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The
Spring Anthology
1944



*A COMPILATION OF REPRESENTATIVE
VERSE FROM THE WORLD'S
LIVING POETS*



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PREFACE

This is the fifteenth annual edition of *The Spring Anthology*, and it has the greatest number of pages since the very first volume in 1930. It is believed that the large number of poets contributing to this present volume, the fifth to be issued during the war, is indicative of a significant revival of interest in Poetry. A very large number of the contributing poets are in the British and American armed forces.

All the poems included in this volume are copyright by their respective authors.

Many poems accepted for publication have had to be carried over to next year's edition, as 512 pages is the maximum economically possible. Commencing with the 1945 edition, we shall revert to publication in the Spring of each year, instead of Christmas. *The Spring Anthology*, 1945, will be published about April, 1945.

Again we desire to express our appreciation of the excellent co-operation afforded us by our American Associate-Editors, Mrs. Stella Hearn-Powell and Mrs. Sherburne-Conroe.

THE EDITOR.

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HALF DOME.

[One of the most unique monoliths in the world at
Yosemite Nat. Park, Calif.]

Splintered by ice, when the world was constructing
Intricate patterns of glory and theme,
Eons ago in the glacial epoch,
When man first appeared on the cosmic scene,
Half Dome was fashioned and cut from its mountain :
This our geology rears from the past ;
And life may be fleeting and earth but a dreamland,
But the sculptures of God stand clear to the view,
Massive the granite in vertical shaping,
Down from its eagle-beaked point in the air ;
Sharp and striated its sides that have shouldered
Its dome of vast baldness halved as it curves.
Tenaya and Merced join in the vigor
Of snow streams where glaciers once rasped the hard peaks,
Cutting deep canyons and sawing the granite,
Chiseling cliffs for huge base of Half Dome—
Constantly chiseling, raising the grandeur
High to the sky in unique monolith :
Glacier and weather, and glorious sunshine,
Freezing and thawing, and streams from the snow—
Shaped and constructed from patterns God-visioned,
Reared and are rearing world sculptures in stone ;
And up from the Valley, ascends with the glory,
Yosemite's climax—majestic Half Dome.

GENE HASSLER.

California, U.S.A.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

[One of the outstanding features in Yosemite
National Park, Calif.]

They are the Three Brothers.
What difference if they be but rocks?—
Man is as staunch as granite,
If he stocks
The fundamental decencies of life
Within his frame,
Within his mind, his thoughts and soul,
And makes high character—
His fame.
The granite stands to shape a beauty of the world,
Though it be worn,
And by past fires swirled :
And Yosemite majestic
Is simple architectural fact,
And in it, the Three Brothers
Rise as natural pact—
All high below earth's sweeping roof ;
For the Master Craftsman made them
Of the staunchest—
Granite proof.

GENE HASSLER.

California, U.S.A.

THESE ARE AMERICANS.

Tarawa Island—let it strike to the soul
 Of American manhood for American toll.
 On those blood-dripping beaches
 Of white coral turned red,
 With naught that man's mercy beseeches or bred,—
 Grim was the reckoning, with a vengeance to smite,
 That our great Marines carried in the treacherous fight,

* * * *

Tarawa Island—place it high on the roll
 With heroic blood-brethren in our country's grand scroll :
 Amphibious the invasion,
 With the elements taut—
 Atoll, wind, and water dissuasion each fought ;
 For the reefs threw marines and boats to the sea,
 And a third of our men saw fatality.

* * * *

But Tarawa Island is Guadalcanal
 Along with Tulagi, and ever they shall
 Stand beside Bataan grasping their Corregidor Rock,
 And Pearl Harbor with key unclasping the lock ;
 For the Smiths, Joneses, Turners, the Hills and the rest,
 With Wainwright will live with Marines in God's quest
 Of American manhood; and high on the scroll
 Is Tarawa Island—let it strike to the soul.

GENE HASSLER.

California, U.S.A.

AT THIS HOUR.

At this your hour of loss and pain
What Holy strength flows through your vein;
What Blessed spirits around you stand
At this your hour, is it He that holds your hand?

To fill your eyes with such a wondrous light
To raise your pure and gallant heart to such a height
At this your hour, it has closer brought
All that which every mortal sought.

That sight that lights the dark unknown,
Darkness, for you, at least has flown,
What Divine secret lies in your breast
That in your face it reflects rest?

Rest and beauty that never again
Will grow dim in your eyes. For pain
Of your heart, made that Holy flower
Flower of light, in that your hour.

ROSEMARY WALLIS.

H.M. Forces.

SUMMER AFTERNOON.

A sunny Summer afternoon
Could never come to me too soon,
For then the buzzing of the bees
Quite fills the air beneath the trees.
The gentle fragrance of the flowers
Betrays God's gem of hidden bowers.
The little birds among the trees
One always hears, but seldom sees.
The furry rabbits of the field
Eat paths amid the harvest's yield;
And by the stream the rustling rush
Rears feathered plumes betwixt the bush.
The snowy clouds up in the sky
Form fairy castles towering high.
The meadow splashed with golden light
From hosts of ragwort shining bright.
All Nature's land of cooling green
Seems imaged in the river's sheen.
The bracken sweeps along the hill,
And brambles all the hollows fill.
The rippling brook, gay sings this song,
Not very much, not very long—
A sunny Summer afternoon
Could never come to me too soon.

R. W. WEST-SKINN.

Lincolnshire, England.

EVENTIDE.

'Tis eventide, and the sun sinks low ;
There's a quiet calm in the air ;
The trilling notes of unseen birds
Are around us everywhere.

The day's been a long and weary one,
How tired and restless we feel :
But with eventide comes long-sought peace,
And in reverence we should kneel,

To the God who has given this beauty to us,
The trees and the quiet hills,
The glory of colours sweeping the skies,
And the birds with their sweet sounding trills.

For is there a picture that man could paint,
Or a verse that one could write,
That could tell of the glory of eventide,
The rest between day and night ?

WYNNFRED BUNN.

H.M. Forces.

MASS BELLS.

Mass bells through the city in October,
 Ding, dong, in triple threes,
 Unsynchronised, save with the worship
 And the ritual events,
 Converge on me in the sun,
 And the light mist lies round the towers . . .
 On me, though I answer not their calls,
 Held back by duty,
 And the long-stagnant and indifferent will,
 Dulled by the puzzling world
 To the flashing revelation of the spirit
 When one kneels quiet before the altar,
 And the ancient glory of diction proceeds,
 And the traditional dance of ceremony
 Concentrates the mind
 On the lively spark in the holy bread.

I am not called by these dinning bells,
 But rather, an exception,
 Know what they mean, and heedless, stunned, reluctant,
 Give them no answer,
 Like an unwilling child in the evening
 Answers not his mother calling it to rest.

IRENE DAVIS.

Glamorganshire, Wales.

NIGHT FIGHTERS.

Silhouetted as they fly,
Like silver eagles in the sky;
By day a truly brilliant sight,
But after sunset, when 'tis night,
Just dark misshapen bats they are,
Their drone unheard on our great star.
Silent as the night itself,
Quiet and indiscernable.

Through hardships to the stars they go,
And all eyes skyward trend,
As our gallant airmen chase the foe
Right to the bitter end.

Like hawks seeking prey, they hover;
There, unknown to anyone,
They wait their chance in night's dark cover,
To attack the hateful Hun.
Of those courageous men in blue
Will be told a human story
Of gratitude—yea, and pride too,
After their victory.

HOWARD BASS.

Hampshire, England.

PHANTASMIA.

We lay in the sun,
 And we laughed:
 For the world was a gay place,
 And you had a glad face;
 And the clouds were a-blowing
 To skies beyond our knowing—
 It was all made for fun . . .
 So you and I thought.

'Twas the few words you said
 Sent the blood to my head;
 The grass seem'd to swirl to the sky—
 I felt the cloud fall,
 And there came a gray wall—
 (I clutch'd at your coat not to cry . . .)

I lie in the sun,
 All alone:
 For the world is a sad place,
 (You had such a glad face),
 But now all is lonely,
 And I can think only of the words that you said:
 ' See you after the War . . . '

P. M. JONES.

H.M. Forces.

THE NIGHT NURSE.

The long night through she stayed awake,
While all around her slept,
Her lonely vigil, uncomplaining
She vigorously kept.

The sighs, the moans of wounded men,
Her heart with passion grew.
Some of them ne'er waked again,
Thank God, 'twas just a few.

A ready smile she had for all,
The wealthy and the poor;
She answered one and every call,
Her presence helped the cure.

So give a thought whene'er you're ill,
And lying in your bed,
To the Nurse who comes e'er at your will,
And cools your fevered head.

JOHN DAVIDSON..

Glasgow, Scotland.

MEMORIES.

The moments, so fleeting, passed by as on wings
As we lived in a world all aglow.
And that look in your eyes was a question which springs
From a prayer in your heart, dear, I know.
And the answer I gave were the tears in my eyes,
Which I could then no longer restrain,
For your leave was soon ended, and the final goodbyes
Were wrung from a heart filled with pain.
Yet the days will soon fly till you come back once more.
And the answer you plainly will see
In my eyes the reflection of one I adore,
And who means just the whole world to me.

EUNICE H. BROWN

London, England.

NOCH IMMER TRAUMEN (Still Dreaming).

[To Monica.]

Still dreaming—of the land you love,
 Its hills and dales, where high above
 The sun beams down through cloudless skies,
 As crystal as your lovely eyes.

What is this hate of Nazi scourge,
 That makes such power within me surge
 To help you, in so many ways,
 That you may have your happier days

Still dreaming—of your mother tongue,
 Learned as a child when you were young,
 And had to learn in later years,
 Another, strange to eye and ear.

Perhaps you think of flowers or streams,
 Gay cities—in your many dreams ;
 One day I'm sure they will come true,
 And what a happy day for you.

Still dreaming—perhaps of friends,
 Whose knees before the Naxis bend ;
 They also dream—as oft do we—
 Of peace, and lasting liberty.

You're a dreamer—aren't we all
 Who knows what thoughts through minds do fall?
 Happiest though, where'er you roam,
 Are thoughts of friendship—and of home.

EVELYN CHATFIELD.

Hampshire, England.

THE PILOT.

I'd like to be a pilot,
To fly across the sky,
To ferry planes from England,
And watch the earth skim by.

I'd like to fly a "Fortress"
Or a "Sunderland" Flying Boat ;
I wouldn't mind a bomber,
But I'm sure I'd have to vote.
I'd like to have a combat
With a "Junker" eighty-eight ;

I'd like to fire my guns at him,
And send him to his fate.

Perhaps I'd fly to Berlin
And drop my bombs around.
Perhaps I'd see them bursting
When they touched the ground.

So when I've grown a big man,
'Tis "Air Force Blue" I'll wear ;
Then I will fly a bomber ;
My life will be my fare.

M. GRAINGER.

Co. Durham, England.

LINES ON VIEWING A WAR.

Upon the far-flung battle fields
 Bodies of men lay cold and still.
 Ne'er again will they view the dawn
 Or slay against their will.

They sleep a lasting sleep of peace ;
 At last their souls may be at rest.
 They've no more pain and no more ills.
 Their sun sinks in the west.

Peace be to you, proud warrior ;
 No matter what your flag may be :
 For friend and foe have all now passed
 Into the tideless sea.

Let us not mourn their passing on,
 But strive that all may live as friends.
 Forget all hatred : work for peace.
 And gratify not selfish ends.

Strive for a world-wide Brotherhood
 That bears no hatred, only good ;
 Work that man need ne'er shed his blood
 To save his own from a Devil's brood.

To all the clarion call resounds,
 Strive for peace, that man may be free
 To enjoy a life of plenty
 In common unity.

R. W. OFFLEY.

London, England.

VISION DIVINE.

Whilst sailing o'er Life's troubled sea,
When War and strife encompass me,
I close my eyes, and there I see
A picture ever dear to me :
 'Tis you, dear Mother, 'tis you.

All through the noise of battle grim,
A yearning makes my eyes grow dim :
But bravely I fight back the tears,
And lift mine eyes to loftier spheres.

To you, dear Mother, to you,
Through God our efforts will survive :
His Love will weary hearts revive,
And when in Peace again we live,
My heart, mine eyes, my all I'll give
 To you, dear Mother, to you.

N. SABIN.

H.M. Forces.

COUNTRY LIFE.

The fine air of morning, a carpet of dew,
The Sun in the sky, so worries are few,
If the world is a garden, a Garden of Eden,
Then treasure is here, a great gift of freedom.
The woods and the coppice are yours for the taking,
A bed 'neath the trees, that needs no shaking,
A shrine where to worship, a long leafy aisle ;
No door to the church, just an old rustic style.

A stream for a bathroom, lush grass for a towel,
Companions in plenty, God's birds, beast and fowl.
The wind plays the music, the sweetest of all,
As through the tree tops it whispers its call.
So how can one say, when money is lacking,
"How fine would I live with financial backing."
Your whole needs are here, by Nature supplied ;
How can you know life, till life you have tried?

A. SAVAGE.

H.M. Forces.

STORY OF A TROUT.

Yon trout leaps high 'neath sunny sky,
Seeking poor new-born ephemeral fly;
Yet where is he when stream comes swirling?
Sulking, perhaps, 'midst boulders whirling.

When later waters cease to roar,
Again I see my trout of yore,
Leap out and turn like flash of gold;
I wait and watch him play so bold.

Then I cast fly as sun rides high,
Intent on trout ensnaring;
Yet he leaps on; so with a sigh,
I leave him to his daring.

But hark! What sound is this I hear?
'Tis raging torrent back, I fear,
Driving my trout to muddy shallow—
Inglorious end by humble minnow.

E. R. PARRY.

Yorkshire, England.

THE DEATH OF A MONK.

An aged monk, whose days were spent
 In prayer, and peace, and quiet content,
 Lay in his cell, breathing fast :
 Nearer to his God-- at last.

Now at mass, his brothers singing,
 Softly through the night is winging,
 Round his lonely bed is ringing,
 Many cherished memories bringing.

In his eye a tear you'll find,
 For the joys he leaves behind,
 Old, and halt, and nearly blind,
 What, you say, could he leave behind?

Well, his place in the choir, to mention one,
 And the chair by the crypt, where he basked in the sun,
 The Stars and the Moon and the setting Sun,
 The red falling leaves when the Summer was done.

The snow-laden tree tops, the frost on the walls,
 The roar of the sea and the wild sea birds' calls,
 These are the things that count in the end
 To a man who has lived with his God for his friend.

The world far away will care naught for his going ;
 No women will weep, no debts will be owing ;
 No flowers will be bought, no relatives sorrow ;
 No heart-broken wife will dread each to-morrow.

Night must fall, and shadows rolling,
 As gently his death knell the old bell is tolling ;
 But high up above he looks down from a star,
 Our immortal brother--the Father Clavvarre.

N. WESLEY FIRTH.

Cheshire, England.

A SPRING TIME IDYL.

I wandered down a woodland path.
Filled with melody of Spring time's voice.
The ecstasy of birds upon the wing.
The music of their song inspired by spring.

I wandered down that woodland path,
And saw the bluebells' lovely mist.
The little violet humbly shy,
Just born to life for Spring time's kiss.

I saw the trees, their leaves new born,
With spring time's dress of lovely hue.
The nests of birds, their call to mate,
The woodland's echo—Love to you . . .

I say a peep of sea, a distant view :
I saw the ships go sailing on.
My heart rejoiced with joyous thoughts :
The spring is here—the winter gone.

KATE CONSTANCE FITTON.

Suffolk, England.

ON A COWARD.

[Died of Wounds.]

His youth was dark with horror of hurt :
Panged with prophetic sense of pain
And the bright stroke of death, his brain
Shrivalled and shrank ; his heart
Contracted to frigid stone.

And through that dragging dread there thrust
A tongue that taunted him, ever arrainging
His fear of fear (erosive rust
On gloss of self-esteem!) of staining
Honour with craven moan.

Coward's the name, the careless use
For such as he ; and yet his breed
Is rooted in prolific seed.
Which of us can accuse?
Who of his taint is free?

Honour his nameless memory ever,
Whose mortal adversary was fear ;
Whose dumb endurance snubbed the sneer
Coiled in the mind. Say, is there braver
Or harder victory?

FALLON WEBB.

London, England.

THE FISHERMEN.

'Twas on a dark and lonely night,
When the trawlers sailed out in seas
Which lashed against the rocky shore,
Throwing spray into the breeze.

The ships sailed on into the night,
Lights twinkling merrily,
Casting reflections on the face
Of the stormy, wind-tossed sea.

They battled into the boisterous wind
Till men's limbs were numbed with cold,
For they knew that they could not rest
Till their catch had filled the hold.

Arriving at their fishing grounds,
They cast out nets for the catch,
Then toiled and toiled for hours on end,
Till it was safe beneath the hatch.

The ships then turned their bows for port,
And the men worked with zest,
For they knew in their gallant hearts
That they were bound for a well-earned rest.

D. F. BURTON,

Northamptonshire, England.

THE CALL.

Like the soft kiss of rain,
Or the fleeting, fanciful touch
Of hands that love too much ;
Like the far, sweet strain
Of a hundred thrushes at dusk ;
Like the scent of musk,
Or the thousand remembered things
Of childhood, or lark that sings
His jubilant morning song ;
Like sunsets long
Lingering behind woods :
Like poets' moods ;
Like long remembered faces :
Like quiet places ;
Like life, like love, like laughter ;
Like all the things my heart is seeking after.
So do you call me now,
My land of quiet lanes,
Of soft, eternal rains,
Of hills, of good red earth
That gave me birth
And bade me grow,
Yesterday or a thousand years ago.

ALAN D. FEAGE.

H.M. Forces.

THE SPRING.

The Spring is here now once more,
To bring laughter and joy
To girl and boy
Of town and village and moor.

The birds they start their joyful song,
The trees are showing signs of leaves :
Even the swallows from the eaves
Join this happy throng.

The chaffinch on his hawthorn bough,
Like a king upon his throne,
Sings to the world this April morn,
Looking for a mate to share his home.

The violet shows its pretty head,
The grass has turned a brighter green,
And what seemed to be quiet and dead
Is now in bloom supreme.

D. A. HOLOHAN.

H.M. Forces.

TO THE SCIENTISTS.

Your magic, bubbling in the glass,
 Brings forth new names to try the tongue :
 New powders, pellets, that surpass
 The potions that our fathers sung.

(They rotted in the Flanders mud,
 Sloughed, septic, in the poisoned slime ;
 Their sons, who spill again the blood,
 Can heal their hurt in half the time).

Penicillin, sulphonamide,
 Make whole the festering cavity ;
 A multitude who might have died
 Live, thanks to you—and M. & B !

Yet while you graft the riven face,
 Or bring to shattered lungs new breath ;
 Your other brethren toil apace
 On new techniques of dealing death.

And none of you have ever made
 A broken heart to heal again,
 Or chemotherapeutic aid
 For resurrection of the slain.

H. W. STOTT.

Bedfordshire, England.

ODE TO NEWFOUNDLAND.

O land of calm and tranquil lakes,
And hills that frown in majesty ;
O island home of gallant hearts,
Who wrest their living from the sea.
O land of peace, so richly blest
By Mother Nature's liberal hand,
May Heaven guard you, isle of rest,
That men call Newfoundland.

M. M. ENDSOR.

Warwickshire, England.

BITTER-SWEET

When Shakespeare caught the flying word
And set it in his noble verse,
He wrote those sad, delightful lines,
Which I so frequently rehearse.

And what he wrote I know is true,
That age-long tale of bitter-sweet
Nigh broke the poet's heart and mind,
And echoes still when we two meet.

SAMUEL JEANS.

Kent, England.

ULTIMA.

Beyond the surface easiness of life
Lies the yearning
For the epitome of all-being,
The being ultimate and true.
That wherein no veil is drawn,
No tongue may speak a lie,
Nor find nor want
An over rigid bond
Dictated by convention.

He struggles hard,
He poses ;
Thoughtfully he sways
Emotion that it hides among the roses.
That pallor,
Red-flecked in creamy smoothness,
Drives him on to foolish dreams
Of fools' delight, forgetting
That which is Ultimate all fault deposes . . .

W. HARRY WENTWORTH.

Middlesex, England.

PETER.

Peter is old, as babies go.
Just one he'll be when flowerets grow ;
Just one : A mighty number this,
With promise limitless ; on life a kiss,
As fraught potentially it seems,
As Peter's hopes, as Peter's dreams.
And as he sits just there at play,
Selfish I wish, just so he'd stay.

Peter is gay as babies go :
His smile a treasure, his frown much more,
For then he needs on me must call
To sit him straight, to ease his fall.
I love to sit just here and see
His merest whim rule over me ;
And tho' enslaved of him this way,
Selfish I wish just so to stay.

J. M. DONALD.

Warwickshire, England.

THE DEVIL'S MILL.

The wild bushes sweep by the soggy dyke
 On the road to the old Mill tower,
 And the tufted grass of the heather moor
 Is the screen of the wild bird's bower.

Terribly alone in the storm and the wind
 At the crown of the stark-bleak hill,
 Shut off from the world on a stormy night,
 Stands the tower of the Devil's Mill.

The faltering scream of the preying hawk,
 The whine of the wind in the latch,
 With the scurrying rain on the oaken door,
 And a fumbling ghost at the catch.

The moor-folk swear, on a stormy night,
 When rain, wind and hell are about,
 That the cackling peal of the Devil's laugh
 And the screams of the Damned ring out.

From the black-mantled pile on the top of the moor,
 From the tower by the crazy rill ;
 For when Evil's abroad in the wind and the wet,
 The Devil brings grist to his Mill.

Though the flickering storm-lamps pierce the gloom,
 From the cottages down the hill,
 Yet the copse lights shine and the windows creak
 In the hall of the Devil's Mill.

L. LATHOM.

Shropshire, England.

BLACK SLAVE.

Old black slave, how can you stand it so the way you do?
 Old black slave, you're back is breaking, yet you're far
 from through.

All the day long you toil and sweat ;
 The chain gang boss he whips you, yet
 You sing as you work, a monotonous refrain :
 But no one hears an old black slave.

Old black slave, you're growing weaker as the years roll by
 Old black slave, but no one cares if you should fall and die.
 Staggering with your heavy load,
 You've got to live to build that road.
 You must break those stones, though you're wracked with
 pain.
 You're just a weary old black slave.

From break of dawn your life's one grind ;
 The cruel sun affects your mind
 Till you go mad, then death is kind
 To a pain-wracked old black slave.

Old black slave, you've nothing left to live for now,
 you say.
 Old black slave, you want to die, yet fear the Judgment
 Day.
 You know you're bad, the world you hate.
 Your destiny is left to Fate :
 Known by a number, you haven't got a name ;
 But who's to want an old black slave?

EUNICE MERRILL.

H.M. Forces.

STRANGE BATTLEFIELD.

Strange battlefield, that has forgotten war,
How quiet and restful all your contours seem.
'Tis true it saw the foeman's clash before,
But so long gone, it counts it but a dream.

Sleep on in peace. No time for waking yet,
Nor danger yet to all your vistas fair
Until our soldiery their match have met,
There cannot be occasion for despair.

A wall of brass surrounds our heritage,
Like Green, the playwright, wrote of long ago ;
Our greatest coast defence of any age,
Secure against the might of any foe.

Stand fast, who watch the wall. Then no fell stroke
Can ever break the ring and make us yield.
Protect the homeland of our honest folk ;
Preserve to us intact this battlefield.

PHILIP CLAXTON WILLIAMS.

Surrey, England.

LIFT UP YOUR EYES.

Skies to me are ever lovely,
Or be they bright or grey,
Blue in summer haze or cheerless
Upon November day ;
All will gaze on flaming glories
At sunset or at dawn :
I find beauty e'en more wondrous
In skies all lined and drawn.
Though my soul be fill'd with rapture
By fleecy baby cloud,
Trailing like celestial garment—
Such joys are for the crowd.
Give to me the fleeting splendours
Of streaks of tender green ;
These, though shown to me so rarely,
Treasur'd are when seen.
Or the shapes of hills and castles,
Or dragons drench'd with gore,
Oft-repeated cloud formations,
Yet varied evermore :
And this once the wordy wise ones
An insight true have shown ;
Names like cumulus and nimbus
Breathe magic all their own.

RONALD LEE.

H.M. Forces.

PLOUGHING, 1944.

Over the crest of the hill there came,
Not the straining team,
With the flowing mane,
Or the ploughman
Astraddle the furrows lane,
But over the crest of the hill there came,
 A tractor.
Over the crest of the hill there goes,
Not the sweating flanks,
As the furrow grows,
But a robot,
Aclawing its treble rows.
Over the crest of the hill there goes,
 A tractor.

BETTY COHEN.

Cardiganshire, England.

FEBRUARY NIGHTFALL IN SOMERSET.

How still the elms are, misty black
 Against the pastel ev'ning sky,
 The upper branches lacy lack
 A single leaf; below they lie
 A mould of skeletons. The stream
 Near by flows quietly on its way,
 Above a smoky cloud, a gleam
 Of hazy moonlight's peaceful ray.

The darkness grows, the stars appear
 Mysterious rustlings reach the ear—
 A rabbit? Glimpse the crazy flight
 Of bats that vanish in the night;
 And hear the terror stricken shriek
 Of gentle fieldmouse, small and weak,
 As Grey Owl swoops to make his kill
 From lofty oak on yonder hill.

Then silence reigns and mists descend
 To cover all with dampness cool:
 Reluctantly we homeward wend,
 So sleepy now regard the pool
 And recollect th' enchanting scent
 Of roses Traveller's Joy and Lime,
 So sweet and fragrant as we went
 Inside the gate in summer time.
 Then supper warm and heavenly rest,
 And dreamy sleep by hearth that's blest.

SYLVA E. V. CLAYTON.

Kent, England.

TRADITION.

Born in a world so torn with brutal strife,
 Reared to the siren's weird and ghostly wail,
 Taught to the sound of guns by day and night,
 Protected by a faith that dare not fail . . .
 The children of this age know not of Peace.
 For them we fight to rid the world of greed ;
 For them we pray this tumult soon will cease . . .
 To show our land upholds a cleaner creed
 Than brutish force or cruel oppression,
 Ungodly crimes, and truth's suppression.

Tradition threw us in the hell of war,
 A pride of race that makes our soul abhor
 The bestial crushing of defenceless lands,
 Mangled and torn by German's bloody hands.
 The wicked lust of one aspiring master,
 Plunging the world into this fell disaster. . . .

We could not stand while others gave their lives
 For great ideals, while we turned blinded eyes ;
 We could not wait until that spreading sore
 Engulfed our land and cast us in the maw
 Of living death and fettered souls.
 We fight, that children yet unborn
 And those we have, may see a clearer dawn.
 With step unfalt'ring, head held high,
 Be proud to say " Our Land—for this we live or die ."
L. H. PEARCE.

H.M. Forces.

REST.

I only sleep where beechen boughs
Thresh, be the wind so slight,
Where from the fields the calf-lorn cows
Low through the velvet night.

How dear the rattling window latch,
As though, with fingers thin,
While hooting owls scour close the thatch
And sparrows nestle from the snatch,
Poor Cathy centuries in !

The nights the ducks, safe on the pond,
Mock wild the thwarted fox,
Or when comes floating from beyond
The bleating of the flocks ;

Far on the hills the full-dugged dams
Caress their dark-affrighted lambs.
These are the sounds that soothe my eye
And in my ears sing lullaby ;

I could lie mute for ages long,
Content to hear no sweeter song.
These treasured echoes of the night,

With all their mem'ries of the past ;
Could I but hear them in my tomb,
I would not leave that earthy womb
To see the fairest hawthorn's white,
Or lapwings wheeling on the blast !

ALAN DEGTHEUR.

Gloucestershire, England.

THE PATH OF LIFE.

Whilst walking in Life's waking dream,
We tread the uncertain misty way.
The shadows glide an endless stream
Continued by each sequent day.

Some press the path with springing tread,
With sparkling eye and laughing lip.
And some plod on with hanging head,
And cull despair from each chance slip.

And some like silly frightened sheep
Are jostled on, or trod beneath.
And some the path with bent brows keep,
And purpose ultimate as death.

And eyes that fain would pass the glance
That puts to shame the speaking tongue,
Are backward cast, in futile chance
Of meeting yet, e'er all is done.

Still the hard master plies the whip
And hurries each his separate way.
A short "God speed," a hasty grip,
And clinging lives are reft for aye.

H. J. MARTIN.

London, England.

TWILIGHT HOUR.

On a hilltop all alone,
In twilight hour, an hour my own,
To hear the rustle of the leaves,
The lilt of the rippling brook,
The music of the windswept trees ;
I dream as I lie and look.

Hark ! a nightingale in yonder tree,
The breath of jasmin floats up to me
How lovely it all is.
What a good job God has done :
What have we done to deserve all this?
After all, we aren't the perfect ones !

JOAN K. BABB.

London, England.

NATIONAL SAVINGS.

We British people, come what may,
Will fight until we see the day
When happiness will rule, instead
Of tyranny, and fear and dread.

We will not rest until we've seen
That Nazi rule has passed and been,
And all that love this good earth must
Stop this wicked crave for lust.

In Europe men are taught to hate,
And deaths are at a wicked rate :
We British love the joys of peace,
So why not make this terror cease?

SAVINGS are the things we need,
So let this poem be your lead.
SAVE, and never think to waste
Your money in your foolish haste.

In your "Wings for Victory" Week,
Save to reach the highest peak ;
Save to save the man who saves
Your countrymen from being slaves.

STANFORD MARKS.

London, England.

OCCUPIED COUNTRY.

There's a red glow in the clouds in the distance
Where the horizon meets the sky,
Where that dark line in the sea will always be
A romantic sight to my eye.

Far beyond that far horizon
Lies a land that once I knew
Of gay romance and laughter,
Of friendship, good and true.

This beauty is so natural,
It's so hard to believe,
That beyond that great horizon
Lies depression, hunger, greed.

That happy land of laughter
Isn't happy any more,
It's just another country
That bears the scars of war.

So as I stand and watch my sky,
My horizon and my sun,
I also pray that soon one day
We'll drive away the Hun.

Till then I'll fain continue
To watch my wondrous sky,
Where the sky and the sea will always be
A romantic sight to my eye.

KEN WHITE.

H.M. Forces.

A SICK CHILD.

I saw the roses fade, the pale, wan cheeks
No longer held the childish blush, and now
Death's Angel watched as one no longer seeks
But knows its prey, and waits.
The misty eyes had closed, but trembling hands
Sought to repel the ghosts a fevered brow
Had sent to tease and haste the ebbing sands.
Time rested with the fates.

Fled agonizing days, the anguished flesh
Still claimed the mortal spark, which flickered, yet
Extinguished not, but sank, to glow afresh
With every morning dew.
The Angel wearied now and spread its wings,
And with it took afar the binding net
Of doubt ; the eyelids opened, mortal springs
Revived, to run anew.

VICTOR W. CHUDLEY.

H.M. Forces.

ALLACH LOVE.

Fair heart, I bid thee go,
Take your leave of me ;
And truth to tell, you know,
My heart goes out to thee.

I dreamed of you, fair heart,
As winter's nights passed by ;
Whilst before the open hearth
I sat, you heard my cry.

O maiden fair, you offered all,
That I, weak soul, could yearn ;
When gayer fortunes strewed your floor,
You came that I might scorn.

O maiden fair, the day I scorn
In troth, I pledged a wife ;
I wish that I was yet unborn
And knew not of this life.

One last kiss I beg of thee,
Then you must haste away ;
Your fair looks I must not see
At the dawn of morrow's day.

Within my heart I treasure still
The moment whence she came ;
When I have travelled life's long hill,
I will look for her again.

WILFRID KEANY.

Cheshire, England.

THOUGHTS OF MY AIR FORCE HUSBAND.

Is it to-night, while the moon's shining brightly?
Is it an early, or is it a late?
Is it a near one, or is it a far one?
Is it to-night you have fixed for a date?
Humming like bees, miles past the trees,
Over the rivers, mountains and shores ;
Over a foreign land, ready to take a hand :
Dear, do be careful, if this night is 'yours.'
As we people at home travel with you each night,
Whether you're up there or down safely here ;
We do not know if you've gone or have stayed,
Our lives, full of waiting, is shadowed by fear.
But such gladness we feel when we know you've returned
You have gone through the thick of the fight,
Returning to safety and saneness again,
All you brave, gallant men of the night.

PATRICIA M. TUNNARD.

Lincolnshire, England.

THE FIREWATCHERS.

[St. Saviour's Church, Bath.]

Against the fading light of closing day
 The copper-beeches spread, and every leaf
 Reflects the summer sunset's afterglow.
 Within the sacred walls the watchers wait,
 Guarding with solemn trust the House they love.
 Night falls, and with it brings the dreaded foe—
 Misguided enemy of Christian souls.
 St. Saviour, bless Thy Church in this small space,
 Endue Thy ministers with righteousness.
 God, grant no airborne danger harm these walls,
 Casting them crumbling down 'mid dust and smoke :
 But if not, from those ashes cause to rise
 Thy everlasting Spirit, stronger still.
 And if in pale grey dawn we contemplate
 The relics of Thy Holy Dwelling place,
 We'll know, until those white walls stand again,
 Thy Presence there will always stay, unmoved.
 The copper-beeches spread, and now each leaf
 Reflects a jewelled orbit in the sky.
 Praise be to God, the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Holy Ghost, all Three in One,
 Heaven on earth and earth in Heaven to be.
 Alleluia ! Blessed Trinity.

MARGARET HAWKRIDGE.

Somersetshire, England.

THE BOY.

Frank and genial was his face,
Merry-hearted boy ;
Not of discontent a trace,
Only youthful joy ;
Fearless eyes, expressive, blue,
Into mine did smile ;
Truthful eyes, yet roguish too,
Eyes which ne'er beguile.
Manly, but so sweet his voice,
Speaking low and clear,
Sound that made my heart rejoice ;
Good for me to hear.
Ho ! my bonnie English lad,
Say, where may I find
Other one with heart so glad,
Fine and noble mind ?
I believe it is the heart
Gives the mind its worth,
And all wisdom's bound to start
Where true joys have birth.

E. WINIFRED O'DELL.

Essex, England.

THE COTSWOLD HILLS

The Cotswold hills are misty blue,
And from the top there spreads a view
Of cottages and brown farm land,
And to the west, the golden sands,
Stretch out and out in boundless space.

There in the hush of summer morn,
One hears the lark rise from the corn,
Rising to trill its heavenly lay,
To tell the waking world 'tis day,
And soon the sun will rise.

The sun is sinking in the west,
And birds are flying home to rest ;
The sky grows dark as night draws on,
All signs of daylight now have gone,
A Cotswold day is done.

JEAN McLEOD.

Hampshire, England.

ALONE, YET LONELY CAN I NEVER BE.

Alone, yet lonely can I never be,
 For you have given me so rich a store
 Of treasures, gathered down the years before
 Mad lust, and rape, and bloody death, were free
 To wrest the lover from his mate, and you from me.

You have given mountains capped with snow,
 And hands that gripped and clutched the jagged rocks ;
 Wise strength to cope with life's outrageous shocks ;
 Far glimpses of a hungry sea below,
 And warmth against your heart from all the winds that
 blow.

You have given grasses pearled with dew,
 And clouds that silver-streaked the glowing morn ;
 Dear courage when the thought of war was born ;
 Talk, too, of work, and foreign lands ; and few
 And precious hours when earth and heaven were but you.

You have given moons that stole the sea
 Replanting silver ; music ; dancing feet ;
 And log fires, warm against the biting sleet ;
 Laughter ; beauty that you've shared with me.
 With treasures such as these, how can I lonely be?

MARION S. PARES.

Kent, England.

TO MY PRISONER.

Somewhere in a foreign land,
You live and breath and see,
And ponder on the future years,
And all that is to be.

Someone hears the voice I love,
Someone guides your fate ;
I dream my dreams, I weep my tears,
But futile, sit and wait.

Somewhere in God's universe,
A little voice sounds clear ;
It tells you all I long to say,
It brings you very near.

It knows no barrier of space,
No miles of land and sea ;
It joins my lonely heart with yours,
For you are part of me.

My constant prayers with you are shared,
My thoughts both night and day ;
The little things we know and love,
The crazy things you say.

This little voice is all I have,
It soothes my soul until the day,
God brings you back to me.

