven; and Dawn, a nurse, both kind and good,
Who takes the mother's stead,
And when they're tired of hide-and-seek, and fed,
Wraps them in downy clouds, and snuggles them in bed.
And so I thank my God, O fair enchantress, France,
For all the witchery of thy nights that stay
Me while I fight to give Christ's little ones the chance,
Upon a peaceful earth, to play.

THE VESPER BELLS OF AVION.

O LITTLE church set on a lonely hill,
Thy walls in ruins, thy belfry rudely wracked,
And thy sweet bells now silent, still,
How oft, before unholy Huns had sacked
The village scene of Avion,
Have I, far-off, heard wafted on the breeze,
Thy vesper bells' clear benison!
From war's alarms they brought release,
And soothed my soul with perfect peace
What times I went down to the death-girt fight,
And walked in carnage the war-lit night.
O vesper bells of Avion,
I hear you chiming still this orison:

*Creator alme siderum,
Eterna lux credentium,
Jesu, Redemptor omnium,
Intende votis supplicum.*

O little church in Avion, whene'er
I fared along the way of my hard quest,
Thy bells pealed forth an incensed prayer;
And oft, when from the too exacting test,
Short respite came, and I lay on
The lethal plain—through my brief-taken rest
Pulsed, dulcet as a Christmas carillon,
Thy silvery-chiming cadences,
Sweet vesper bells of Avion.
And I saw Christ smile on me from above,
And grant the prayers of those whom most I love.
O vesper bells of Avion,
I hear you chiming still this benison:

*Qui daemonis ne fraudibus,
Periret orbis, impetu
Amor actus, languidi
Mundi medela factus es.*

PASSCHENDAELE.

In Memory of Major P. W. Anderson, M. C., Captains John M. Hensley, E. R. Clayton, M. C., and A. Ross MacKenzie, and Lieutenants Walter U. Martel, M. M., Frank O. Hutchinson, Angus D. MacDonald, Norman C. Christie, Alexander D. Fraser, Fred J. Anderson, John R. MacFarlane, W. H. Murr and R. Thomas Sailsman, and one hundred and twenty-three privates and N. C. O's of the 85th Battalion, Nova Scotia Highlanders, who fell at Passchendaele, Oct. 28-31, 1917.

AT PASSCHENDAELE, at Passchendaele, how frightful was the fray,
At Passchendaele, at Passchendaele, how direful went the day
When the haughty leagions of the Hun
Swept down the unprotecting plain
With a fiery devastating rain
Of fusilades from rifle, bomb, and gun.
Relentlessly the fury raged—no ceasing, or decline;
The Hun exulted in his strength, and laughed, with scorn malign,
To see the awful havoc wrought,
By his plutonian onslaught,
Along our war-famed, dauntless Highland line.

At Passchendaele, at Passchendaele, vain was the German pride,
At Passchendaele, at Passchendaele, grimly our men replied
With savage, slaughtering answer, round on round,
Although the Hunnish holocaust
Laid low a myriad of our host
In hecatombs upon the red-streamed ground.
We vaunted not, but swift our vengeance was—swift and condign!
Unwavering and unafraid, no inch would we resign—
No inch give way, nor even quail
Before the fell and fiery hail
That raked with death our valiant Highland line.

At Passchendaele, at Passchendaele, no craven heart was there.
At Passchendaele, at Passchendaele, we were one mind to dare
Endurances unknown in mortal fight
And teach the Hun his boasted power
Was but the plaything of an hour,
When God fought with the warders of the Right.
Again, again our Highland men their shattered ranks combine,
Again, again our Highland men frustrate the Bosche design,
Until, at length, the Bosches yield,
And, worsted, leave the futile field
In sad possession of our Highland line.

FAREWELL TO FRANCE.

NOW have my glorious days in France at length
Run their adventurous course. The wonted strength
Of my prime years remains no longer mine.
Worn out by moiling months in camp and line,
I yield to Time's concealed, relentless raids,
Insidious and silent enfilades,
And cease my proud support of human laws
Against the Hun and his Hadean cause.

Yet am I recompensed with ministries
Above all price—evangel memories
Of days and nights that cannot lose their thrall,
And scenes suffused with beauty magical,
And love triumphant and the spectacle
Of sacrificial deeds no tongue can tell,—
All that enthrones the Spirit of Romance,
The glamor and the glory that are France.

O land of beauty, faith and valiant deed,
Thou'rt dear as mine own land, since sanctuaried
'Neath thy green mold beloved comrades lie:
Their dust and holy sacrifices sanctify
Thy hills and vales. There shall they sweetly rest,
Clasped close, O France, to thy soft, throbbing breast.
Farewell, but oft in spirit I'll come back
And dwell with them in my heart's bivouac.

THE IMMORTAL BONDS.

THERE is a holy, happy fellowship
None but the veteran soldier knows—
A secret fellowship of friends who slip,
Unseen, into his chambered recess of repose:
Soon as the tawnied dusk of twilight dies,
They come, and fill their shadowy visitings
With low-voiced laughter; and, with shining spectral eyes,
Recount, in ghostly whisperings,
How they went forth to battle, and never recked at all the cost,
Though some had fallen at Vimy and some at Passchendaele were lost.
Or, when on peopled street he seems uncomraded,
They crowd to him, fall in, and, tramp, with rhythmic tread,
The City ways. Along with him they swiftly swing,
And only he is conscious of their glad companioning.

*Oh, Comrades of mine who nobly fought and who were slain,
Death cannot cleave us, though I alone remain,
Still are you near me, through dark day and through red night—
Still go we together, triumphing, down to the fight.*

There is a poignant, pining loneliness
None but the veteran soldier knows—
A loneliness begot of hours when dreams obsess
With visions of fine ardors and great battle-throes.
These often had he shared with comrades who still keep
The ramparts of dear Freedom safe. Now he no more with them
Shall stand against the battle surge, or sweep
To victory and mark a comrade win death's diadem.
With every wind of war or deathless deed that blows
His spirit chides, his soul self-scathing grows,
To know that he is fated from the fervors of the day,
The great endurances and glories of the fray.
Yet gladly would he go—and scorn the utmost cost—
Though he should fall at Arras or at Avion be lost.

*Oh, Comrades of mine, who war undauntedly "out there"—
For you this is my inmost wish, my constant pray'r:
God stay you through dark day and through red night,
And Christ go with you, triumphing, down to the fight.*

THE SPENDTHRIFTS.

To the Officers and Gentlemen of the Ranks of the 85th Battalion, Nova Scotia
Highlanders, on the occasion of their arrival Home from Active Service
Overseas, June 8, 1919.

I—THE RETURNED VICTORS.