KATHLEEN WILSON.

Yorkshire, England.

PRINTEMPS.

Away with you, melancholy, and let my heart sing ;
I am off to the byways to drink in the Spring.
My feet may be heavy through walking with you,
But I'll wash off the weariness with sparkling dew.
So away with you, melancholy, and let in the Spring.

Already I've shaken off worry and doubt
(Two things this world could well do without),
By letting the sunshine seep into my mind,
To light up the clouds that you left behind.
So away with you, melancholy, and be off, I shout.

My heart fears no longer your pettyness and pain,
It's been cleaned by a downpour of God's Spring rain,
And carried aloft by the spirits that fly
To soar up and around in the blue of the sky.
So away with you, melancholy ; come never again.

Away with you, melancholy, and the things that you bring,
Let the voice of the mind that's been turned by the Spring
Ring through the air, and bring in good cheer,
So life can be faced with eyes that are clear.
So away with you, melancholy ; I welcome you, Spring.

JAMES JARED.

H.M. Forces.

SPRING IS HERE.

Spring is here with all its beauty,
When Nature starts to do her duty ;
Little buds appear on trees,
And soon we'll hear the hum of bees.

Daffodills and other flowers
Open up as April showers
Spread their moisture on the earth
To give some plants their second birth.

Spring may come and Spring may go,
But, after all, it's nice to know
That summer follows with all its glories,
Which bring some other Nature stories.

J. ROBEY.

H.M. Forces.

THE DEVIL'S WAGE.

O'er the hills and far away,
I find me gazing at break o' day,
Where foam-flecked breakers at my feet,
Provide for our gallant ships a seat.
Where waves rise high and dash their rage
Like the Devil taking his weekly wage.
Where sea-mews scream of the wildest night
That ever was seen since the dawn of light.
Where waters crash on the rock-bound shore,
Claiming its toll with a mighty roar.
Where it seems there is naught in the world but the rage
Of the Devil when claiming his sinful wage.
Where lightning strikes on a blackened sky,
Where the moon fain would shine like a guiding eye.
Where rugged rocks drenched with the sparkling spray,
And the Devil is paid while the dawn is grey.

C. M. PRESTON.

Glasgow, Scotland.

VISION.

Would that the world were at peace again :
 Would that those lands were free
From the slavery vile that so long has lain
 On the helpless, brave though they be.

Would that those human beasts be hurled
 From their vaunted place of power :
Would that once more throughout the world
 Be hailed glad victory's hour.

That day shall come as sure as spring
 Doth follow winter's gloom :
And the world be cleansed when that hour shall bring
 The evil to their doom.

Those years have long and weary been,
 Toilsome and full of sorrow ;
Yet never a heart that has not seen
 A great and glad to-morrow.

'Tis distant yet, but now in sight,
 That vision grand and glorious
Of the world's foul foe in headlong flight
 From the Allies' arms victorious.

ELSPETH S. C. ANDERSON.

Edinburgh, Scotland.

THE PRIMROSE.

Flower of pure gold, that doth not wait
For April's sun and shower,
But braves the winds of March that bait
Thy courage and thy power.

Thy beauty glows on bank and hedge,
In wood and on the hill ;
Thy glinting colour gilds the sedge
That fringes stream and rill.

Thy fragrance sweet, thy sunny smile
Again doth capture, as of old,
Our hearts thou ever doth beguile
With thy enchanting gold.

ELSPETH S. C. ANDERSON.

Edinburgh, Scotland.

THE QUIET OF THE NIGHT.

The day is o'er, the sun has gone to rest ;
The winds have ceased their restless, wandering moods
The moonbeams' silver lies on hill and crest ;
No rustling leaf disturbs the silence of the woods.

The birds asleep till wakened by the dawn
To pour their heavenly music on the air ;
The daisies that lie scattered o'er the lawn,
Their starry eyes now closed like snowflakes fair.

All Nature rests, the very streams seem stilled ;
Like balm the healing quiet and the peace
Descend upon the lonely, aching heart ;
With hope once more the troubled heart is filled.

ELSPETH S. C. ANDERSON.

Edinburgh, Scotland.

THE NEST OF THE SKYLARK.

Lowly it is 'midst the stubble and bent ;
Its outside walls mere withered blades of grass,
Soft fibrous lining by kind Nature lent,
Unseen it lies, if carelessly you pass.

Where'er man ploughs the waste that corn may grow,
To oust the reign of bramble, moss and bush,
No sooner is this done than lo !
This sweetest songster comes with sudden rush.

He comes with joyous song as if to cheer
The labourer at his toil, to lift his mind
From life's inevitable cares and fear ;
A gift divine indeed to all mankind.

With glorious song even unto heaven's gates
(To highest skies he needs must always roam) ;
Downwards his flight to love that for him waits,
With rapture to his loved, though lowly home.

ELSPETH S. C. ANDERSON.

Edinburgh, Scotland.

THE POET.

[Translation of Victor Hugo's "Le Poète."]

The poet answers to the call
That the fields and woods send out once more.
There's music in his heart for all
Their beauty in such lavish store.
And each and every flower doth rear
Its lovely head when he draws near :
Those brilliant flowers whose wondrous sheen
Even seems to make the rubies pale :
Those blooms whose colours put to shame
The rainbow hues of peacock's tail :
The tiny flowers of gold and they
Whose blue is, as the sky so fair ;
All shake their lovely crests and pray
Him welcome, some with modest air,
Or may be with coquetting gay ;
And to each other joyfully cry,
"Here is our lover passing by!"

ELSPETH S. C. ANDERSON.

Edinburgh, Scotland.

SONNET.

Could I but shut out with my heart and mind
That death inevitable lurks around,
My joy in Nature's wonders would be bound
To fill those hours that tasks of other kind,
Unsympathetic to the soul though each may be,
Still must be wrought. My hours all would be spent
Among those gifts a loving God has lent
To all mankind, e'en priceless though they be.
I'd roam the woods and fields, I'd haunt the hills,
The heather-purpled hills, when gilded by the sun,
And savour autumn's beauty when begun
By changing season that for ever fills
The soul with wonder. The flowers the birds, the trees
Would be my constant study and my hours of ease.

ELSPETH S. C. ANDERSON.

Edinburgh, Scotland.

SONG..

Golden flowers,
Sunny showers
Daffodils are bringing,
Tulips gay,
Joyous lay
Happy birds are singing :

Starry sky,
Moon on high
Silvering each tree
In woods so fair,
The perfumed air
Adds fairy mystery :

For lo! 'Tis spring,
And everything
Like banners bright unfurled
With colours rare,
Beyond compare,
In Nature's wondrous world.

ELSPETH S. C. ANDERSON.

Edinburgh. Scotland.

TO A MAN.

What? Have you fallen too, my Son,
To these, a woman's wiles?

And is your heart not proof against
Those charming little smiles?

What? Does your heartbeat quicken
When you see that pretty face?

And do you fall a victim
To that comeliness and grace?

What? Will you not forget, my Son,
That Woman is a witch,

That all her charms are but a snare
For you, wherein you pitch.

What? Have you fallen too, my Son,
In innocence and youth

To all the beauties of her form.
And knowing not, the truth?

May Heaven help you then, my Son,
For I, alas, cannot,

Because I, too, am just—a man,
And I, like you—forgot!

SYLVIA R. CHEESEMAN.

Nottinghamshire, England.

I OWE YOU FIVE FARTHINGS.

Over the air through all the world
 The bells of London sound.
 The churches chime the nursery rhyme,
 Saint Clement's Church has news to tell,
 Though razed—still hallowed ground.

This isle of peace in bustling Strand,
 With ruined fire-blitzed walls,
 Upon its ground five coins has found,
 And now its age-old debt will pay,
 And to Saint Martin calls.

With Danish flag on altar spread
 And daffodils around,
 The hand-bells ring and choir boys sing.
 Saint Martin's priest at last receives
 Five farthings from the ground.

No oranges and lemons now :
 No flower girls worship here,
 Nor carving rare ; the ground is bare.
 The payment back Saint Martin's gave,
 The debt's forever clear.

The " Pilgrim's Song " rings clearly round,
 " He who would valiant be " :
 With sway and swing the bells still ring,
 The oranges and lemons chime
 Will sound sweet to me.

AGNES I. C. HAIME.

London, England.

DYING GERMAN'S SOLILOQUY.

Elsa, I am so cold out here.
 What are you doing, Elsa, dear?
 Is it bathtime for little Wilhelm?
 His little fat dimpled legs glistening ;
 Not so fat now, perhaps.

Elsa, I am so cold, do you hear?
 No, how can you? You do not know
 I am lying out here in the snow :
 Out here in a Russian field,
 Wounded, in pain, and so cold !
 Never to grow old,
 Or see you and little Wilhelm again !

The snow is falling faster—
 A large white sheet to cover the corpses.
 I shall not be alone :
 It is growing darker.
 Perhaps by now you are sleeping.
 Are you dreaming, dear, of our reunion?
 Never—never—do you hear?
 I am so cold—so cold !

LILIAS BLANCH EGGLESTON.

Middlesex, England.

SPRING AGAIN.

Winter is over,
And Spring returns anew,
To make us glad and happy
For the season's golden brew.

The brook gleams with its silver sheen
'Neath the shaded trees,
Where the bluebells have been seen
In the soft spring breeze.

Its gardens full of flowers,
The fields all wet with dew :
Its sunshine and the showers,
In Spring they come to you.

JEAN WALSH.

Lancashire, England.

THE FAIRIES' VISIT.

Like the softest swish of the thistledown,
And the hum of the drowsy bee,
The Fairies are coming in clouds of light,
Circling in spirals of aerial flight,
 On a visit to you and me.

The Queen is a marvel of blue and gold,
With dusky hair to her knee ;
Her crown is spangled with drops of dew ;
Her sceptre, a moonbeam which looks quite new,
 As she waves it at you and me.

They are standing close to the window pane
On the leaves of the beechwood tree ;
And the Queen and the King of the Fairy Lands
Are laughing and waving their tiny hands—
 Just waving to you and me.

And when you are quite as big as Dad,
Don't believe that you did not see
The Fairy Queen and her Fairy Band
That summer evening in Nightgown Land,
 On their visit to you and me.

H. A. WALKER.

Yorkshire, England,

GO LIGHTLY AS A FAERY FAY.

Go lightly as a faëry fay
That haunts the greenwood yonder,
Go give your heart a holiday,
Nor let it brood and ponder.

What's past, let it be well away
And out of reach beyond her :
Nor let it live another day
To make it brood and ponder.

A heart at rest within itself
May well be a path-finder
To happiness, that wayward elf,
And love cannot be kinder.

SINCLAIR MAIR.

Edinburgh, Scotland.

THE RUINED PALACE.

I stood within the Palace, so old, but fair to see,
And looked upon its carvings 'mid walls of porphyry ;
Beneath my feet where once bright marble shone.
The grass grew green 'mid relics of wond'rous splendours
gone :

Time would not heal the secrets held. it seemed,
The sad decay of visions that I had dreamed,
Shattered, despoiled, all mosses o'er where power had been,
Now all lay scattered, as idle as a dream.
While from broken roof and wall bereft so wide,
The rays of sun came pouring in on every side.

FRANCIS NOEL BURSILL.

London, England.

A NEW DAY.

I wandered down the quiet street,
The village wrapt in silence sweet,
Slept on. . . .

A gentle breeze stole o'er the downs,
Stirred wallflowers in their velvet gowns,
Wafting their fragrance thro' the air.
Dear pansies growing shyly there,
With sweet and graceful London Pride,
Iris and lupins unfolding beside.
Lilac blooms wave to the sky,
Golden laburnum dangles nigh.

As tho' 'tis God Himself who blesses,
The early sun softly caressès
Each cottage small, and misty white
The church spire, from its lonely height
Looks on. . . .

JOAN PENKETHMAN.

Lancashire, England.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY (October, 1943).

We started off through clinging mist,
Through narrow lanes, all turns and twist ;
We wended onward till the dawn,
To greet, alas! a dismal morn.

As higher through the woods we veered,
A molten sun upon us peered ;
A mantle white on bush and tree,
Jack Frost had been upon the spree.

His master hand has patterned lace
Upon the forest's rugged face ;
Such scintillating frothy fronds,
As if he'd waved a magic wand.

Past open field and country seat,
And carts piled high with sugar beet ;
Past fresh clipped hedge and kindled fires,
Stragglng farms and the old church spire.

The country's myriad sounds we heard,
Of farmyard, fields, with merry birds,
As homeward now we gladly turn,
With dusk a-deepening on the burn.

'Tis now I feel such peace of mind ;
Untrammelled thoughts I seem to find,
With dreams of pleasant things just past :
I'll pray that they'll forever last.

E. GENTLE.

London, England.

NIBLOW KNOCKER.

Niblow Knocker flung a poker
Sixty thousand miles away ;
For Niblow Knocker was a stoker,
A strong man, so they say.
And Niblow Knocker flung that poker
Over seas and far away ;
For that stoker, Niblow Knocker,
Was the strong man of his day.
But Niblow Knocker for that poker
Had to pay, so they say ;
For the joker who owned the poker,
Was a hard man all the way.
So Niblow Knocker paid for the poker,
Or else he would have got the sack ;
But when Niblow Knocker reached the poker,
Over the seas again, he flung it back.
So here's to the stoker, Niblow Knocker,
And here's to the poker on its flying track ;
And here's to the joker who owned the poker,
Let us hope he got it back.
But that stoker, Niblow Knocker,
Also had a perfect shot ;
And the joker who owned the poker
Was found stiff dead on the spot.
So that's the tale of Niblow Knocker,
Though it may seem perfect rot ;
But Niblow Knocker threw the poker,
Never let it be forgot.
And though he may seem off his rocker,
His aim was true, as plainly shown ;
And the joker who owned the poker
Should have left him well alone.

FRANK DOCHERTY.

Edinburgh, Scotland.

SING YOUR SONG, AMERICA.

America is a fine land :
 Give her a hurrah,
 America is a fine land
 For anyone to stay.
 America, America, she has an open door,
 And you'll always find a welcome,
 Though you be rich or poor.

America, America, her flag waves high and true.
 America, America, will always welcome you.
 America, America, has all the ways that's kind :
 Such as old America, no other land you'll find.

So here's to America,
 And all on her who waits :
 For is not America
 The vast United States?
 So sing your song, America.
 And all will give an ear :
 Sing your song America,
 With the chorus given here.

America, America, her flag waves high and true.
 America, America, will always welcome you.
 America, America, has all the ways that's kind ;
 Such as old America, no other land you'll find.

FRANK DOCHERTY.

Edinburgh, Scotland.

A BIG PIG.

Mr. Murphy had a sow,
It was like a blinking cow ;
It was so fat, it was so big,
You would never take it for a pig
When outside it went to grass,
You would see it as you passed ;
But one thing it couldn't do,
Mr. Murphy's pig couldn't cry moo, moo.
He took it to the market square,
When pigs were being sold there ;
And the auctioneer arched his brow :
" Mr. Murphy," he says, " is that a sow?"
Said Mr. Murphy, " It is for sure,
I bought it when young from Teddy Moore."
Said the auctioneer, " Is that sow now,
Well, I thought that pig it was a cow."
In the auction ring they marched it round,
Whilst the buyers looked on with great astound ;
When one with wide and bulging eyes
Says : " If that's a pig, it's an awful size."
Round the ring, far from tame,
It went like a fighting bull of Spain.
Said the auctioneer, " By the dew of the morns,
Mr. Murphy, I'm glad your sow has no horns."
But that great sow
Was as bacon sold ;
And the story of Mr. Murphy's pig
To this day is told.

FRANK DOCHERTY.

Edinburgh, Scotland.

EVENSONG.

The days go by,
Each evening come
Birds in the sky
To clap the sun.

To flutter wings
Of softest white,
Like moonlit rings
In pools of night.

Each evening they
Hover for hours,
Like blossom in May,
Or snowdrop flowers.

Like the top of a wave
In the sky,
They glitter and move
Silently.

Like silver leaves,
Wet after rain,
Stir to a breeze,
So with them.

Each evening will
As dusks grow cold.
See dark skies spill,
Some birds of gold.

At eventide, at eventide—
Next year it will be just the same.

A. R. RYLANDS.

RAINBOW.

What makes the lovely rainbow,
Suspended in the sky,
So beautiful to look at
And so pleasing to the eye?

From where it comes
No one knows,
Or where it's gone—
Just where it goes.

Its many colours bright
Are like a picture rare—
Hung in the Heavens on show,
Just for the while it's there.

It sometimes is reflected,
And seems there may be two
Of Nature's greatest wonders
For you and I to view.

It's p'raps the Angels' work of art—
Who play when sun and rain
Do shine and fall together—
And the rainbow comes again!

R. D. WALSH.

H.M. Forces.

BEFORE THE DAWN.

Tune : "Love's Old Sweet Song."

Gone are the days that love from heaven blest,
 All round the world the weary cry for rest ;
 War clouds hang over, sorrow all the way.
 Dark looms the future, still we work and pray—
 Pray for that dawn, when peace on earth will reign,
 Love sweet enthroned will wipe away the stain.

REFRAIN.

Faith's bright star is shining through the gloom o'erhead,
 We go forward bravely through the vale of dread ;
 O'er the rugged highways where our fathers trod,
 'Mid the gathering shadows drawn nearer God ;
 Drawn closer to God.

FRIENDSHIP.

In the golden treasury of memory
 Little acts of kindness reflect the
 Beauty and nobility of friendship.
 And when life's skies are grey,
 Lend fortitude and courage to endeavour.

JAS. B. ANDERSON.

Ayrshire, Scotland.

SEASON OF BEAUTY AND LOVE.

Green bursting buds on chestnut boughs,
 And on the scraggy thorn,
 While songsters sweet rejoice to meet
 And greet the smiling morn.

The lambkins dance o'er springy lea
 As light as thistle down,
 And girls and boys make joyful noise
 In village, cot and town.

The farmer sows the precious grain
 In furrows neat arrayed,
 As sea-gulls fly with eerie cry
 Above the dust-storm made.

The old mill wheel goes steadily round
 With music rising clear ;
 Changing the stream, or so 'twould seem,
 There myriad gems appear.

The blacksmith o'er his anvil bent,
 The miller at the mill,
 Each at their trade, in light and shade,
 Rejoice in Nature's thrill.

This season sweet, divinely made
 To bless both you and I,
 And all that share God's garden fair
 And feel Love cannot die.

JAS. B. ANDERSON.

Ayrshire, Scotland.

REFLECTIONS.

I look on friends
As I would look on gems of beauty rare
That priceless value sends
To grace a royal crown.

I look on friends
As life's spring flowers whose fragrance dieth not,
But ever constant lends
Their sweetness to refine.

I look on friends
As on the breath of life that doth sustain
The many varied ends
That I am set to weave.

I look on friends
With tender eyes that make us feel as one
In thought, to make amends,
If such would blessing give.

I look on friends
As on the starlit skies above us bright,
Whose circle ever bends
To hold us in embrace.

JAS. B. ANDERSON.

Ayrshire, Scotland.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

St. George's Day—historic date
 When England hails her patron saint,
 Who is symbolic of a race
 With shining courage free from taint.

Old England staunchly holds the fort—
 Protecting every freeman's right
 To freedom, justice, peace of mind,
 For which she ever had to fight.

The dragons of this modern age
 Have shrivelled with their fiery breath
 Proud races who resisted force,
 And paid the penalty of death.

For centuries, all Englishmen
 Have stood on guard to aid oppressed ;
 And by their courage unsurpassed
 Have shown the honour they possessed.

Her shores are havens of retreat
 To all who come to seek her aid ;
 And like St. George, her promises
 Have ne'er the weakest e'er betrayed.

Brave England, with unshaken might,
 Remains a bulwark of the free ;
 And by her patron saint is still
 A pattern of democracy.

WILLIAM McLURE.

Ontario, Canada.

COURAGE.

Courage, Britain, take the strain,
 Dig in your heels and heave again,
 Though your hands are blistered
 And your feet are lame.
 Hang on to the rope of victory,
 And join the loud refrain—
 Chins up, Britain !

We shall win,
 Take the strain ;
 Britain shall be free again
 From grim invader from over the sea ;
 Peace shall reign where terrors now be.

Green grows the grass,
 The lambs skip high,
 The birds sing bravely in the sky.
 Only men with men are fighting,
 But over yonder the sky is lighting ;

Victory gleams pale but clear,
 For right is right ;
 Fight on, know no fear ;
 God is with you in battle grim.
 His Own Son died in the battle of sin ;
 Let not His dying be in vain.
 Fight on, "Peace will come again."

MARGARET SHARPE.

Suffolk, England.

THE BARD.

I heard a poet singing,
So beautiful and brief ;
His voice was sweet, yet stringing
The chords of gentle grief.

Entranced, I paused and listened
(I'm sure the world did too!),
Tears on my eyelids glistened,
And softly fell like dew.

And through his song of sorrow
A note of hope did ring ;
A hope that each to-morrow
Would love and kindness bring.

He stopped : the earth and ocean,
The air and all around
Were wrapt in deep emotion,
Nor uttered any sound.

Mutely I stood enraptured
Long after he did cease ;
I felt that I had captured
What I long sought for—Peace.

I turned and homeward wended
With heart as light as air ;
All earth in beauty blended,
Unfraught by stain or care.

And still I keep recalling
His rapturous refrain,
Like rain on drouth leaves falling ;
Again ! again ! again !

ROBERT McDONALD.

A TOAST TO OUR HEILAND DIVISIONS.

Drink tae the lads wha wear the kilt,
 Glengarry, plaid and hackle,
Wha fought their way frae here throu' hell,
 Wi' little bait nor tackle.
They'll tackle, tho' their bait be sma',
 The bigger fry the better ;
So ne'er forget tae write that scrap
 They welcome maist—the letter.

CHARLES MANZIE.

Augus, Scotland.

"CONVOY."

Through the gathering light of dawn
 I peered from her sloping deck,
 And stared o'er the seas green wintry lawn,
 I stood on the deck
 And watched them come.

Here they were in their serried ranks,
 Through the churning waters rumble ;
 And high o'er head the sky's grey banks
 Seemed to wisp and tumble
 As I watched them come.

And as they drew abreast of me,
 I saw their sharp grey sides :
 Watched the spray go o'er the less,
 And rolling for the homeward tides.
 I watched them go.

There were gaps in those lines of rolling homes
 As they swayed on their homeward way ;
 Clear at last of the U-boat zones,
 My thoughts were on their ways
 As I watched them go.

• And thought, when one day I shall sleep at last,
 Ships will plough those waters still ;
 And other eyes will scan their raking masts
 My empty place to fill
 As they come and go.

A. PARADOX.

Glasgow, Scotland.

T R U T H

Truth to stand for ever,
Honesty and Right,
Faltering, no never ;
Let me be a light
Shining on a pathway
Of a lonely road,
Opening a gateway
Leading up to God.

IRENE BENNETT.

Yorkshire, England.

SLEEP.

Fleeting clouds are drifting lightly ;
Alpine trees beneath him sway,
Reaping moonlight, gleaming brightly,
Whispering for him to stay.
And laughing low, the mountain streams
Move silverly in ceaseless flow,
And one bright-burning moonstar gleams
On trees, and stream, and endless snow.
For human life, remote, is only
Something small—or so it seems—
He feels no longer lost and lonely,
Folded in these mystic dreams.

DAVID CHARLES TREMAYNE.

H.M. Forces.

SALUTE TO COVENTRY.

Town of three spires against a gleaming sunset,
Your ruined cathedral a monument to your dead,
And homes which they loved lie bruised and bleeding,
Whilst the living fruit trees blossom gaily overhead.

Your dead are not dead, because they'll ne'er be forgotten,
Your cathedral shall rise and the bells chime once more,
A remembrance to Coventry's glorious valour,
When the Hun's lust for destruction spread to every shore.

MARIE BARTHOLOMEW.

Warwickshire, England.

SILVER LINING.

A ruby gleam shows in the grate,
As puckish imps of flame
Thrust greedy tongues around the coals,

Then hide as if in shame.
This is the hour that we loved best,
At close of a full day;
Before the strife that men call War
Changed both our lives so gay.

Silver lining in the clouds,
You're peeping, I see you.
Listen, please! Oh, *don't* be shy,
But force your way straight through.

VIOLET MYERS

Hertfordshire, England.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE TWILIGHT.

There's something about the twilight as quietly it falls,
And envelopes with shadows all hedges and walls.
There's something about the twilight that's cool and clear
and calm ;
It seems to bring a promise to keep you free from harm.
There's something about the twilight, the lull before the
night ;
It seems to be a symbol of the power of Nature's might
There's something about the twilight that tells the thrush
and lark,
It's time to seek their nest before the coming of the dark.
There's something about the twilight that seems to speak
of peace,
And offer to an imprisoned soul the hope of quick release.
There's something about the twilight that makes you want
to sing,
And proclaim to all the world there is beauty in everything.

GORDON KIRK.

H.M. Forces.

WARTIME SPRING.

The icy fog of fear and suffering,
Choking the world, no sunshine can dispel.
How can we greet with joy returning Spring,
Hearing the tales that the bright tulips tell
Of Holland, their unhappy, gallant land?
Lilies for France! In them her honour glows,
Unsullied still, despite the traitor's hand;
And Russia stands amid the hawthorn's snows.
The fragile blossom of the almond tree
Veils martyred China: English childhood days
Of men whose sacrifices keep us free,
Were linked by daisy-chains. Beyond all praise,
All pity, is heroic, stricken Greece,
Home of the jewel-bright anemones.

RUBY FRETTON.

Nottinghamshire, England.

SOLILOQUY.

The sky is blue, the hills are green,
And golden lie the sheaves of corn,
All ready to be gathered in
Upon this very peaceful morn.
Yes, peaceful ; strange to hear that word,
When nothing less than strife is stirred.
But birds still sing and flowers bloom,
The sun shines bright ; it's not all gloom.
But no, my soul will not abide
For ever on the other side.
Guns are manned, planes are roaring ;
Bursting shells, bombs are falling.
The world's insane, this lust for might,
As men fight madly for their right :
Women suffering, children as well ;
Is this life or a living hell?
Oh Lord, I know Thou dost take heed :
Why must it be, for one man's greed?
This earth, so beautiful and fair ;
'Tis wrong its beauty to impair,
By man's own ugliness and sin.
It must be set for our kith and kin
That war no more shall ever be ;
But, all shall live in harmony ;
For out of evil cometh good ;
Oh Lord, at last I've understood.

MARGARET ROSE.

Surrey, England.

THE ORGAN SPEAKS.

Reed pipe, wood flute,
Trumpet note, swell,
Within this instrument
Imprisoned lie,
In ivory keys,
Pleading, yet mute
Mortal, draw near
With this intent,
To break the spell
And set them free!
Straight shall you hear
Rare harmonies
Go soaring high
To roof and spire ;
Higher and still higher,
Then soft—they die
Close now this instrument,
Bid them farewell,
Reed pipe, wood flute,
Trumpet note, swell,
Prisoners in ivory,
Passionate, mute.

PHYLLIS HOWELL.

Carmarthenshire, Wales.

LISTEN.

Listen to the raindrops
Dancing on the tin,
Rattling and prattling,
Trying to get in.
Listen to the wind
Howling at the door,
Pulling at the window,
Try to lift the floor.
Listen to the sizzle
Of the bright red stove,
Storm or squall or drizzle,
This is treasure trove.
After months of camping
On empty fens or moors,
Isn't it a treat
To have a roof and doors?
Not exactly Ritzy ;
Rough and ready, but—
I've dwelt in much worse places
Than a Nissen Hut.

J. E. TREADWELL.

H.M. Forces.

FROM A DYING SOLDIER.

Think of me sweetly though we meet no more,
For if you weep my wraith shall softly kiss
The sorrow from your eyes. Remember this
Is just as other partings which we bore ;
Our paths lay separated for a space,
We were as far apart, yet we could face
That hour in knowing those that went before.

Think of me sweetly, nor will you in vain
Call to the past, for all those happy days
That then were " now " shall in a thousand ways
Repeat their happiness ; no present pain
Can take away the fact that once they " were,"
And in your dreams we can forever share
Their loveliness in company again.

RENALT CAPES.

H.M. Forces.

BABEL'S HORN.

It is midnight! the stars shine clear ;
A heavenly babe has been born :
Herod, in slumber, feels the tension of fear,
And softly sounds Babel's Horn.

Oppression is ended ; the flag of tyranny has been furled.
On this joyous dawn
A babe was born to act as Minister of Peace to the world,
And softly sounds Babel's Horn.

Awake, oh Jerusalem! in this world of sin,
This world forgotten, forlorn ;
Awake, for the dear Christ enters in
And softly sounds Babel's Horn.

K. GRETTON.

Staffordshire, England.

ESCAPE.

'Tween islands thick with foliage green,
Touched with a wonderful silv'ry sheen,
Her barque drifts 'neath the silver moon,
Dreamily caressing the blue lagoon.
Slowly the waters are tranquilly guiding
Her craft to the island most beautifully shining,
And she steps on to sand so cool ;
The quietness soothing her troubled soul
To the melodious note of the sapphire sea :
Here she can wander, alone and free,
For on this island there is no sorrow,
And here she can forget the morrow.
Forget . . . forget . . . forget the morrow.

. ANNE C. WILLIAMSON.

Yorkshire, England.

CASH AND CARRIE.

Way back in 1923, when Carrie was but five,
Women only worked the home, their husbands kept alive.
Ma had cash for holidays, for kiddy's spade and pail ;
The nearest Carrie got to coast was Draper's Summer Sale.
By '33 the times had changed, but only for the worse ;
The young ones had inherited the unemployment curse.
At 15 Carrie had her break, got fixed up in a place,
Eighteen bob per month and food, provided by her Grace.
In '43, with other girls, Carrie's in the war ;
At 25 in aircraft work is paid just like a star.
Now she could afford to buy those frocks and fancy
loop-ons :
At last she's got the blessed cash, but hasn't got the coupons!

A. McHALE.

Lanarkshire, Scotland.

"REVERIE."

My darling, yet another day is gone,
 And we are still apart ; and still shall be
 'Til we awake on some bright shining morn
 To find the world is new and clean and free.

New in the sense that all that's past is dead ;
 That all who live and breathe upon the land
 Won't know the fear of Armageddon's tread,
 Or spend their days beneath some tyrant's hand. .

Clean as the shells that lie upon the sand,
 Washed by the ceaseless motion of the sea ;
 Cleansed by the blood of men who fought so grand,
 And died to save the world for maids like thee !

Free as the winds that fan the ocean's face,
 Whipping the endless waves into a foam.
 Free, so that every man of every race
 Can set his mind at ease and build a home.

Until such days as these we must depend
 Upon God's grace that we shall meet ; and then,
 We spend our time upon each brief week-end,
 Living our love 'til we must part again.

My darling, yet another day is spent,
 And we are still apart—but never fear !
 We soon shall live again in sweet content,
 When I can tell you that I love you, dear.

F. STEVENS.

ODE ON SEEING LAND.

I looked above and saw the gulls, and gripped the rails :
And I was glad, for gladness dulls that earthly gripping
wail.

Can we go to sea again and stand in darkness all the time?
Are we to feel the pain of land and cry, nor can we find.

Are we home? Yes, that is the land. Our bodies and our
lives are safe ;
But our minds are not free, nor yet are we. We are dead.

RODERIC McLEAN.

H.M. Forces.

PARADISE.

Why sigh for riches
When in search of Paradise?
Without love and kindness
Wealth won't harmonise.

Paradise, Paradise,
Why are you so hard to find?
Paradise, Paradise,
You are sought by all mankind.
Riches cannot buy you, just for gold alone,
Poverty can have you if it wants to own.
With charity and kindness, hand-in-hand you roam,
For Paradise is Paradise when there's love at home.

In palace or cottage,
'Neath clear and cloudy skies ;
All you want is loving hearts
To make a Paradise.

JAMES D. GARDINER.

Lancashire, England.

ENGLAND.

Oh England, ye isle of Paradise ;
Ye emerald, set in a sea of blue ;
A precious stone, and when we realise
Your beauty, we lift up our hearts in praise to you.

The undying love of a nation
Has conquered and made you great ;
But in our own elation, we do not forget
God holds your fate.

Though wars may scar this emerald surface,
It shall not move from its setting of blue.
For God has made this isle on purpose :
This England, old, yet ever new.

O England, ye isle of Paradise !
Ye emerald, set in a sea of blue ;
Your purpose is great, and in our eyes
There is no isle as great as you.

HILDA YIANNOKON.

Gloucestershire, England.

FRIENDSHIP.

Like the sun to a field of ripening corn ;
Like daybreak to the dawn ;
As a tree to a bird who is building her nest ;
As an inn to a traveller in search of rest ;

As a light to a ship out at sea ;
These are the meaning of Friendship to me.
Like dew to the flowers we gather and love ;
Like night to the stars that shine above ;

As voice to a tender word, softly spoken,
Or sympathy to a heart that is broken.
Courage, comradeship, faith and unity,
A rare and priceless treasure,
Is the gift of true Friendship to me.

D. BLAKE.

Lincolnshire, England.

THE OLD "SALT."

He sits and tells a rare old tale of pirates and of treasure,
Of smugglers and their daring deeds from which they made
their pleasure.

He also tells of mermaids fair he'd seen when he did travel,
And how they seem to comb their hair with waves as they
unravel.

But if you knew him well, as I, you'd smile behind your
hand,
Because, for sixty years he's mended nets upon the sand.

W. ABBOTT.

H.M. Forces.

SPRING IN THE WOODLAND.

The wind sighs softly in the trees,
The birds with joy are singing,
As, to the music of the breeze,
Across the glade they're winging.

The soft green grass is 'neath our feet.
The bright green leaves are o'er us;
And every turn of the woodland path
Sets some new joy before us

The bluebells cover yonder bank
With their sweet gentle graces,
And daisies sweet peep up at me
With lovely smiling faces.

The trees spread out their foliage green,
All Nature seems so gladsome;
And all the messengers of spring
Do give us joyous welcome.

Trouble long since hath taken wing,
Banished is every sorrow;
We revel in the glorious spring,
And think not of to-morrow.

ELIZABETH A. DEIGHTON.

Lancashire, England.

DEATH OF A NONENTITY.

A man strode out,
 And left behind his life—
 Not to be ruled by his dull brain,
 And fed by strife, and struggle
 Of his knotted hands ;
 But to be lauded by the crowd,
 Who, in the name of God
 And King, would chain him,
 A thing of blood, and bone,
 To a death-spouting fiend,
 To kill men. . . .

* * * *

The new man spurts
 His life blood to the earth,
 And dies—without a funeral dirge.
 —The life he left behind
 Is raised by canting hypocrites,
 And weeping sluts, and patriots ;
 Who place it in a noble grave,
 And scribe his name amongst the brave—
 Who kill men. . . .

JAMES E. SMITH.

H.M. Forces.

FLAG UNFURLED.

Alone, bedraggled, torn and soiled
Lay a flag in the desert sand.
It seemed to be there as though
To mark some sacred spot.
It was never left, through being forgot,
But as the setting sun brought on
The evening's shade, a silent figure
Towards this flag—his painful way
He made, a groan, then still as death
He'd be, but e'er much longer he'd move
Again, till after torturous time
The flag, bedraggled, torn and soiled
Was gripped by faltering hand
And carried back with loving care
Across the burning sand, until at
Last a camp was reached and once
Again, the flag was held by loving
Hand, as the Tommies bravely hoisted
Up their flag, To triumph o'er the sand.

LYNN KING.

Wiltshire, England.

RECOMPENSE.

When middle-age approaches fast,
And youthful days are of the past
No looking back with wistful sigh,
For middle-age is second try.

And whilst the years in subtle way
Robbed us of vigour, turned hair grey,
Experience, in mood more kind,
Has broadened and enriched the mind.

Has armoured us to meet again
Success and failure, joy and pain,
With stronger hearts for enterprise
And understanding in our eyes.

With surer feet for uphill climb.
Avoiding many snares this time,
And able, as we know the way,
To help another who might stray.

With heights attained we have a view
On life, which is entirely new,
And know the glamour Youth could lend
Was but a means towards this end.

GWEN N. R. SMITH.

London, England.