SPENDTHRIFTS of the Greater Love, by what shall you surmise
That we would match the glory of your sacrifice?—
Not solely by the loud acclaim
Of your unsullied banners, your immortal fame,
Shall you see manifest the joy of proud and grateful kin
In your free-proffered, wanton chivalry
And win your rightful welcome home. Nay, in
The tender mists that smile in mothers', wives' and sisters' eyes,
And in the happy 'Hail!' of friends and the exuberant glee
Of children's laughter, ringing clear above
The wild, tumultuous din
Of high huzzas and clanging brazen bells, shall you most truly see
Your coming home made glad—receive the warrior's meeds
For your self-sacrifice and chivalrous deeds,
Spendthrifts of the Greater Love!

Unlaurell'd went you forth to war for us, O Strong to save!
Now laurell'd come you back to us, O dear, triumphant Brave!
Mark how the sun of heaven spends lavishly his light
On you, who, fired with faith in God and Right,
Endured the blood-press of the brutal, iron days
And died ten thousand deaths for Love's dear sake.
Now while you tread again the worn familiar ways
And learn your welcome in the long conclave
Of your admiring kin, who jubilantly make
The land and sea around, the sky above,
Reverberant with their pride in you, their praise,
Accept not only plangent plaudits that wake
Glad memories of your death-engirdled victories,
But for your lasting guerdon take now these—
The holy lilies of a reverent people's love!

II—THE VANISHED VICTORS.

But where are those who fought with you on Flanders' fateful plain
And midst the hills of France? Why came they, too, not back,—again
To walk their homeland streets, elate and triumphing,
And meet the people's joyous welcoming?

Oh, think not they lie low and mute
Beneath a foreign soil, poor equals with the mouldering brute!
Far-off I see the army of the great Immortal Dead
Move unto Heaven's gate—the Vanished Victors—diamanded
With Christ's fair star; and Christ is General, and greets
Each Victor, tramping, saved and starred, adown the White Eternal
Streets.

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE.

To the Memory of the Vanished Soldier-Singers—McCrae, Langstaff and Trotter—
of My Own Land; Alan Seeger, of My College (Harvard);
and Joyce Kilmer, of My Profession.

*Harps terrene, cease your sad chords terrestrial
For the passing of Earth's soldier-singers
And their music—when they fell!
Harps of Heaven, sound harmonies celestial,
Golden, glad antiphonies of welcome
To the Choir Invisible!*

THERE were Poets of Jehovah in the freedom-loving lands,
Young Poets who sang nobly of Jehovah's promised prime.
They beheld the hosts of Satan most direly menacing
The fulfilment of God's Kingdom in the Lord's appointed time.
Then they changed their peaceful ways for the warrior's brutal arts,
And went forth to do bold battle and triumphantly to sing.
When they saw the Sign of Victory transfigured in the skies,
They put songs upon their lips and sharp swords in their hands,
And they fought until the ending with God's winning in their eyes,
And passed over with the Laughter of the Spirit in their hearts.

Ah, what stir there is in Heaven when Christ meets them at the gates
With glad greetings in the presence of the sainted singing throng,
Crying, "Hail, O warrior-minstrels of the great Davidic line,
And Right Welcome to the army of the Vanished Knights of Song!"
Then King David, with his harp, leads the symphony divine,
And the topmost dome of Heaven with its sound reverberates.
And the Seraphim and Cherubim, with rapturous surprise,
Hark the diapason harmonies in vast crescendoes swell,
While the Lyric Knights of God, with new triumph in their eyes,
Move on, chanting, to their places in the Choir Invisible.

*Harps terrene, cease your sad chords terrestrial!
On Earth only were their voices silenced
When our soldier-singers fell.
O, listen!—In the harmonies celestial
Sound the anthems, glad and golden,
Of the Choir Invisible!*

THE REMEMBERING CHRIST.

A Prayer for Remembrance of the Fallen, on Anniversaries of Armistice Day.

LORD save us from the dire, unpardonable sin
By which we are unwittingly beset!
Too soon, too soon, our thoughts are solely centered in
Loud vaunting of our pride in triumph. Lo, we let
Our happy hearts indulge in selfish riotry
And rude rejoicings for renewed security—
But to the Dead, poor, unproportioned glory raise.
Lord, what wilt Thou do unto us—if we forget
Whose free and sanguine sacrifice
Paid the incalculable price
Of our new liberty and length of peaceful days!

Clear to the inward vision, O Thou Suffering Christ,
Thou walkest midst the Gardens of the Dead
This Day of Armistice, remindful of Thy tryst
With those White Hosts who took Thy Martyrs' saving stead.
They mark Thy presence and behold, with welcoming eyes,
In Thy pierced hands the guerdon of their sacrifice,
And, for each Martyr there, a starry diadem.
Oh, stab our selfish hearts, Lord, with the quickening knife
Of wakened conscience and regret—
If we, ingrate, O Christ, forget
The Dead who brought us Peace and boon of nobler Life!

Armistice Day Anniversary,
Nov. 11, 1919.

POSTLUDE

I DID MY BIT.

(I)—THE DEEDS THAT MATTERED NOT (1896-1916.)

I SEARCHED within the volumes of "WHO'S WHO"
To learn therein *Who* really I might be;
And when I looked *in loco proprio*,
I read this iridescent litany:—

*A man of many gifts, and erudite—
Philosopher, and educationist—
Critic of music and of literature—
Poet, lecturer, and essayist—
In brief, litterateur of multifarious parts—
Writes well in every field from fine to fistic arts.*

That vulgar eulogy had been redeemed
If, with it, these words, too, could have been seen:
"A patriot citizen who volunteered
And served at Front in France in 'seventeen'".

I closed the book—then suddenly I saw
My name and deeds on history's page thus writ:
"A man of many gifts but coward heart:
In deeds that mattered not, he did his bit".

(II)—THE DEEDS THAT MATTERED ALL (1916-1917.)

I TURNED the bend upon the Road of Life,
And in my path the Man of Sorrows Stood.
Ah, then I knew the world was Calvary,
And men must die to save the Brotherhood.

"My Lord", I cried, "If Thou wilt have me serve,
Forgiving all my past too selfish ways,
I'll go to war, stand in the humble ranks,
And give myself to sacrificial days."

I served, and sang, as soldier-poets used—
Poor services, sincerely I admit!—
But with a soldier's honest pride I say:
"In deeds that mattered all, I did my bit!"

AUTHOR'S NOTES.

Page 1—The New Apocalypse—One of the outstanding paradoxes of the late war was the fact that not from soldiers in camp, or quarters, or trench, or on blood-drenched battlefields was heard any word or chant of hate against the Hun. The poem of blood-lust and of dire vengeance was invented by the civilian non-combatant, who stayed in safety at home, and knew not that amongst the Hun armies there were hosts of men who had kind and tender hearts, who longed for peace and the return to their family circles, who, even on the battlefields, exchanged courtesies and gave succor to wounded foes, and who, if they fought for wrong, as they did, conscientiously though mistakenly, fought on because they must. There were, of course, profane execrations on both sides, under mighty emotional shock or excitement. When one looked, as I have looked, on the unrecognizable form of a dead comrade, probably head blown off, or blood-stained tunic spattered with his brain, one execrated with profane or violent language, not the helpless murderer, but the appalling horror called war. General Sherman's epigram, that war is hell, is an euphemistic libel on the latter. Hell is a metaphor for acute agonies; modern war is such a holocaust of horrors that it utterly rends the souls of those who have seen it. The following verses, written amid these horrors, envisages what I have actually seen—namely, Faith and Hope and Charity triumphing in places where War utterly ravaged all that was lovely in life and nature and Death was insatiate. This is the new apocalypse.

Page 6—Nanine—In France and Flanders, on the little wooden crosses above the graves of the fallen, one often sees this legend, "He died for me". In the press and from the platform civilians have frequently advised compatriots to say, like a prayer, when the death of a hero was reported, "He died for me". This is all very tender, noble, solacing and exalting. But those who fell, died not for the living who have reached adult age, or maturity, or old age, who have practically seen life in all its meaning and have either well progressed with their work in the world or virtually have finished it, no matter how much longer they may live.

But granting the conventional point of view, the supreme truth is that the fallen made the immortal sacrifice for all little children—those that are now born, those that are conceived and are soon to be born, and those yet to be conceived and to be born; in short, the future generations. And it will be these, who, in the times of peace and freedom, when love and right shall reign over might and tyranny—it will be these future generations that shall rise up and call our fallen blessed. Nay, more! For the noble sacrifices of self for the sake of all little children, for the sake of continuing humanity, our dead in France and Flanders shall be called, not Heroes, but *Saviors*—and they shall be blessed in the sight of the Lord forever.

Page 10—The Vesper Bells of Avion. Translations of the Latin hymn verses in the text follow:—

(1) Creator alme siderum, etc—

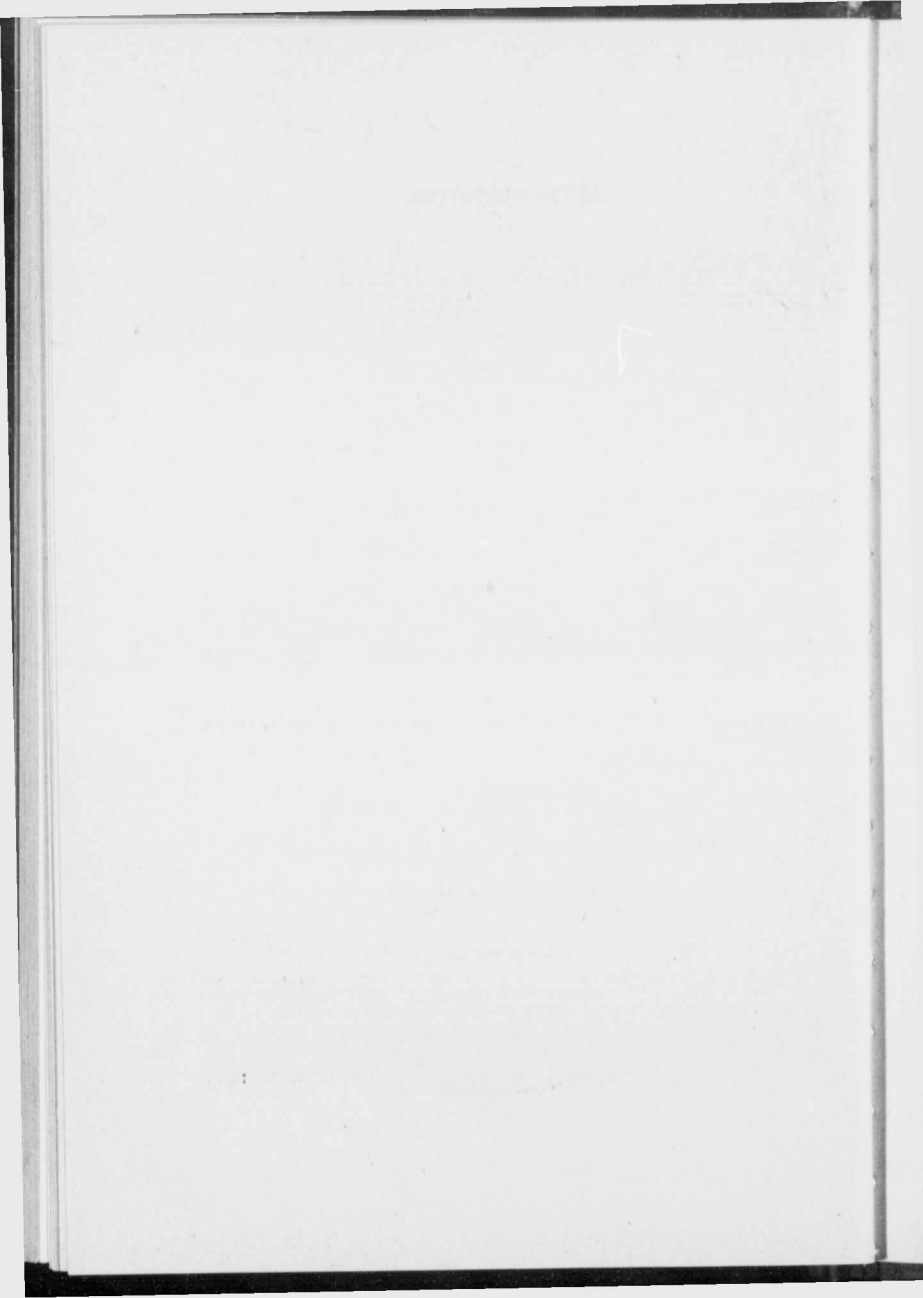
Dear Maker of the starry skies,
Light of believers evermore,
Jesu, Redeemer of mankind,
Be near us who Thine aid implore.