BEYOND—

There is a vale of pastures green
Beyond the hills of War,
And in the distance may be seen
A friendly, peaceful shore.
So let us journey on with hope,
And lightly bear the load
Over the rocky mountain slope
And down the Victory road ;
With a "pull together" all the way,
Giving our best—and more,
That our children, and theirs, shall romp and play
By the side of that peaceful shore,
Where the pastures green meet the sheltered bay,
Beyond the Hills of War.

JOHN PARK.

Lanarkshire, Scotland.

THE FUTURE.

I stand alone, unconquered,
Unbiased, unnamed, unseen :
I see the present, I know the past,
They come before ; I follow last.

I control all, I rule your lives,
I'm not of earth, nor of the skies,
I'm never here, I never go ;
I'm never fast, I'm never slow

You often think of what I know,
If I am friend, if I am foe,
I may be generous and make you glad,
And yet I mayn't, then you'll be sad.

For I am there, but where is there?
Me with aught else you can't compare.
You may predict, but cannot say,
For I'm the Future—an unknown play.

HARRY SYDDALL.

H.M. Forces.

SILVER FOREST.

Grey evening cloud . . .
Trees whose greenness is seen
No more,
But only felt.
Down-drooping tendrils,
Entwining, enlacing,
Till birch and heart are lost
In magic transformation.
I tread upon the layered beeches ;
The enchantment lingers ;
Petals showered around,
Whitening dew-soft grass . . .
Cold its caress.
Though I tread all the kingdoms of the sky,
And walk
The treetops all silver-wrapt ;
Yet cold its caress :
Still
The earth beneath the grass :
Dust to dust I return.

MARGARET CARTER.

Cambridgeshire, England.

THESE I LOVE.

The golden splash of Highland broom
 Lights the moorlands cloudy gloom ;
 The sighing of the grass and such,
 Kissed by a zephyr's touch.
 The sun in hiding there above
 Breathes o'er all the breath of love.
 The Allinder sweet murmurs by,
 Passing woodland with a sigh :
 'Tis these I live to love, then die.

The twitter of a dainty bird
 From a treetop faintly heard ;
 The buzzing of a busy bee,
 Searching in a flower he.
 The silver of the mountain stream ;
 Flooding me with brilliant gleam.
 The stately pine with new-born leaf,
 Bearing life that's all too brief.
 'Tis these I live to love, then die.

The shadows of a moonlit night,
 Dancing there in high delight ;
 The singing of a nightingale ;
 Beauty sconced in body grace.
 The sighing of the midnight breeze,
 Despair then from my body flees ;
 'Tis Nature's rare divinity
 To life amidst hypocrisy.
 I live to love them all, then die.

WALLACE MULLINS.

H.M. Forces.

TO THE R.A.F.

On wing in the dark cloudy sky,
 With speed unchecked and steady course,
 A mighty avenging force doth fly
 To fill the foe with fear and remorse.

Over the land they love so well
 On their deathly journey speed,
 To where? Only they can tell ;
 To ask—there is no need.

Over the white cliffs they do soar,
 And pass the azure blue ;
 Below the flashing guns do roar,
 Here—their work to do.

Over the target the crew doth check,
 As in their 'planes do try
 This Hunnish foe of ours to wreck,
 Then back to Home they fly.

All is silent, all is bare,
 Where once a living city stood :
 The R.A.F. hath done its share
 To avenge good British blood.

So all we Britons, 'fore we sleep,
 A silent and a needy prayer
 For their love and safety keep
 And everlasting care.

And evermore, lest we forget,
 In sorrow and in pain,
 A word or two in deep regret
 For those not returned again.

JAMES P. NIXON.

Yorkshire, England.

A.D. 1930-1944.

[The Spring Anthology.]

The breath of God is in each line
 Of each Springtime anthology.
 From the first page we feel sublime
 Right to its close: all praise to Thee.
 Contributors are godly folk,
 Who strive to show that God still reigns
 In heav'n and earth! An easy yoke
 To each who trusts through His domains.
 Think hard, and weigh His constant strength,
 O'erflowing love, to all who seek
 His kingdom here, throughout life's length.
 Working until in heaven all meet.
 What do we owe for godly homes,
 Which shielded us from dens of sin?
 Our parents toiled and prayed with moans.
 We now thank God that they did win.
 The breath of God is in each line
 Of each Sprintime anthology;
 From the first page we feel sublime
 Right to its close: all praise to Thee.
 Proprietors are of God's heart;
 They strive to cheer and help the sad.
 Succeeded well; 'twill never part.
 "Anthology"—smiles—always glad!

* * * *

Contributors will always come
 To your kind aid in weal and woe;
 God is our shield and heavenly home;
 Surely we reap what now we sow
 —In "Spring Anthology."

HENRY JOHN HALFORD.

Monmouthshire, England.

SPEN VALLEY'S FINEST HOUR.

Spen Valley, where's the money
We want to win this war?
Is it in your pocket,
Or in the unknown drawer?

If so, why not then bring forth
Those shillings, pounds or pence,
And hold the British enemies
Beyond our firm defence?

Next week will come our trial :
We will not dare to fail
To bring Spen Valley's mainsail
Around to meet the gale.

Then let's all pull together,
And lend our money for the war!
Oh, hear this plea, Spen Valley,
Buy Savings Certificates galore!

E. STOREY.

H.M. Forces.

IMPS OF WANDERLUST.

'Tis a whisper—'tis a whisper
From the imps of wanderlust;
Needing me and pleading me,
And saying: "You must, you must
Take the road—take the road,
You human rolling stone.
Lift your pack upon your back,
And roam, you wanderer, roam."
I go now—I know now
I'll always move along
This tough earth, this rough earth,
To find the land beyond.

J. I. NUOVO.

Kent, England.

SILVER BELLS.

Silver bells are ringing
Into the fading light,
A joyous message bringing,
Speeding on the night.

Ding dong, ding dong,
They chime their song of joy,
And all the strife of wartime
Their charm cannot alloy.

They are music to the weary,
And beauty to the blind ;
And to the war-scarred soldier
Hope and peace of mind.

Silver bells keep ringing
Your message clear and bright ;
Ever earthwards winging,
Soon the world will right.

W. E. WILD.

Yorkshire, England.

LIFE'S NECKLACE.

I wonder if all the tears that are shed
 Could be made into pearls and strung on a thread ;
 There'd be be large and small and medium size ;
 Tears of sweethearts, of husbands and wives.
 Then there's the tears I shed for you ;
 I'd make them large pearls of glistening hue :
 Though they'd be heavy, as heavy as lead,
 Like the tears that fall when we " wish we were dead."

There'd be little tears, too, upon the thread,
 Tears of babies being put to bed ;
 And right in the centre for all to see,
 I'd put the tears mothers shed—but ah, me !
 I'm afraid, after all, there wouldn't be time ;
 I'd have too many pearls and not enough twine
 For the millions of tears that are shed for sheer joy,
 Or the ones I hid when you said " Goodbye."

LILLIE LANE.

Northumberland, England.

ODE TO TOBACCO.

Ah! Fine weed that fills my briar ;
 Fragrant sweetness, peaceful laze,
 Dim shadowy shapes in scented haze—
 Ah! Cool breath and glow of fire.
 'Tis known thou groweth in a foreign land;
 Oceans crossed to bring thee to my chair.
 How oft I sit and curl my hand
 Around my glowing bowl of flake.

Would that I could stock my cupboard high
 With block on block of golden weed :
 Would that I could sit and satisfy
 My wish to sow tobacco seed.
 'Tis now I rest from troubled day,
 Allow my thoughts to drift in cloud,
 And watch the sorrow pass away ;
 Good thoughts into the mind may crowd.
 Thus in idle thought I please ;
 So rest in comfort and exotic ease.

RICHARD F. JOHNSON.

London, England.

TO FLORENCE.

How gorgeous that red rose would look in your hair,
When the sun is bleeding forth its rays from out the mist ;
Those crimson streaks about the clouds so rare ;
And crimson, too, those lips that I have kissed.
How gorgeous all these things about you, dear ;
As sweet as all the things that you resist.
How so afraid are you of being bold ;
So terrified lest the dark came in the light.
I take you in my arms, my love, and hurt you with one kiss ;
But roses and beauty cannot hide the pallor of your cold—
So we have never met !

S. P. WRIGLEY.

H.M. Forces.

THE OLD HALL.

Placidly the Old Hall stood,
 'Mid parkland green and stately wood ;
 And often, when the moon was bright,
 The velvet lawns were thronged at night
 With comely youths and maidens fair,
 Who lived, in bygone ages, there.
 Laughter, song, gay colours gleaming—
 . . . That was just the Old Hall dreaming

The Old Hall loves all youthful things
 That come within its sheltering wings ;
 And, in the holidays, my son
 Would fill its walls with riotous fun.
 He, with his shining eyes and hair,
 So handsome and so debonair,
 So full of pranks and boyish chaff—
 Oh, how the Old Hall used to laugh !

Patiently the Old Hall stands,
 Amid its gracious pasture-lands.
 Its rugged walls are as they were,
 But inside, now, 'tis bleak and bare.
 Guns are in the courtyard now,
 And grim, green lorries, row on row.
 A hundred gallant boys are there,
 Filling with quip and song the air.
 And John, my son, is sleeping—sleeping.
 . . . Did I hear the Old Hall weeping?

EILEEN PRICE EVANS.

Kent, England.

THOUGHTS IN A "PILL-BOX."

Fair England's shores, full fair of summer's beauty,
Rustic beneath the sun's all-glamorous light :
High honour mine, her guard my special duty ;
Nought can dismay me 'gainst the aliens' might.
Blest fields of harvest, rich with their golden store,
Towers of defence, kissed by the sun's caressing ;
Your freedom we'll keep, sweet country, evermore,
And the Lord of Heaven shall shade us with His blessing.

FRANCIS E. W. SAVILL.

London, England.

REFLECTION.

Here as I gaze way out to sea ;
Those days of peace seem aeons ago,
Before the Martian devil came to be,
With holocausts of war in grim intensity.

Oh black destiny, what hopes thou smashes—
What plans thou takes and cruelly destroys,
What dream castles thou grinds to ashes,
With the hellish anguish thou employs.

But hold ! thy end is drawing nigh :
Thy demise for which all righteous pray ;
Then once again, having seen thou die,
We'll build our dreams thou didst allay.

The ships will sail majestically in peace ;
Streets with welcome light will blaze anew,
The prisoner thanking God for his release—
Filled with hope, his blessed land to view.

A. SNOWDEN.

H.M. Forces.

ARMISTICE.

What shall we do when this dread strife is over
And angels' song bid shot and cannon cease ;
And weary nations cast away their malice,
And turning, welcome long-desired peace?
Shall we, in zeal of victory's laudation
The ensign vaunt on mast and spire and dome,
While frenzied folk pour out their adulation
On modest menials thankful to be home?

Or shall we, careless of the cherished laurels,
Deplore their cost in suffering and pain ;
While lonely chambers harbour silent weeping
For those who never will return again?
Whatever the reaction be awaiting,
In accents doleful, or in jocund song,
God grant we may observe Him propagating
The trump of righteousness above the wrong.

CHRISTOPHER S. JOHNSON.

Staffordshire, England.

VISION.

She sat in silence, gazing absently at the dancing flames
in the fireplace,
When out of nowhere came the crash of guns, the noise of
death—his face.
Her heart leapt, but passion found no outlet—her features
grave
Portrayed no inner fear ; and from immortality a soft
voice said :
“ There is no death, my dear.”

R. V. DARNELL.

H.M. Forces.

GLORIOUS DAYS.

The green valleys with their rippling brooks,
And the bright pastures and shady nooks,
Brings forth a life that comes to stay.
And which no man can take away.

THE BIRD.

The little bird upon a tree,
Who sings his songs for you and me,
Bursts forth, so bright and gay,
And helps the world on day by day.

JAMES GORMAN.

Cheshire, England.

CHARM OF A ROSE.

More exquisite than a dream,
 Far beyond the glowing beam
 Of sun, at quiet eve.
 Rose dew gathers on its stem,
 Glitters in its heart ;
 Nature shows her purest gem,
 Willingly to part.

Night winds breathe a lullaby,
 Waft the echo through the sky
 To guard the folded bloom.
 Velvet petals form a cup
 (Nature's simple toast),
 Filled with dew, which fairies sup,
 Evermore to boast.

Emblem of the power of love,
 Graceful as the gentle dove,
 That messenger of peace.
 Simple in its high estate,
 Nature's work of art ;
 Beauty meets her final fate
 In a rose's heart.

ELIZABETH R. CRONJE.

Banffshire, Scotland.

THE RIVER.

Beneath a sky of sombre grey,
Through silent woods you make your way :
Then in the mist you disappear,
But leave for man a message clear :
For do you not set forth a theme
Whereby mankind may see his dream
Come true. If he from your design
Would take a pattern so divine,
That service for all men would be
The tune of Life—such harmony.

You serve all men alike, it seems ;
You give them life and pleasant dreams,
You give them power, you give them light
To work by day and see by night.
You cradle men on leisure bent,
You give them sport and quiet content ;
Then on you go down to the sea,
Again to serve so patiently,
That man may trade equivalent
With men on every continent.

O! Messenger for such a cause,
When man you see engaged in wars,
Or crying out in vain for food—
Small wonder at your sullen mood.

ALAN ROBBINS.

Surrey, England.

GOD GREED.

Crass heretic of Gain and Greed,
Who in man's heart can sow the seed
Of discontent, unhappiness—
Why do you tempt our greediness?

Why can't you leave us as we are,
Content to gaze on sun and star,
On fields where dew is freshly lain
On flowers after gentle rain?

The scent of earth or woodland briar,
The healthy tang of peaty fire,
The sea and wind—all these are real,
These beauties which we know and feel.

Why must you come and bid us go,
When, in our hearts, we all must know
The things you offer, fame and wealth,
Be ne'er as fine as peace and health?

God Greed you are, and we your tools,
Your hangers-on—misguided fools!
The earth is ours, if we would see,
And sought not wealth's prosperity.

JOAN C. YOUNG.

Buckinghamshire, England.

THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE ARE FREE.

I crave not for riches,
 I care not for wealth ;
 Just a bob in my pocket
 And reasonable health.

Gold and silver
 Mean nothing to me,
 'Cos I always remember
 Life's best things are free.

When you've never had nothing,
 Well, you've never had nought ;
 So the past and the future
 Are never in doubt.

When a rich man is broken
 And his money is done,
 There is nothing left
 But a razor or gun.

But when a poor man
 Loses his little pile,
 He just shrugs his shoulders
 And tries to smile.

So always remember
 As you travel along,
 Greet the world
 With a smile and a song.

And if your pockets are empty,
 "Who cares?" saith me,
 Just always remember
 Life's best things are free.

E. PEACOCK.

Co. Durham, England.

THY GIFTS.

Of all the gifts on thee bestowed,
The inner are the best.
Oh dedicate them to God's use,
And leave to Him the rest.

The seeing eye, the hearing ear,
The understanding heart,
Are not the gifts of earth bestowed—
Of God they are a part.

The eye to see thy brother's need,
The ear to hear his grief,
The heart shall comfort ever give,
And love, and sweet relief.

Who do these things for love's own sake
Their Father's promise gain,
They shall receive the Saint's reward,
They labour not in vain.

Then use for God those precious gifts,
And leave to Him the rest.
In blessing others thou shalt find
That thou thyself art blest.

FLORENCE JACKSON.

Luncashire, England.

THINGS I LOVE.

The green fields and a country lane,
A blue sky up above,
A stream that tinkles merrily;
These are the things I love.

The towns are always noisy
With cars, and the clatter of feet,
As people hurry everywhere
On nearly every street.

So you can keep your cities,
Just let me wander free,
Where I can laze away my time
Beneath a spreading tree.

J. D. LAWRENCE.

Warwickshire, England.

IN THE SHADE.

As under a bower of roses I lay,
I gazed up at the bright blue sky,
And through the branches and rose petals gay
Saw the fleecy white clouds passing by.

Thence came to my ears the song of a bird,
'Twas the sweet twittering notes of the lark :
A more beautiful sound can ne'er be heard
In any old English park.

The song of the birds and the gentle south breeze,
Entwined with scent of the flowers ;
The sunshine gleamed on the olive-green trees
That bordered my heavenly bower.

With trivial sounds around my place :
So many I cannot remember,
And with a shadow o'er my face,
They lulled me into slumber.

CHARLES S. HUNTER.

Northumberland, England.

RECRIMINATION.

The future holds no rosy hue,
And yet my thoughts still stray to you ;
A clinging scent, a loving word,
A fluttering heart so oft occurred.

A song that meant so much to each,
That haunting concerts brings you within my reach
A rustling tree, a rocky path,
That builds for me this aftermath.

When faced with trouble, pain, or strife,
When everything is gone but life ;
To place the blame our main concern,
And stir the ash within the urn.

The ash is dust beyond all mould,
The hopeless lore have left them cold ;
Redemption passed beyond all aid,
A hopeless mess of life we've made !

ARTHUR H. STEEDS.

London, England.

COTSWOLD.

I wind the wold from Cheltenham's plain,
Between two walls of golden stone,
To breathe the upland air alone
Before I club with men again.

I watch a flock of cropping sheep,
And drink some colour from the sky,
Where sails a painted butterfly
Along the turf that tops the steep.

I look towards the north where steam
Mysterious mists on chequered fields,
In changing forms as memory yields
A restless flux of dream on dream.

The air of God, all purified
By shafts of sunlight and by rain,
Sweeps up and past me from the plain—
Cool, vigorous and rarified.

I hear a bird. A flower breathes :
I take whatever God may give,
And cleanse my thoughts through Nature's sieve
To the low whispering of leaves.

C. A. L. BROWNLOW,

H.M. Forces.

TWILIGHT IN THE DALES.

The sun sinks low, and pink-tipped wisps of cloud
 Float dreamily across the evening sky.
 The world is hushed, as like a peaceful shroud
 The twilight falls, a curlew's cry—
 Then stillness ; so another day is done.

This peaceful scene, enwoven in the dream
 Of twilight darkening the dale ;
 See there—the whispering brook, its twinkling gleam
 Obscured by shadows, gentle as a veil,
 Then fall, enshrouding as they come.

The shadows, creeping at the woodlands brim
 To intermingle with the falling gloom ;
 'Tis at this hour that hidden life within
 These ghostly bounds awakes to bloom ;
 Their joy but starting, their own world begun.

The sun-scorched meadows, peaceful as they sleep
 Beneath a cool and velvet shrouded sky ;
 The whispering breeze that rolls the grasses deep
 And murmurs softly through the pine trees high,
 As if for previous furies to atone.

The brook, the trees, the meadows now are gone ;
 One moment faintly seen, the next obscured.
 But still in memory the scene lives on
 To comfort—weary hearts are reassured
 At twilight—and another day is done.

D. W. GORDON.

H.M. Forces.

MARCH, 1944—I WAIT.

I've often felt as Spring arrives
 That here, within my inner self, there lies
 Something unnatural, quite unreal;
 And wondered whether other fellows feel
 A tingling terseness, aching pain,
 At blue-grey sky and furrows wet with rain.
 I've wondered whether people wait,
 To see the sooty sparrow pick his mate;
 And buds upon a backward tree.
 Expectancy like this means more to me
 Than Spring; when she at last arrives.
 And smiles through warm and watery skies.
 I wait and wonder here to-day
 As Spring arrives—to-morrow perhaps I may
 Be gone. The tedious waiting done.
 A liberation will have just begun
 As Britain's warrior sons once more,
 Now trained and tempered, leave their native shore.
 And are they anxious, just like me,
 In life sweet Spring to prove their worth and be
 Concerted, swift, modestly brave?
 And do they wish that "she" who always gave
 Her love to help him fight his fears,
 Were spared the anguish of the "good-bye" tears?
 I wish, if I should not return,
 That she, who loves me more than most, might learn—
 I loved this life as much as many,
 And leaving it and "her" was hard. So any
 Bitter thoughts "she" must suppress,
 For "He" who deigned my simple life to bless,
 Had beckoned, and I went His way,
 Leaving sunshine on a Springtime day.

ROY A. J. GAZZARD.

H.M. Forces.

A SOLDIER'S DREAM.

I dreamt last night I was home again ;
I could see mother's cottage so neat,
And the rambling roses that grew o'er the door
And the well by the old garden seat.

Dad was asleep in his old arm chair,
Tired of his day on the farm ;
And the kettle was singing upon the bright hob ;
It all looked so cosy and warm.

My dream went on to the kitchen small,
Where my mother was cooking the tea ;
She was only cooking for two to-night,
For her lads were way over the sea.

A dear old mother she'd been to us ;
Dad was just one of the best.
And I loved them back in that cottage small,
A place of contentment and rest.

I awoke with a start from my dreaming
To the sound of the rumbling guns ;
And the lads by my side were soon dressing,
For we knew we in for some fun.

I'll remember my dream of the homeland,
And I know when we've finished the fray,
I shall see Mum and Dad and the cottage,
And the end of a peaceful day.

JACQUELINE CLARKE.

Kent, England.

SPRING'S ADVENT.

While at my window sitting
Birds brought a message to me,
That spoke of winter's drear flitting
And spring's eternity.

In fields and woods things begin to move.
All Nature sings a chorus,
While everything goes to prove
That spring is hov'ring o'er us.

Opening my window, I went to bed
Breathing the fragrant air,
While sleep, soft-winged, my fancy led,
I dreamed a dream that was fair.

I stood in a land of wonderful green :
The air was warm and sweet,
And flowers, the rarest I've ever seen,
Were growing at my feet.

In this lovely place I wanted to linger,
For right before my eyes
The road to happiness, by God's own finger
Was painted in golden sunrise.

I walked as though by a strong hand guided,
Through a realm that was bright and clear,
And awoke, to find myself divided
From winter, and spring was here.

ISABELLA MAKOFF.

Hertfordshire, England.

FOR BABY.

Fetch the sun for baby,
Right from out the sky ;
And all the little sunbeams
Nestling way on high.
Catch them, pretty darling,
Each and every one ;
See them shine and sparkle,
Millions full of fun.

Ask the moon for baby
Roaming in the blue ;
Yonder are the moonbeams
Glittering for you.
Every one a plaything,
Real and filled with light :
All those globes of Heaven,
Radiant and bright.

Drag the stars for baby,
Silv'ry from their sea ;
Let them smile and twinkle
Only babe for thee.
Rest assured, my darling,
A million in the blue
Cast their brilliant rays, dear,
High above for you.

IAN PAUL SLORACH.

Dumbartonshire, Scotland.

OUR PROUD FATE.

Glory to the "Red Army," those valiant men,
 The voice of Britain doth hail thee
 From valley and glen.
 Millions of toilers of humble pride
 Wish to march out to greet you,
 To fight by your side.

Dawn that historic day,
 Humanity's First of May.

Together we could sweep this old world clean
 From Fascists and Quislings and all they mean.
 We know you are shaken and sorely tired ;
 We have watched the struggle, your courage admired.
 Britain's toilers want to join you in this common fight,
 To share the victory for mankind to unite.
 No more delay, join Russia's bleeding men.

They have asked our help often,
 Saying, "When? O when?"

We want not people in England in political guise,
 Who are anti-Russian, and utter foul lies.
 Britons, bellow and roar and demonstrate :
 Statesmen hear, we will not wait !
 We must fight with the Red Army ;
 We know that is our proud fate ;
 Being fighters, we stand by fighters.
 Thus having proved "we played the game,"
 Spilling our brave blood in the international name.

ALBERT COLLINGE.

Lancashire, England.

THE LIGHTS AHEAD.

In the darkest days of the black-out
Hope's light is hard to dim
In the souls of Christian people
Whose hearts are out to win.
We hear the roar of airplanes
And whistling bombs that fall,
But know that God is with us,
Which counts for more than all.

In the darkest days of the black-out
The torch's glow is dim,
But the stars and the moonlight guide us
Beyond its light-spot's rim.
When the flares are dropping on us
And searchlights streak the sky,
We feel that God will help us
Till the strain has passed us by.

When the darkest days are over
And the lights no longer banned,
Our dear ones will be returning
From each far and distant land.
Though all cannot be joyful,
And some hearts must be sad,
It is God who can bring us brightness,
And God who can make us glad.

Then in the days of victory
We shall look back on the past
With a heart that is stronger than ever ;
It is God we have found at last.

M. FEATES.

London, England.

THE KISS.

You kissed me—and the world stood still ;
And nothing mattered but this wondrous thrill.
Our very hearts e'en ceased to beat
As moments passed so swift and fleet.

And then with wild tumultuous surge
Came passion, with its strange sweet urge.
With throbbing pulse and lips of fire
You kindled love, and sweet desire,

And through my veins the hot blood rushed,
As to your bosom I was crushed,
Again you kissed me—and again,
With joy so sweet, 'twas almost pain.

E'en Heaven itself could hold no more
Of happiness within its store !

JANET ROSS.

Essex, England.

MY PRAYER.

The dawn is lighting a leaden sky.
Grey are the planes that are ready to fly ;
And through the mists come the lads so true !
There's a roar . . . and the planes rise into the blue.
How many fine eyes look intensely ahead?
How many hearts beat with elation, yet dread?
How many firm lips are murmuring a prayer?
Only they know, God . . . the ones that are there !
Give them the strength that their hearts will not quail ;
Guide, Lord, their hands, so their aim may not fail ;
Pilot their planes across heavens of blue ;
These are the things, God, I am asking of you.
Protect them in danger . . . these boys that I love ;
Enfold them, O Lord, as they fly up above . . .
And when the day comes and we are all free,
I shall say, " God " (in reverence), " I owe all to Thee."

J. McPHERSON.

Edinburgh, Scotland.

TO A WAR-TIME BABY.

Dear little sleeping baby,
Lying so peacefully there,
What a weary world you've come to;
A sad world, racked with care.

What care you if bombs shatter
Or planes roar overhead?
The things that to you matter
Is being warm, and fed.

May God keep you, dear baby,
Secure mid war alarms,
So you may all serenely
Rest in your mother's arms.

FLORA TOWNSEND.

Lincolnshire, England.

RAIN.

I was sitting by my window
Watching heavy rain,
When suddenly a shaft of light
Fell upon the pane.
I looked, and saw a sunbeam
Dancing, in the rain!

I saw the flowers lift their heads,
Rising from their earth-bound beds,
To drink the rain!
The grass was dry and parched,
But lo! how each blade marched
To meet that rain!

The drops had now collected
And made a pool, selected
By the birds.
The little ones came flying,
Each one gladly trying
To bathe in rain!

So I knew I really should
Be grateful for the rain!

BERTHA BURGESS.

Cheshire, England.

AUTUMN CLOSE.

Down a low hedg'd lane I wandered ;
'Twas the close of an autumn day ;
The road lay covered with leaves there :
They had started to decay.

Green and yellow their colours were,
Touched with a tint of red,
Making the road a rainbow ;
The mice a leafy bed.

High above in the grey blue sky
The black rooks wing their way,
To vanish from sight of the naked eye
In the distant gloom of a dying day.

From the topmost bough of a tangled thorn
A lonely linnet sings,
As sweet and clear as the huntsman's horn,
Through mist filled wood it rings.

The fleeting rays of a setting sun
Mellow the evening air,
As from cottage windows, one by one,
Shines a light from an oil lamp's glare.

Slowly the cloak of night doth fall,
The sky a jewell'd raiment seems ;
I hear a night bird's eerie call,
As I return to dreams.

JOHN M. BENTHAM.

Yorkshire, England.

THE ROSE AND THE LILY.

What is fairer than a rose?
With none can I compare thee;
For tho' the gentle zephyr blows
O'er my garden . . . softly to take
Its petals off and leave it bare,
There's still no blossom half so fair
As my full-blown English rose.

What is purer than a lily?
No blossom can with thee compare:
Have your daffies, gold and frilly;
Take your cornflowers, red and blue.
There is not one, on all the earth,
That's half so pure, or half the worth
Of my tall Madonna lily.

DOROTHY BOOTH.

Lancashire, England.

THE ASTRONOMERS.

Crystal clear, the drops of rain
Have fallen upon the brow of time ;
The patterned rays of suns are healers
To the Partisans in life's long climb.

The spume lined waves are harnessed
To the chariot of faith ; strong
Are the lashes that drive them on to
The citadel, to rest among the throng.

The soft winged clouds are athletes
In the race for time ; their handicaps are
Fate and Death : one controlled by life, the other
Shines faintly in the human sky, a falling star.

PETER JONES HOOPER.

H.M. Forces.

ENGLAND.

England, the country of the free :
England and Englishmen who fight for liberty.
No country yet was nobler,
Nor countrymen so brave,
Though many of her gallant sons
Lie in their earthy grave.
But they have been rewarded ;
They've won their eternal prize,
And Britons must remember,
Tho' their body's dead,
Their spirit never dies.
But they fought not for glory ;
They fought not for a prize ;
They fought to rid this world
Of all the Nazi lies.
And when this war is over,
And the victory has been won,
'Tis then that we must honour those
Who gave their lives for England
And their fellow countrymen.
But when I speak of England,
I mean her Empire too—
All her Allies, great and small,
Who'll help to see her through.
They will fight and win and conquer
The land they've lost of late ;
And with her they will make the peace,
The victory over hate.

JOHN HAWKINS.

London, England.

THE SOLDIER

He lay on the bloody battlefield,
That soldier brave and true ;
He lay on the bloody battlefield ;
He died for me and you.

He lay on the bloody battlefield ;
He knew that he must die,
And these are the words he whispered
Before he said " Goodbye."

Tell her I love her "
And always will.
Tell her I love her,"
Then my thoughts began to fill,

'Cos he died on the bloody battlefield
That I might be free ;
He died on the bloody battlefield ;
He died to succour me.

He lay on the bloody battlefield ;
His thoughts they were with her :
Dying on the bloody battlefield,
His mind began to blur.

There he lay on the bloody battlefield,
As he bade his last farewell ;
As he lay on the bloody battlefield,
'Tis this he had to tell :

" Tell her I love her,
And always will.
Tell her I love her—"
Then he was still.

D. M. LAPSLEY.

THE CHOCOLATE SHOP.

I know the sweetest of all shops,
Where they sell sweets and lollipops,
Candy, chocolate, apples and spice,
And other things that taste so nice.

Chocolate soldiers and chocolate fish
Stand neatly packed in a coconut dish,
Toffee apples and chewing gum,
A chocolate trumpet and a chocolate drum.

Up in his cage a parrot sits,
Made of chocolate and candy bits ;
And looking up is a chocolate cat,
Sitting beside a toffee bat.

Standing in a line are sugar balls,
And a chocolate mouse with fruit drop paws,
A chocolate doll in a marzipan gown,
A liquorice bird and a chocolate town.

Barley sugar goldfish and lemonade sea,
Toffee ships and chocolate tea.
When you're that way, be sure to stop
And buy some goods at the chocolate shop.

C. M. PROSSER.

Cornwall, England.

THE GLAD TIDINGS.

Come on the days of gladness,
When loved ones will unite,
And with their hearts aglow will know,
Comes happiness after strife.

Ring out, oh bells, your joyousness
To greet the lovely morn,
The smiles of upturned faces
Do hail the lovely dawn.

A dawn so many have forgotten,
Their thoughts bedimmed by fears;
Such fear to be swept asunder
As they run to greet their dears.

Over hill and dale they run, my lads,
The golden corn at their feet;
They now have the world before them,
And they never will be beat.

C. R. BEILBY.

H.M. Forces.

WAITING.

A fire crackling ; slippers warming on the hearth ;
An easy chair drawn close to mine :
I'm waiting for that knock at the door,
And when he comes, I'll run to meet him ;
And we'll laugh and cry together.
For he will come : I know that he will come !
And so I'm waiting, patiently waiting.

· JOYCE PROCTOR.

Northumberland, England.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

When shadows fall
My heart still calls
To a lovely will-o'-the-wisp.
When stars appear,
It seems I hear
A lovely will-o'-the-wisp.
Then daylight breaks,
And I awake
To find you no longer here.
Were you a moonsprite
Come to play?
Or were you Morpheus,
To vanish with the day?
Gone are the caresses
From your finger tips;
Gone is the warmth
From your lovely lips.
Left all alone,
Must I atone
For having loved a will-o'-the-wisp?

J. L. SUTHERLAND.

H.M. Forces.

THEY FLY.

Their wings outspread,
Their courage high ;
The youth of Britain in God's great sky.
The sons of England the Nazis dread,
How bravely they fight in the world above
For this ; their country and the people they love.
Peace, peace on earth, fought for in the sky,
Is the motto that they go by.
Tearing across their world of blue,
Determined to keep their promise too !

Happy warrior and unafraid he flies
Amidst the tumult and the turmoil of the skies.
Their courage is supreme ;
The sky their heritage, a world for youth and not
for age !
May God be with them till their work is done,
We pray it won't be long before
We see the morning sun.

J. M. LEE.*H.M. Forces.*

A MASTER TO HIS SHIP.

O ship of mine ! O living creature to me ;
We have sailed in every weather,
Across the seven seas ;
Both as hard as leather.
Oh, living creature art thee.

I sometimes sit and watch
Your proud and mighty way,
When with your prow the waves you catch,
Flinging them aside in spray.

The thunder rolls, the lightning flashes,
Stolidly onwards you force your way ;
With wind, rain and sea your sides does slashes,
Till all is calm and night does end the day.

At last you reach your destined port ;
Quickly you discharge your heavy load
With your proud and mighty way,
Putting all to nought.
Afterwards you silently wait for your future abode.

The time has arrived for our departure ;
You slowly leave the quay.
You fill my heart with the deepest rapture,
Oh wondrous creature art thee !

At last we are safely home.
At some future date with me,
You once again will roam.
O mighty creature of the sea,
You mean a lot to me.

S. DONOGHUE.

London, England.

CHEER UP!

If your socks are perforated,
And your soles are lacerated,
And your cupboard doesn't boast a bite to eat
There is speedy consolation
In the startling revelation
That some poor fellows haven't even—feet!

Be content with what you've got, man ;
There is always "food for thought," man ;
So face life bravely with a placid smile.
Down to-day, but up to-morrow ;
Treat alike both joy and sorrow,
And you'll find that life is really well worth while!

JEAN SPRINGHAM.

Renfrewshire, Scotland.

MY PIPE AND I.

I with my pipe recline at ease,
A favourite book upon my knees,
And read awhile—but wait, ah wait . . .
In rings of smoke I cogitate.
Myself relaxed, emitting clouds
Of quiet thought, my earthly shrouds.
And as the evening slowly falls,
Casting shadows on the walls
Of my room,
I know not gloom.
Though here my thoughts are far away
With phantom spirits dancing gay,
And my soul wise, or so it seems,
Searches, pries, and seeks to glean
Knowledge which long past, forgotten,
Plumbing thought's depth to the bottom.
Inspiring moments, treasured these,
With pipe, and book upon my knees.

ARTHUR B. TAYLOR.

H.M. Forces.

AN UNKNOWN WARRIOR.

In battlefields across the sea,
Their bodies still and spirits free,
There lie the men who fought for liberty ;
The fight was hard and bloody,
But they fought with thoughts so dear
Of the land they left behind them,
And the folks who loved them dear.

W. DINGWALL.

H.M. Forces.

LOVE.

I miss you every day, dear,
Every moment we're apart ;
Praying to be near,
Close to you, sweetheart.

If I am across the sea
And in some distant land,
Remember I will always be
Very close at hand.

All my love I give you,
My very life is yours ;
So please think of me too,
Then my heart will grieve no more.

This may sound very sloppy—
Kind of silly, too :
My darling, try and copy,
For you know my love is true.

E. GADD.

Lanarkshire, Scotland.

O LOVE OF ENGLAND

Death was waiting in those billowed clouds,
Whilst down below a thousand guns roared forth
Their missiled steel on wings of fire and smoke,
To take from men the heritage of life they owned.
Yet we who were the objects of their aim,
Who flew as men belonging God's domain,
Were not afraid, for in our hearts
The love of England and of Freedom reigned.
O love of England and of Freedom burn
For all eternity, so that men like we
May fight against the bestial things, that they
Who sacrifice in blood the children of their God
Would have us own instead of Peace.
And if we die, and this great bird of steel
Shall tomb our bodies in immortal rest,
We shall not cry, but in exaltation shout
To those who follow in the path of freedom lain
By us who hath Time, Peace and Freedom gained.
Yes, we shall shout—to those who know—
Our Love of England.