(2) Qui daemonis, etc—

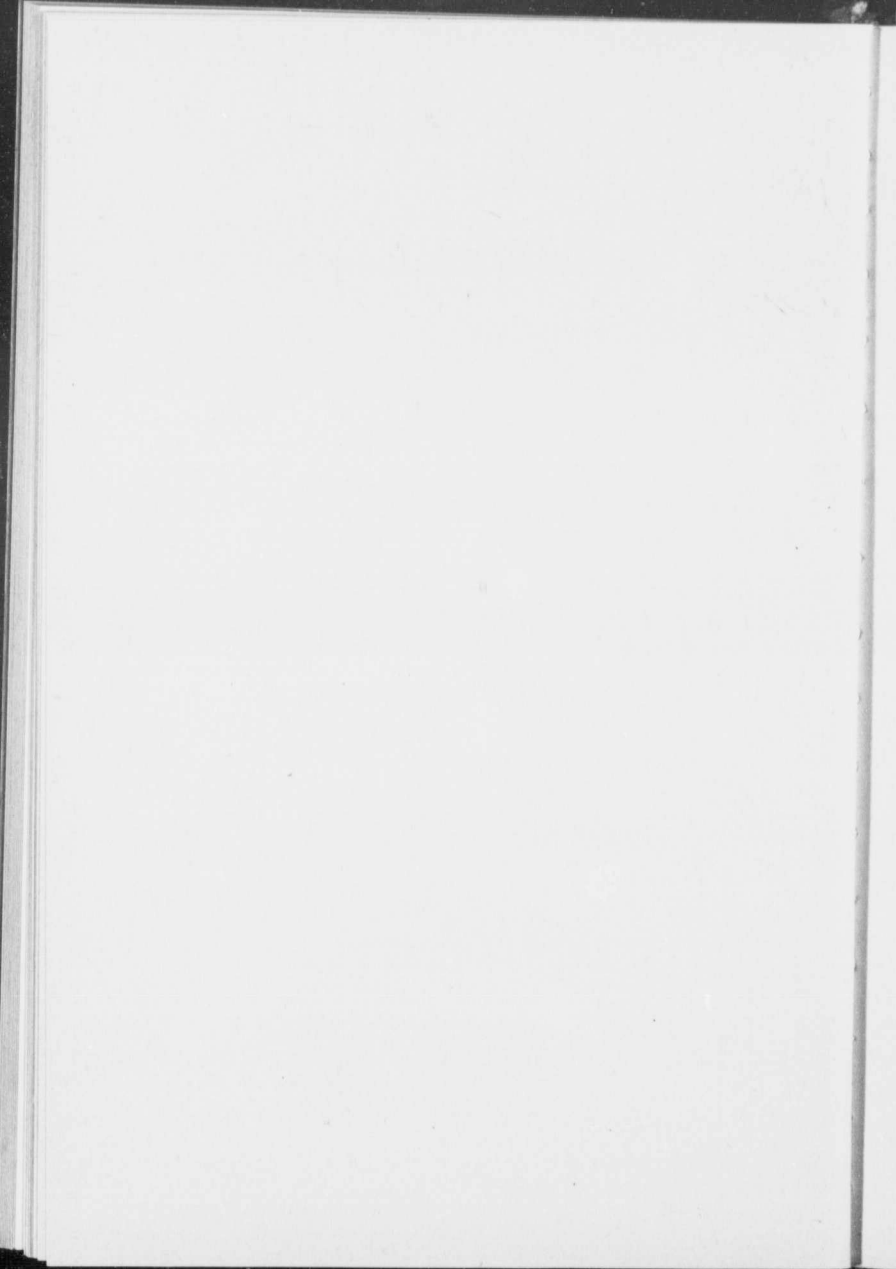
When man was sunk in sin and death,
Lost in the depth of Satan's snare,
Love brought Thee down to cure our ills,
By taking of those ills a share.

SPECIAL NOTE.

Pages 23-28. Motley and Medley. The War verse as such in this volume ends with the Postlude ("I Did My Bit"). I have added a special verse section, however, for my comrades of the ranks, having myself served in the ranks. These verses are only "for the boys"—to bring back to them memories of the bitter-sweet days and nights in the field in France. The whole volume, of course, is for the 85th Battalion as such, but the special section of verse, called "Motley and Medley", is strictly soldiers' stuff in soldiers' lingo. Critics will therefore, remember that they are not to concern themselves with these verse "heart-to-heart talks" with my comrades, who were noted in the Canadian Corps both for their invincible fighting spirit and for their love of fun and play. To humanize verses, for the sake of dear remembrance, as I have done in "Motley and Medley", for "the boys", is not really to drop in dignity, but to rise in genuine companionship.



MOTLEY AND MEDLEY



MOTLEY AND MEDLEY.

Verse Vignettes For "The Boys" Who Put the
"Vim" in Vimy.

THE O. C.'S, 85TH BATTALION

To Lt.-Colonels A. H. Borden, D. S. O., E. C. Phinney, and J. L. Ralston,
D. S. O., C. M. G.

THOUGH all our fighting days are over,
And we plug along in clover,
As in the days before we sailed for overseas,
We don't forget we wrought with you,
We don't forget we fought with you,
And we've stored your deeds forever in our memories.

*Oh, we're Borden's boys, and Phinney's boys, and Ralston's boys,
Yes, we're the boys who put the "Vim" in Vimy:
For we gave the Hun his fill, then chased him off the Hill,
And we sent Fritz flying Rhinewards, dressed in nothing but a
shimmy.*

Don't wonder what we thought about you,
For we couldn't do without you,
And that is how we cleaned up sure and swift and strong.
Oh, we're proud we wrought with you,
Oh, we're proud we fought with you,
And we're got you in our hearts, Sirs, where you always will belong.

*Oh, we're Borden's boys, and Phinney's boys, and Ralston's boys,
Yes, we're the boys who put the "Vim" in Vimy:
For we gave the Hun his fill, then chased him off the Hill,
And we sent Fritz flying Rhindwards, dressed in nothing but a
shimmy.*

So it's Borden, lads, and Phinney, lads, and Ralston, lads,
Who showed us how to do the tricks we turned, you bet!
And if we hadn't done all we did to Heine Hun,
We'd still be there in France—and fighting, fighting yet!

THE M. O.

To Lt-Colonel Joseph Hayes, D. S. O.

THE most of us were youngsters, when compared, in age, with you.
But you kept us all in trim
For the line and dirty scrim—
Which was something that most M. O.'s couldn't do!
(Do you hear us say - - "couldn't do"!)
But you pulled another stunt, quite unique and fine:
Although not much on weight and height,
You were always full of pep. and fight,
And you *never missed a day* from duty in the line.

Oh, Colonel Joe, Colonel Joe,
You were the Army's bravest M. O.
When the fight grew fierce and hot,
You were "Joey-on-the-spot",
And you worked both fast and fine.
But since the war is over, you must find it rather slow,
When you can't trek any more with us up to the line.

THE PAYMASTER.

To Major Malcolm Morrison.

Cia mar a tha do clachan!—Ian Ruadh nan Oran.

(I)

BREATHES there an 85th man who was army-fed—
(Hear the drums: "Tis pay parade, 'tis pay parade!",—
Who never to himself hath said:
"I'll get tanked tonight and go to bed,
And get up in the morning with a splitting head;
And I'll do it, sure as my name is Don,
When I get my pay from 'Maje' Morrison."

(II)

I HAD fifteen francs in my tunic pocket, let me say,
And Major Morrison gave me very kindly warning.
But I found an *estaminet* where I squandered all my pay,
And I woke up in the guard house in the morning.
Then wasn't it S. O. L. to hear
George Horne remark so queer:
"You're up for office sure at ten this morning".

THE BANDMASTER.

To Lieut. Dan Mooney.

AS a wielder of the baton, doncher 'ear the Army soy?
Your're a dandy director, Danny boy!
When in quarters for a rest, your concerts were the best,
And you sure did carry off the biggest bun.
When you played us to the line, weather bad or weather fine,
Your music cheered us on to beat the Hun.
If you think I'm handing you some bunk that isn't true,
It's only what went round in France and England, too.
When all London was arrayed for the Armistice parade,
In the busy, boosy, buzzy month of merry May,
And your band played clear and strong all the route along,
Then was heard on every hand, from Marble Arch to Strand:—
"Hi soy, that's SOME band—go' blime me, SOME band!"

THE R. S. M.

To Sergt.-Major "Scotty" Campbell.

HAVE you noticed how the rankers buck a raging N. C. O.,
How they smile when rudely sentenced by the regiment's C. O.?
Oh, they're wise, oh, they're very, very 'cute,
And for C. B. or for F. P. they do not give a hoot.
But there's one gink on parade—and he's quite a man of note—
Who can always get the privates' little nannie goat.
For he puts, as Kipling says, "the fear of Gawd" in them—
He's the hanky-spanky, hip-tee, rip-tee R. S. M.

THE PROVOST SERGEANT.

To Sergeant George Horne, M. M.

SAY, George, you had a nasty job, God wot!
You couldn't help your soldier's lot,
Or change your face or choose your pretty name.
You were wished on us, you dear devoted cuss,
To snoop around and to clear up any fuss.
Your Horny head kept horning in,
Wherever you suspected sin
Against the army rules and discipline.
With your eye on "number one", you were always on the run,
A-snooping round canteens and down the lines;
And playing well the provost-sergeant's game,
At last with the C. O. you certainly collected fame,
While the boys collected C. B's, F. P's and a bunch of fines.
When you had completely "socked it to 'em",
You were honored with the silvery M. M.,
Which, according to the later army fashions,
They handed out with army rations.
But, George, despite your former ways and enviable fame,
We love you, oh, we love you, just the same.
For you did your little bit, though you didn't make a hit,
And we *do* forgive you, George, forgive you—and FERGIT!

THE COMEDIANS.

To Harry Murray, "Hunk" Ryan, Rannie MacDougall, Charlie Appleton
and George Rackham.

AN EPISTLE IN VERSE.

DEAR Harry:—

I'm somewhat late in writing, but this little "billy doo"
Is to let you know, lad, what the boys all thought of you:
You weren't strong on fighting—I wont mention such a thing,
But you could put pep in patter and you certainly could sing.
When MacCormack heard you warbling, he suddenly went dumb,
And, in vaudeville, you put Lauder and George Robey on the bum.
We're much obliged to you for your happy line of cheer,
It put more fighting pep in us than a petrol tin of beer.
Or when we got disgusted with the mess up in the line,
And were longing for the homeland away across the brine,
Then you kept our hearts from pining or laughed us into fits
Till we steadied up like soldiers and went back and walloped Fritz.
Now, please convey the boys' regards to all the band and Dannie,
Especially to "Hunk" and Charlie, George Rackham and to Rannie;
And tell them all for me that I've had nothing but the goops
Since I quit my special duty of amusing all the troops.
For the boys, I learned, got lots of fun from my being so partial
To landing into trouble, particularly court-martial.
I hear Last Post a-sounding and I soon must take a flop,
So I'll close with all good wishes, Harry, and ta-ta, Old Top!

While green grass grows,
And wet water flows,

Always, Old Sock,
Yours truly,
DOC.

THE ANXIOUS KIN.

To Our Beloved in the Homeland. Christmas Greetings, Before Battle,
England, 1916.

O KIN and Friends across the seas, who dream of us
As soon the victims of Earth's cruellest conquerors,
Fear not, nor even fret, but only think of us
As surely triumphing and happy warriors.

THE UNFINISHED TASK.

To Our Beloved in the Homeland. Christmas Greetings, After Battle,
France, 1917.

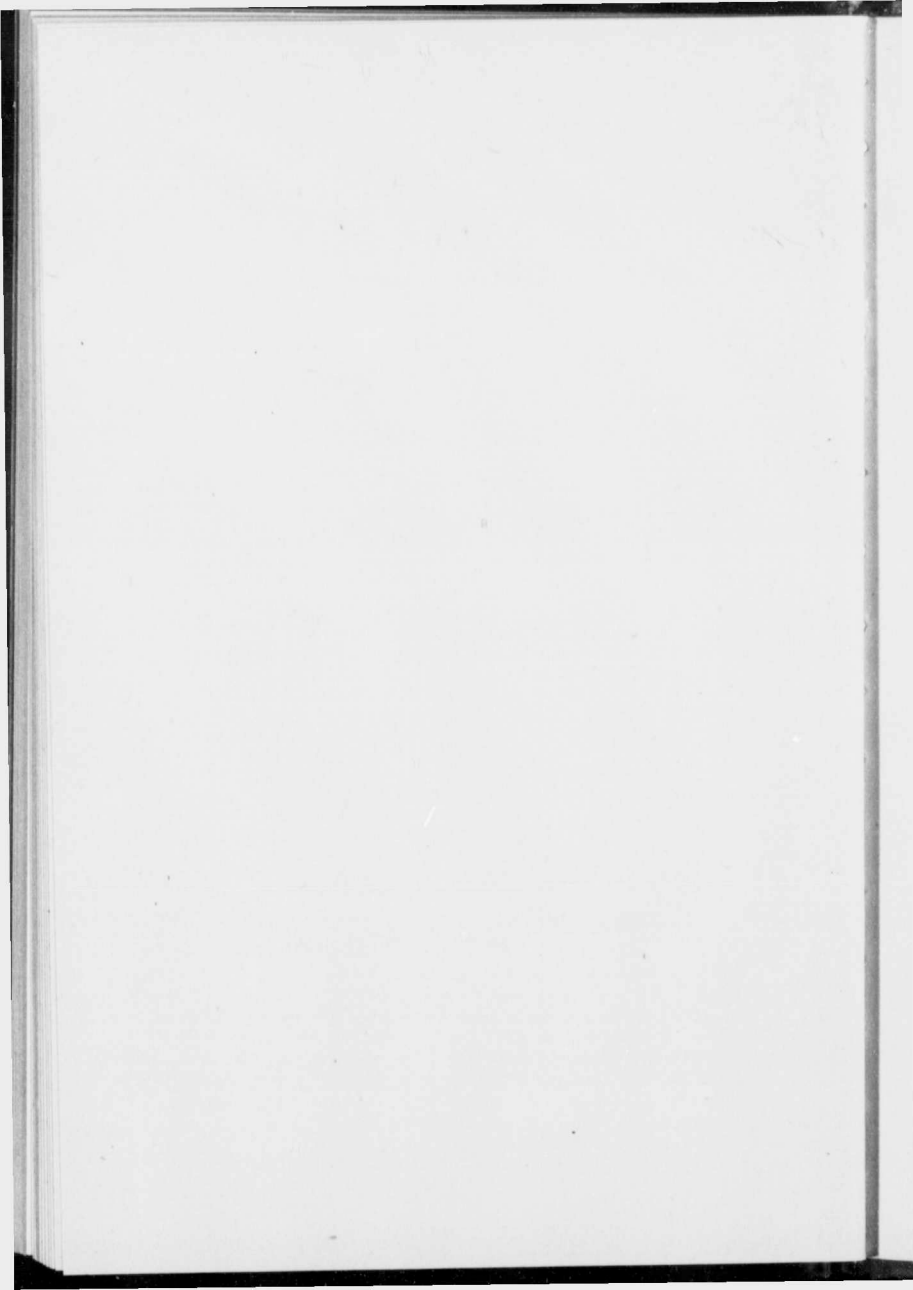
THE DAYS have passed until another year
Has closed; but Freedom's cause still holds us here.
Reliant, confident, our wills are set
To reach the long-sought goal ungained as yet.
Heroic deeds of Comrades dear who fell,
To equal deeds our emulous hearts impel.
Much we've achieved; much more waits to be done:
We "carry on"—till Victory is won!