ROWLAND HEALD.

Lancashire, England.

THE COTTAGE.

A sheltered nook, in a country lane,
There stands a cottage, old, dirty and plain,
But a place that stands for all that's good,
For many a battle has it withstood
From kings who have passed along life's path,
Who had tried to destroy it, when in great wrath ;
But still it stands as a symbol of peace,
More honoured by all than the "Golden Fleece."

It stands for an empire, bold and brave,
Who will fight to the last, to be able to pave
Her future with happiness, freedom and love ;
To be able to say she is free like a dove ;
To be able to say she is free to live
Like a decent land who can take and give
Their full share of life, with a light and good heart,
Until the day comes when they all must part.

MORAG J. STANKEY.

Yorkshire, England.

RAINBOW.

April, break and bind thy brows,
 With diamonded boughs ;
 Ere in blue eyes, azure clear,
 Wells again the glistening tear.

O'er thy pink and snowy feet—
 Fleet as the wings of dawn are fleet—
 As they press the pearly grass,
 Lo ! Thy dewy gauzes pass.

While the rose and golden rays
 Fuse ; an aureolin haze,
 Through the showery silver rain,
 Thy sheer iris shines again ;

Pastel skein of silken wove,
 A translucency of mauve ;
 First a tinge of Tyrian hue,
 Violet and vesper-blue ;

Cobalt, clear veridian,
 Seven-fold, a tinted fan—
 Amber, chrome and crimson flame
 Flushing like the face of Fame.

Strung to shadow-slats of cloud,
 Purple as the misty bloom,
 Where the softened lights illumine
 Skins of the damson, purple-proud !

ARTHUR RAYMOND LAZZAM.

AFTER THE RAIN.

When the world is fresh and sweet
 After the rain,
It is then the birds begin to tweet
 Sweet song again.
Then the rain glist'ning on the trees
 Drops onto the ground,
And little squirrels hunt the leaves,
Or hide the nuts they've found,
And then the flowers re-open again,
When the world is fresh and sweet,
 After the rain.

GEORGINA DORLING.

Sussex, England.

SALUTE TO THE MOTHERS OF BRITAIN.

I dedicate this poem
To a hero of to-day ;
She doesn't serve in the Forces,
But she has her part to play.

Although each heart is heavy
With the worry and the strain,
These heroes try to smile it through,
And hope for peace again.

To mothers of this country,
And your tiny children, too,
Just keep going bravely on,
We're going to see this through.

And when it all is over,
And tears have ceased to fall,
I'd like to say four words to you :
They are, "God bless you all."

E. JAY.

London, England.

HOW MANY SWEETHEARTS?

How many sweethearts have waited,
Ever praying for that great day,
When sweethearts will be united,
Then we, dearest, will have our way.

Throughout the years we have waited
To each other we have been true.
Until again we are mated,
I will keep all my love for you.

For this alone we have waited,
Love's true devotion to employ;
In visions we have created
A paradise of peace and joy.

J. MACKINNON.

H.M. Forces.

OLD FRIENDS.

Have you ever heard the saying
That old friends are the best?
From that saying there's no straying,
The old ones beat the rest.

If you've got lots of money
And you treat all your friends,
Many more will come in a hurry,
And stay, till your money ends.

When old friends to you seem dull,
And new ones say you're swell,
That is when your pride is full,
And your chest begins to swell.

But when your money is getting low,
And you turn around for help,
New friends soon begin to go ;
They don't stop to hear you yelp.

Then who is left to help you out,
To give you food and rest?
Old friends, old friends, you will shout,
The old friends are the best.

R. WARDELL.

Yorkshire, England.

AME EN DELIRE.

Hills of the North, moors where the curlews call,
 Splashed with a moving patchwork of sun and shade :
 Trees that hide a murmuring brook and shade a million
 flowers.

When, oh when, will my soul find rest in your ageless calm?
 My heart is a flower on the dust-heap of the South.

When I think of you, hills, my heart swells ;
 My poor heart pounds, but cannot be free.
 Could my soul but leave this tired body,
 Strain and burst these chains that restrain !
 Soar far above the sad world. borne to the hills :

Hover on white wings, over those purple hills,
 Over the grey crags, wheeling like the wild curlews.
 Calling with the curlews and kissed by a Northern sun,
 Fondled by a Northern wind and cradled on a cloud ;
 A cloud that's nightly scarlet in the dying sun's life-blood.

Oh look, and you will see the white road winding,
 Winding down the hills and hiding in the trees.
 And look beyond, and there's the white-walled village,
 Oasis of cool in the sun ; can you picture
 The children playing on the green?
 Solemn grey church among its yew trees ;
 A car stopped outside a telephone kiosk,
 Two cyclists smoking on the roadside,
 And the old men on a seat in the shade.

Only let me see the hills, the village, and the road,
 Then wing my way above the road
 To my home, and let me die.

A. NICHOLSON.

FAILURE.

I wander alone through weary years,
All my endeavours of no avail ;
Each thing I do brings only tears,
Shed when the moon begins to pale.

Each new day brings out the sun ;
I'm happy in its shining glow,
My thoughts return when day is done ;
It's then my tears begin to flow.

Each long night I hear the drone
Of a million thoughts and dreams
Coming to haunt me when I'm alone ;
The dawn comes so slowly, it seems.

If only the sun would last all the while,
So in its bright glow I could stay :
Laughing, pretending, always to smile,
How long seems the night, how short is the day.

C. GOMERSALL.

Oxfordshire, England.

SUMMER MORN.

How beautiful are summer's morns,
Birds sing as daylight dawns.
Bees are humming 'mid the flowers,
How I love the early hours.

The dew is glistening on the grass,
I smell the flowers as I pass.
The milk boy whistles on his round
As cheerily as if he owned the ground.

He may awaken you from sleep ;
Down the stairs you gently creep,
Step out into the garden fair,
And breathe in the pure fresh air.

L. LEWIS.

Staffordshire, England.

THE MASK.

A war widow carrying on with her job.
You say, "She's lost her love, and yet she laughs :
She cannot feel it much ; she is too gay."
Did you not know I wear a mask?
Whilst in the quietness of the night I pray :
"God give me strength to laugh another day."
Did I weep, you would impatient grow

Of grief that lasts so long, so long ;
So, smiles upon my lips do daily glow,
And grief gives way and happy mem'ries throng,
And God, who gives and takes, I praise with song.

K. E. SHOYER.

Hampshire, England.

CHURCHILL'S CALL.

For one whole year we stood alone,
Our backs against the wall.
Did we funk or get afraid?
No, we answered Churchill's call.

In all the dark and dreary nights,
When bombs began to fall,
Did we shout and ask for peace?
No, we answered Churchill's call.

And when we kept on losing ships,
And towns began to fall,
Did we say, "Oh, let's give in"?
No, we answered Churchill's call.

And when our chances looked so bad,
We heard old Churchill's call;
We'll fight on every inch of land we've got,
For England shall not fall.

And now that victory is in sight,
And Hitler's bound to fall,
We'll work and fight with all our might,
And answer Churchill's call.

So God above, please give us strength
To answer Churchill's call,
And lead our men to victory,
To home and peace and all.

F. HALLETT.

Middlesex, England.

AN EASTERN LOVE SONG.

I would the night were a thousand hours,
That I might with thee stay ;
I'd crush thee close to my beating heart
Until the break of day.
Thy golden hair, it is my snare,
The touch of it to hold
Doth thrill my being thro' and thro',
And makes a lover bold.
I love thine eyes of violet hue ;
They are so pure and sweet and true,
And look at me in mild surprise
That I should care to woo.
Come closer, sweet, close to my heart,
Thy lips on mine e'er I depart ;
I swear by yonder moon on high,
That I will love thee till I die.
To kiss and hold thee as mine own,
I want but thee, just thee alone ;
I'll love thee until my last breath,
And after then—not even death
Can change my love,
Tho' from thee tore,
Thou hast my soul for evermore.

ADRIA WEST BUSH.

Bedfordshire, England.

FELINE.

Fur of glistening satin sheen,
Eyes of emerald and jet ;
Age-old wisdom in his face,
Sinuous, regal, panther grace.

 Mankind calls him "Pet."
Proudly courteous graciousness,
Receiving caress and pat ;
Courtier, upon your knee,
Mighty hunter, roaming free.

 Mankind says "My cat."
Drowsy-still by the warm hearth-side,
Calm amidst human fuss ;
Slinking forth at dusk of day,
Crouched and snarling on his prey.
 Mankind says, "God puss."

SHEILA MURRAY.

London, England.

SOUND ADVICE.

Take things as they come ; don't give in.
Go through life with a cheery grin.
When trouble comes and seems to stay,
Treat it light, like kids their play.

If circumstance seems as "black as night,"
"Keep your chin up," you'll win the fight.
A smile, a whistle, a snatch of song,
All will help when things go wrong.

Take things cool, calm and collect,
Then you'll win every man's respect.
But if you go through life with a frown,
Everyone will turn you down.

C. STONE-TOLCHER.

H.M. Forces.

MORNING.

Far, against the background of the sky
The golden sun is rising,
Beautiful unto the naked eye.

Beautiful, but still, yet more, surprising,
The sun is spreading out each golden ray ;
It signifies the breaking of the day.

The world is coming slowly back to life,
And the men of the village wake from sleep,
And the husband and the children and the wife
Awaken by the bleating of their sheep.
And the stars in the heavens fade away ;
It signifies the breaking of the day.

As the sun sets its course across the sky,
And the ground begins to shine with drops of dew
Then the beauty of the world will never die,
For the flowers and the sun will anew.
Then the men begin to reap and stack the hay ;
It signifies the breaking of the day.

LESLIE NEWTON.

Lancashire, England.

VICTORY.

We should like to say "Thanks" to our gallant lads,
Who are fighting for victory ;
And to our W.R.E.N.S., our W.A.A.F.S., and our A.T.S.,
And the sailors that brave the sea.
And thanks to our Air Force who are flying the skies,
And downing our enemy.
We must not forget the Army, too ;
They are fighting for me and fighting for you,
And fighting for Victory.

We would like to say "Thanks" to our Allies,
Our munition workers, too,
Who are making the planes, the guns and the bombs,
Which are helping us to win through.
And thanks to our nurses, who are doing their bit.
May God bless them all, and help them on.
Till comes the day when victory's won.
That won't be long, as you will see.
We will soon be shouting "Victory!"

V. M. LAND.

Warwickshire, England.

TO HER.

My dear sweetheart, as I write to you,
My heart is filled with pain ;
For if the things I hear are true,
I'll never see you again.

They tell me, darling, that to-night
You'll wed another man.
If this is true, I'm telling you,
My ship will never land.

I've built you a cosy home : .
I've made a garden there,
With my own hands I've planted too,
Sweet flowers, rich and rare.

My future hope I've placed in you,
You've been my guiding star.
Please write and tell me that you're true
To a sailor who waits afar.

P. A. THORNTON.

London, England.

DARK CLOUDS.

[October, 1942.]

Burning hot is the air, far beyond lurks the dark ;
Human race full of hate has ignited the spark,
And a lightning strikes as all hearts weep in pains.
And a world is in flames.

Nature's power abused, human brains and skill,
And combined thrown into the battle to kill ;
Still the scream in the dusk where the blood now reigns,
Until Justice all tames.

Shall the storms sweep along, will the sun remain veiled?
Will not Nature prevent where humanity failed?
Hear the subdued curse as the free lie in chains,
And the Fate one blames.

But the chaos grows and the fires spread ;
Men who elements tried kneel, now moaning their dead,
Watch that sinister sign ; more and more it claims
From the smoulder of flames.

Lurid monsters bid death, and no prayers destroy,
And no fear and no tears from protecting alloy.
Risen high be your fist that aggression it maims
On this world all in flames.

Let our reason command ! Foil that maniac's request ;
Drown all burning intention that endeavour the test ;
Turn the evil dust into cool, soothing rains
Down our world set to flames.

R. W. GRANT.

THE IMPERFECT HEART.

I, too, have donned the motley—laughed at love ;
Jested with the jesting crowd ; smiled to see
Those high devotees of the mystery
And magic, mocked by the stars above.
I, too, have hawked my passion, " Penny plain
Or twopence coloured," up and down the mart.
How could I know that my imperfect heart
Would sometime feel perfection and find pain?

And if the words I used, too lightly then,
Spring, facile as of yore, from lip and pen ;
Do not, I beg, condemn me lightly, when
I stand before you, in new clownless guise,
Beneath the incandescence of your eyes,
Divested of the arrogance of men.

ROBERT LACEY.

Essex, England.

BLENDED BEAUTY.

Blended are the rays of the sunset,
 Each ray a different hue.
 Across the sky as a knight's banner
 Drenched with the sparkling dew.
 Touching the treetops, touching the flowers
 Into a rosy hue.

From a gold to a red,
 From the red to a crimson—
 Each were the rays so beautiful.
 Reaching to the heavens above :
 Given each one the beauty of Nature,
 From the wild tiger to a sacred dove.

Each ray is swiftly dying
 To the blackness of the night.
 Here and there are stars a-twinkling,
 Giving the blackness a sense of might.
 Then out comes the white wonder of the heavens,
 Like a diamond set in space,
 Sending its rays across the sky
 Like a web of silvered lace.

We all know this mystic wonder,
 The beautiful wonder of evening to night—
 From the beginning to eternity
 It will always be called the sacred name—Night.

JEAN DOREEN BRISTOW.

London, England.

AS I LAY IN BED.

As I lay in bed at night, out of the window I glance ;
 I see the gloomy pine trees shake,
 And shadows follow in their wake.
 Then a fox slinks in between ; down in the hollow,
 Near the neighbouring stream.

He glides, pauses, lifts his cunning head to listen.
 He is beautiful, a night like this.
 Head sharp, ears uplifted,
 Silvery coat aglisten—

Stood tense in limb.
 Softly, stealthily, he bounds away
 Up to wicket fence ;
 Notorious brush after him.

Through he glides, lightning swift :
 Bee-line to hen house (unwary fowl).
 In, out, into the moonlight morning air.
 Farmers grouse and grumble to each other,
 Mumble angrily, " Beware."

G. L. THORP.

H.M. Forces.

THE JOYS OF ALUM CHINE.

In Alum Chine I've heard the murmuring tide,
 The sound of waves, the gulls' continuous cry ;
 The whispering of young lovers, side by side,
 The wind thro' pines beneath a fleecy sky.

I've seen the bells of heather blossoming sweet ;
 Thro' pine red stems I've seen the blues and greens
 Of Bournemouth Bay, with gorses at my feet
 From sunlit glades where noise ne'er intervenes.

'Tis heaven on earth the visitor receives,
 Where mellow shafts of sunlight from above
 Fall on his pathway carpeted with leaves ;
 Leaves of a golden colouring, hues we love.

Often in the sunlight one can see
 Across those paths that have the sea in line,
 Those gossamer threads of silver, tree from tree,
 'Cross paths of peace that wind thro' Alum Chine.

It is as if the pixies are at hand
 In peaceful glades where winter's sun does shine ;
 It is to me a children's fairy land,
 When dewdrops sparkle glistening in the chine.

I've seen the timid squirrels run my way,
 And heights above I've watched the seagulls glide ;
 I've heard the song of birds at break of day
 Join in the chorus of the murmuring tide.

And when the summer sun begins to shine,
 These are the joys you'll find in Alum Chine.

ARTHUR W. TOMS.

Derbyshire, England.

MY THOUGHTS.

I'd like to write a poem, but don't know how to start :
Of whom or what to write about.
And yet it's in my heart.

He's in my thoughts all daytime, and in my dreams all
night ;
He's in my prayers so constantly,
Because he's in the fight.

He's in the midst of bloodshed, and there are thousands
more,
And all of them are thinking—what?
You're waiting at the door.

So be you mother, sister, sweetheart, wife or friend,
Keep a smile upon your face :
Some day this war will end.

Our loved ones will come back then, and we can proudly
say
That we kept bright and cheerful,
Right until the victory.

HELEN M. R. SIM,

Aberdeenshire, Scotland.

MY ENGLISH BOY.

Look from these ancient downs of ours,
 My noble English boy,
 And see the fields around thee gleam
 In sunlight and in joy.

Ages have passed since foemens' march
 Passed o'er that cold firm sod ;
 For well our land has always stood
 For freedom and for God.

Gaze proudly on my English boy,
 And let thy kindling mind
 Drink in the spirit of high thought
 From ever changeless wind.

Many have stood upon these downs,
 My gallant English boy,
 And fought for Country and their King
 That we should reap the joy.

And high and clear their memory's light
 Along our shore is set,
 And many an answering beacon-fire
 Shall there be kindled yet.

Lift up thy heart, my English boy,
 And pray like them to stand,
 Now God hath called on thee to guard
 The altars of our land.

B. R. COLLINS.

Sussex, England.

BABY'S SMILE.

The sweetest thing on earth to me
Is to see my baby smile.
He's such a tiny, helpless thing,
So precious and worth while

When he grows up into a man,
I hope that he may see
A world of peace and plenty,
Where all men will be free.

I'm pleased he doesn't understand
The war—world of to-day.
He just keeps smiling his sweet smile,
And cheers me on my way.

I hope no war will ever come
To the children of to-day.
May they grow up in love and peace,
And keep their smiles away.

A. HOPEWELL.

Lincolnshire, England.

NIGHTFALL.

Golden sky of evening
 O'er a gilded sea ;
 Linnet softly singing
 From a poplar tree.

Fragrant blooms are sleeping,
 Which scent the twilight air ;
 Pearly stars are peeping
 From their heavenly lair.

Our earth is wrapped in slumber,
 Save for creatures of the night—
 The rustle of a badger,
 Or a great while owl in flight.

Lonely breeze a-whispering
 To the trees above ;
 Lonely breeze a-whispering
 To dreamy birds of love.

Playful shadows dancing
 Between the white moonbeams,
 Weaving scenes entrancing
 In a land of dreams.

Sweet music fills the silent air,
 So low you scarce can hear ;
 And though there are no artistes there,
 The tune is crystal clear.

'Tis Nature's soft, sweet lullaby,
 Sung to all the world.
 There she keeps a watchful eye
 'Til dawn's new flag unfurls.

JOHN KEEGAN.

NIGHT FIGHTERS.

They're off again! Hear that monotonous drone?
As they fly overhead to their target zone.
John goes out to count them; the dog starts to groan;
The supper gets cold, and Ma starts to moan.

They go in their hundreds, so black in the night;
Then suddenly you see them in the searchlight.
Some people watch them—get thrilled at the sight;
But some feel quite sad as they drift on to fight.

But we should be thankful 'cos these boys are brave.
They "take off" each night, and it's our lives they save.
They fight bravely on to kill Hitler's craves
To take dear Old England, and make us his slaves.

EVELYN MASON.

London, England.

HALL OF SPLENDOUR.

I sat and gazed from my window
At the darkening sky above,
Where the descending sun met the land
In a colour of heavenly love.

I watched the crescent moon appear
Behind a distant cloud,
Reflecting the sun's eternal rays
On a dark star-spangled shroud.

Far behind the glittering orb
Hung a chandelier of stars—
The Evening Star, the North Star,
Mercury and Mars.

The Milky Way with a million stars,
Twinkled like a glittering chain:
Each one twinkled like a lover's eyes,
And the moon blushed red with shame.

As I gaze at this hall of splendour,
My eyes begin to close,
And into final oblivion,
I sink in sweet repose.

F. BAKER.

H.M. Forces.

SPRING FROST.

Cold and white the day is dawning,
The sun is red and weak of ray ;
My heart is cold and tired and yearning,
For you, my love, for you are far away.

And yet I know that soon another morning
Will bring me hope to start the day anew ;
And that by hoping I can make a pathway,
Bright and sunny, especially for you.

Crisp, like the air, my mind is thinking
Of that great day, when every man returns,
To find a new bright day before him,
In which the flame of love still bravely burns.

LEIGH FARMER.

Kent, England.

ENGLAND.

Though we prayed we might be saved
The bitterness of strife,
As guardians of a precious Peace ;
Hate must not sweep away its life.
'Twere better that we die, than
Live the coward's feeble life.

A precious stone, set in a silver sea—
My England, with all your country's wishes blessed.
Bound in with the triumphant sea,
You stand before the world, not distressed,
But calm and grave.
Still more majestic shall you rise.

So sing, triumphant to the skies ;
For Britain never, never, shall be slaves !

EDITH W. JACKSON.

Lancashire, England.

DAWN AND EVENING.

The rosy-hued Dawn,
With silver fingers,
Comes slowly, gracefully :
Comes and lingers,
But Evening, with a
Silken, purple gown,
Comes swiftly, silently,
O'er field and town.

B. D. TAYLOR.

Kent, England.

BRITISH HERITAGE.

A thousand years of history have marked her features fair,
 But the traveller in her countryside can yet find beauty
 there :
 Unshackled by the tyrant's chains, bright for the world
 to see ;
 Though other lands in bondage lie, her fields and hills
 are free.
 Look East, to where the Sussex Downs sweep to a sea
 of blue,
 Where Kentish orchards blossom white 'mid flowers of
 every hue ;
 Look to the West, where Cornish crags whip the wild seas
 to foam,
 And glorious Devon's golden sands—all these are yours to
 roam.
 Wander on Avon's verdant banks : see where the bard
 of old
 Found inspiration and the light to write those words of
 gold.
 Walk through the Surrey woods by night, and hark that
 wondrous bird,
 Whose throbbing notes beguile the soul, though seldom
 they are heard.
 Stand where the Great Ouse wends her way through fields
 of peas and corn ;
 View Snowdon's fiery summit high in the half-light of
 the morn ;
 And see the lakes of Westmorland shine 'neath the
 summer sun,
 Rose-tinted when their God is high, and blue when day
 is done.
 Go North to Scotland's hills and glens ; stand where, in
 days gone by,
 The warring clansmen took their arms, and marched away
 to die.
 Hear, on the light air bravely borne, the pibroch sounding
 clear,

Calling all Britons to the fight to defend their land so dear.
 And tell yourselves—all Englishmen, and Scots, and
 Welshmen, too—

If all this beauty shall be free, it all depends on you !
 For Britain in her hour of need has stalwart sons and bold
 To defend her hills, her lakes, her fields, as their fathers
 did of old.

RONALD ALBONE.

H.M. Forces.

MALTA IMMORTAL.

O gallant Island of Malta,
 Defenders of the free ;
 Your life's blood been flowing
 From all your family trees.
 Don't falter in your courage,
 There's greatness due to thee.
 Almighty God has witnessed
 An action of the free.
 Your noble homes are shattered,
 With many a brave soul beneath ;
 Your historic town is battered,
 But your spirit is still unsheathed.
 Oh Malta, isle of courage,
 Keep up this fight so brave ;
 Your Mother Country, England,
 Knows your task so grave.
 Her mighty ships will travel,
 Through the valley of death it be,
 Bringing your needs of resistance,
 And so keep you free.

A. SPARKS.

London, England.

THE TREE AND MAN.

I often wonder how a tree can grow and keep on growing,
While human forms like you and I just come and keep
on going.

A tree when born must struggle through, it knows no care
or feeding ;
But look at man in infancy—helpless, almost pleading.

A tree may live for centuries, who knows? There is no
knowing ;

While man, with all his remedies, counts every year
a-going.

When dead, a tree is mighty still, its whole life's work
revealing ;

While man goes back from whence he came, his ugliness
concealing.

HENRY E. MARTIN.

Middlesex, England.

DEATH THE MERCIFUL.

I never knew the bitter-sweet of death,
Because the reaper waved his grisly hand,
And took she whom I love, and now bereft,
I walk and wait and look into the heavenly land.

As I recall the past and yester year,
Floods back the bright sweet memory
Of all the loves and kisses ; but I fear
These things are gone for all eternity.

Remember well the woods and flowing streams,
The walks and wandering hand in hand.
Were these realities, or merely dreams?
If so, why do I cry and tears fall where I stand?

But as I cry I hear the heavenly choir ;
The skies alight with weird and mystic glow :
See there, shining, silken, smiling in the fire,
The truly well remembered face I know.

My hungry lips, no words they find to say,
As I reach out to touch her pallid cheek.
Free from the worries of every day,
I know 'tis death, not life, I seek.

K. N. JEFFERY.

H.M. Forces.

OUR PARTING.

I shall never forget that morning
We parted in the rain.
The porter gave the warning,
"Passengers board the train."

I saw your grin appearing,
My smile, it came in vain.
You said, "Farewell, my darling,"
As you stepped inside that train ;

My heart felt very weary
When you drew me in your arms,
The world seemed dark and dreary
At the sound of the station alarms.

The train, it moved so slowly,
'Til I saw you disappear ;
And now I'm feeling lonely
Just for you, my dear.

LILIAN ELLIS.

Northumberland, England.

LITTLE SNOWDROPS.

Little snowdrops,
Laughing streams,
Singing birds and
Bright sunbeams.
Silver moonlight,
Shining dew,
These all make me
Think of you.

Frosted patterns
On the glass,
Sounds of mowing,
Fresh green grass.
Buds awakening
In the spring :
You are there in
Everything.

Sunrise golden,
Sunset red,
Beech trees in a
Mossy bed ;
Baby creatures,
Sweet and small ;
These I love, for
You're in all.

R. GRANT.

Middlesex, England.

INFERNO.

The dawn that is life
Begins with fiery pain.
Born of fire and of strife ;
Damn'd with nature's bane.

Then comes the happy sun,
The sun that heralds youth.
Youth—the sun's ironic pun—
Eager for the truth.

Now comes the evening sun,
Inevitable decline of age.
Many may never run
From this—the last act and stage.

Now falls the creeping dark ;
Dark that is so rife.
Now you know the truth, so clear and stark.
As day ends, so does life.

A. F. JACKSON.

Co. Durham, England.

FOGGY DAY.

Great grey curtains blot out the light,
And make the day as dark as night.
There's no escape, there is no door,
'Til God in heaven shall choose to draw
From this old earth its cloak of grey,
And change the night again to day.

A PERFECT DAY.

The sun said, at the break of dawn,
"I'll make this the best day ever born."
He called to some angels flying by,
And they proceeded to paint the sky,
Until it was a glorious blue,
With baby clouds just peeping through:
He smiled on every one below,
Till every face with joy did glow.
He saw some birds upon the wing,
And said, "Cheer up, my dears, and sing."
Then the sun touched everything with gold;
It was wondrous to behold.
Then the air was filled with music sweet,
And a perfect day was complete.

J. A. AMMONSEN.

London, England.

WINGS.

Outward bound—over the sea,
Homeward bound—back to me.
The dawn patrols are on the way
To fight that Freedom may come to stay.

I wish that I might with him go,
Instead of waiting here below.
But no! My place is here on shore,
Waiting to welcome him home once more.

Wings in the moonlight o'er the horizon,
Wings of the morning, calling to me.
Come home. Oh, come home, wings o'er the
 horizon :
Homeward bound—bring my loved one to me.

ELSA NEVILLE.

Hampshire, England.

EVOLUTION.

I came to life at only three :
Mysteries of this life I saw
With heights, where I would surely be ;
But then made contact with the door.

I searched around for master key
To future ways I had in store ;
Then to the top with luck, and me,
That's how I landed on the floor.

With age I soon began to see
The ladder, tho' my heart was sore.
A few years more, the title we,
Must needs produce a ladder more.

But now, because our number, three,
To climb we'll not need any more,
For have we not our family tree,
If we would raise our standard, four?

W. MATHEWS.

Essex, England.

STALINGRAD.

Far, far away, out yonder East,
A plunderer, the Nazi beast,
Still fires on with fury mad
On glorious city, Stalingrad.

The battle rages on and on,
From Volga to the River Don,
A city famous for its name
Is now a scene of blast and flame.

Yet still the river Volga flows,
Cognisant not of cruel foes,
Who seek to plunder all her ports,
And capture all her mighty forts.

Cold winter soon will lay her bed
Of snow, that will be crimson red,
With blood of Russian heroes, who
Defend a city from its doom.

When will this cruel carnage end?
How long? How long before the end?
What is thy price, oh Liberty,
To gain for thee a victory?

I saw a vision in the sky ;
I saw a banner rising high ;
I heard a Russian soldier cry
Beneath its shade—we'll live or die.

The emblem of the U.S.S.R.,
A hammer, sickle, and a star,
Reveals a story grim and sad,
The fight and stand of Stalingrad !

G. S. B. WOODHAM.

London, England.

WOODLAND MORNING.

Softly sigh the pines, their sable boughs astir,
 Tall and swaying slender,
 To whisper with the fir.
 Slowly rides the dawn, from sombre secrecy,

Robed in solemn splendour
 And vivid majesty.
 Swiftly flows the stream, where drink the watchful deer,
 Echoing and splashing

'With crystal laughter clear.
 Sadly silver smiles the abdicating moon
 As dawn emerges flashing,
 The promise of the noon.

Sweetly sing the birds, in joyful cajolling,
 Down from their verdant pews
 Issues the carolling.
 Smoothly lies the turf—a glist'ning emerald,

Sheathed with the sparkling dews
 Of misty dawn's herald.
 Safely to his lair returns the pirate fox,
 Red-brown coat a-gleaming,

As all the world he mocks.
 Slyly winks his eye—a good night's work is done!
 Men-folk were a-dreaming
 Whilst Reynard had his fun!

CATHARINE M. D. UPTON.

Buckinghamshire, England.

MY COUNTRY AND HOME.

England, my country and home,
 Where in my childhood days I roamed.
 Though far away I dream of thee,
 And long with all my heart to be.

Will I ever again your green fields roam,
 Or see my childhood country home?
 The sweet roses and sweet peas,
 Swaying here and there in the breeze.

The creeper clinging to the wall,
 The tiny cottage; oh so small.
 Hear the birds singing in the woods
 Where in my childhood days I stood.

Watch the river flow so very slow:
 Where to? I'll never know!
 The rabbits running here and there,
 The trees I climbed I'd often dare,

Or pick the wild flowers in the woods.
 Oh England, if I only could
 Watch your green leaves turn to gold;
 Stand on the hills in the cold,

And watch the flowing river turn to ice:
 Often I have skated on that river's ice.
 Then when the winter has gone,
 The birds awaken with the dawn.

Buds appear upon the trees;
 The trees again sway in the breeze.
 Oh England, how long will it be
 Before I can come back to thee?

Back to my country home,
 Where in my childhood days I roamed.

ROSA SMITH.

London, England.

DESPAIR.

Gone is Opportunity, and all Ambition flown ;
Nought is left but misery, and all its seeds are sown,
And so farewell to Destiny, let Satan be thy guide ;
O fate of fools, Despondency, spoil sentimental pride,

And seek unto Eternity for what is undefin'd,
Beyond a vanquished vanity. O blesséd are the blind.
Return then to Reality, and show the treasured find
That makes a fool's mentality seem saner in the mind.

Patience is so futile, so remote,
When gone is all that life had to devote ;
And so resigned in heart and soul and breath,
I follow paths that venture onto Death.

JOHN R. NEVILLE.

London, England.

TOILERS OF THE DEEP.

Steam is up, stores within the hold ;
At close of day they leave the docks.
Each man at his post on the ship is found,
While the navigator shuns the rocks.
For these are fishers ; their fish are queer ;
Their implements queerer still ;
At the end of the watch, tho' big their catch,
Of fish the ship is not full.
They are striving to make our convoys safe ;
Behind them a mine-swept sea ;
They risk their lives in a thousand ways,
Making a ship road safe and free.
Not only the wars of the elements,
But the heavy drone of Nazi planes
About them always spread.
They toil, and of fruits their toil show none,
Till home streams a convoy once more.
If their road has been clear of the menace of mines,
They have their harvest, and more.
We thank you, dear brothers of England's fleet,
For your courage and the lives you save ;
And while God wills, you sons of the deep,
Britannia still rules the waves.

FLORENCE RICHARDS.

Cornwall, England.

THE ENDING OF THE DAY.

Once on a magic eve I stood to watch
The blue sky red, where the sun was blotched,
As a ball of flaming gold,
Saw the ripples of the lake turn silver
As the light began to gray ;
Saw the willows at the water's edge
Bow their reverend heads in grace,
At the ending of the day.

Saw the shepherd bring the flock in
From rambling on the wold ;
Saw the strays from rambling idly
Brought safely to the fold.
Saw the stars a-shining brightly
As the evening dew fell lightly,
At the ending of the day.

Saw the sun fade into distance
As the moon appeared in flight ;
Felt the world, as hushed in slumber,
Pay homage to the night.
Felt the night's unseeming beauty,
Compared it in my way ;
Could find no earthly dream to equal
The ending of the day.

H. J. TAYLOR.

London, England.

MY THOUGHTS.

I think of the moon,
That waxes and wanes,
Of the stars that shine at night,
Of the sun that sends forth
Its radiant light,
But sets at close of day.

I think of the flowers
That fade and die,
Of the leaves that are brown
As October dawns,
Of the evergreens that change
From time to time,
But unnoticed by the human eye.

I think of the sea with its
Unfathomable depths,
Of the ships that sail to an unknown fate,
Of a hand that goes forth to save,
Though storms rage and calm,
And bring them safe back
To those who wait.

C. E. WEATHERBURN.

Staffordshire, England.

VICTORY.

I'm away from home,
Because John Bull wanted me.
I may be on land, in the air, or on the sea ;
But what I want is Victory.

Africa, Italy, ere I roam,
Onward, onward, nearer home.
Well, get this job done, lads, and then,
These Nazi brutes wlli be in their den.

God will guide me on my way
To that great and wanted day.
So I will fight for what is right,
Then I know what will be—
Victory, victory for you and me !

KENNETH KIRK.

Yorkshire, England.

AN OLD KISSING-GATE.

It stands half-hidden in the brambles tall,
Where honeysuckle and the wild rose grow,
A rusty iron wicket, old and red.
In autumn withered leaves upon it fall,
And winter shrouds its skeleton with snow ;
And spring and summer's suns on it are shed.
Its creaking hinges have been turned by all
The country folk that pass with footsteps slow,
And many more now numbered with the dead.
But some have lingered here in breathless thrall
To watch the slender crescent of the moon
Rise over sleeping fields, while whispers sweet
Have stayed for thrilling moments homing feet,
And lips have met in ageless rapture-swoon.

W. T. QUIRK.

Flintshire, Wales.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

A fiery orb on the far horizon,
Shedding his rays all o'er the land,
Creating an eternal bond
'Twixt sea and air and land ;
Scarlet, pink, purple and blue,
Touched by silver and edged with gold.
Scattered far is many a hue,
Some pale and shy, some brave and bold ;
He is so bright in all his glory.
Alas! the time is short,
And soon it is a lovely memory
Remembered for ever, a beautiful thought.

JOYCE H. S. WALLER.

Middlesex, England.

MOONLIGHT FANTASY.

The midnight sky
Is jewelled with a
Million little stars
That seek to hide
The radiance of the moon.
The lake lies silvered
In her magic rays,
And down the færy glades
Come Dryads,
Clad in filmy moonbeam rays ;
Lovelier than dreams
Of mortal bliss,
They float beneath
The trees, and vanish
In the bosom of the lake.

E. M. LANGFORD.

Staffordshire, England.

RAIDERS.

The old woman started
As she sat in her chair.
At the wail of the old siren,
She jumped to her feet,
And made for the back.
As the whine died down to a moan.

The woman ran for the shelter,
And the bombs were thundering around.
The whistling gradually got louder,
As she threw herself to the ground.

There was a flash and a roar right beside her—
A crash, and her old house was gone ;
And there lay the old woman, homeless,
While the bombers rattled and roared.

She rose to her feet ;
Staggered onward,
Not knowing whither she went ;
And suddenly the battle was over,
For the All Clear
Seemed Heaven sent !

P. W. BONDS.

Devonshire, England.

LINES WRITTEN AT DAWN.

Out from the East comes the saffron-hued dawn,

Day is near.

From the misty night comes the youthful morn,

Dispelling all gloom and wild dreams of fear ;

Bursting with song to awaken the world,

The countryside yawns, it's beauty unfurled.

Dawn is here.

Peeling her mirth, she flits over hills, vales and glades,

Arousing the trees and the flowers in the rills ;

Rejoicing gaily as light-hearted maids,

Disturbing the still brook, making it foam,

Ever onrushing to her Western home,

Where she fades.

Radiant now is the sun high above—

Dawn does sigh,

And lingers awhile by a lone sea cove ;

Cries to the ocean, "Departure is nigh."