TRIUMPH AND GLORY.

To Our Ladies: God Bless Them! The 85th Officers and Men after
the Signing of the Armistice.

GREAT was our part in Victory—as great was YOURS!
You did not fire the rifle or belch the heavy gun,
Yet were our 'Soul' in battle, our 'Strength' before the Hun:
Be Man's The Triumph—the Glory Woman's while time endures!

AN ESSAY IN PARADOX.



AN ESSAY IN PARADOX.

The New Atonement of The Living Dead.

OF ALL the arguments that I have seen advanced against The League of Nations not one of these reasoned or contended that the very concept of the League is the profoundest of fallacies and the most Satanic of lies. That is to say, the very *idea* of the League, whether it becomes fact or not, denies the immanence of God in His world and the real possibility of the Supremacy of Right over Might, the ultimate Rule of Love over Selfishness. It is the bleakest atheism. It denies that God is or is real. It implies a belief not only that from eternity all is wrong with the world but also that the world cannot fundamentally be set right—though the League of Nations will achieve what God Almighty cannot. Moreover, by implication, it asserts that the principle and spring of War, the militant ideal, is a *constitutive* principle of human nature, and is, therefore, eternally perdurable in society; and that, since it is thus impossible for mankind to change from thinking militantly to thinking *socially, fraternally*, all the thousands who died sacrificially for the social ideal, for which, as the slain of the Allied Nations thought, they went to war, died in vain for that end. Nay, worse, the concept of the League of Nations implies that the Allied Nations went to war for the sake of physical security and economic peace or freedom as the ultimate good—for a *materialistic* ideal; and that, if the League becomes fact, the thousands of slain died in vain even for the materialistic ideal; inasmuch as without the practical expedient of the League the world would not remain "safe for democracy", economic, political, or social. Here I am thinking and writing philosophically. I am not opposed to the League of Nations and its programme. I am only declaring that while, philosophically viewed, the idea of the League is a nest of concealed immoral fallacies and paradoxes, the factual League and its programme may be accepted as the best temporary practical expedients by which the world can promote the necessary political, economic, and social order and progress, so as to gain the adequate time and required peaceful conditions with or under which to *create a new spiritual order and harmony of principles in human nature and society*. What the world needs, so far as war and the militaristic ideal are concerned, is not a practical expedient that affects only the periphery of society and never works inward so as to effect a spiritual change or metamorphosis in human nature; but precisely some *power that begins inwardly and effects a change in the minds and hearts of men and women*—effects, to use the New Testament psychology, a "metanoia", true repentance in the soul of mankind. Now, as I hold, the League of Nations and its programme, leaving aside all consideration of the immoral fallacies in the concept of the League, will never, never effect such a change. At best it is but a programme which affects the periphery of society, a practical method, temporarily useful, *not a creative*,

constitutive Power which will even modify, let alone metamorphosize, the internal structure of the soul and the mind and "ethos" of society.

Before disclosing the fact that the late War has, paradoxically, resulted in evolving a Power for reconstituting human nature spiritually, and inspiring society to think socially, to organize itself according to the ideal of universal fraternity and good-will amongst men, I wish briefly to show forth the chief fallacies in the idea of the League of Nations—its atheism, its materialism, and its denial of the saving power of the supreme sacrifice of those who died for the ideal of the world redeemed and organized in the bonds of Love and Brotherhood.

It is the business of philosophy to make explicit the *meaning* of our thoughts and deeds—to disclose the real nature and import of human faiths and ideals, and the worth of the practical realization of them to society. It must be said that only the merest few amongst those who voluntarily went to war in the recent Great Conflict consciously knew what they were fighting for. But implied in their actions and implied more in their willingness to make the supreme sacrifice, absolutely renouncing life, when for many of them life was, humanly viewed, above all price,—implied in the fighting for the ideal, suffering for it, and even dying for it, voluntarily, was the belief, however vaguely realized in consciousness, that the world, human society and endeavor, have a *moral meaning*, and that if the world has evil in it, the evil *can*, by human endeavor, be eliminated and the world *can* be made *spiritual* through and through. The recent world war was a magnificent *act of faith*. Possibly the war did not begin otherwise than as a conflict of might between certain nations for territorial and economic supremacy. Possibly, too, as the war went on, it developed into a conflict on the part of Allied Nations to destroy a militaristic people, the Germans, for the mere purpose of eliminating them from the world, and thus obtaining physical security and peace. But no matter in what way, under what inspiration, it began and continued to develop in aim, at last it settled down to a definitely conscious conflict between Good and Evil, between the hosts of God and the hosts of Satan. Moreover, the moment that this consciousness of the ideal immanent in the conflict pervaded the Allied Armies, fighting for the ideal and dying for its sake implied the affirmation—the active faith—that God was real and almighty, that God would triumph over Evil, and that the death of those martyred in the Cause of the Lord would redeem the world from its militaristic propensities and change the hearts of all peoples to think and act socially, fraternally. In short, the War, with all it involved in waste, suffering and death, was not waged in the belief that thus peace and physical security could be gained, but was fought to the end as a supreme act of faith that something better and more worth while than mere peace and physical and economic security could be won,—namely, a *new* human nature, a *new* society on earth, a genuine social democracy, a genuine brotherhood of man, an authentic Kingdom of God in the hearts of men.

Now, the League of Nations originated in the idea that human nature is forever militaristic and that mankind will be, at heart, forever hostile to social thinking and living. A group "compact" for the sake of such materialistic ends as peace and sec-

urity harks back, in conception, to the "social compact" of Hobbes; it assumes that in spite of the purification and chastisement of the late war we shall continue to live in a world in which war is always possible—*unless a group of nations compact together to make it impossible*. But how shall they make war impossible? Only, of course, by holding the balance of power—that is, by might. In other words, the League of Nations actually has eliminated one militaristic people, the Germans, only, however, *by introducing into the world what is, at least potentially, a more powerful militaristic group of peoples*. If war, so far, has only resulted in compelling the establishment of the League of Nations, this is the same as failure; for the world war has not eliminated the possibility of war from the world. That is the philosophical meaning of the concept and the fact of the League of Nations. If it remains a mere concept, it begs the question; for the premises of the League as a concept assume that which must be proved, namely, that the world is eternally an organization of hostile social groups. If the League is, or becomes, a fact, then it denies that war has ceased or *can* cease, in possibility, and, therefore, denies the genuine reality of the ideal for which the Great War was waged, namely, the reconciliation of the Nations and the reorganization of the world into a great community of wholly socialized, altruistic human beings. This is the same thing as saying that God is not, that human beings count not in compelling a moral meaning to the world, and that the act of faith which inspired all who went to war and died a willing sacrifice, has no saving grace and power. On the contrary, I shall show that those who died have left us a saving grace and power that will change the heart and mind of men to think and act socially, fraternally, and thus effect a reconciliation of all nations, including the Germans, so that in due time all will work together in the bonds of unity and brotherly love. This reconciliation through the sacrifice of the Slain—the Vanished Victors—I call "The New Atonement of the Living Dead". Before passing to my argument, I wish, for remembrance, to acknowledge that I am homager to two vanished friends—the late Professor Josiah Royce, of Harvard whose pupil in metaphysics I was; and that "Flame of God", Rupert Brooke, soldier-poet, now in the "choir invisible", but of a day with whom, before he passed I have an imperishably dear and happy memory. To Royce I am indebted for the suggestion that all the dead, no matter whose, who were slain for the ideal, are *my* dead; and to Brooke I am indebted, by way of his noble sonnet "The Soldier", beginning—

"If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England——"

to Brooke I am indebted for the suggestion that the dust of the slain commingling with the soil of a foreign land *transmutes that soil into the very substance, as well as sentimental import, of the land of the country of which each slain hero was a son and heir*.

SPENDTHRIFTS of Love—with such poetic figure we may signalize the devotion to humanity on the part of all those who fell on the fields of France and Flanders and whose bodies are turning to dust in graves on the rounded mounds of which white, red and wine-purple poppies bloom and from the little crosses of which linnets lilt chants of triumph and peace. As the spendthrift is prodigal of his material substance, so those who died in France and Flanders were prodigal of their most precious spiritual substance. For freely, gladly, smilingly, and even joyously, they gave all they were and all they had—even Life itself—not for themselves, but for Love, nobly sacrificing themselves that Others might have life and have it more abundantly and made richer with the ideal spiritual possessions of existence. And because for Love they, like the Redeemer of Mankind, made the supreme sacrifice, therefore have they wrought a New Atonement for the salvation of the world, and, therefore, also shall men now and all the future generations rise up and call them blessed, and they shall be blessed in the sight of the Lord forever.

Now that the war which compelled the martyrdom of the flower of the nations' manhood, has ceased, it is most fitting that we should turn to contemplate the noble self-slaying sacrifices of those myriads who died that there might be peace and happiness on earth, and, more particularly, to show forth, for the solace and exaltation of the robbed fathers, the stricken mothers, and the widowed wives, especially the mothers and the young wives of the mere lads who fell, the Great Renunciation of Love and the New Atonement. Great indeed was the renunciation of Canada's—and of the Allied Nations'—sons who fell, but, in wholly slaying self and dying for mankind, they wrought an Atonement which, out of the chaos now existing, will bring forth a more lovely Earth and a redeemed Society of men on earth. All these strange doctrines I turn to make plain and solacing.

We can forget the dead in the far-off fields of Flanders and France. But we *must* not forget them; we must *pledge* ourselves not to forget them. If we forget, swift and deplorable will be our spiritual loss. For then the supreme sacrifice which they made will fail to be an Atonement for the world, and we, individually, will suffer personal loss in spiritual presences around us, in tender communing, in happy, holy fellowship, in sweet and sustaining consolation, and in religious transports and purification of soul. For, as we shall see, if we do not constantly remember our dead in France and Flanders, then shall they be really dead and have *died in vain*.

Poets are usually regarded as luxuries and some times, or some kinds, as excrescences on the body public. But the truth is that genuine poets, with the authentic vision and voice, are much more philosophical than the technical philosophers—because the poets are *seers*, not mere reasoners. It was a young poet, who died on active service, Rupert Brooke, that first suggested the idea which I enlarge into the idea of the New Atonement by our fallen soldiers. In one of his sonnets—"If I Should Die"—Brooke signalizes the truth that where his body shall lie in a land not his own—"a corner of a foreign field"—that "corner" containing his dust shall be "forever England" and the dust of the French mould, with which his own

commingles, shall be "richer" for his own. In Brooke's case his grave was but a corner, for he lies buried on the isle of Scyros in the Aegean. *But in France the battlefields and the formal soldiers' cemeteries have acres of graves containing the dust of fallen soldiers from alien lands*, and these graves, decked with poppies and other flowers and suffused with tender memories of living comrades and wistful visitations in imagination by fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts, are beautiful Gardens of the Dead.

Now, bethink ourselves for a moment! These Gardens of our Dead, as soon as men and women, *friend and foe alike*, have time to reflect and get their perspectives righted, will become the *sacred heritage and possession of all the peoples* who engaged in the great European war. First, regard the matter from the side of a single country, Canada. These Gardens of the Dead containing, as they do, the dust of our beloved slain, shall be forever Canada, and because these graves and Gardens of the Dead shall be Canada, they shall also, and for that reason, *unite two peoples and bind them together in love and true harmony of goodwill and fellowship*. This is no mere sentimentality. Let us, each of us individually, test the idea. It was true, was it not? that before the war France and Flanders to Canadians were alien lands in which Canadians had no real or enduring interest. They were just far away lands, interesting only because they and their people and civilization were different from Canada's. *But the war has changed all that*. Dear now almost as their own homeland to those who have been bereaved by the death of their beloved on the field is the soil of France and of Flanders—because their dearest own, their beloved slain, lie beneath the mould of those lands in the Gardens of the Dead, sweetly sanctuaried there, and because the hearts of fathers, mothers, wives, and sisters are *there*. Once Canada was here, and France and Flanders were over there. Once, too, Canada and France and Flanders were separated by a wide ocean. But this was a *seeming separation*; today it does not exist for those whose slain lie in France and Flanders. For Canada is over there in France and Flanders, and France and Flanders are over here in Canada, because Canadian dust, the dust of the beloved slain, mingles with the dust of those lands, and because both are sanctified by the sacrifices of the slain and the tender thoughts and the silent tears which are sent by remembrance and in prayer to keep green and altogether lovely the memory and the graves of the vanished beloved who sleep in the Gardens of the Dead in France and Flanders.

What has thus resulted, with reference to Canada and the Canadian people, will also result with reference to other lands, including Germany and the Germans. As soon as friend and foe alike have time to reflect seriously about the matter, they will come to take, as I believe, the view which I have merely adumbrated—the dust of millions of slain, in the Gardens of the Dead and the lands in which they lie sleeping, will *become as dear to all peoples as their very own*, and the so-called "foreign" lands, where the graves of the slain lie, will *become as their own homelands*, holy ground, a sacred and an inalienable possession—common to all peoples who engaged in this war. Then shall it be that contemplating and loving these Gardens of the Dead in France and Flanders, the eyes of all peoples will be opened to see that they all, Germans included, have suffered the same, sorrowed the same and paid

the same price; and there shall be a great revulsion and repentance and over those graves, as it were, each nation will extend the hand of forgiveness and future fellowship. This is the New Atonement—AT-ONE-MENT—of the Living Dead.