The little waves break on to the ridged sand,

While Dawn disappears to a distant land,

There to die.

IRIS SHAW TAYLOR.

Co. Durham, England.

DESERT KNELL.

O'er the dusty battlefield a silence fell.
All that day the Danes had heard
The strident sounds of hell!
A soldier gazed from where he lay
Upon a battered tank, sand-grey;
Over a world of wretched pride,
Where hosts of Nazi Panzers died.

The victors' troops had gone ahead,
Believing all behind were dead,
That poor survivor of the fight
Was left to brood upon his plight.
His dying thoughts did fondly stray
To dream of home, so far away;
Of English towns and country hay.

They found him at the close of day,
Just one of many thrown away
For love of power and jealousy.
They gently laid him down to rest,
Buried quietly in the sand
With others of that gallant band,
Who cherished Good Old England.

J. A. CANHAM.

Norfolk, England.

TOP OF THE MORNING.

(1940.)

Here's a new day.
Let's do something nice in it!
Let's forget grief and pain
And all the war strain,
And enjoy every minute!

It's a God-given gift,
A few happy hours ;
And to hearts that are sad
A rift in the cloud,
As to thirsty ground "showers."

M. CHAMBERLAIN.

Gloucestershire, England.

I NEVER KNEW.

I never knew how lovely
It was to be in love
With someone as sweet as honey,
Who fell from up above.

With eyes that sparkle sunshine,
And a heart that's fond and true ;
That someone I'm in love with
Is no one else but you.

So if you love me too, dear,
Do so with all your heart ;
We'll live together thro' the years,
And never more to part.

And when I die, I promise,
I'll love you just the same :
We'll meet in God's own Palace,
To live and love again.

G. LACK.

H.M. Forces.

WHITE CLIFFS.

As on my busy way I trod,
I paused awhile and thought
Of these steadfast looking white cliffs,
For which our forbears fought.

To see them in their grandeur,
So resolute and grave,
Is to see in them the symbol
That Britannia rules the waves.

Their spirit bids us always,
Guard these beaches well :
For them our greatest heroes
Fought till death, and fell.

They trod the corners of the world,
Long past undiscovered ;
And over them so safe and sure
Our flag has always hovered.

I think of our traditions,
And with fresh spirit filled,
I vow I'd fight for England
Till my beating heart is stilled.

S. JONES.

H.M. Forces.

REFLECTION ON THE BANK OF THE TEES.

Gnarled roots of trees curl to the water's edge
Moss-covered, to the rugged green-glazed rocks
Age-old, enduring, holding back the flood
Of dark brown waters. And the river spills
Over the half-submerged stones, and swirls
Lashing itself to white and ochre foam,
Unquiet and troubled, with the sound of seas.
And overhead a canopy of leaves,
Touched here and there with Autumn's red and gold,
The first hint of her dying glory plays
Like dappled sunlight in the wealth of green.
And through the knotted trunks translucent light
Green-tinted, glows with hint of fields beyond.
And in the quiet pools between the rocks,
Forgotten by the torrent swirling past,
A leafy bough is mirrored like a ghost.
Deep peace is overhead, turmoil below,
And those who gaze with souls quiet to receive
Can sense God's purpose through the tides of war.

JOYCE N. DOBLE.

London, England.

ADOLESCENT REBEL.

There remains little left to do
 Upon this earth for such as I,
 Though the things I did were many too,
 As walked I this world with a cry.

First in long heated arguments
 With youth's fresh electricity,
 Making socialistic statements,
 And earning eccentricity.

Wanting a paradise at twenty,
 Extolling the crowd to act,
 And share with millions the plenty
 By a new economic pact.

Not Valhalla for my dead dust
 When I and mine are long behind,
 But sharing then before death's rust
 Had eaten brain and banished mind.

Then, with feverish pen and ink,
 Begging, pleading, guarding reason
 That humanity should not sink,
 Making science commit treason.

But now my voice alone by night
 And my pen, plying with the mood,
 Does not bring back to town one light,
 Nor preaching, banish war-time food.

GERALD EVANS.

Glamorganshire, Wales.

MARCHING SONG.

There is light at the end of the tunnel,
Though the way may be weary and long,
And the pitiful wail of the siren
Shall end in a glorious song!
The signal's "all clear" for the journey,
So courage! brave comrades and true.
There is light at the end of the tunnel,
And it won't take us long to get through!

There is light at the end of the tunnel,
'Mid darkness, and doubting, and dread;
We'll stoke up the engine together,
And—"Full steam" ahead.
No doubting shall hinder our going,
No rest till the business is done;
There is light at the end of the tunnel,
The glory of Victory won!

FLORENCE L. HENDERSON.

Devonshire, England.

YOUR BEST FRIEND.

Now I'll tell you a tale of a marvellous friend,
Who sits in a chair on an evening to mend,
And looks to your wants with unselfish desire,
Whose hair looks so silv'ry from rays from the fire.

With a smile that is catching, so radiant and true,
Doing the jobs that are pleasing to you,
Helping the most when you're sorely in need ;
A thousand and one things is her daily deed.

With never a grumble, she works with a will,
Till bedtime arrives, she's not had her fill ;
For meals she prepares that are lovely and good :
Just doing her duty—yes, more than she should.

Never tiring, she keeps the house spotless and clean,
And asks you each evening the way you have been ;
She worries about you when there is no cause ;
And when you are ill at her heart it gnaws.

It's the greatest, most faithful, friend that you've got,
Who's looked to you tenderly, right from your cot ;
So be proud of this lady that you call your mother,
For when you have lost her you'll ne'er get another.

H. FIRTH.

Yorkshire, England.

ON BLINDNESS.

These empty tombs.
These gems despoiled.
Dark, vacant hollows
Whence the light has fled.
Once knowing life,
Beheld the gallant show :
Smiled, laughed ;
Gave way to tears,
And water'd still,
The pressing darkness know.

AUBREY ALAN WELLS.

Leicestershire, England.

SUMMER TIME.

Summer time is here once more,
The fields are strewn with clover ;
There are flowers here and flowers there ;
They seem to be all over.

The fragrance of Nature is lovely indeed ;
So behold, happiness scents the air ;
And so, verily, what more can you need,
When what you desire is right there?

The buttercups and daisies
Make a border where you pass
In the fields and shady lanes,
Waving about in the grass.

The sun, a blazing orb of gold,
Runs in a kingdom of fairy blue,
The sunbeams dance down filmy wastes ;
The breeze hums a tune to you.

We must not forget the tiny birds,
Who chirp and chirup all day
In the trees and their favourite haunts ;
They make the world feel gay.

BERYL SHARRATT.

Yorkshire, England.

THIS ENGLAND.

This England is a pretty land,
With fields and woods so green ;
In fact it is the prettiest land
That human eyes have seen.

Each stream its own small course does stray
In which to parting run ;
Most birds in summer come to stay—
England to them is fun.

Her men and women are strong and brave ;
Each man a gallant knight.
So as she shan't become a slave,
She has good need to fight.

Her shores they are a welcome sight
To sailors homeward bound ;
From sight they do not cease to cheer
Until they run aground.

GORDON C. CALL.

Surrey, England.

GOD'S WONDERS.

I watched a wondrous sunset
From a hill so fresh and green,
And thought of other beauties
Of God's that I had seen.
Of moonlight nights, of skies so blue,
Of showers, then the rainbow's hue,
The flowers gay and smelling sweet.
Trees and dew in meadows neat,
The birdies song at eventide,
Flowing rivers, oceans wide.
Life goes so swift on golden wings,
Perhaps sometimes we miss these things.
But always we will find them there :
God sent them for us all to share.
So as we pass through Life's highway,
More lovely things to see each day ;
We must give thanks to God above
For showering down these blessings of love.

E. GODDING.

Hampshire, England.

NIGHT.

When the daylight disappears,
Evening comes and goes.
Night, with wings of darkness,
Its still dark form then shows.

When the darkness reigneth ;
When all is asleep,
Nymphs from out of dreamland
Dance and skip and leap.

Through the dull, dense blackness,
The wary owl's call
Is heard, while it is seeking
A dauntless mouse to maul.

When the night is coming,
The flowers will lower their heads.
Small and silky glowworms
Slip out of their beds.

ELIZABETH M. ANGWIN.

Glamorganshire, Wales.

WHEN A SOLDIER SAYS "GOD BLESS."

Two whispered words that hold all tenderness,
And make a little song within your heart
When days are long—
When a soldier says "God bless."

Two tender words that hold a sweet caress,
And light a little flame within your heart
Around his name—
When a soldier says "God bless."

Two little words that bring you happiness,
And set a jewel bright within your heart,
That shines with light—
When a soldier says "God bless."

Two tender little words that just confess
The depth of loving care that's in his heart
And in his prayer—
When a soldier says "God bless."

MARION DOUGLAS.

Co. Durham, England.

THE SEA.

I have seen the sea
Lashing its fury against the heaviest of ships.
I have seen men struggling in its ugly grip.
Its giant waves smashing into jutting rocks.
Its bottomless depths, dark and murky.

And, yet, have I seen it calm and quiet,
As the moon is on a summer's night.
Smooth, unruffled, like a piece of marble newly
polished.
I have seen, and been amazed.

PETER BACH.

London, England.

A TREE-LINED PATH.

A tree-lined path that Nature's hands adorn,
 Winding and twisting 'neath the leaf-green shade.
 How oft I wander there with soul forlorn,
 To sit and dream awhile in yonder shade.

The mellow brightness of the evening sun,
 Through quivering leaves its changing patterns weave :
 Here are man's works with greatest ease outdone ;
 Here I all worldly woes and worries leave.

The white anemones do shyly lift their head,
 And bright-eyed primrose gild the mossy banks,
 And one celestial harmony overhead,
 A million song birds' evening hymn of thanks.

No hymn, no harmony that mortal men devise,
 Could with that changing symphony compare,
 As glorious and ethereal music lies
 Trembling and singing on the evening air.

What soul within this troubled world of ours
 That would not leap and sing and soar with these?
 What man who wanders within Nature's bowers
 Would not give thanks to Him on bended knees?

J. MACKAY.

Inverness-shire, Scotland.

ROAMING.

They're roaming with the Army
Across the world to war—
In Libya, Tunisia,
And even at Italy's door.

Perhaps they're with the Navy,
Roaming the deep blue sea ;
No doubt in a submarine,
Racked like a pod of peas.

Some will be fighting in the air,
Flying in fighter planes ;
Some will pilot bombers,
And for victory will spare no pains.

But when the war is over,
And the boys are safe back home,
Enjoying the things that used to be
Before they started to roam.

They expect to find a better world,
Free from sin and shame ;
The world for which they fought for,
And for which they spared no pain.

S. G. PRINT.

THE SEA.

Roar, mighty wave, and spend thy strength
On changeless cliffs, which none can sway.
None! 'til the hand of God at last
Shall order what shall end their day.

Roar, mighty wave, and surge your heavy swell
Close on the shore, to pound these lofty walls.
Waste all thy strength, and it shall not avail
To move these crags or still the sea-birds' calls.

Roll on, you tides, to-morrow will be here,
And you must speed ere then your sluggish way,
To carry news of those in distant lands
Into the ears of those who wait and pray.

H. WATSON LAWRIE.

Glasgow, Scotland.

WHEN YOU KNOW.

When you know you are not forgotten by the one you
can't forget.

When you know that someone loves you from the first
day that you met.

For a while you may be parted, but have no vain regret,
Because you will never be forgotten by the one you can't
forget.

As the one you can't forget loves you so much that words
can never tell.

JOHN SMITH.

H.M. Forces.

OH, GOD!

Stretch forth Thy hand,
 Far o'er this wanton land,
 And stay this evil wretch, who creeps
 Beneath the sea and o'er the earth;
 This loathsome cur, who only reaps
 A bitter victory, that holds no worth.

Stretch forth Thy hand
 And bring us Peace.
 Tear out this sin:
 Give us new lease
 Of life, with goodness, pure and fair.
 Take up Thy stand;
 Make strong Thy kin
 To clear this fouldome lair.
 No choking weed,
 No poisoned seed
 Within the womb of life.
 Oh God, dear God,
 End now this strife
 For ever! Amen.

M. L. SAWDON.

Herefordshire, England.

REQUIEM.

Will you remember me when I am gone
To the far place I long for ;
Where sorrow hurts no more,

Nor joy makes hurts more sore?
Will you say, " She might have been . . ." ?
Will you say, " If only she'd seen . . ." ?
Do not cry nor bitterly recall the past.

Old memory hurts, but new memory comes fast.
Remember only when the sea calls and sighs,
And o'er the unharvested field a harvest moon does rise.
Think of me kindly in these spellbound hours.

So then, from the peace one can understand,
I'll be happy and rested in that far-off land.

A. WINKFIELD.

Buckinghamshire, England.

ODE TO WINTER.

Come with your frost and lay upon the trees ;
Stab with your winds and bite all things to freeze.
Sweep with your storms, your gales, to wreck and mar.
Yet with your gales you do not move a star.
If with your ice you could all evil chill ;
Freeze out the hate in all and breathe goodwill :
The earth is foul with war and men insane.
Come with your snows and make them pure again.

CHARLES H. SHELDRAKE.

London, England.

A JOURNEY REALLY NECESSARY.

The man who brought this war upon us,
 The man who took some dares ;
 This world he caused ado and fuss.
 "Adolf, get up them stairs."

He's had one wish, to conquer the world,
 But just didn't know his cares ;
 For now he's been completely foiled.
 "Adolf, get up them stairs."

One big collapse was against the Reds,
 Who he thought were full of scares ;
 But the Russians proved to be the heads.
 "Adolf, get up them stairs."

North Africa he no longer keeps,
 His men driven out of lairs ;
 Who didn't die were captured in heaps.
 "Adolf, get up them stairs."

The time will come for him to go,
 To lose the rest of his shares ;
 As he has proved to be the worst foe.
 "Adolf, get up them stairs."

He's badly cracking, we can tell,
 Most likely saying his prayers ;
 But what's the use? He's going to hell.
 "Adolf, get DOWN them stairs."

ROBERT S. CLARK.

London, England.

JUNE DAY.

The grass so green beneath my feet,
The sky so blue above me,
The gentle bleating of the lambs,
All weave their spell around me.
And from my lips a song bursts forth,
For life is good and kindly.

And as I lift my face up high,
The sun's warm kiss I feel there ;
While all around the air delights
With scents of sweet June weather ;
And I rejoice to be alive
With heart light as a feather.

And now I come to sparkling brook
That gurgles in its gladness ;
While yonder, from the tall green trees,
The rooks chant forth their madness.
In this bright hour of joy and warmth
I find no room for sadness.

Ah ! would that all the world were so,
And knew no pain or sorrow ;
No thoughts of strife, of war and hate,
How sweet would be each morrow.
Until that hour (let it be soon),
These fleeting hours I borrow.

B. MOSS.

Staffordshire, England.

THE SPIRITS OF OUR FATHERS.

Beneath the skies of England,
In the towns and in the fields,
They're waiting, ever waiting,
With their long bows and their shields.

You have seen them in the twilight,
You have seen them in the dawn ;
Centuries they've been there,
Since that first invasion morn.

When they sailed across the Channel
To fell the might of France ;
You can tell it's not the first time
By their manner and their glance.

For they've looked at you, these warriors,
As you see them standing there,
With the shadows cast around them,
And victory in their glare.

And now they're making ready
For another great crusade
Across that strip of water
Where England's history's made.

W. A. TAYLOR.

Kent, England.

MIST AND RAIN.

A cold, dark misty morning,
A soft, fine, drizzling rain,
Soft tender green leaves
Bursting out again.

The daffodils are drooping,
Their heads are sadly nodding.
The day is dark and dreary,
And one's imagination wanders
Beyond the misty vale.
In distant lands, somewhere,
The sun is shining,
And remembrance cheers
Your heart again.

E. C. STATON.

Kent, England.

REMEMBER THE SOLDIER.

When the Lord of War is tired,
Lays down his sword of hate,
Let the Cenotaph of Sacrifice
Remind us of their fate.

Unknown soldiers must be no more.
What use forgotten fame?
Dare we suggest, upon this shore
Their reward be just a name?

More tangible should be our gift
For the life he gladly gave.
A promise will not help to lift
His soul from a hero's grave.

It lies within the nation's power
To keep that Peace, when won,
Remembering the soldier in that hour.
God bless them, every one.

WILLIAM F. SPENCER.

H.M. Forces.

RIPPLING WATERS.

Rippling waters, crystal clear,
Murmuring, softly flowing.
O pleasant sounds to the ear,
Onward, onward going.

Through green fields, a shady nook,
Through a village, quaint and small,
Beautiful waters of a bubbling brook,
Everlasting beauty, loved by all.

Onward, onward, to the great sea creeping,
Lingering through the wood and meadow ;
Onward, when everything is sleeping,
These musical waters gently flow.

Rippling waters, fresh and sweet,
Through hills and fields will roam,
Until its destination it has in sight,
The wide and salty foam.

PAMELA PARISH.

Kent, England.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

Yours is the sky and the sea, my love,
The gleam of a white gull's wing,
The wind-torn froth of curling waves,
The first pale flower of Spring.

Yours is the scent of purple heath,
Where the sea gleams thro' the dunes,
Yours is the love of ancient downs,
Where the wild strawberry blooms.

The star-shot darkling coast line,
Where the white lights swing their rays,
The drowsy summer meadows,
The russet Autumn days.

The pang that a lonely ridge of pines
Gives stark 'gainst a wicked sky,
The warmth of an evening fireside seat
When the wind and seas roar high.

The haven of your mother's love
When the world is drab and grey,
The thought of coming home at last,
When you've been too long away.

To you may the world be gallant
And gay with the wings of Fear,
Swept from the earth by the morning light
Of a new day breaking clear.

GEORGE CARTER.

Surrey, England.

ON A YOUNG AIRMAN.

Gently round the place where he lies,
Breathe, O wind, thy tremulous sighs ;
For he was free of the air as thou,
Whom earth doth fold so piteous now.

Still he lies in his brief earth's bed,
Brought to the limits of all things dead,
But of the fame of his selfless quest
Never shall he be dispossessed.

Blow, then, wind, with a trumpet sound
Over this prideful plot of ground ;
Time runs onward beyond recall,
But, dying thus, he shall outlive all.

. D. TINDALL.

Aberdeenshire, Scotland.

AS TIME GOES BY.

In blissful ignorance we did bend
Each other to their will,
And forge a love without end,
The years 'tis greater still.
Did we yet tarry by the way?
Did we yet hold aloof?
Each had their own little say,
Be it ever yet uncouth.
As time goes by we have learned
That we'd been led aright,
For in each heart is ever burned
A flame of love so bright.
May God in His blessing lengthen
That love which we enjoy ;
May He in His mercy strengthen
The mood of our employ.
Till that great day will dawn on High,
And we go without regret
To a home of happiness up in the sky
With a love more prouder yet.

WALLWYNE LLOYD.

H.M. Forces.

SPECTRE AWFUL.

I beheld my one dreary night,
 Alone in my haunted room ;
 What I beheld that lonely night
 Filled my soul with gloom.

'Twas not of love that dwelt therein ;
 'Twas not of faith nor charity,
 But greedy lust of illicit sin,
 That revealed my life with clarity.

I beheld a spectre, tall and gaunt,
 Holding its hands of gory hue ;
 But for all my vision I was nothing daunt,
 For I cried, " I take what is my due.

I'll pay the price of virtue's gain,
 Of bastard kith or kin ;
 I'll take the path of bloody pain
 And let the godly win.

I've paid the price the spectre asks,
 I suffer in my haunted room.
 My life, my soul, a death's-head mask,
 And my love an empty tomb."

ROMA BROOK.

Co. Durham, England.

MUSINGS.

Come away, let us dance
Like the flowers in the breeze ;
Let us trip up the glades
'Neath these tall, leafy trees.

O'er the grass as we go,
See the shades fleetly gliding.
In the fern by the brook
See the dappled deer hiding.

The bluebells are ringing,
Their chimes seem to say :
You, too, should be singing ;
You, too, should be gay.

The blackbird is piping
An enchanting tune.
See the still lake reflecting
The lights of the moon.

The stars looking downwards
View the quiet, peaceful scene.
This June in our woodlands,
Here where Nature has been.

V. SIEGMUND.

Staffordshire, England.

JUST A PICTURE.

[Dedicated to my Mother.]

Just a picture, that is all ;
Nailed up against a wall,
In a gilded, old-worn frame,
Like any picture is just the same ;
And yet, it brings memories to my mind
Of other days, carefree and kind.
A picture of a pretty girl,
That sets one's head in a whirl.
In old-fashioned clothes she stands,
Dreaming, it seems, of far-off lands.
Yet this picture, it is no other ;
It is the likeness of my mother.

VALERIE S. STORE.

ROAD TO TRIPOLI.

On the road to Tripoli,
'Neath a sky of deepest blue,
Hear the gallant pipers play,
See them marching into view.
From the desert sands they come,
Every man a victor bold,
Bronzed by Africa's burning sun,
Toughened by the night winds cold.
So clear out, you Huns accurst,
Make way for the "Fifty First."

City white, beside the sea,
Here the Highland Laddies come ;
Men who fight for you and me,
Swing along to pipe and drum,
Hardy men from hill and glen.
May well Hitler fear the worst,
Who will beard him in his den?
Why, the gallant "Fifty First."

SAMUEL R. STEWART.

Dumbartonshire, Scotland.

NATURE'S OWN.

It's a lovely walk along by the Church,
Where the river runs down to the weir,
And the quiet little spot well-known for its perch,
That breed near the waterfall clear.

The famous old grove, with its green mossy banks,
And the flowers that grow by the score,
The brightly hued catkins that hang in their hanks,
And the copper leaves strewn on the floor.

The quaint burbling stream where the small minnows play
The field where the brown rabbits run,
Wild crab-apple trees drop their fruits in the breeze,
And the hedge-sparrows join in the fun.

The night owl asleep in the old hollow oak,
The field mice at play in the corn,
The dirty old pool where the slimy toads croak—
This is surely where Nature was born.

EDGAR ATTENBOROUGH.

H.M. Forces.

THE GARDEN GATE.

On rusted hinges it was hanging there,
Sagged and broken, with woodwork bare ;
How many had come and lifted the latch,
And passed through you up the garden patch?

Visitors, beggars, salesmen, too,
Had come to visit and passed through you.
You, I expect, banged on a windy night,
And now you are about to give up the fight.

You are broken and done, your spars are loose ;
You'll soon be broken down as no more use.
What a pity, and indeed it's hard
That for your services you get no reward.

D. F. FAIRWEATHER.

West Lothian, Scotland.

SOUL IN BONDAGE.

O melancholy mood and day,
As dreary life drifts on its way ;
You come to plague my restless soul,
O'er shadowing it with morbid rôle
Of disillusioned youth. Ye prey on me,
And cloud my restless mind amidst a sea
Of error, care, and conscious agony ;
Rolling me towards the shore of dark despair,
Though I shall find no haven there.

O troubled spirit, ye know no rest,
Nor know the joy of being blest,
Nor know the people's social joys,
Like simple pleasures or simple toys.
Alone amidst the multitudes of life,
As in a desert, through sand's stormy strife,
Ye struggle and drudge on day by day ;
Lovelorn, lonely, and pining away
In vain for liberty, love and rest ;
Aching to sleep on a loved one's breast.

A weary sojourner, you still weep :
Long for your rest in death and sleep ;
For Nirvana I hear you cry,
And wish to God that you could die,
But do not—only mourn and sigh.

D. H. HARGRAVE.

Yorkshire, England.

OUR FIGHTING CAUSE.

The kettle boils, and Ma gets up
From her knitting by the fire,
Just to make us all a cup
Of the tea that we admire.

When we've fed and drunk our tea,
We hear the evening's news.
After the announcer's summary,
We begin to speak our views.

At night we retire to our rooms,
To bed, to sleep and rest ;
But no, the German comes and zooms,
And spoils our sleep, the pest !

Soon we hope to live in peace
Upon our British soil ;
The German race then will cease,
The wish for which we toil.

Until that wish is fulfilled,
We must go fighting mad
To save the cup that Ma has filled,
And the things we've always had.

JAMES R. HAWKES.

Essex, England.

THE THINGS I LOVE.

The waltz, with thrilling, vibrant strains,
Excites my heart so that it pains.
A peaceful walk by the country-side,
Where quiet beauty doth abide.

A merry friend, perhaps called Rosy,
With whom I'd sit and be quite cosy,
And while the summer and winter away,
Growing happier day by day.

The salty spray from a stormy sea,
Just before I go to tea.
The fleecy clouds go sailing by,
Away up in the tall, blue sky.

I like to curl up in a chair
And read a book, I do declare ;
Or rosy apples, there to eat,
Sitting on the garden seat.

MURIEL ROSE.

Co. Durham, England.

A PRAYER.

To Thee, O God, I send this prayer,
For boys and girls abroad.
Please keep them safely in Thy care,
And trust in Thee, their God.

We know, O Lord, 'tis by Thy will
This war has had to be.
But is it right to fight and kill?
Forgive me questioning Thee.

Father, I do not understand ;
I put my faith in Thee.
Please bless those lads on sea or land,
And help the world be free.

IRENE HOWE.

H.M. Forces.

TO COME BACK.

The pack on my back is so heavy,
Yet there on wings on my feet,
I have come back to my home town ;
I am in my very own street.
Things are the same as I left them,
I dreamed they'd stay that way.

It's amazing the things one remembers,
When one is so far away.
My home is no great mansion,
Or grand house, fine and tall,
But just a red roof cottage,
That looks so quaint and small.
Yet to me it is everything—
My life, my heaven on earth ;
Unless you've had to leave it,
You could never know its worth.

Here I am at the gateway ;
I know it squeaks just the same.
But, oh, that grand feeling,
To walk that path once again.

DOROTHY DEAN.

London, England.

THE ROSE YOU GAVE TO ME.

'Tis many, many years ago
Since that fair day in June.
The sun shed radiance everywhere,
All Nature was attune.
My heart for joy sang like a bird,
Entranced I seemed to be,
As whispering softly words of love,
You gave a rose to me.

Years come and go, and oft we think
That things have been forgot,
Until some chord is struck to show
That memory dieth not.
For memories, bitter-sweet, were stilled,
Your face I seemed to see,
When in a book I chanced to find
The rose you gave to me.

CONSTANCE M. SLIGHT.

London, England.

THIS LOVE.

How high the fire, and how intense,
A smouldering heat from kindled flame ;
And like this heart, such love unknown,
Feel radiant warmth I cannot name.

No gentle breeze with light caress,
Or even music, quiet, restrained ;
A storm unleashed, whipped into gale,
Gives strength to fight for heights unclaimed.

The comfort still of warm, strong arms,
In troubled loneliness, deep fear ;
Such fount of love, before unknown,
Can shine from heights when paths are clear.

So rest my love, and feel secure ;
There is no power can stain or pall
This love so fine, like earth and rain,
This heart with you, through life, through all.

MARGARET JOLLIFFE.

Oxfordshire, England.

SONG.

I cannot sing of loveliness,
For loveliness is passed away ;
And each fair shade God e'er has made
Is changed to leaden grey.

Nor can I sing of childhood,
For childhood days were filled with dreams ;
Now those are dead, and overhead
No ray of hope down-gleams.

I cannot sing of wine ;
Somehow the palate scorns desire ;
Nor yet of war, O nevermore
Its fame fills me with fire.

Nor can I sing of love,
For love denies me e'en her own
Sweet company, and leaves me free,
Yet joyless, and alone.

I cannot sing, the Muse is dumb ;
No inspirations urge me on ;
I cannot sing of anything,
Now you are gone.

H. A. COOK,

Essex, England.

O FOREVER LET US WANDER.

O forever let us wander,
And deep thoughts in measure ponder :
Where the world seems clear and airy,
Where the eagle builds his eyrie ;
On some mysti'd mountain side,
Sun lit, heather'd, purple dyed.
Through an English grassy plain,
As soft the breath of morn is lain.
Or in dale, by haunted brook,
Sweet dreams within an oak leav'd nook.

O great heart, while you are young,
With your life in love begun :
Would this beauteous scene might last,
Or I dream on, unfathom'd with the past.

ROBERT STEELE.

Edinburgh, Scotland.

RAIN.

The rain is pattering on my face ;
Softly, softly it is falling,
From the distant past recalling
Memories of time and place.
Woods and flowers, all April wet,
Sparrows from the hedgerows calling ;
Gentle rain, so softly falling,
Bringing dreams I can't forget.

In a little cottage, thatched,
Music of the raindrops' patter,
Oaken beams, the brittle clatter
Of cups, whose saucers never matched ;
Children's voices, laughing, gay,
Fill the room with happy chatter ;
Tender rain, your pitter-patter
Breaks the mist of yesterday.

Vivid blue through cloudy sky,
Showers in silver points descending,
Woodland smoke and lanes unending,
Moments breathless as a sigh ;
Loveliness, long buried deep,
Wakens to the magic blending
Of the kindly rain descending,
Stirring treasures from their sleep.

HILDA E. HANCOCK,

Middlesex, England.

AUTUMN SORTIE—1940.

Dear Lord, pray give me strength this day
To face the foe, the fearful fray ;
That though this heart be wracked with fear,
To tarry not when death be near,
Nor hesitate when vandals leap,
With grasping maw, in blood to steep
This blessed land that gave me birth,
That bore me from the virgin earth ;
That with her body wracked in pain,
Yet bids her sons fight not in vain,
And mortal hurt yet tells the world
The flag of freedom flies unfurled.
Shall we who love and share her pride
Let avid despots sweep aside
The prize for which our fathers fought,
The wisdom which our mothers taught?
And God Himself proclaims on high
That England must be free, or die.
Take heart, dear land, it shall not be.
We pledge our humble lives to thee,
That come who may with flaming sword,
Shall find that death itself be stored
In this fair isle for those who would
Her deathless spirit drench in blood.

R. A. MEE,

Cheshire, England,

TO THEE, MY COUNTRY.

O England, land of never failing glory,
How truly mighty is thy story
Of gallant gestures, splendid deeds,
How deeply rooted are thy seeds.
The glowing of an English dawn,
The stately, waving golden corn,
The rising of a brilliant sun,
The breath of hope and life new-born.
A land where freedom reigns supreme!
A land of virtues, there to glean
An everlasting growing core—
Indeed a land worth fighting for.

JOAN YVONNE CHADWICK.

Yorkshire, England.

JUST A DREAMER.

He seems nothing but a dreamer,
Who dreams his way through life,
Who's full of love and laughter
In a land so full of strife.
He plays a smile in his queer way,
And you never see him frown,
For he's always dreaming night and day,
And life never gets him down.
He has his ups and downs, we know,
But through it all he smiles ;
And when he's worried it doesn't show,
For God guides him through these trials.
So try and go through life his way,
No matter what happens to you ;
You'll find your troubles have gone astray,
And you will make others happy too.

R. A. G. AMATT.

Derbyshire, England.

A THOUGHT.

God bless the boys who are fighting in France.
We knew they could do it, if given the chance.
How well they remember their pals who have gone :
Revenge is their motto, that's why they go on.

There on the beach-head, by day and by night,
They fight for their pals and the things that are right.
They've all got a job, and it's got to be done,
For there's no turning back when once it's begun.

So don't let us grumble when we feel depressed :
Give a thought to those lads who are giving their best.
Kneel down and pray that wherever they roam,
God will protect them and bring them back home.

D. BOWES.

H.M. Forces.

THE RIVER.

Oh! sacred now my thoughts to be,
 Whilst musing on your banks of green.
 Bathed still in God's tranquillity ;
 A carpet of a silvery sheen.

Beneath your depths I long to gaze,
 To push aside your watery cloak,
 The portal of your mystic ways,
 Foundations aged, and walls remote.

Past years have shown that you bore fame,
 Beloved by many and adored ;
 But in this age of strife and shame,
 Time man for you can ill afford.

Oh! to have been once held so dear
 Is but a memory sad and vain ;
 To know that love will reappear
 Is like a dead rose—born again.

For days will come when men will see
 Once more the beauty of this land.
 For they must fight ; but you are free !
 No foreign foe can thee command.

So river, wander on your way :
 Why trouble what mad man will do?
 The time is nearing when he may
 Divert his eyes from war to you.

J. N. RADFORD.

SOLITUDE.

Solitude and sad despair,
Loneliness and doubts and cares,
Aching heart and fervent prayers,
Misery, because I care.

Care for you with ache and pain,
Long to see your face again ;
I crave to hold you in my arms,
To feel the nearness of your charms.

To-night, as from my window high,
I see the moon up in the sky :
I envy it, because I know
It watches you where'er you go.

Remember, dear, though far apart,
I hold you dearly in my heart ;
And some day soon we'll meet again,
And sing together love's refrain.

S. K. LUCAS.

H.M. Forces.

THIS MOTHER.

I can find no words—no music to describe this moment.
No unutterable passion—no urge—no impulse that can
feed this fire.

No day again can bring in all its splendour—this day—this
moment, this desire.

I can find no memories—no tragic mood so matchless as
this hour.

No silver sky—no moon—no stars to eclipse from throne
above.

No heavenly canopy can compete—this day—this moment
and this love.

I can find no pain—no breathless pang that can compare
to-day.

No heroes rush—no thrill—no escape from tangled mess.

No thing in all the world so sweet as this baby—my
daughter; this new-born bunch of tenderness.

No years of mine—no dreams have ever brought such
boundless charms.

No picture conjured up through tears—no earthly thing:
no lover,

Can recapture once again for me this moment—this day—
this brand new Mother.

H. MORRIS.

London, England.

KISMET.

An old man paused beside a stile,
To rest his weary bones awhile,
His weak eyes roving absently,
'Til his glance fell on a nearby tree.

A smile lit up his careworn face,
As with his finger he slowly traced
The outline of two hearts entwined,
With the words "For Ever" underlined.

His memory slipped back through the years,
With all the hopes, and joys, and tears ;
Over that stile he had walked with pride,
Over that stile he had carried his bride.

To the little house beside the hill,
The little old house he lived in still,
Awaiting the call to join his bride,
Longing to cross the Great Divide.

Then suddenly, out of a clear blue sky,
An aeroplane appeared, soaring high ;
A sudden swoop, a rain of hell :
Not a cry was heard as the old man fell.

He lay as asleep beside the stile,
Where often before he had dreamed awhile,
Then a voice whispered softly from a wood,
"Out of evil cometh good."

VIOLET PARSONS.

Dorsetshire, England.

THE PRESENCE.

O God! I hear Thee in the tender song
Of tiny birds a-flitting through the trees.
I hear Thee in the laughter of a throng
Of children gay; the humming of the bees
Is Thy sweet Voice; the countless melodies
That float through starry spaces too are Thine.
Through all sweet sounds I hear the Voice Divine.

O God! I feel Thee in the gentle wind
That bears a thousand perfumes on the air,
Which vain man seeks to capture, but to find
He cannot prison such an essence rare.
O God! I feel Thy Presence everywhere.
It permeates the sunshine and the rain.
'Tis in the city or the country lane.

O God! I see Thee in each perfect flow'r
That blossoms in the mossy woodland dell.
I see Thy wonder every passing hour,
Expressed perchance in some small fragile shell,
Or in the mighty ocean's spuméd swell.
I see Thee in the flaming skies above.
I see Thee, God, through Thy great gift of Love.

IDA M. ROSE.

Essex, England.

PAINTING—46.

Memory, the insistent tones
Of half-awakened sleep ;
And plastic moulds
Of past familiar things.
Clear-cut, remote, intangible.
The liquid clocks and watches,
Timing all our acts
With blind faces bared,
To memory.

The hollowed shape,
The shell of things once known,
These pencilled figures
Two dimensional, alone,
Divided by their flatness
From the world we know.
You knew them once, they lived,
It was their fate,
Theirs to express,
Yours to create.

MARY EMMETT.

Buckinghamshire, England.

BE PREPARED.

Be prepared, is our nation's cry.
 And we can be too, if we'll only try.
 For England needs us, man, woman, or child,
 To help her when storms are brewing wild.
 Help with your courage, and cheerfulness, too.
 Help MORE with your SAVINGS, to pull us through
 These times of stress, worry, and strain,
 Until our world is straight again.