Strange, no doubt, at least to many, will be the doctrine of *The Living Dead*. The one supreme note in Maeterlinck's fantasy "The Bluebird" was expressed in a mere incidental remark when Tytyl, looking in the "other world" for the grandparents who had died, says to Mytyl, "Where are the dead?" and Mytyl replies: "There are *no dead*". That is true, but it would have been truer to say that there *need be no dead*. We have been taught to make a fatal mistake in this matter. As I have written in part in the prose preachment to my "Insulters of Death":—It is not by dying, that is, by parting from mundane existence, that our beloved really become dead or are dead. It is the living who make them dead, in one of two ways—either by *sorrow*, which denies their existence in the realm of Departed Spirits and the possibility of joyous communion with them there; or by *forgetfulness* of them, which is a refusal to resuscitate and resurrect in our hearts and imaginations those who have died, passed, vanished. Human beings do not absolutely die at the moment of the dissolution of body and spirit. Dissolution and transmutation of the body and passing to dust have no more to do with death, as such, than have the dissolution and transmutation of other animal or vegetable creatures. Human beings—and this is the great paradox—actually die or become dead *after* they pass from earth—by a slow spiritual process in the minds and hearts of the living, by our gradual *forgetfulness* of them.

The only real and everlasting death is *oblivion*—that is, obliteration of the Departed from the thoughts, affectionate memory and converse of the living. Let us resurrect, as we can, our beloved dead, and make them the Living Dead; for, as surely as we call them from the so-called grave, call them in thought, tender remembrance and reverie, so surely will they come to us—

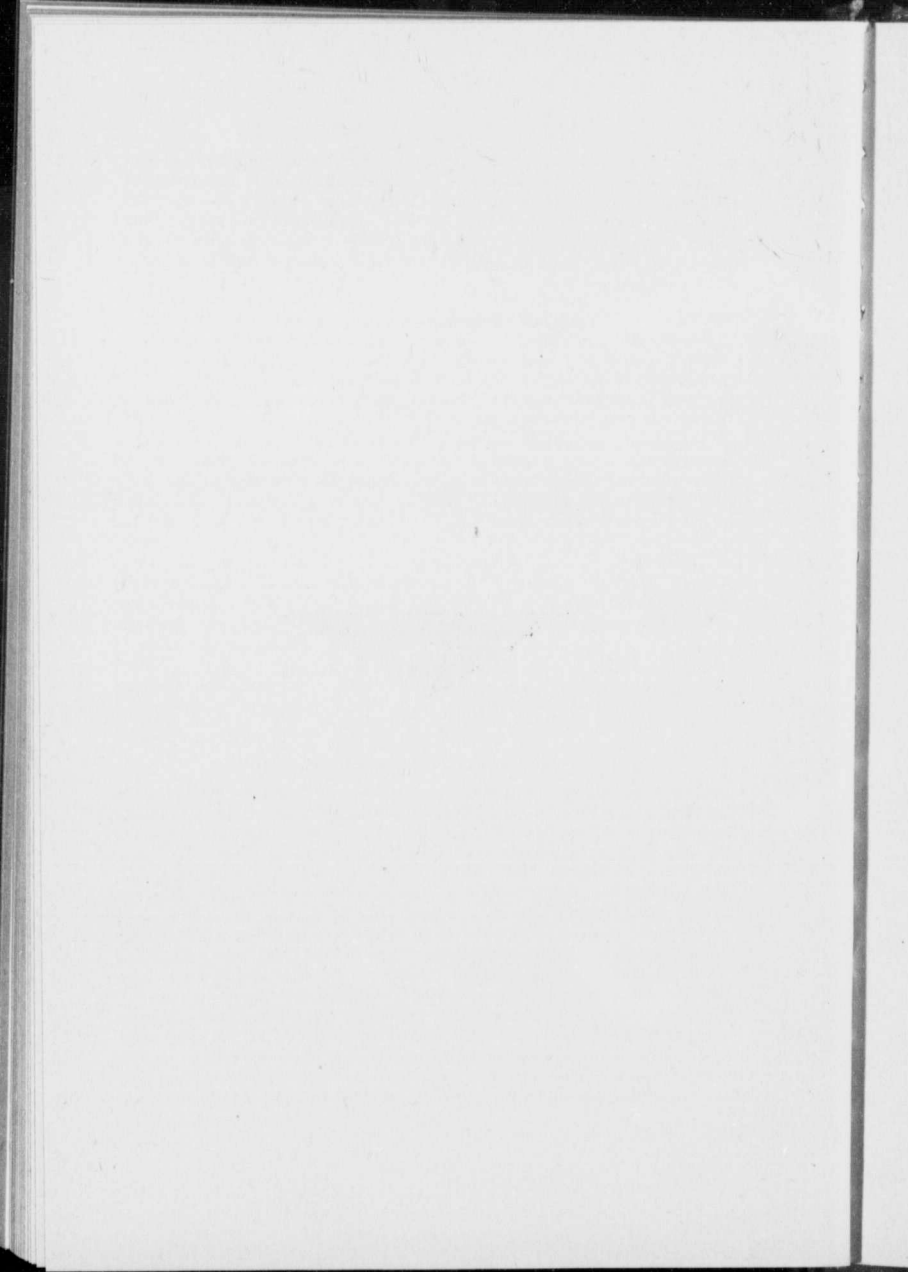
"Up the dark distance, radiant, though unseen,"

—nay, radiant *and seen*. They will come to us as companions, as comforters, as heralds of a new dawn, as our confident sustainers of joy in life and of equal joy in release from life when our work is done here. But who are they who will thus come? They are the dead, the departed, in their *essential* selves, divested of all those angularities of humanity that gave us pain, those waywardnesses of speech and conduct that caused us to doubt them, or sorrow for them, while alive, and to pray for them after they passed:—our dead in their pure spiritual selves, with all that was dear, delightful and lovable about them—stars on their white brows, eyes radiant, lips eloquent with sweet and laughing speech, gently communing with us and winning us to a tender peace. And they will belong to us, by dying, by being dead in the flesh, but alive in the spirit, *more truly, really, vividly and helpfully than if they were with us corporeally*. For Love, which knows no bounds, will make them rich in lovingkindness, suffuse them with ethereal beauty, immerse them in holiness and make them radiant with a shining glory; and we shall love them and possess them as never before. And while we remain on earth they will be our *one ineluctable joy, our salvation, and our life's star*—beckoning us to go down

the slope of mundane existence to the happy valley of Avalon, unafraid and with "unreluctant tread". For those of us who thus make ourselves Companions of the Departed there shall be no more terror of Death nor weeping nor sorrow. For Imperishable Love will destroy death and wipe away all tears from our eyes; and despite whatever fortunes, good or ill, befall us while we sojourn on earth, we who resurrect our Departed and commune with them shall possess our souls in strength, serenity and peace.

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine.





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J. D. L.