If you're thankful that our land is free,
 Ruled by King and Democracy ;
 And not by Dictators, so fond of "I's,"
 Whose speeches contain so many lies :
 Whose hearts are filled with hatred and greed.
 If you're thankful that from these we're freed,
 Then SAVE, SAVE, SAVE, for tanks, aircraft and guns:
 SAVE for new ships to chase away all the Huns.
 SAVE for your leisure on land, air or sea ;
 But SAVE, most of all, to keep our land free !

MAISIE HAYWARD.

London, England.

THE QUESTION.

Wouldst fight for England, little one?
Wouldst fight for something dear to us,
Our loved, our valiant motherland?
Wouldst give thy life without a fuss?

Wouldst shed thy blood for this thy land?
Wouldst sacrifice thine all?
Wouldst be courageous, loyal and true,
And answer her great call?

I answer thee, my noble friend,
Unswerving, brave and free.
I give mine all for you, England, dear ;
I give my blood to thee.

JOYCE O. SPIRES.

Northamptonshire, England.

MY STAR.

You! lost afar—
Where winds and waters weave their fatal spell
Of death—fling back to me a grand farewell
Of courage, self-forgetting deeds that tell
 Where heroes are!

You are my star
That shines for me through heaven and earth and hell!
Your royal disregard of danger's knell,
The grandeur of your daring, ever dwell
In memory, shining through my tears that fell
 For you—afar!

ESTHER E. HYLAND.

Surrey, England.

BEAUTY IN A WORLD AT WAR.

This warring world is still a lovely place,
The bluebells cluster yet in wood and glade.
Serenely glides the dappled river by ;
The solemn mountains look on, undismayed.

The pallid dawn still timidly returns
To shyly bathe with dew the grassy lea.
The thrush and skylark have not lost their voice ;
Unchanged the restless drama of the sea.

At dusk the firefly lights its fitful lamp,
The moon stares down with placid, freckled face.
While stars begin to shed their camouflage,
And sun clasps earth in passionate embrace.

Man, seeing beauty, has created it
In noble verse, on canvas and in clay.
In timbered cottage and cathedral spire,
A wealth of loveliness his arts display.

There is a splendour in the abstract things ;
In virile manliness and honest toil ;
In sweet compassion, courage, faithfulness—
Realities which war cannot despoil.

Richer than all, and constant down the ages,
The mystic ties of home and blood and race :
A mother's care ; a child's innocent trusting—
This warring world is still a lovely place.

G. S. ELLIS.

A BATTLE HAS BEEN FOUGHT.

Dawn, the chill grey mists linger as though reluctant to
depart

From the towering peaks last resting place of many a
gallant heart.

In the valley by the river, the cannon seems to echo still.
The odour of death is on the ground that humble men
did till.

Here a shattered cottage, roofless walls gaping at the skies,
A sacrifice to man's folly, to treachery, to lies.
At home some aching hearts for loved ones vainly sought.
It happens every day, of course—a battle has been fought!

GEORGE MULLEN.

H.M. Forces.

THIS FOLLY—WAR.

If they had only known him as we knew him,
And could have seen him in his hours of ease,
They would have loved him, surely, as did we,
And spared him all the terror of the seas.
What hatred could they have for such a one ;
So armed with love, he could not know of hate?
Would they not then have loved the happy life
They cruelly stole? But no, too bitter fate
Decreed it not that all men might be brothers
And so he went, although he had no spite :
No arguments were his ; he loved all others,
Scorning not evil, save by loving right.

And so I often wonder when I read
About the bitter battles, land or sea,
If Aryan mothers weep for Aryan sons,
And if there might not be one such as he?
Perhaps some fair-haired boy lies cloaked in death,
Having no grave, no prayers, no requiem.
Some fair-haired boy, who hated us no more
Than our dark-headed soldier hated them.

BRENDA ROCKETT.

London, England.

TO D. A. W.

When in the day I see your winning smile,
And hear the teasing tone of your dear voice ;
When I can walk and talk with you awhile,
Then my fool heart has not another choice.
No other choice than you to have and love,
To dream and sigh and pine away its days ;
To blame the pointed stars that shine above,
And light the moon upon her ordered ways.
But do not think that this sad state will last ;
That a heart once sure can never change its mind ;
For mine has felt this pain in days long past,
And yours, not heeding mine, too soon may find
That it has given itself away once more
To another smile, another voice—more sure !

BARBARA B. PLATTEN.

Suffolk, England.

HIS LORDSHIP, BABY BOY.

Tip toe, mind how you go, his Lordship is asleep.
 Tip toe, steady and slow, he slumbers calm and deep.
 His golden head lies on his pillow, so snug ;
 I'd give the whole world just to give him a hug ;
 But his teddy bear guards him and angels above—
 His Lordship, Baby Boy.

Tip toe, soldiers all in a row, are silent there and still.
 Tip toe, they made a fine show ; some standing and others
 still.
 For his Lordship had a battle that day,
 And he was in the midst of the fray,
 Till Bonzo, the dog, gave the game right away—
 His Lordship, Baby Boy.

Tip toe, let him slumber on so, for time is passing by.
 Tip toe, to a man he must grow, perhaps to do or die.
 So let him sleep on till that day comes along.
 'Neath his mother's watchful eye,
 Lest her poor heart be broken
 As the cruel words are spoken—
 His Lordship passes by.

A. ARNOLD.

London, England.

ANGELS OF BOMBER COMMAND.

With the whistle of wind in the wires,
 With a roar as a storm over foam,
 With wings as an Angel far-spread,
 The bombers are coming back home.
 Back from the flames of the Ruhr,
 Back from the beasts of Berlin,
 Back from their jobs grandly done,
 The great birds come gracefully in.
 Beauty by man finely wrought,
 Strength that Great Britain doth need,
 Over the country they love,
 At terrible, effortless speed.

God bless the Bomber Command,
 Terribly working Thy will!
 Michael, pray unsheath thy sword,
 Guard these new Angels from ill!
 Angels, of metal and wood
 Over God's enemies roam,
 Wreaking the vengeance of God,
 Till God's own peace shall have come.

P. W. MANSER.

London, England.

MR. STREAMLET.

Tripping o'er his pebbly base,
Mr. Wavelet seems to go,
Tossing driplets from his face
As he bounces to and fro.

As he rounds that rocky curve
(His bodice bulging as he goes),
He shows to life his every nerve
While sweeping past each fish's nose.

Then, from left to right he roams,
Then back again, to watch his rear ;
Each streamlet adding to his dome
As to each of them his course doth veer.

As he travels on his way,
All the night and all the day,
What is this, his eyes to scan ;
Something built by common man?

There are noises now that he can hear ;
As he builds to conquer man's veneer.
Now he sees it is too late,
'Cause man has conquered. So, with hate,

He crashes on those stones below
Where man has struck that fatal blow.
No tombstone rests where Wavelet fell ;
To no one will he sorrow bring.
But, oh hell ! He was so natural a thing.

R. R. B. MURRAY.

P E A C E .

Here is a field of green,
Tall, waving grass ;
Wherein I lay unseen,
As sunlight hours pass.

Here is a spreading tree,
Her arms outstretched,
Giving her shelter free,
Luring to rest.

Here is a gentle stream,
Murmuring and slow,
Threading its way a gleam,
Where rushes grow.

Here, then, is Nature's heart,
Her sanctuary and shrine,
Where peace and beauty start,
And all in all is mine.

J. H. BUDD.

Buckinghamshire, England.

THE OWL AND THE HARE.

I watched the sun sink in the west,
Beyond the hills of golden grain,
When the harvest moon rose o'er the crest,
Beyond the beeches on the plain.

As darkness crept beneath the hedgerows,
More faintly loomed the distant trees,
Where silver birch and weeping willows
Shed their gold and silver leaves.

When from the beeches by the river
Rose a mournful, haunting note,
And at my feet, with scarce a quiver,
Darts the hare before the stoat.

Brightly gleamed the silver moonlight,
Flashing white on those wings of death,
And faintly chimed the hour of midnight
In that vale of peace and rest.

Then, like a dart from Satan's quiver,
Flashed the owl with ghost-like wings,
O'er the treetops by the river,
Where the nightingale still sings.

Then, 'midst those sheaves of golden grain,
I heard that cry of mad despair ;
I saw those wings of death so plain,
And in its claws that timid hare.

F. J. NEWLAND.

Essex, England.

RESIGNATION.

A long time ago, wasn't it?
You've lived in memory's book since that day died.
Funny how Fate plays games, isn't it?
Showing the side of heaven that is denied.

A long day has passed, hasn't it?
Our feet have trod the paths of destiny.
A sweet interlude once, wasn't it?
But Fate had different ways for you and me.

The same moon still shines, doesn't it?
The same world goes round and always will.
Funny how one resigns to live, isn't it?
And finds some sweetness that is left one still.

A long time ago, wasn't it?
A whole river's flowed beneath each arch.
Funny how one gains power to reason, isn't it?
As time goes on in his perpetual march.

NANNETTE FORD.

Bedfordshire, England.

STARS.

They are very indifferent—stars are.
 They never deem it necessary to inquire
 Whether you are winning or losing in life's game ;
 Never bother as to whether you are an asset
 Or merely a nonentity. Never infer that
 Your judgment may be warped, ideas distorted,
 Or your principles be worthless.

You are but one, impelled for some brief moment
 Against the surge of life and infinite time ;
 A shuttle, to be directed as fate decrees.
 Leading one man to glory, while perhaps
 Another sees the epitome of life in wine.
 One may love, and so in loving weep.
 The next may play at love, and lightly reap
 The harvest, with the heart untouched.
 Who knows wherein our destinies may lie?
 Each have our own, yet know not what
 They are . . . except that death—the common
 End to all—awaits mankind.

So it goes on. Still stars survey :
 And come triumph—or fall, happiness—or woe,
 Love or hate, it is all the same to them,
 And makes no difference. How can they conceive
 Our earthly fate. . . . They, who regard
 All with impunity?
 Mocking, and glittering, heartless stars !

MARGARET E. MCGIBBON.

Ayrshire, Scotland.

A WEDDING HYMN.

[Tune: Oscar Ahnfelt's Den Yndigste Rose Er Fundet.]

The Lord in His goodness and power
Has blessed all our days, now this hour.
Our lives, marked with loneliness, sadness,
He changed into love, source of gladness.

This day seems the happiest ever,
For we now unite, ne'er to sever.
Our partnership starts on this May day ;
Our love, like our troth, is for aye—aye.

God bless this our union with favour,
And shine on our home and our labour.
Give strength to proclaim the Christ story,
And keep us together in Glory.

OLAF MORGAN NORLIE.

Minnesota, U.S.A.

GILBERT OLSON OUDAL, 1870-1944.

Jeg glemmer Dig aldrig, Du Oudal, min ven :
 Du gjeveste bokhandler, kyndig og klok,
 Dit liv var en vakker, oploftende bok ;
 Og takk skal Du ha til vi motes igjen.

Jeg glemmer Dig aldrig, Du Oudal, min ven :
 Dit vennskap var inderlig, hjelpsom og varm,
 Hos Dig var det godt, som ved moderens barm ;
 Og derfor jeg lengter aa se Dig igjen.

Jeg glemmer Dig aldrig, Du Oudal, min ven :
 Du modige dikter med de vingede ord,
 Der kom som fra oven til den syndige jord ;
 Jeg sa til min sjel : " Du maa les' dem igjen."

Jeg glemmer Dig aldrig, Du Oudal, min ven :
 Du elsket Guds kirke, og stod paa Din post,
 Du slet gjennom hete og vinterens frost ;
 Du bad for oss alle, igjen og igjen.

Jeg glemmer Dig aldrig, Du Oudal, min ven :
 Dit hjem ga et glimt av de saliges sted,
 Der kjaerlighet hersket, og lovsang, og fred ;
 Og dit kom jeg gjerne,—nu aldrig igjen.

Jeg glemmer Dig aldrig, Du Oudal, min ven :
 De boker Du solgte mig, taler Din sak,
 De vidner om Dig gjennom stilhet og brak ;
 Og jeg vil si takk til vi motes igjen.

OLAF MORGAN NORLIE,

Minnesota, U.S.A.

ALONE ON THE COAST.

In my ears a-booming
On my cheek a breeze
That brings a breath of sweetness
From far across the seas.

The waves roll in at leisure,
With grace what tongue can say?
To break on sands so golden,
And slowly hush away.

There are seagulls squalling
On the cliff-tops high,
The gleaming white of many wings
Against a sunny sky.

The deep blue sea before me,
A cloudless sky above :
We've but to look around us
To find our God of Love.

H.M. Forces.

C. E. THOMSON.

THE THINGS I LOVE.

The things I love are peaceful things :
A budding tree, a bird that sings,
A field of barley tall and blonde,
A withered leaf, a silent pond,
The flowers in a forest fair,
The fragrance of an evening air ;
Quiet humour and a gentle wit—
The man whose mind can foster it ;
Little children, aged folk,
Ruined castles, pale wood smoke ;
Peaceful sleep and solid foods,
Rivers and their many moods,
Music and the gentle arts ;
Rambling lanes and old farm carts,
The breezes and the surging seas,
And anyone who loves all these.

IAN HILL.

H.M. Forces.

PASSING TIMES.

'Twas on a lovely autumn day,
The children played on the new-mown hay.
Their shouts of joy and songs were gay
Upon that lovely autumn day.

The village bell rang loud and clear,
That everyone around should hear.
Over hills and far away,
To men in fields a-mowing hay.

But lo, the bell is silent now,
And many a one with wrinkled brow,
Who go about their daily toil
Like surly workers of the soil.

For now the young men all have gone
To do a job that must be done.
On land, on sea, and in the air,
Our worthy lads are everywhere.

Young women, too, are far from home ;
Far from the hills they love to roam.
Though now they all are far away,
Some day they will come home to stay.

The village bell will toll again,
And ring aloft its glad refrain,
When fighting men come home once more,
Resume their toil like days of yore.

JOHN McLENNAN.

Renfrewshire, Scotland.

BIRTHDAY SMILES.

What a birthday! What a life!
I'd rather have a dozen wives,
Although they'd nag me, fight and scratch.
On a birthday in bed it's not a patch:
They just couldn't make things worse than **that**.

I received a verse—it made me mad,
'Cause it wished me all that I could add
To the merriest birthday I ever had.
And here I lay, fed-up in bed,
With my hands cupped round my weary head.

It's true, the nurses always smile,
But it made me think of every mile
I was away from that old pub,
Of which I knew I never could
Drink to my health like I should.

And it's true that I did celebrate
With a glass of water and sick mates.
But how was I supposed to stand
The distance from here to the Strand,
To that old pub and a pint of grand?

CYRIL ROGERS.

Buckinghamshire, England.

TO THE CANTEEN GIRL.

The canteen girl,
A veritable treasure ;
A lustrous pearl,
The sight of her's a pleasure.
Not giv'n to ease :
She works all day for little pay,
And tries to please.

But why on earth
Do I give her such praise?
Hold ! Cease your mirth,
I am not in a daze.
If my luck's good
This flattery will bring for me
The best of food !

R. L. EDGAR.

Co. Durham, England.

SPRING.

When Dawn comes creeping o'er the hill,
And kisses Night good-bye ;
When all the stars have gone to bed,
Leaving a clear blue sky ;

When all the birds are on the wing,
And all the beasts astir ;
When all the flowers are waking up
To smell the morning air,

The crocuses and snowdrops,
The pinks, and roses too,
Lift up their heads to heaven,
Drenched with early morning dew.

A scene like this reminds us
Of the peaceful times so dear,
When we used to murmur softly,
Another spring is here.

PEGGY CARTLEDGE.

Lancashire, England.

MEMORIES.

Memories, when sweet and old,
Are to me more precious than gold.
Memories, when sad and new,
Are a burden to me and you.
Sweet memories brighten up the day
And help us on our weary way.
Memories of loved ones past
Will never die, but always last.
These memories with us remain,
And as they grow old more sweetness gain.
We've memories that make us want to sigh,
And others that make us want to cry.
But we've more of the happy kind
That leave all heartaches far behind.
Memories, we love them nearly all,
And the happy times that they recall.

DORA CORRAN.

Lancashire, England.

D. B.

He has no far-flung titles, his wealth is next to none ;
He's just a part of England, an English mother's son.

If, perchance, you wonder, what put these thoughts to
script,

It's just a true example of British workmanship.

And if, perhaps, you own none such, you still can sow the
seed,

And maybe, if your turn's not come, it's you who will pay
heed.

Just think and look before you leap ; think of the little
dove.

And remember "Him," who's everything—God's gift of
perfect love.

A. E. BEISSER.

H.M. Forces.

GOLD.

From the core of the earth to the highest skies
Men have sought it with eager eyes.
With hearts of iron, hard and cold,
Men seek for the demon of jealousy—Gold.

The poor and the humble curse her very name ;
To her the rich owe all their fame.
God before swine His pearls hath rolled ;
Men follow the devil to gain his gold.

Where're on the earth man's foot hath been set,
They soil their souls as black as jet ;
Forsake the God they promised of old,
And worship the idol of wickedness—Gold !

L. M. FALCONER.

Derbyshire, England.

FAIRIES.

There are fairies at the bottom of our garden ;
I saw them last night,
Like balls of light in red, yellow and gold.

In their midst was the Fairy Queen,
A ball of gold and silver light,
Dancing around with fairy flight.

MARIA ROSSI.

Lancashire, England.

THE FUTURE.

The future of the world depends
On the chances of the girl and boy.
Truth will decide their fate, and opens
A combination which will employ.

Lend an ear to the youngster
As he sings a modern tune
Like a true thoroughbred songster,
Which comes to light pretty soon.

The younger element has class
When deciding a lyric, a song, or dance.
The drudgery in acting as time soon pass,
Comes forward with gist and endurance.

The wonderings of the forlorn,
With their hopes of the future
For after a seed is born,
Cultivated, it will thrive and mature.

D. V. OWEN.

Glamorganshire, Wales.

THE SPRING SEASON.

The violets are so blue,
The daisy so sweet,
The mushrooms the greatest fairy seat.

Primrose so sweet,
Cowslip so gay,
Bluebells that come
Early in May.

Winter time comes,
Spring time goes,
The flowers sleep,
While it snows and it snows.

BARBARA FOSBROOK.

Northamptonshire, England.

TOO LATE.

Too late! Too late! shall be the cry,
And I, I like a fool shall dream of Paradise,
Whilst other dreamers, younger far than I,
Shall strive to reach their castles in the sky.

For like a misty veil about my life
Old age has fallen fast, and, with a sigh,
I now no longer see a vision clear as day,
But sit and dream of things that passed away.

For the things I have done fill my mind ;
Yet there are things which are undone
And left behind.
For life is short,
And many are its debts and ties,
And greed and envy seal the eyes.

And so at memories I sit and stare,
And think of friends
Who's life I now no longer share ;
And as a teardrop trickles down my eye,
Too Late! Too late! I hear once more the cry.

E. E. POTTS.

Lancashire, England.

SPRING SONG.

The sight of soft and fleecy clouds
That raced along the blue ;
The lambkins in the buttercups
And sparkle on the dew.

The tinkle of a bluebell
And twittering of birds ;
A memory echoed by the breeze
Of tender little words.

The fragrance of the daffodils
And damp earth after rain ;
The pale scent of snowdrops
And violets in the lane.

With eyes and ears to prompt it,
My heart began to sing
As it recognised the beauty
Of a morning in the spring.

H. LUSHER.

H.M. Forces.

WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

They plough the fields and sow the seeds,
They gather in the corn.
They feed the sow and milk the cow ;
They're up to greet the morn.

They march for miles o'er fields and stiles,
And yet they don't complain.
They man the guns 'neath burning suns,
And in the pouring rain.

They bring the mail by road and rail,
They stand behind the bars.
They tend and heal the wound and weal,
They drive the vans and cars.

They fly the planes and hoist the cranes,
They make the bomb and shell.
In darkened rooms like devils' tombs,
They work till peal of bell.

And who are these who never cease
To toil with brain and hand?
Courageous, gay, in work and play,
The women of our land.

OLWYN PETERS.

Lancashire, England.

PASSING BY.

A mountain towering to the sky,
A row of houses, sheltered by
An opening door, and out there came
A working man—yes, he was lame.
A miner starting for the pit.
For mining, I thought, quite unfit.
He passed me by, his step was slow,
But onward I knew he must go.
I pictured then that darkened hole
That he must enter to hew coal,
And from my heart there came a sigh
As I thanked God Who lives on high,
For I can always see the sky
When I am travelling—passing by.

J. EVANS.

Glamorganshire, England.

MEMORIES.

Sitting here before the fire,
Watching pictures fade and glow,
Seems as though the fire remembers
Scenes of long ago, when I,
With golden ringlets streaming,
Would go walking with you,
Down in the valley where skies are blue,
Catching the sunshine after the rain.

FLORENCE DUXBURY.

Lancashire, England.

THE RECRUIT.

How soon ere I stand in no man's land,
Amidst the glorious dead,
Harkening to war's mighty weapons
Belching death to the blameless head.
Drenching God's good earth with blood,
Destroying the faith in all that's good.
Yet I shall not flinch or fear the foe,
Though my anguished heart forbids me go.
But courage born of a right to live,
For Freedom's cause my all I'd give,
With ardour and faith in all that's right,
Justice shall prevail, for unity is might.
Mine is the heritage to free the oppressed
From bondage bound, so tyrannically stressed.
In the name of all those mothers' sons,
Maimed and killed beneath the guns;
Let not their sacrifice be in vain;
Let Christian ideals rule our new domain.

J. C. ROSS.

Warwickshire, England.

I PLAYED YOU A MELODY.

I played you a melody,
A delicate tune
That reminded me
Of the rose-filled June.
Were you there
When I played that second bar?

Oh, far in the night
'Neath the full-fancied moon
Rose a million sighs.
Did you hear their cries,
Falling and rising,
Reaching for the moon?

They did not get there—
They lost their way.
Their path had vanished
With break of day.

I have finished my playing.
Did I wake you too soon?
My June has faded,
And so has the moon.

EVA VILLIERS.

London, England.

AN APPEAL TO 1944.

New year, you have a saucy face
And most enticing eye,
You shed fresh hope in every place
And bid all dark thoughts die.

Your predecessor has behaved
In many ways quite well,
All have had many things they craved,
Surprises, too, as well.

New year, we wish to say good-bye
In a quite pleasant way,
So keep the promise in your eye
And bless us every day.

Some of us mean to do our best
To put the whole world right!
Others will seek with laugh and jest
To make the present bright.

However small, however big,
Our aims and dreams may be,
Put on your most becoming wig
And fill our hearts with glee.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Will Christmas bells be ringing in your heart?
That is the way a glad new year to start!
Christ's kingdom in the spirit-world exists,
However much the devil shakes his fists!

Heart-bells are such a gay entrancing thing!
Happy the man whose soul has learned to sing!
An atmosphere surrounds him night and day,
Inviting all who meet him to be gay.

Light-heartedness is stronger than you think,
Dances impregnable on danger's brink;
Its telephonic centre is in God,
And it is conscious of His slightest nod.

The Father broods in pleasure o'er His child,
Since then what countless Christmas Days have
 smiled,
God grant this coming Christmas Day may be
A heavenly starting-place for you and me!

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

IN MEMORY OF H. C. FLOWERDEW, OF
RAMSGATE.

Like a fair dream you pass away
And leave the morning sad.
It seemed impossible to stay,
Although you made Time glad.

I knew but little of the man
Beyond his written word,
But through it kind-eyed laughter ran,
And wit was often heard.

Each time you mentioned Walter K.,
Like hungry fish I rose,
Swallowed the bait and wrote away
The thought behind my nose.

We met perhaps a dozen times,
Snapshots my memory holds ;
You spoke most kindly of my rhymes,
This last one you enfolds.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

SPONGING.

There is an acute shortage of sponges, although small quantities are coming from the Eastern Mediterranean.

The price of sponges in London a few days ago ranged from 6s. 6d. for a tiny one up to £5 5s. for a large bath size.

This new form of sponging has induced the following :—

Five guineas for a sponge
Just of the usual bathroom size !
I read the statement over twice,
And hardly could believe my eyes.

To lick ourselves like cats
And dogs and several other things
Would surely almost better be
Than giving money silly wings !

The man becomes a sponge
Who dares to ask for such a price ;
No wonder men have always taught
That sponging is a hideous vice !

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

A WORD TO SPRING.

O roughish, ever-laughing Spring,
You thrill my soul like anything!
Your eyelids ope in every flower,
And whisper comfort every hour.
You uplift a reproving finger
Each time we beg of you to linger ;
You have so very much to do,
And time is short, if we but knew
Your pressure of increasing duties,
We would find heaven in your beauties,
And let your dainty figure go
Till distance melts it like fresh snow.
Each year you flood with virgin birth
The confines of our tired old earth,
Till, having thrilled us with your charms,
God hides you in His sheltering arms.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

A RHEUMATIC SONG.

Vitamins of rheumatism, sing!
A lasting cure has come.
You need not bear your cruel pains
Till Death bids pain be dumb.

Many things you have tried in vain
Your devil to expel.
Both herbal remedies and salts
A tale of failure tell.

Waters of various brands you find
Leave you much as before ;
But, pilgrims on the path of pain,
You need despair no more.

New England has the secret found,
Simple as A, B, C !
Compel each night to share your bed
A cat's anatomy !

For sleeping pussy will extract
By slow and sure degrees
The cruel poison that afflicts
Your joints and both your knees.

WALTER K. LEWIS,

Kent, England.

HOW ABOUT OUR LEISURE?

My leisure is the looking-glass
 In which men gaze at me.
 Do I misuse that precious time
 As its swift moments flee?

The daily routine of my life
 Obeys an iron rule,
 My leisure moments label me
 A wise man or a fool.

Each man reveals his hidden bent
 Ready to bubble out
 In rivers of activity
 Like waters from a spout.

A fascinating gift, a taste
 For culture or for fun,
 A craving for the beautiful—
 How much these things have done.

To dress our leisure in romance!
 And something better still,
 Unselfish love can glorify
 And every moment fill.

If we educate our leisure,
 Leisure will cease to be,
 Make not a slave of pleasure,
 But leave its shape to me.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

THE STRANGE CASE OF MRS. PHILFLY.
(late of Bellevue Road, Ramsgate)

“Drink, pretty creature, drink !”
The poor old dear would cry,
And yield her body to
The ever-thirsty fly.

They settled on her hands,
And drained away her blood,
Leaving red marks to show
The passage of the flood.

How often have I watched
The little creatures bite,
Filling her shining eyes
With pleasure and delight!

A strange benevolence
(Horrid, it seemed to me!)
This joy to make herself
A human cup of tea!

She moulders in the grave,
But flies, alas! remain ;
Never I hope to find
Such generous friend again.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

GOD AND THE MOTH.

"Tell me, dear God, why did you make
These horrid clothes-moths?" I exclaimed,
"Such liberties they seem to take,
And someone surely must be blamed."

The harm they do, the work they cause,
The sudden disappointments, too!
They come as ruthlessly as wars,
And housewives make a great ado!

The little rascals who can blame?
As well blame cats for eating mice,
Or spiders cause to blush with shame
For holding poor flies in a vice.

Seeking the root of everything,
I hurried to the Fountain Head;
Sent forth my prayer on sudden wing,
Then listened for what might be said.

I did not find the answer writ
In ancient books on Wisdom's shelves;
It came like flash of Heavenly Wit,
"I made them to enjoy themselves!"

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

NECESSITY.

The victims of necessity,
We move upon this harassed earth,
Compassion is the only thing
That can give tortured man new birth.

The why and wherefore of our pain
Is hidden in the Eternal Mind,
Though theories spring up like weeds,
No clear solution can we find.

Evil is wider than the sky,
Yet Good, like stars, comes shining through
To understand all when we die
Is not, I think, entirely true.

The puny mind of little man
Is like a glow-worm in a wood ;
Compassion only teaches us
The loveliness of being good.

Compassion for man's miseries
Ointment invents for every pain ;
Then let us pray that its sweet rays
May warm our hearts again, again.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

UNEXPECTED BLUE SKY.

There is a blue sky somewhere,
Which you are looking for ;
You need not search the heavens,
It's shining at your door.
It is a tender moment
After a tough old day,
It is a sunset message
After a stretch of grey.
It is a pleasant meeting
When everything looks black,
An unexpected greeting
That brings life's colour back.
It is a dazzling welcome
When every door seems shut,
That makes you feel an empress,
And glorifies a hut.
It gleams like merry laughter,
Quenching a scowl of scorn,
And lingers with you after
And makes you feel reborn.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

A WELCOME TO 1943.

I hold the New Year in my heart and hand,
As a tired traveller on its brink I stand,
The old year leaves me with a parting smile,
Kind to the last and free from doubt and guile.
What can I say to you, my new-found friend?
May you inspire much good that cannot end!
May you encourage me when sad and weak,
And teach me how to pray and when to speak.
May spirit-fragrance find its home in me
And sweeten other hearts incessantly!
May I forgive unkindness and forget,
And pay to all mankind a heavenly debt.
The debt that Love owes everyone it meets,
To soften bitterness with heavenly sweets,
To make each day a passing Paradise,
And melt for someone disappointment's ice.
I wish all this both for myself and you,
To what is best in both of us be true.
God is so near! We find Him in our hearts,
His fascinating Presence heals all smarts.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

SPRING'S FIRST FLOWERS.

How Spring's first flowers upon me shine
And captivate my sittingroom!
Thank God such loveliness is mine
Amid a world of war and gloom!

Eternal Beauty still remains
Hidden behind all hideous things,
Just as man sweetest honey gains,
Although small bees have poisonous stings.

Eternal Beauty! What a page
You write and re-write every Spring!
You never know the touch of age,
But like an angel smile and sing.

I meet God in each scented flower,
I hold Him in a fast embrace
My guest He is for a brief hour
As I gaze on your smiling face.

My puny self will pass away
Beyond the confines of this earth;
But Spring's bright flowers for ever stay
To fill mankind with radiant mirth.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

RATS IN RAMSGATE.

There's a rat in every house they say,
And a maggot in every heart,
To make us humans work and pray
And choose the better part.

So easy just to sit and drift,
Borne on a sleepy tide,
To close the eyes to each uplift
That calls us to its side!

How little do we really know
The pathos of all life!
What curious shadows come and go!
What pains! What ceaseless strife!

We often think we understand
Others like A, B, C.
We little know the Hidden Hand
Whose moves are mystery.

So let us sweeten all with love,
Like human cups of tea,
Seek inspiration from above
And labour ceaselessly.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

AN EVERLASTING EASTER.

Christ wants a Resurrection
 In everybody's heart,
 A truly happy Easter
 In which each can take part.

The cruel reign of Satan
 Has lasted long enough ;
 Let each man dispossess him,
 The fighting will be tough.

But the Great King of Glory
 To human flesh lays claim,
 Evil can never conquer
 The magic of His Name.

Then let us rise together
 On wings of faith and prayer,
 Shout "Glory! Hallelujah!"
 And Christ's great triumph share.

The Everlasting Victor
 Can reign supreme in you,
 And every radiant morning
 Your blessedness renew.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

A SIMPLE REMEDY.

Enough for all! and yet a cruel fate
 Has made so many starved and desolate!
 Are not the foes that Nature makes enough?
 Why should mankind make corners of God's stuff?

Perfection is a dream but few can find,
 It has its background in the Heavenly Mind
 But we like little insects have our buzz,
 Each criticising what the other does.

Cannot we silly humans all agree
 To break the shackles of mere £ s. d.?
 Cannot we all life's benefits exchange,
 And shrink from profit as we would from mange?

A world of rations, coupons, and of points,
 With service oozing from our finger joints!
 How lovely such a Paradise would be!
 And it is possible for you and me!

Fight all the foes that Nature has supplied,
 And view with thoughtful love our massed mankind,
 Such is the only remedy I see
 To paralyse our Great Catastrophe.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

A CURE FOR SPITE.

Think twice before you say a spiteful thing!
 What is your object? Do you wish to hurt?
 No unkind motives good results can bring,
 And yet it is so easy to be pert.

You may be born with a mosquito mind,
 Or a bad habit gradually acquired,
 In stinging others ceaseless pleasures find,
 Though you grow faint, your sting is never tired.

What a disclosure of unloveliness!
 Look at yourself in Beauty's looking-glass!
 Then only will you see your hideousness
 And turn aside to let the vision pass.

Compassion looks upon you from the skies,
 Lift up your heart its tenderness to take,
 Till mercy gaze from your once cruel eyes,
 And others' sorrows make your new heart ache.

Let Love's sweet joy eclipse the joy of Hate,
 A lovely song your inward self shall be.
 Until some day you enter Heaven's gate
 A radiant life for all eternity.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

A WAR-TIME PRAYER.

Father of Light, to Thee we bow,
Conscious of all our sins ;
We cannot change ourselves, but Thou
Canst give the faith that wins.

Our motives Thou canst purify,
Our selfishness remove ;
Thy love for ever reigns on high,
And this we want to prove.

Father, unworthy as the worst,
Our hope is all in Thee :
We have not put Thy glory first,
Even on bended knee.

But thou canst teach us to repent,
And selfish claims deny,
Transform us with Thy Spirit sent
To wed us to the sky.

Father, protect us from our foes
Who hate Thy Holy Name,
Give each the cheerful heart that goes
Serene through hate and blame.

Thy promises can never fail,
'Tis we who make mistakes ;
In Thee alone we must prevail,
Thy Presence triumph makes.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

ROBBING THE DEAD.

Why rob the dead? They value any gift
 Their loved ones place upon their sacred graves ;
 What cruel hand has brought destruction swift
 On the love-token that the sad heart craves?

How the poor spirit waits, its loss to tell
 To those who visit its now-rifled home !
 The very air seems one sad tolling bell
 Calling to tender hearts that nearby roam.

“For thirteen years I gloried in that wreath
 Of china blossoms!” said a soul to me,
 “Each time I looked at it I felt new birth
 Amid a world of cold uncertainty.”

The tear-drops seem to fall upon my hand,
 The hand that placed it there to speak to me,
 In sympathy we both together stand,
 Asking dear God to heal our misery.

May God have mercy on the heart and hand
 That victimise our dear defenceless dead !
 May true repentance by the graveside stand
 Asking forgiveness from the outraged dead !

WALTER K. LEWIS,

Kent, England.

A FAREWELL MESSAGE.

ERNEST MONTAGUE WRENN.

In connection with the death of Mr. Wrenn, who passed away peacefully in his armchair, Mr. Walter K. Lewis sends this gentle epitaph:—

A peaceful death amid a world of war!
How exquisitely you resigned your breath
In that calm moment when you breathed no more!

Pleasant throughout your life, what end could be
More fitting than a gently-smiling death
Leading you quietly to eternity?

Your armchair held you like a silent friend
Well used to the firm pressure of your form,
And gently bore you to your happy end.

May your new life envelop you with peace,
And may your loved ones sense your presence warm
In a calm comradeship that cannot cease!

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

Boast not of your conquests in love!
It is rubbing the bloom off the plum,
Having cooed like a turtle dove
Your lips should for ever be dumb.

Your vanity leads you to brag,
And things most uncomely to say,
But your heart is the heart of a hag
Before your young tresses turn grey.

Your body you hide from our view,
Then why should your soul be laid bare,
And the one who was gracious to you
Be compelled in your mud-bath to share?

Who boast of their conquests in love
Should be boycotted early and late,
Condemned by Great Heaven above
To famish for want of a mate.

If sweet modesty came through the Fall,
Then your fall has destroyed it, my friend!
And by far the worst sinner of all
Is your tongue, which seems born to offend.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

THE PERPLEXITY OF LIFE.

Second thoughts give second sight !

Let that truism sink right in,
Wisdom creeps about at night
When we rest secure from din.

Hurry is a dangerous thing,
Fathers accidents galore ;
Always pause before you spring,
You may spring to jump no more.

First thoughts often are correct,
Instinct may be at their root ;
Let no one fool you to neglect
Your inward motor's warning toot.

Like or dislike, when first you meet
A stranger you should not despise ;
Further knowledge you may eat
Only to prove your instinct wise.

And third thoughts sometimes come along
To clear up an alarming mess
When we are undermined by wrong
And the right turning cannot guess.

Life really has nor rhyme nor rule,
Truth is a thousand-headed thing,
And all men sometimes act the fool,
So dry your silly eyes and sing !

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

A FISH MYSTERY.

I used to sing when I was young
To please my friends for hours on stretch,
And out of all the songs I sung,
One a strange audience would fetch.

The goldfish swam about their bowl,
Indifferent to all my strains;
And yet these goldfish had a soul
As this short rhyme of mine explains.

For when I sang a heavenly air
From "Norma," they became quite still,
And marshalled in a row, would stare
In my direction with one will.

And every time the sweet song ceased
Their wanderings they again began,
Like happy boys from school released
Delivered from the tyrant—man!

And every evening, week by week,
This curious comedy occurred.
And I was not allowed to cease
Until the fish their song had heard.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

THE ADVENTURES OF A SUPERNATURAL FLEA.

A poor little devil of low degree
Decided he would become a flea ;
So many, many things he'd done
That life for him had got no fun.
A flea can do such lots of harm
Disturbing other people's calm—
In fact, no limit could he see
To the achievements of a flea.
Into a royal home he sped,
And jumped into the royal bed ;
Felt comfy in the royal hair,
Then thirsted royal blood to share.
He bit most patiently away,
Made both their carcasses his prey—
In fact he got so full of blood
It oozed about him like a flood ;
And when the Royal Pair awoke,
He waited to enjoy the joke,
“ My dear, I'm bitten ! ” each exclaimed,
Though each to own it felt ashamed,
For fleas are such plebeian things,
And royal angels have no wings
From such atrocities to fly
And seek a refuge in the sky.
Each said the other one had been
Amid surroundings not quite clean,
And soon a royal row ensued
In which each partner was most rude.

"Never again," they each one said,
 "Can I invite you to my bed ;
 "Henceforward we will strangers be,
 "Each guarding our anatomy
 "From that unholy thing—the flea ;
 "How like the devil he must be !"
 The flea achieved a fearful grin,
 And went away to seek fresh skin.
 He next disturbed a wedding night,
 And bit away with all his might.
 Their wedded joys hardly begun,
 He fell upon them like a Hun ;
 Bit the poor things from top and toe
 And filled them both with grief and woe.
 "Where have you been?" they each one cried ;
 "It's useless anything to hide.
 "People respectable and nice
 "Never encourage fleas or lice ;
 "While people shady, coarse and low,
 "Receive their bites and do not know."
 Each swore that each had never been
 Where things were not entirely clean ;
 And after arguing for hours
 With all their matrimonial powers,
 Each felt that each was low and coarse,
 And must seek refuge in divorce.
 And the devil grinned a cruel grin,
 And went to seek another skin.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

HOW TO WELCOME WASPS.

He took his hat off to a wasp !
It may seem strange, but it is true ;
I knew my friend was most polite,
But this I really saw him do.

His courtesy is always great
To male and female, young and old :
But wasps I always felt to be
Bad-tempered, dangerous, and bold.

Of pastrycooks they are most fond,
And treacle is their great delight ;
Enemies everywhere they find,
Who to destroy them think it right.

My friend was with a lady friend
When the kind wasp approached the pair
With soft, insinuating buzz,
Hoping their pleasant chat to share.

He raised his hat from off his head
In welcome to the dainty thing,
Meaning to dash it to the ground
And rob it of its power to sting.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

SECOND CHILDHOOD.

Smile through old age, though it may be
Discouraging for you and me.
Much compensation can we find
By bathing in the Eternal Mind.

God is all loveliness to those
Who kiss each moment as it goes
With sweet thanksgiving in the heart
For every joy and every smart.

Check every thought that whispers ill
And hesitate its germs to spill
By spreading what can do no good
And plant new trees in Evil's wood.

Our weakness bids us gently rest
Like children on the Heavenly Breast,
New vigour can be always found
Where all delightful things abound.

Thanksgiving then should always be
Old age's new anatomy ;
Our thoughts and movements may be slow,
Love's magic through them all can flow.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

WHAT WILL THEY DO ?

What will the doctors do when healing rays
 From spirit doctors cure in countless ways?
 When human mediums captivate their will,
 All sufferers with joy and comfort fill?

What will the parsons do when people find
 A private entrance to the Eternal Mind ;
 Lay bare the mystery behind the grave,
 And find Love everywhere at hand to save?

What will Big Business do when all men share
 On equal terms God's blessings everywhere ;
 When no one has a mania to be rich,
 And Life rolls on for all without a hitch?

And what will Evil do when kindness reigns,
 When Life has countless balms for each one's pains,
 When hearts and lives melodious will be,
 And Knowledge draws the teeth of Mystery?

Answers to questions are an old, old thing,
 As questions must some sort of answer bring ;
 But there is hidden in the Eternal Mind
 The very drink each thirsty soul would find.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

REMINISCENCE OF A LAUGH.*

A lovely laugh was booming through the night,
 A spirit-laugh that filled me with delight ;
 A royal laugh of untold witchery,
 Its origin a sealed-up mystery.

I lay and listened through the crawling hours
 Long years ago with all my sleepless powers,
 And wondered what the fountain-head could be
 That bore such waves of merriment to me.

One day I entered in a private bar
 And met the laughter I had heard afar ;
 A well-set man with large and merry face,
 Whose laughter-music filled the listening place.

Night after night we gossiped through the hours,
 His laughter drenching us with healthy showers ;
 I often thought how great the soul must be
 That thrilled us so with laughter's minstreley.

And now, old friend, in other realms you live,
 Do you in Heaven laughter-concerts give?
 I hope so ! Do you heavenly flagons quaff,
 And charm the angels with your royal laugh?

*Mr. Lohman, of Edith Road, Ramsgate.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

THE POWER OF MOTIVE.

What are my motives every day
In everything I do?
Bathed in sincerity's pure ray,
Will they all shine true blue?

Do I in others find delight,
Their problems and their aims?
Do I shed sunshine in their night
And heal their woes and shames?

This world is such a cruel place
To all except the few!
A smiling heart and shining face
So very much can do.

It is not mighty deeds that count,
But quiet sacrifice
On wings of patient faith we mount
And make the nasty nice.

Happy the man and woman, too,
Who bloom in deeds well done,
Who daily weary hearts renew
And shine an inward sun.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

A SONG OF FATE.

We all do what we've got to do,
But love to dream that we are free ;
It is the onion in Life's stew,
This savoury thought called Liberty.

The tyranny of life is felt
By all except the lucky few :
Our best ambitions slowly melt
When we once start to dare and do.

Degrees of tyranny exist,
Some imperceptible may be ;
Life grasps some with a velvet fist
So soft they feel that they are free.

The forces of the Universe
Sweep onward like a tidal wave ;
The merry laugh, the morbid curse,
But under each there yawns the grave.

Then let us each use everywhere
The hidden gift we call our will ;
Knowing, however much we dare,
Our destined cup we cannot spill.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

A DAZZLING DEED.

[Private J. H. Silk, died June 14th, 1944, clasping a burning grenade to save his comrades.]

To die to save is a most noble thing ;
 It breathes a living perfume through the grave ;
 It makes the humblest man a sudden king,
 The fact that the poor blighter died to save.

No thought-out scheme most carefully prepared ;
 No picture painted through long weeks of days ;
 No vast armada by the many shared ;
 No race run patiently for cup of praise.

The sudden facing of an awful ill,
 The sense that fellowmen will lose their all ;
 A love that seems the call of self to still,
 Compassion making self-love weak and small.

Self swamped by vision of another's need ;
 A heavenly instinct born of God above ;
 An instantaneous blooming of a seed
 Sown in some past by pure protective love.

How lovely such a diadem to win !
 What a triumphant entry to the grave !
 While others rush about to save their skin,
 He clasped destruction other men to save.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England,

GOD'S INNER CIRCLE.

(See Revelation XIV, 1—5)

"These are they who are not defiled with women," etc.

God's inner circle cannot be defiled
 By female wickedness, but unbeguiled
 They tread the path that leads to endless peace
 Where Jesus and His Love can never cease.

In comradeship beyond all human thought
 Each realises all he ever sought,
 Beautiful as an endless sunset glow,
 While fragrant breezes round about him blow.

Man must remain ever serene and pure,
 The aftermath of Eve's first crime to cure;
 A thousand years may dwindle to a day—
 A day in which our God has come to stay.

Time is a tyrant endless Love can break,
 Its passing moments can no difference make
 To those who sing for ever glad and free,
 One with our Saviour in deep ecstasy.

O happy ones who tread through heavenly day,
 From woman's snares turn fearlessly away;
 Defilement only can their presence bring;
 Plunge deep in God and there for ever sing.

WALTER K. LEWIS,

Kent, England.

THE MAGIC TOUCH.

I asked the Lord to give to me
A message from above :
"Every bad man can surely be
Changed by the power of Love."

It is not criticism's sting
That turns the devil out,
But smiling love with heart to sing
Can cause his thorough rout.

Love does not broadcast anything
That is not kind and good,
But lives of loveliness to sing
Till all do what they should.

How little are our biggest dreams
In our Great Father's plan !
Often what most important seems
Shrivels to smallest span.

We love ourselves so very much :
Our neighbours need the same.
Give us, dear Lord, Thy Heavenly Touch
That heals and does not blame.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

MY JESUS, I WANT THEE!

My Jesus, I want Thee! without Thee I seem
 The victim of night and a horrible dream;
 In terrible darkness I wander and stray,
 My heart crying out for God's beautiful day.

My Jesus, I want Thee! one moment with Thee
 Will open a lifetime of gladness and glee:
 For Thou art the blessedness nothing can dim,
 And the Father has sent Thee to bring me to Him.

The Blood of Thy Cross washes out every stain
 That has made my poor life one long failure and pain
 I rise a new creature from out Thy embrace
 And bask in the sunshine that flows from Thy Face.

My Jesus, I have Thee; I seek Thee no more,
 But rest like a boat on the heavenly shore:
 Believing I drink of Thy life-giving stream
 And vanquish for ever the devil's dark dream.

I am whiter than snow, I am brighter than day;
 I can sing in Thy Presence for ever and aye.
 My Jesus, I love Thee, dear crucified One,
 And welcome Thy Word and the great deed is done.

WALTER K. LEWIS,

Kent, England.

WALKING WITH GOD.

Walking with God! How beautiful it seems
 That all in Him can realise their dreams!
 The world of sin with many voices calls,
 But on our ears God's sweeter music falls.

Amid the countless heartaches of the world
 Redemption's glorious banner floats unfurled:
 "Come unto Me!" breathes forth from Calvary;
 "Come unto Me, poor sinner, and be free!"

Free from the grief and misery of guilt,
 "It was to pardon thee My Blood was spilt;
 "My Spirit gives thee Paradise within,
 "And sweeps away the aftermath of sin.

"Walking with Me, all worldly things renounce,
 "The siren voices that upon thee pounce,
 "And wait upon Me each and every day
 "Till saturated with My healing ray.

"Fairer I am than dawn or sunset glow;
 "My joy no unsaved soul can ever know:
 "Come! empty all thy anguish at My Feet,
 "Forgiveness waits to make thy joy complete."

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England,

GOD'S HAPPY ONES

Happy are they who know their God
As children parents know
Happy are they who feel His Love
Into their bosoms flow.

Happy are they who walk with Him
When briars tear their feet ;
Happy the hungry, thirsty souls
That find refreshment sweet.

Happy are they who realise
The emptiness of life
Until the Holy Lamb of God
Has taken them to wife.

Happy are they who can forgive
The cruel stings of wrong,
Who through the Name of Jesus live
For ever whole and strong.

Happy are they who look on Death
As a most welcome friend,
Exchanging all the hurts of Time
For peace that cannot end

WALTER K. LEWIS,

Kent, England,

FATHER DEAR AND JESUS DARLING.

Father dear and Jesus darling,
 Led by grace we come to Thee,
 Thou art fairer than earth's sunshine,
 Hear our loving litany.

Can we ever reach the fulness
 Of the measure of Thy grace?
 Can we ever gauge the richness
 Of the smile of Thy dear Face?

Father dear and Jesus darling,
 Teach us all aflame to be
 With Thy exquisite compassion
 Here and through eternity.

We are little, Thou art mighty,
 But our littleness can take
 With both hands Thy Spirit's fulness,
 And do wonders for Thy sake.

Father dear and Jesus darling,
 In a world estranged from Thee,
 Teach us to imbibe Thy fragrance
 Like a heavenly honey-bee.

Words are channels for Thy sweetness
 Sought on shining wings of prayer;
 Fold us all in Thy completeness,
 Make us blessings everywhere.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

CURIOSITY.

Oh, why should curiosity
A blight remain to spoil mankind?
For everything some hear or see
They long a secret key to find.
How each unsavoury tale some hear
They long to fit on someone's back,
And ravage all things, far and near,
With secret, indirect attack.
Until their hapless victim stands
Naked and bare to every eye,
While they raise heavenward their shocked hands
And vow the culprit ought to die.
Men's moral noses seem to stick
A yard beyond their normal face,
To smell the slightest smell how quick,
And revel in new-found disgrace.
Then to the front on Sunday shove,
And mock the Holy Name of Love.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

THE CHOICE.

Absurd or wicked? Which am I?
 Absurd or wicked? Which are you?
 To one who watches from the sky
 These two types mostly bubble through.

How better far to be a fool!
 For fools are charming, cheerful things;
 They may depart from Wisdom's rule,
 But they have got no secret stings.

To see the comic is a gift
 By God to humans kindly lent;
 It has a wonderful uplift,
 To warm and cheer us it is sent.

A sudden voice now hustles in,
 "Say, what becomes of poor old me?
 "I am pathetic to my skin!
 "I am man's world-wide misery."

Fond Humour took her in his arms
 And kissed her gently till she smiled:
 Till pathos shone with sudden charms,
 Grateful, and healed, and undefiled.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

LAUGHTER X-RAYED.

“A gentleman can never laugh!”
 A celebrated fool once said,
 Yet much lies in good-humoured chaff
 That makes man’s life a downy bed.

Humour is imperfection’s child!
 If everybody everywhere
 Did right, and no one ever smiled,
 Life would become one solemn stare.

Absurdities of form and face,
 Of manner, movement and of speech,
 Make us our dignity disgrace
 And cause our tickled souls to retch.

“A gentleman,” the fool explained,
 “By laughing violates his face :
 “Had it its dignity retained
 “All humour would be out of place.”

But laughter is the joy of life,
 In spite of all wiseacres say ;
 It cuts our sorrows like a knife,
 And makes the solemn young and gay.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

PRIMROSES SPEAK.

The first rose of the year has come,
 An April child, but not a fool ;
 A smile to banish Winter's scum,
 The child of weather moist and cool.

Primroses crowding in my room,
 Borne to my door from far away,
 You banish every trace of gloom
 And make the eyes that greet you gay.

Natives of Somerset and Kent,
 You come to end your little day,
 Like a kind message you are sent
 A traveller that has come to stay.

You glance at me among your leaves
 With yellow eyes that have a voice ;
 You whisper, " No one ever grieves
 " Who has learned truly to rejoice.

" For Joy is at the root of things
 " If people did their thinking right ;
 " Banish Imagination's stings
 " By gripping truth with all your might."

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

A HOUSEWIFE'S CHOICE.

Poor or untidy? Which shall I be?
A hole or a patch? Both threaten me!
Untidyness is a disgrace,
Should cause a flush upon my face.
But Poverty contains a sting
That hurts poor pride like anything!
Yet poverty has often been
A walking-stick on which saints lean.
Untidiness confusion brings
And round an ugly halo flings.
It makes men whisper, "Look at that!"
From broken shoe to tattered hat.
"A human slut!" they seem to say,
Then toss their heads and walk away.
How many sluttish minds there be
Beneath a trim anatomy!
And patched-up souls for ever show
What careful work goes on below.
Which mental egg am I to hatch?
I vote in favour of the patch!

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

THE HIDDEN GOD.

In every human heart there hideth God :
 Patient, forgiving, merciful and meek ;
 Ready to sanctify His human pod
 And give us the best blessings that we seek.

That Hidden God ! how beautiful to be
 Conscious of all His Holy Presence means !
 The pilgrim of a long eternity,
 The happy soul upon His nearness leans.

We can extinguish Him from out our hearts
 By wilful, grim persistency in wrong ;
 Although He most unwillingly departs
 And sings in us Compassion's patient song.

Better to be an outcast of the world,
 Finding in Him our one supreme delight,
 Than be an outcast from His Presence hurled
 Into the awfulness of endless night.

Search in your heart with patient, tender care,
 Until His Hidden Treasure Trove you find ;
 The Wicked One should meet no welcome there :
 Yield yourself wholly to the Heavenly Mind.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

HOMELAND.

Fertile plains and fruitful valleys,
Busy streets and little alleys,
Rugged rocks and level plains,
Busy railroads, rushing trains.
Factory chimneys in the towns,
Lovely, quiet, peaceful downs ;
All the people at their work,
Few of them would ever shirk.
Deep, deep woods of oak and larch,
Many troops upon the march,
Farmers working in the corn,
Nursing homes where babes are born,
Peasant's cottage, palace grand—
These together make England.

PETER McCORMACK.

Northumberland, England.

THE DARKEST HOUR.

(Sept., 1939—April, 1944.)

The memory of that momentous morn,
When, through the turbulent endlessness of space,
To all the peoples of the British race,
The quiet dictum "It is War!" was borne,
Still drums our minds, though fainter with the years,—
Years steeped in Courage, born of Faith renewed
In spurned Ideals fool mortals misconstrued :
Years wrought with Battle, Toil and Sweat, and Tears!
Spurs yet our hearts to sterner tasks ahead,
Imbues our frames with super strength to bear
The Crisis Hour, when bravest hearts will dare
To snatch from bestial chains the living dead ;
Inspires our prayers, O England, still for thee
And thine, in this Dark Hour of Destiny.

A. H. MOULDING.

Gloucestershire, England.

A SOLDIER'S DREAM.

In a country lane nearby
A cottage small and neat,
There comes the echo of a cry,
A cry so soft and sweet.

And rays of gold from the setting sun
Marks the end of a happy day,
And man, his daily toil well done,
So wends his homeward way.

He quickens his steps and his heart fills with joy
As he vaults the white gate o'er ;
For there his wife and baby boy
Are waiting at the door.

She greets him with a tender smile
As he kisses her sweet face ;
Such greetings as make life worth while,
And home a heavenly place.

But suddenly the sun sinks low,
The sky grows dark and grim,
And the sleepers are roused by a roaring shout
As they rally to meet the foe.

And shadows darken the vision fair
As cries of battle fill the air ;
For don't you see that peaceful scene
Was just another soldier's dream !

GEORGE BURGESS.

H.M. Forces.

THOUGHTS.

A chill of fear instilled anew,
A sob, accompanies thoughts of you.
A glistening tear that might be dew
Accompanies memories of the past ;
For only memories seem to last,
And they alone are true.

To you who are so far away,
Where killing is a game you play
Without a pause, throughout the day.
The time must seem so very long,
And short the notes of Life's Sweet Song,
So join with us and pray.

We pray that God might bring you home
From far away beneath the dome
That is the sky. Across the foam,
Unhurt, unchanged, just as you were
When long ago you sailed out there,
And left us here alone.

ANTHONY DUNFORD.

Cheshire, England.

THE WISH.

I never knew such happiness
 Could come from things like this—
The gentle pressure of a hand,
 The sharing of a kiss.
From country walks on April days,
 From journeys into town,
A hearty laugh, a sudden smile,
 The chasing of a frown.
I never knew such peace could lie
 Within four household walls,
When firelight shadows leap and dance
 As gentle twilight falls.
I never knew such happiness
 Could come from things like this ;
I only know a star did fall,
 And I did make a wish.

B. TURLEY.

Angus, Scotland.

THE SEA.

O mighty sea, your thundering roar,
Crashing merciless to the shore,
Fearing aught that tends to slow
Your thundering roar—your majestic roll.
Feared by man, whose aim must be
To conquer and to master thee.
Then like a child, whose anger spent,
You immerge into penitence.
O virtuous sea! That halcyon calm!
Bathed by the argent rays of the sun:
Alluring as a woman—destructive as of man,
As troublesome as rumours,
Yet dependant so of land.

JOSEPH DEAKIN.

Devonshire, England.

NELSON'S RETURN.

The moon was hidden : all the world was dark,
When round the bend of Smugglers' Bay there came
A ghostly ship, whose every sail did glow
And cast an eerie light upon the sea.
The watcher on the cliff was not afraid,
But gazed with great delight upon the scene.
There seemed to be no sign of life aboard ;
She sailed the lonely ocean by herself,
And rose with grace and ease to meet the waves.
Then, suddenly, the watcher saw a man—
A figure standing on the bridge alone—
Who had one sleeve pinned up across his breast.
The ship came closer ; as she passed the cliff,
The name upon her bow was clearly seen.
'The Victory". The watcher drew his breath
In wonder, as he realised that he
Was looking at the ship which Nelson sailed,
And at the mighty Admiral himself !
The light around the ship grew brighter yet,
And, hoisted by some hand of days gone by,
The flags rose up, and clear against the sky
Once more was seen the message. Once again
It thrilled the man who saw it, and he vowed
He'd do as was expected, and be proud
To know that he had seen a man whose life
Had ended long ago in England's strife.

M. V. BUSTAMANTE.

Essex, England.

AN EXILE'S REGRET.

I am a man of Irish birth ;
I lived beside Knockmealdown Mount.
I've roved throughout the whole wide earth,
But o'er it all doth Ireland count.

When I was in my boyhood days
I used to love to roam alone,
But now those dear and peaceful ways
From me for life have ever gone.

A mem'ry of those hills and vales
For ever in my mind shall be :
The bleat of lambs and seagulls' wails,
Although they now are far from me.

I long to turn towards my home
(Though that, alas ! is but a dream),
And once again the hills to roam
Or wander by the old mill stream.

A. M. FURLONG.

Middlesex, England.

VENGEANCE IS THEIRS.

I saw a sight worth seeing
As I stood on a sandy shore,
While the day was slowly dying,
And sunset shone once more.

I saw a squad of bombers
In the path of the golden sun,
Outgoing on plans of vengeance
To release bombs, ton by ton.

Their attitude spoke of victory,
Of fortitude—of pride,
And of faithful friendship,
As they flew along, side by side.

Then they flew through that orb of goldness,
The end of the gold path of light ;
They were gone, and my soul said within me, .
“God bless you boys, to-night.”

D. CLEMENTS.

London, England.

THE SONG OF MY HEART.

God darling, I have found Thee,
Have found Thee All in All,
Thy Presence never leaves me
As joy for evermore.

O Darling, Thou art with me,
I cannot ask for more,
This means that loss and sorrow
Are gone for evermore.

O Darling, Thou art with me,
Thy Presence fills all space,
This means I dwell forever
Hid safe in Thy embrace.

God Darling, I am happy,
Song fills my heart all day,
For each day Thou comest more into sight,
As all that hides Thee melts into light.

God Darling, how I love Thee !
I feel Thee ever near,
This means joy never leaves me,
Joy mine as Heaven within.

This joy I have forever,
It is a joy divine,
A joy that ever fills me
An endless childhood mine.

God Darling, I am waiting,
This means I grow in grace,
And as I wait I'm waking
To see Thee face to face.

LEONARD A. LEWIS.

Somerset, England.

THE GODDESS OF THE WOOD.

A cloak of silence mantled all the trees,
 Dew lay, a silent web, across the grass :
 So stood I still, 'twas sacrilege to pass.
 The wonder with my heart I tried to seize,
 To keep that beauty—in my heart to hold
 For when the world was drear, and I'd be old.
 When life was palling.

The trees, new leafed, reached up their pale green tips
 In silent worship to the cloud-fleck'd blue ;
 I trembled, and a prayer was on my lips ;
 A bird called low, its morning hymn anew
 Began. The liquid notes, distilling thro' the air
 Enriched the silence, gemm'd the magic cloak
 Of stillness. And—the Goddess spoke ;
 I heard her laughter rippling—did not dare
 To stir, lest I should break the spell.
 Her laugh cascaded as a faëry bell ;
 I half perceived her in the golden glades,
 Dian the goddess, walking in the wood !
 A shout affrights her, and among the shades
 She flits, and I awake and understood—
 The world was calling. . . .

T. W. HARRISON.

H.M. Forces.

THE SONG OF MARMION.

Bard Marmion rose to his full height,
And the lordlings crowded near
To hear the tale he has to tell,
His songs they love to hear.
His long, lean fingers sweep the strings,
And in a strange low voice he sings :
This way, milords, the thing befel,
Or so my grandam told ;
A squire returning from the war,
The conflict into silence roll'd,
And he has travelled fast and far.
But there, at last, around the bend,
Awaits his love—his journey's end.
Alone in the silent courtyard,
And grass between the stones
Grows up, and rooks flap round
The old bell tower, whose solemn tones
Measured the flight of passing time
With mellow hour and quarter chime.
And now there is no sound,
But the ring of his spurs on the paving
And the stir of his horse without.
Then the swart silence braving,
He gives a cheery shout :
' So ho ! Is no one home ? ' he cries,
But fear is looking from his eyes.

He pushes aside the great black door,
 Its hinges groan with rust,
 Stands transfixed on the threshold,
 For the hall is thick with dust.
 No greeting figure on the stair,
 Dust and shadows everywhere,
 And the quiet of years untold.
 Cold fingers close around his breast,
 As through the silent house he posts,
 Stronger and more in his unrest ;
 And at his heels are mocking ghosts.
 'Twas here he kissed her scented hair, and there they
 parted last.
 But this was ages gone, it seems, and horror wins at last !
 Alone in the sunlit garden now,
 He sees a shadow 'neath an oak,
 A rustle of a sound, so faint and low,
 As though an echo spoke.
 A ghost is here—and is it I?
 And then in joy he hurries nigh,
 And falters in his stride, as though
 Assailed by doubting fears.
 Is once more thrall'd by her charms,
 And feels the softness of her tears ;
 And once more takes her in his arms. . . .
 They melt into the shadowy glades,
 Two long forgotten lover's shades.

T. W. HARRISON.

H.M. Forces.

THE OLD AND NEW YEARS.

Soft rains rain down a gentle dew
 As though the old year cried in passing ;
 Or there were tears, the birth pangs of the new,
 What joys or sorrows are the shadows masking?
 So many days are fair at dawning ; ere they pass
 Their golden promise merely tarnished brass.
 Be no forecaster of the dawn ; rather
 Deem it an asset not to know
 What dim to-morrows hold. The further
 Visions will unfold in time, and lo—
 In the full swelling bud there shows
 An equal beauty to the full-blown rose.

T. W. HARRISON.

H.M. Forces.

TO TROOPER T. W. HARRISON.

A nightingale in khaki,
 You warble, my dear friend,
 God grant your life be always
 A song without an end !
 You seem from some long hidden past
 To fill our ears and sight ;
 You seem to resurrect a time
 Of wonder and delight.
 How delicate the fancies
 That tremble on your voice !
 You wake a thousand echoes
 That made us once rejoice !
 Tom Harrison was not the name
 You bore in days of ancient fame.

WALTER K. LEWIS.

Kent, England.

ENGLAND.

Dear England, land of hill and vale,
Where winding lanes twist round about,
Half hid by hedgerows clustering trail,
And trees their welcome shade send out.

Where dew-kissed fields smile in the sun,
And chattering brooks dance gaily by ;
Where children laugh, with hair gold spun,
And larks give praise to God on high.

The land where curling smoke reveals
A shyly hidden cottage home,
The shrine at which a great soul kneels,
A sanctuary without a dome.

WINIFRED MATTHEWS.

Monmouthshire, England.

THE OLD SWEATS.

Old soldiers still can do their bit
To keep the flag unfurled,
By keeping fit and loyal—
An example to the world.
We are trained men of an Empire,
The greatest one on earth :
Show the youngsters what to do,
And estimate their worth.
Now the time has come again
With our backs against the wall,
To fight for home and beauty,
The greatest fight of all.

GEORGE LYNCH.

Yorkshire, England.

THE DOUBTER.

Oh! the eyes that I could see
 Into the vast eternity.
Oh! might I know, not wildly curse,
 The riddle of the universe!

That I might see what follows after :
 He, the old speak of with bated breath :
He, who stops the children's laughter,
 That grim, dark stranger—Death!

Could I believe, not doubt, like Thomas,
 Of all that He, the Master, said ;
Then I would join and gladly follow
 The glorious company of the Dead.

B. A. BROWN.

Somerset, England.

B E D E .

Bede is not a bonnie dog :
But ugly he is not.
I've known him as a tiny babe,
When he was but a tot.

His head was big and clumsy,
His face looked rather old,
His legs were short and stumpy,
His nose was black and cold.

His ears were soft and silky,
His eyes were big and brown,
His tail shook rather oddly
Whenever he sat down.

And if you chance to see him,
Wherever it may be,
Don't be unkind and ignore him,
Pet him just for me.

MOIRA PELLIS.

Northumberland, England.

I REMEMBER.

[With apologies to Thomas Hood.]

I remember, I remember,
 The time before the war—
 The pleasures and the gaieties,
 The happy days of yore.
 The trips to town and back again ;
 The things we used to eat ;
 The bustling, noisy, well-filled shops ;
 The lamps in every street.

I remember, I remember,
 The holidays we had—
 The change we thought we must not miss
 Before the world went mad.
 The charas and the omnibus ;
 The picnics and the games ;
 The fresh green of the peaceful fields ;
 The quiet ountry lanes.

I remember, I remember,
 The friends who've gone away.
 We did not want to say good-bye ;
 We wanted them to stay.
 But they are needed in "fresh fields,"
 So we have not to mind,
 Though everything is different
 For those they've left behind.

WINIFRED A. PORTER.

Lancashire, England.

TRANQUILLITY.

The woods are silent ; still the breeze ;
 Shafts of sunlight pierce the trees,
 And, like the fleeting smiles of God,
 Light up the earth where man has trod.

Hallow'd the ground, sacred the scene ;
 Bless'd the man whose eyes have seen.
 Tho' dimm'd at times by summer's haze,
 The colours in these woodlands blaze.

Honor'd the man who lives within
 This sphere where cities end and dreams begin,
 Where creatures beautiful and shy
 May roam content beneath the open sky.

Bless'd is he who lies at night
 Beneath the stars so cold and bright,
 And sees the moon, its face aglow,
 Light up the misty vales below.

Content is he who roameth free,
 Unfetter'd by the ties that be
 The lot of those whose lives are bound
 Far from this vast and fertile ground.

Happy is he who sees the sun
 In splendour rise when day's begun,
 Paint mountain crests with vivid brush
 In early morning's peaceful hush.

Thankful is he whose ways may lead
 Outside the curse of lust and greed,
 Whose prayers are said beneath the trees
 And carried to God on gentle breeze.

D. SCOTCHER.

THERE'S A SUN PATCH THERE.

There's a sun patch there,
 And the crying despairs of
 A million cries
 Are alone in the void,
 And the mocking shrieks
 Cast laughing tears
 To a cold stone floor.

The backs are bent
 And life, like a load,
 Strains at the necks
 That are gutless and worn.
 The shrieks bubble out,
 And the soul, rising sad,
 Sees the tears still fall.

Work on! Work on!
 And smooth the crust,
 If the rottenness breaks
 It will show the slime.
 The mocking shrieks are mocking more,
 And the laughing tears, like a gentle rain,
 Fall with doom on a cold stone floor.

And the tears shall grow
 Until the weight
 Is as great
 As the flood
 That has swept there before.

PATRICK BRYAN.

BRITISH BULLDOGS.

Never give in, for we will win if, with a grin and chin
held high,
We march along—on! on! singing a song—on! on!
Being prepared to dare and do or die!
For with our might and main we fight for Freedom's reign,
Treading through jungle growth to paths of peace again.
So with a courage clear, let us resolve with cheer,
All hands to build the new world in our green and
pleasant lands.

ERIC DUTTON.

H.M. Forces.

BRENDA.

A glimpse of Brenda is a thrill ;
Holds you in a tempting spell.
Beauty never flowed so great
As from this flower from Nature's dell.

Her auburn locks are fringed with gold,
Charming curls twist in a fold.
Her shapely lips are deep dark red,
Like a petal that the rose does shed.

Her eyes are of the deepest blue
And sparkle like the rarest gem.
Pearl white teeth flash in the light
Like the stars do on a summer's night.

Her voice is soft and clear ;
Her movement majestic as a deer.
Her smile is one you can't resist,
Enchanting as a moonlight kiss.

Her gentle grace does far behold
A maiden queen to yet unfold.
And there she is, on merit above,
The girl as gentle as a dove.

BERNARD J. KELLY.

Warwickshire, England.

TO THE LANDING CRAFT PERSONNEL.

[A Prayer on the Beachhead.]

Over us give us planes ;
Around us give us ships of war,
And when this thundering daylight wanes
Give us Oerlikon and Bofor.
Give us sleep that's free of dreams,
Give us speed of sight,
Give us searchlights' guarding beams
To help us through the night.
Give us shells to feed the gun,
Give us strength that cannot fail,
And until the battle's won,
For "Pete's" sake send us plenty mail!

B. SUTTON.

H.M. Forces.

MUM AND ME.

There used to be the three of us
Before Dad went to sea,
But now he's gone to fight for us
There's only Mum and Me.

Before he went, he said to me,
"Take care of Mum, old chap,"
So I promised him I would
'Til the time when he came back.

When Dad's away I feel so proud
Because Mummy says to me,
That I'm the man about the house,
Even though I'm only three.

But when my Daddy's won this war
(And he will, you'll see),
He'll come back, just like he used
To live, with Mum and Me.

M. E. JOHN.

Kent, England.

TO MY GRANDMOTHER.

Dost thou not remember the day I saw thee last ;
Thy breath was breathed in agony,
Thy face a perfect mask?
Dost thou not remember the dew upon the tree ;
The greenness of the leafy bough,
The sight you loved to see?

Dost thou not remember the lanes in time of Spring
The hedges with their greeny coat,
The birds in chorus sing?
Dost thou not remember the day in London Town ;
We went up in the Monument
To see the view 'way down?

Oh send to me the sign that you recall the day ;
It was a joyous Christmas time.
They took you far away ;
You heard the angel voices sing,
Your dimming eyes grew light ;
You saw the path to you would bring
The joy of all things bright.
You heard the call, you could not stay,
We loved but saw thee go ;
God received a soul that day,
And we were filled with woe.

C. RUGGLES.

Essex, England.

THE KERRY DANCE SONG.

Oh, the ache that memory brings!
 And my heart sheds tears
 Listening to one who sings
 Of the joys of long-past years.
 The faces that come back,
 With their smiles and hope,
 Before life's gruelling track
 Showed with what they must cope.

The dear ones holding fast
 Through storm and strain,
 Feeling love would surely last,
 Finding firm ground again.
 The solid joys they found
 As the years added weight,
 With desires round home-life bound
 Gave a comfort great.

Some now have gone for aye,
 While some travelled far;
 And more friends come our way,
 If the door stands ajar.
 But childhood, youth, and on
 Thro' their varied scenes,
 With the singer and his song
 Bring their land of dreams.

E. M. SAVILL.

London, England.

SPRING TIME.

March winds have blown their full,
And April's rains have washed the mossy banks
And cleansed away the winter's muds
To leave there, in its stead,
A host of tender growing buds
Of green, and brown, and red.

Mother Nature casts her cloak
Of winter mourning, showing to the world
The beauty of her summer dress,
So simple, yet so gay,
Leaves us to marvel and to guess
Her method and her way.

But not for man alone
This mantle of the winter months is sped,
For bird and animal alike
Await the coming Spring.
And every little nest is full
Of tiny, furry things.

RODNEY J. POPE.

H.M. Forces.

SONS OF THE EMPIRE.

Mother of Sons! Mother of Sons!
 Thunder of Guns: Thunder of Guns,
 What have you done in this World of Strife?
 What have you writ in the Book of Life?

These are thy Breed! These are thy Seed!
 Grave was thy King's need: Just is thy King's mead.
 These have you bred for this world of woe,
 This is your gift to our Life below.

Father of Men! Father of Men!
 'Traditions maintained,' All dangers sustained,
 Three Continents wide their deeds astride
 Gallantry blazed for a Nation's Pride.

Mother of Sons! Mother of Sons!
 Wonderful ones! Wonderful ones!
 This be thy Guerdon at Dawn of Light
 Honours of Battle—Sons home from the Fight!

J. MACROBERT.

Renfrewshire, Scotland.

EASTER, 1944.

Come in, O Spring!
Inspiring visitor, so long awaited,
And feast us with your glory unabated.
Revive, O Spring!
Our spirits faint from winter's stern suppressing,
Awake the slumbering earth with soft caressing.

Come now, O Spring!
With music of a bird song in the morning,
With youth and beauty for the earth's adorning;
And with you bring
The gladsome light of vision ever glorious
Of risen Christ o'er darkest powers victorious.
Jesus, our King,
Hear now a worn and weary world appealing,
And give us faith and wisdom for our healing.

BERTHA KNAPPER.

Lancashire, England.

MUSIC OF THE WOODS.

Violets shy, peeping from the green moss,
 Primroses pale gleaming, to the west ;
 Harebells set a-ringing by the fairies,
 Birds a-trilling in their leafy nests.

Bluebells nodding, just to keep the rhythm,
 Daffodils a-dancing in the breeze ;
 Squirrels, with their furry tails a-swinging,
 Leaves a-whispering, wooing the hearts-ease.

Gaily rippling 'mong the bracken flows the streamlet,
 Faintly chirping from the crevice croaks the frog ;
 Green the grasshopper, who tweaks as gay as may be,
 Sparkling glow the anemones by the log.

Twinkling laugh the stars when moonbeams dance in,
 Unseen the Fay Folk hold their happy sway ;
 Still, in this noisome life, if you but glance in,
 Is Peace found in this wondrous woodland way.

Joyous flick the white tips of the bunnies,
 Gracefully sways the slender silver birch ;
 With a majestic grandeur sentinel stands the pine tree,
 While ruling all's the dome of heaven's church.

K. PROVEN.

Buckinghamshire, England.

THE MOORLAND.

The beauty of the moorland,
The heather and the rocky ground
Going up and down ;
The birds overhead
Singing in the sky
Up near the clouds,
Right up high.
Bogs and heather,
Sunny weather,
Make it look like fairy land ;
Trees and bushes,
Flowers and rushes,
All of them quite close at hand.
Ponies gathered on the hilltops,
Shaking manes and swishing tails,
Walking through the longer grasses,
Trotting down the paths and trails.
Overhead the sky is blue ;
Perhaps there are some clouds, too :
The moor is a happy place.
When the evening is drawing near
The mice scuttle to their homes in fear,
For the owl is hooting, " To-wit, to-woo !"
He'll eat them for his supper, too.
Soon the darkness closes down,
And stars begin to light,
All the creatures lie down to sleep ;
Over the moor comes night.

JUDY PEYTON.

Berkshire, England.

SONNET.

The Glory of God appears to mortal eye
Upon yon gold-shot bound of visual quest ;
Yon torrid sunset saddening in the west,
The glist'ning cliffs that commune with the sky.
The glowing clouds that voiceless ramble by
Upon yon tessellated hillock's crest ;
Amid the stillness, motion, and the rest,
Upon the shades that in the valleys lie,
The trees that whisper not, but doze in peace.
The defluous fascination of the stream,
Where on the lake the sunlight's fond surrease
Plays, like the faint promptings of a dream.
Thy glory, God, is round me on my heart :
Why do we oft-times wonder where Thou art?

J. C. LINGLEY.

Derbyshire, England.

PONDERABLES FOR CHILDREN.

You are taken with the
 Terrific rhythm of being ;
 And rightly.
 But why must you
 Exalt under the phallic sign
 When there are pears
 On tree,
 In yard,
 Of depth ?

Your womb-given innocence
 Does begird you
 With cosmic attitude ;
 Can powerful sense of knowing
 Move you to
 Transcend the Spoilers ?

Does the penny's shine
 Make the Thing
 Worth the awful play ?

There is the Evil, dears ;
 And It sings the hollow end
 Of putrefaction
 As beginning
 In face of birth.
 And birth shall come still, dears ;
 Unless you devour
 And regurgitate
 In the down pool
 Where Mystery's solving
 Shall forever bar It
 From the next.

DON ROSCHER.

GREEN LURE.

Hear, through the moan of the machine,
The voice of vale and hill,
Mellifluent from the realms of green,
Bid other sound "Be still."

Between the grinding jaws of steel
See the green fingers sway
In endless search of hearts that feel
The lure of the open way.

Oh, brush the grey dust from your lips,
The black dust from your feet ;
Go, wander where the wild bee sips
The wild-flower, honey-sweet.

Bathe in the blaze of earth's green smile
Where no grim factories frown,
And feel her slow heart beating, while
The wheels of the world run down.

WILFRED H. BARTLETT.

Devonshire, England.

MEDITATION.

Beyond the sky, beyond the earth,
Beyond death, beyond birth,
What great clime awaits to greet
When, Who, What shall we meet.
Will Nature's everlasting green
Upon a sun-swept shore be seen?
And will the moon shine as of old
Upon a land as yet untold?
And will a bird's spirit remain to sing?
Will church bells be allowed to ring?
Will tiny creatures, shy no more,
Crowd upon the other shore?
But this, my dear, I'll pray, we'll find
When we leave this world behind,
We can wander hand-in-hand
To seek, to find that promised land.

MARGARET DARVILL.

Surrey, England.

DAYBREAK.

Cold blasts of air stream through open doorways,
Startling workers, who resting heads on arms,
Lean towards morning.

Queueing in silence for chips and coffee,
Newcomers forget doors and baleful eyes,
At the edge of dawn.

Sagging shoulders rise and brush each other,
Calling those who scribble, read, sleep or dream,
With tired impatience.

Returning to work in weary silence,
Some look up and see an indigo sky,
Shot with midnight blue.

LOUISE E. DRUCE.

H.M. Forces.

TO ADOLPH HITLER.

You'll never conquer London, no matter how you try ;
In spite of all your bombs and guns, London will never die !
You've conquered other countries by unfair ways and
 means,
But you'll never conquer London—the city of your dreams.

This London that we love so well is far too good for you ;
No wishful thinking, Hitler, will make that dream come
 true.
She's bleeding, bruised and broken ; her beauty is no more,
Yet the gallant heart of London beats stronger than before.

The British Bulldog guards her well, dear city of renown,
Goose-stepping Huns shall never tread the streets of
 London Town.
And o'er her Empire you will hear the British Lion roar—
London will still be London when Hitler is no more !

L. MOIR.

Surrey, England.

MODERN WAR.

No drums rolling and no bands playing
When man goes forth to war.
No glamour, just the tanks,
Mud and desert sand in banks.
Every minute death's not far.

No crowds cheering and no flags flying,
Men of every colour war.
No safety, just the sirens calling.
Broken bodies, great bombs falling.
Only death can never mar.

No talk of heroes : no speeches crying ;
No creed or status bar.
No medals, just the sea,
Noon, stars and things to be.
Every moment, men and war.

SAMUEL NAPIER.

Northern Ireland.

THE COSMIC SECRET.

Star-beams of glory flush the pathless skies
Where planets swim in slow, majestic awe.
The brooding cosmos' heavy-lidded eyes
Burn with the secrets of a cryptic lore ;
And universes flare, then slowly die,
All puppets in a mad, unfathomed plan,
Who seeks its hidden meaning to descry
Can find no inkling in a lifetime's span.

Ah, sweet the day will dawn when fumbling Man
Grasps tight the key to portals wonder-fraught ;
And heavenly vistas yield Creation's plan,
More precious for the tears its winning brought.
O race Divine ! To reach that glorious bourn,
And learn the cosmos' secret on that morn.

ARTHUR F. HILLMAN.

Monmouthshire, England.

EARLY MORN.

'Tis early morn, just after one,
The moon is up, the breeze has gone,
The trees are towering silently,
The weeping willow bowing reverently
Towards a patch of green and brownish earth,
Towards a certain spot which was their birth.
And flowers near a placid pool,
Shining like a King and Queen and jewel.
Moon's rays have settled on the earth's carpet of green,
A pretty sight there could be seen,
And here returns the breeze at four
To waken the flowers and trees and leaves upon the floor.
Nature lives once more this early morn,
Whilst many another bird and tree and flower is born.

D. CONNOR.

H.M. Forces.

DEAD BEAUTY.

Is truth the beauty of a broken bone,
Or reason the line of a wound ;
Is the blade of a bayonet
More worthy of your gaze
Than the highly-polished grass?

Honour and glory to the gory
Steel helmet on a wooden cross.
Mow down the hungry multitude
With hands that mowed the lawn.
Dig shallow graves with the spade
That turned brown sods at home.

Have no feeling lest you falter,
Go on where the end is bitter.
Laugh now before all laughter's ended,
Do honour while life still is honoured.

PAMELA DAVIES.

Surrey, England.

SUNNY JIM.

Little one, you are sleeping in your cosy little bed ;
What lovely dreams are weaving within your curly head.
You smile just like your Daddy ; you remind me so of him.
My life would be so lonely without you, Sunny Jim.

Precious little baby, little son so sweet,
Please God, may blessings bloom like flowers beneath his
little feet.

Help me to guide him always and a man of him to make
I pray that You will bless him, and will not from me take.

Sunny Jim, so happy, you smile at me all day.
You love to see the flowers and watch the sunbeams play.
May life for you be happy, with very little pain.
O, Daddy will be proud of you when he comes home again.

IRENE MARSHALL.

Yorkshire, England.

WHEN SPRING IS HERE.

When Spring is here
And all is clear,
And all the fields are green,
I jog along, with a merry song
Of the country side I've seen.

Oh, I love the flowers
In my lonely hours,
And I love the river, too ;
But to see the weir
When spring is here,
Is what I love to do.

G. B. DICKINSON.

Lancashire, England.

CIDER.

The drink it is cool and the drink it is long,
 The zider is draught, zir, and rough, zir, and strong
 Aye it mounts to the 'ead zir, so oive 'eard zay ;
 But, zir, it's the drink for a hot zummer day.
 The apples hang ripe, zir, down Devonshire way,
 The orchards smell sweet through the long summer day.
 Soon lasses and lads will come picking the fruit ;
 They'll take to the press, zir, as many as suit
 For the making of nectar that comes from the wood,
 And close on a year in the cool cellar stood.
 The drink it is cool and the drink it is long,
 The zider is draught, zir, and rough, zir, and strong ;
 Well, aye zir, and thankee, a pint if I may,
 For we know how to drink it down Devonshire way.

B. J. MACNULTY.

Carmarthenshire, Wales.

DEW.

Companion of the shadows, dawn is nigh ;
Low in the East the gold and crimson sea
Breaks on the shore of night, and presently
Will flood the farthest reaches of the sky.

Companion of my sorrows, walk with me
A little while into the rising day.
We have been long together, do not say
Goodbye, as though you left me willingly.

J. W. SHAW.

H.M. Forces.

WHAT WONDER ?

Like a blue-black grape is Sallie the cat ;
Her coat has a velvety bloom like that,
She shines in the firelight, gleams in the sun,
Soft with a softness that's second to none.

One with the night, like a shadow she goes ;
High on a witch's broom? Nobody knows!
Magical creature made when the moon
Silvered the darkness with mating a-croon.

Made from variety's spice of life,
Spontaneous fire and glorious strife,
Between two shapes that their joy would loot,
Begetting a cat like a downy fruit!

KAY LANGMAN.

Cornwall, England.

FAIRY LIGHT.

There are fairies at the end of my garden,
I saw them last night,
Like balls of light
In flight.
They danced among the roses
And gathered daisies to make posies ;
Then came the dawn,
The fairies away had flown.

M. GORNALL.

Lancashire, England.

MOOD MAUVE.

What a poignant sweetness
From perfumed belfries floats,
With what true completeness
Ring out those piercing notes.

Lilies of the valley,
Your plaintive melody
Like a faint reveille,
Wakes now the soul of me.

And little dear, dead babies,
And dreams that don't come true,
And all the Ifs and Maybes
Bring forth a tear or two.

ANNE ROBERTS.

Lancashire, England.

HITLER'S DOOM.

Where is the London that we used to know,
Before death's breath upon thou did blow ;
Before the destruction by hell's own fires
Of those tall buildings and church tower spires?

Our thoughts lie on the work ahead ;
For humanity's sake victory must be sped ;
To beat the Nazis we must try
Not to grumble, nor to sigh.

We know that hard work lies ahead,
But we think of the mutilated dead.
Compared with their heroism we feel ashamed,
And work with the vigour which is now so famed.

Yes, O Nazis, we look ahead
To the time when we view your piled-up dead.
Know that the hand of vengeance is near
To torture your souls and your flesh to tear.

Oh heed the cries of the tortured masses !
Your doom is fast approaching, Nazis.
Look ahead to the fate that be,
And purge your souls of cruelty.

W. COURCHA.

London, England.

PLYMOUTH TOWN.

Scarred, but proud, brave Plymouth stands,
The emblem of a country free ;
The envy of so many lands
Torn apart by purgatory.

The Sound, which once in happier day,
Bore merry crowds on pleasure trips,
Shelters now a brave array
Of Britain's gallant fighting ships.

Not long ago the Mayflower Stone
Rang with the talk of fisher maids ;
But now relates in sterner tone
A tale of many vicious raids.

And Plymouth Hoe, where Drake once bowled
And spied the noble Spanish fleet,
Epitomizes, as of old,
A town which does not know defeat.

Battle-scarred by vandal hordes,
Showered with explosive, fire and flame,
She will uphold, 'spite Hun war lords,
The zeal of Drake's immortal name.

Uncertain yet her future rôle,
But one thing's sure, whate're it be ;
She'll strive towards one super goal—
To keep her blessed England free.

I. D. DODDRIDGE.

TITLEGRAM FOR MR. CHURCHILL.

When a world with chaos seethed,
Infernos ravaged realms of fair delight,
Nought to resist the inhumanity which heaved
Star-shaken skies in malignant might.

Towards the west—a silhouette!
Omnipotent, who can it be?
Nearing, ever nearing yet,
Comes forth Victory—for 'tis he.

Hurrah! Hurrah! A nation shouts,
Unity clasps his welcome hand,
Regaining hope—dispelling doubts,
Cheering—the saviour of our land.

Here's health unto our Warrior, and
In years that are to come,
Let us ne'er forget, to praise him
Long after his job is done.

BETTE LUCAS.

Lancashire, England.

MEN OF THE EIGHTH ARMY.

A war was started in 'thirty-nine,
And men were sent away
To distant lands behind the line
To fight the Hun each day.
But there's one great band, the best lot of all,
The Eighth Army they're called, and I know,
If it wasn't for these mighty men of ours,
Britain would easily fall.
They are doing a job no other can do
With a spirit that none of them lack,
As each time the enemy is ready to strike,
The Eighth are in the attack.
There are some who have done their work
And paid the price in the end,
But only their bodies die, their spirits live on.
Yet some of us don't comprehend
How much work is being done, out there in the fight,
How much bloodshed and trouble and strife;
How many a woman prays for her man each night,
Because he's giving his life.
We should be proud of this band;
Hope for their return.
For I know where we would be
If we hadn't got these men; so let us learn
To give credit to the Eighth Army.

A. E. V. POSNER.

H.M. Forces.

A PRAYER.

Blessed Lord, hear our prayer,
From these fields of war ;
May Thy immortal angels guard
Those now in despair.
Free them from their anguished hearts,
And Thy glory ever impart
Thy forgiveness.

We know not what liès ahead.
Give us, O God, Thy guidance,
And Thy compassionate understanding,
So that we shall see the light
Slowly arising out of nights
Of evil misunderstanding.
Will Thou, O Lord, hear us,
As we beg forgiveness from Thee? Amen.

W. G. ROV

H.M. Forces.

TO DAISIES.

Ye gather nectar from the lips of Dawn,
Before she, waking, strokes away the lace
Of wind-strewn clouds that subtly veil her face.
And when she smiles, empyreates her form
Above the cobalt firmament, adorns
Herself with sweetest melody, the grace
And perfume of the rose : then ye embrace
The bees that they may share the sweets of morn.
And when the daylight, fading, melts away
Beyond those darkling verdure crownèd hills,
Your petals gently swathe your head that they
May guard thee from the latent midnight chills.
So do ye sleep, lulled by the nightbird's lay
Soft rising from the reed-entangled rills.

DENNIS A. STEPHENSON.

H.M. Forces.

THE JOYS OF LIFE.

The joys of my life are chiefly these :
The cloudy green of summer trees,
The gentle song of birds at dawn,
The yellow and green of a tennis lawn.

Long green grass around my knees,
A tiny hill to climb with ease ;
To walk as far as can be seen,
To where the blue will meet the green.

The gentle snowflakes sailing down
To whiten earth that's dull and brown.
Valleys wreathed in morning mist,
Gentle waves the sun has kissed.

An autumn sunset, brown and gold,
An English oak tree, gnarled and old,
The rushing river and gentle spring,
The wind in the treetops murmuring.

All these joys are free as air
For those who seek and find and care.

MURIEL E. WILLIAMS.

Hertfordshire, England.

MY PRAYER.

Grant me, Lord, the strength to fight;
Grant me faith to win.
Oh, endow me with Thy might
In this world of sin.
I ask not for riches great,
Life of ease or fame;
Teach me how to love You, Lord;
To glorify Your Name.

Grant me, Lord, Thy bounteous love,
That I may love as well.
Grant me blessings from above;
Grant me tongue to tell
Of Your love for all mankind;
How You set us free,
Dying on the Calv'ry Cross
In great humility.

F. H. NORGATE.

London, England.

W A R .

From the Highlands,
From the Lowlands,
From the lands across the sea ;
From the mansions,
From the hovels,
They all fight for Victory.
From the fact'ries,
From the farmlands,
From the homes of rich and poor ;
From the village,
From the city,
They want a life they can endure.
For Old John Bull,
For Uncle Sam,
For comrades brave and dear ;
For history,
For freedom,
We will fight without a fear.

BETTY FLEMHOOD

Carmarthenshire, Wales.

TO THE WIND.

The clouds now scurry
Across the face of the moon ;
The shrieking wind
Seems to keep in tune

To the rhythm of the swaying trees.
Why hasten thee, Wind?
Art winning a race?
Canst not stay for a moment

Thy wild pace?
What avails thee this hurrying?
Up in the heavens
Brightly twinkle the stars,

From seeing their beauty
Thy hurry thee debars ;
Thy nearness to them useless waste !
Full, and calm, and solitary,

Hangs the silvered moon ;
She wonders if you're rushing
Headlong to the crack of doom ;
Her majestic calm thee reproving.

E'en helpless mortals wonder,
Of thy fury, what the cause?
What the secrets of the elements
And thy set of governing laws?
Prithee, tell me these things, O Wind !

R. A. DAVENPORT.

Warwickshire, England.

O, BROTHER.

Beneath the Norman soil you lie,
Looking upward to the sky.
Beside you are your pals who fell
Marching bravely through that hell.

O brother, as you sleep to-night
Amidst the coldness of the night,
Do you hear the wind and rain
Or the whispering of the slain?

Do you hear the thundering guns,
Or the crying of the Huns?
Do you hear, with deep regret,
Your comrades curse the mud and wet?

High above the birds still sing,
Here and there the church bells ring.
Do you hear that joyful sound,
Lying there beneath the ground?

Sleep, O brother, in your Norman grave,
Amongst the friends who died to save
This world from terror of the Hun,
Who ruled with torture and the gun.

Sleep, O brother, sleep and rest.
You were so brave; you've done your best.
And we, who love you, nightly pray,
We'll meet again on Judgment Day.

JAMES S. L. SIMPSON.

Yorkshire, England.

THE OLD CHATEAU AT NIGHT.

The trees are silent and the stars at peace :
Only the voices fade within the house,
Whence the soft radiance of a candle steals
And reddens all the edges where the frames
Were from the sockets levered by the blast.

Only the softened thunder from the wheels,
Where the night convoy with its war supplies
Through the dark velvet curtain rushes past.

The trees are silent and at peace the skies :
But on the staircase still is felt the sound
Of red heeled shoes and Madame's crinoline
Brushing the steps and carved balustrade :
And their soft voices, out of time, grown thin,
Worn by the distance of our journeying,
From the dark chambers and old ages ring.

The trees are silent and at peace the ground :
Now the last footstep halts, and closing door
Shakes the close folded blackness : for the night
Is made of silence. Now like fallen stars,
The mating glow-worms signal from the hedge,
Unwinking, echoing the lusted height.

Stars and the glow-worms—silence and the night.

E. A. GOFFRON.

London, England.

UNKNOWN HERO.

My wife, my light, my life!
Remember do I your eyes on that last day :
Those eyes that spoke so true of
Your selfless soul, there's no need to say.

From the day that first we met
In youth so strong and fair,
Self-sacrificing, loyal in lean and
Hungry times—a hero unknown, so rare.

Oh why! Oh why! did you deprive
Yourself that we be strong?
A mother so rare, a wife, a friend—
A woman in frailty, unwrong!

The greatness and purity of your love
Came in proof with your declining frame.
But your daughter is strong, and in sweetness fair.
Dear mother, unknown hero,
You've achieved your aim!

L. HELD.

London, England.

DERELICT.

I first saw the light of day
From a doorstep, where I lay,
Abandoned by a shameful mother ;
Left to be cared for by another.
Tightly wrapped in an old plaid shawl,
The only token of a mother at all.

But now I sing in the spotlight's glare ;
Sing to a mother who might be there ;
And in singing my heart is laid bare.
But, oh, how unhappy my lot,
If, when I find her at last,
I am but a ghost from the past,
And she but a drunken sot !

But God is good, and perhaps means it so,
That I have a mother I never shall know.

F. C. MARTIN.

Nottinghamshire, England.

THE THRUSH, OR MAVIS.

When the sunset's glory is in the sky,
As though Heaven's gate was left ajar,
A vision that seems so near to earth ;
So very near, and yet so far.

And amidst this peace and beauty
A joyous voice is heard
Of one who sings in rapture,
The voice of a singing bird.

A bird of nut-brown plumage,
With cream-brown speckled breast,
Who always sings at eventide
When the sun is in the west.

Upon a leafy branch he rests,
Where the sun shines through the leaves,
And on the grassy moss beneath
Their shadow pattern weaves.

He sings a melody of praise,
From the fulness of his heart ;
And gladness too, as if he knew
That of this beauty he is a part.

Oh, sweet and wondrous little singer !
In thy song what dost thou say ?
Just that thou does the Creator's will
In thy appointed way ?

ELIZABETH SCORRER.

Northumberland, England.

THOUGHTS.

Thoughts are such vital things,
They make you sad or gay.
So greet the morn with thoughts so bright,
They will shine throughout the day.

Maybe the day looks dreary,
And things mount up in a pile.
Maybe your heart is weary,
And you don't feel like a smile.

Just think again—is it quite so bad?
Are all those troubles really there?
After all it is worry that makes you sad,
And fills your thoughts with care.

Come! think of the things that are brightest
and best ;
Turn out that silver lining.
You will find your heart and thoughts at rest ;
You will see that the sun is shining.

MADGE WOOD.

Yorkshire, England.

ONE SPRING MORN.

I stopped by the brook one morning in spring,
And all was so bright and so gay,
The birds in the trees were trying to sing
Their best on that grand sunny day.

I watched the small skylark high up above,
Who was singing, and singing for joy ;
The songs he sang were songs of love,
The best that he could employ.

Life it was real on that fine sunny day,
And for once kind Heaven did smile ;
The birds did sing for winter's decay
And the summer to come in a while.

KENNETH J. FRYER.

Shropshire, England.

LONDON BRIDGE.

Yon ancient span, the first to seal
The City with the Southern land,
Where knights no longer joust and reel
In tourney 'neath the Royal hand.

No more do we behold the head
Of Treason to remind our bent ;
Nor do we need to suffer dread
Of treach'rous piers to circumvent.

And Becket's shrine no more will bid
The pilgrim o'er the swirling pool,
Where merchants and their children lived ;
Where Osborne saved his master's Jewel.

Tho' these have gone, thou liv'st again,
That hallow'd spot where once thou stood
In mem'ry's deep exploring vein,
And in that sweet congenial mood.

F. W. CULVER JAMES.

Surrey, England.

A SPRING IDYLL.

'Neath thickly-clustered, strong-limbed oaks,
Which o'erhang winding paths in browner shade,
Amid branching elm and moss-grown beech
Which o'er canopy the glade.
Beside rush-lined banks of murmuring streams
In flower-decked meadows kissed by sunny beams,
At some fountain's chiselled foot,
Or some pine tree's mossy root ;
Casting life's cares and burdens aside,
My spirit to yonder noble heights doth glide ;
Where, like a bird, it soars and sings,
Unfolds and preens its silver wings.
There with me shall dwell in rustic state
Visions of things small and yet so great.

GEORGE STONE.

Hertfordshire, England.

"NUMBER, PLEASE?"

Before the switchboard from morning till night
The girls sit, keenly watching the lights
That glow on the tiny red and white lamps.
They flick the keys and grasp a cord,
Then someone "gets through" to Hereford.

Another flash and a flick of the key,
"Is that the York Maternity?"
"Sorry, Junction's engaged," the girl replies ;
The voice of the caller hides a tear,
"Do try again, it is so urgent dear."

Then a trunk call flashes,
"Trunk's number, please?"
And a gay voice asks for Fernham Leaze.
The operator grasps a cord and flicks a key ;
The gay voice "gets through" quite easily,
And with a laugh says, "Of course it's me!"

Voices of tragedy, comedy, tears and wit,
Leave the switchboard girls no time to knit.
So have patience when **you** are on the phone,
And think of the switchboard girls alone
With lights and voices and numbers all day,
And at night too tired to be witty or gay.

GRACE BURNETT.

Wiltshire, England.

GAIN.

People claim for wealth to fulfil their gladness,
But they forget their health in this lifelong madness,
In this lust for money they know no sins ;
Aren't folks funny—but I wonder who wins.

For the best things on earth are given to us free.
Someone's given them birth, just for you and me,
The sun and the showers, the fall of the snow ;
Yes, all of its ours, the best thing to know.

So be satisfied with what's given, it's free to us all.
Don't make a fuss or you're due for a fall.

W. ROWLAND.

Warwickshire, England.

. . . AND A MILLION OTHERS.

You knew her well, a sweet, attractive girl ;
 So slim, so small, so truly feminine,
 From stylish hat to tiny, high-heeled shoes ;
 A rather saucy lass with charming grin ;
 Slight over-dose of powder, too much rouge—
 But nice, despite her "passion for the flicks"
 And thrill of walking in the park to snare
 The lads with all her tantalising tricks.

You do not see her now when in the park.
 She soon discarded pretty frocks and skirt
 When war commenced—and then you smiled to see
 That slender form (precocious little flirt !)
 In uniform. What strength had she to fight?
 You smiled, and so did I. But ne'er again,
 For I was with her on that night when Death
 Came stalking Life, inflicting crippling pain.

Amidst the crash of bombs and masonry,
 Amidst the scorching flames of frenzied fire,
 With men entrapped within the blazing heap,
 She entered thrice with me the ghastly pyre,
 And neither flinched nor felt the fear of death.
 O, God! the horrors of that fiendish night!
 O, God! the courage quickened at that sight
 Of one so frail yet fearless of the fight!

CHARLES ATKINS.

H.M. Forces.

AUTUMN.

The year has grown to mellow age,
Gone now the fire of summer's burning,
The seasons reach a stately stage,
Forgotten, too, the youth's spring yearning.

And man has toiled in sun and rain,
And tended carefully the field,
Has husbanded the golden grain ;
The earth gives up its precious yield.

Now Autumn's breath has caught the trees,
The leaves are turning red and brown,
And scatter in the stirring breeze,
For Nature dons her winter gown.

The swallows, too, have said farewell,
The squirrels gather in their store ;
They seek a warmer clime to dwell,
Away from winter's winds and hoar.

And so the earth prepares to sleep ;
Its fruitful labour now is done,
To wake from out its slumber deep
When kissed by sweet Spring's warmer sun.

F. R. MATTOCK.

Kent, England.

MARCHING ON WITH GOD.

"His hand is stretched out, and who shall turn it back?"

—*Isaiah, 14, 27.*

Our God is marching on,
This is God's onward march :
At last it has begun,
God's march against the Hun,

God's onward march, it has begun.
This is the march of Right :
A march that cannot cease
Till sin is put to flight.

God's onward march it has begun,
His march against the hordes of wrong,
The music of this march,
It is God's Triumph Song.

God's arm it is stretched out,
Oh! naught can turn it back,
And this will put to rout
The war against God's Christ.

Israel God has blessed,
Is marching firmly on ;
This is the British Race,
Heirs to eternal grace.

And with us other nations march,
We march as one to end the curse of war ;
We march towards God's Light.
A countless host is on the march,

We all march on to free the world :
Our goal, the brotherhood of man,
Which is the Father's plan.

We all are marching on towards God,
 To do His will on earth :
 This reign of bliss that has begun
 Will mean the whole world one.

Christ comes to reign on earth,
 To reign in every heart :
 This means all men made one,
 The healing of the nations come.

A glorious morn now breaks
 As endless morning light :
 This morn to banish mortal birth,
 Shines now as Peace on earth.

This endless morn that dawns
 Now shines within our midst :
 This means the wonder of a grand re-birth.
 At last has dawned as Heaven on earth.

LEONARD A. LEWIS.

D-Day, 6th June, 1944.

A NEW YEAR SONG.

" Arise, shine for Thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord
 has risen upon thee." —Isaiah, 60, 1.

This New Year we are facing,
 It brings the Dawn of joy ;
 This means all war is ceasing
 And Peace on earth is nigh.

This Peace that now is dawning,
 It is a Peace within ;
 A Peace that has no ending,
 Because it rules out sin.

This Peace that now is coming
 Will with us ever stay ;
 It is Christ re-appearing,
 What dawns as endless day.

This Peace as Dawn now breaking
 Will flood the world with joy :
 It is what waits our wakening,
 To reign as Christ within.

This Peace that now is dawning,
 It comes to end all war :
 It is what Christ is coming
 To reign for evermore.

A morning light now breaking,
 Now shines for all to see :
 It is the Christ Light shining
 For all Eternity.

This Light that now is shining
 Will flood each heart with joy :
 It is the Christ appearing
 As Dawn for all to see.

This Christ that now is shining
 As Light through you and me,
 Will chase away all darkness,
 And set the whole world free.

LEONARD A. LEWIS.

New Year's Day, 1944.

“LEARN TO LABOUR AND TO WAIT.”

“In returning and rest shall ye be saved, in quietness and confidence shall be your strength.” *Isaiah, 30, 15.*

God is our might
 All through the fight,
 Oh! learn to labour
 And to wait.

Though odds be great,
And strong the foe,
Oh! learn to labour
And to wait.

We fight for Right,
Right versus might.
Oh! learn to labour
And to wait.

Though long the fight,
Our Cause is great,
Oh! learn to labour
And to wait.

All through the night,
God is our Light,
Oh! learn to labour
And to wait.

At last will dawn,
An endless Morn,
Oh! learn to labour
And to wait.

This Dawn in sight
Means no more night,
Oh! learn to labour
And to wait.

This Dawn to come
Means no more crying,
It comes to banish sinning,
At last to end all dying,
Oh! learn to labour
And to wait.

LEONARD A. LEWIS.

LAMPLIGHT.

Golden the lamp that lights my lady's hair
And aureoles her head.
—Birches, sun-startled, stand
Stricken to silver on wood-shadow ;
Strand where green seas sweep upon the falling grey :
Firs by the meadow ;—
These are as things dead
As a withered rose.
Only where gleams the lamp, the tall flame still,
Fanned by no breath, grows, as a garden grows,
Glory from small things. Sand
May run out Time, yet, fed
With beauty, still I'll watch my lady's hair.

EDWIN N. BRADLEY.

Hertfordshire, England.

PEACE.

O God of Peace, with joy we hail the coming
Of that triumphant glorious day of peace ;
When men shall do Thy will, and serve each other,
Then evil, strife and hatred all shall cease.
Messengers of peace—thy chariots oh hasten
O'er land and sea to earth's remotest shore ;
The long dark night of sin, vice and oppression
Shall end, and soon the tyrant's power be o'er.
Peace, blessed peace, thy banners are unfurling,
Dispelling warfare's deadly pain and woe ;
Christ's conquering power, His glorious news proclaiming—
Man to his brother shall no more be foe.
O God of peace ! Nations and men exalted
The blessings of Thy covenant to know ;
Shall praise Thee for deliverance and leading,
And as they know Thee, in Thy likeness grow.
Then, Thy victorious peace on earth abiding,
Blending in service, love and liberty ;
Man's highest aims, his hopes and deepest longings
Shall be fulfilled, be satisfied in Thee.

ELLEN HAINSWORTH.

Yorkshire, England.

SPRING.

How beautiful are the flowers of Spring,
Prettier by far than anything.

The trees are at their prettiest, too ;
It fills us all with joy, right through.

★ ★ ★

Of all the colours we see in Spring,
Have you noticed the prettiest thing?
It is the blue of God's own sky,
Which stays, while other things live and die.

PATRICIA COPE.

Dorsetshire, England.

THOUGHTS BEFORE LANDING.

Flickering phantoms,
Phased in the awful light of unnatural care,
Where oft through the misty beams
Of rainbow-clouded thought they drift back
From what was before or beyond—
 They terrify!

Subtleties unwoven
Lag the nightmare hours away,
Seeped and interwoven.
Every thread of strange distinction
Winds and wanders in and out
 My mind.

Faces faint
And hazed about, move silently along
Down past my wandering eyes,
To stretch away to seeming solitude,
Solitude and silence on the
 Hell blown sand.

H. POWELL.

H.M. Forces.

“EXHIBIT, I, AND ICY COLD . . .”

Exhibit, I, and icy cold
 Upon the slab of commonsense ;
 No retrospective recompense
 To soothe the savage growing old.

I watch the turgid river flow,
 The stream of sanctimonious feet,
 While longing for the faery street
 Whereon the dainty footsteps go.

The world may scan a tarnished eye,
 Prod carelessly inquiring thumb ;
 Yet burns the yearning in the dumb—
 One magic word before they die !

Desiring, spite my diffidence,
 To cast life in a fairer mould,
 Exhibit, I, and icy cold
 Upon the slab of commonsense.

JOHN COWDEROY.

Middlesex, England.

COURAGE.

Faith, hope, and confidence combined
Shall on this earth new treasure find,
As energies be harnessed fresh
To hands and feet of willing flesh.

An ageless call to living men !
The Infinite will not condemn
The possibilities in each
To dream, and strive their goal to reach.

It is the pressing throng that cheers,
The shallow mind that vulgar sneers,
In fickle mood the fashioned skill
Of courage proved to faith fulfil.

When hope is free of cautious fear,
And faith a crystal gem of cheer,
Then will endeavour labour on ;
In courage bold bid cares begone.

J. W. SLATOR.

Warwickshire, England.

MY SONGS.

The songs I make are wrought of many things :
Spoil of the world, gathered from far and near.
Across the hills dawn breaking high and clear,
Sunset and crimson clouds, white flash of wings ;
Small dainty twitterings the linnet sings ;
High noon's imperial glory ; stark and sheer ;
Green-silvered moonlight ; grey waves breaking drear
On barren rocks where yellow seaweed clings.
Of such my songs are fashioned night and day ;
My thoughts go winging out across the world,
Seeking the toll of beauty, and return
To me again amid the twilight grey—
At noonday, when the fires of sunset burn,
Or when dawn's crimson banners are unfurled.

J. RONALD GREEVES.

Northern Ireland.

MY FRIEND.

Because for one short hour you stayed
And listened to me while I played,
The day to me will seem more fair,
And I have shed my load of care
Because of it!
Give to me if you can, my friend,
A passing thought my heart to mend,
And I by far will braver be
To face what lies in store for me
Because of it.

LILIAN SMITH.

Essex, England.

A GREAT GUY.

A little boy sat on his mother's knee
And spoke of the man he'd like to be.
"When I grow up," he said with pride,
"I'll be famous ; in lovely cars I'll ride ;
"Folks will look for me as I drive through the town.
"I'll make them happy, they won't even frown."
The time flew past, twenty years or more,
The same young man is at my door.
Yes, he makes me happy and drives off my frown,
And folks smile at him all over the town.
For he has come to me this very day
To take the dirt and rubbish away.
Yes, he is famous, in a way, I guess,
For if wasn't for him we'd be in a mess.
He don't drive in cars, all spick and span,
But he's still a great guy, our friend the dustman.

GERALDINE B. HANKS.

Middlesex, England.

ANTIDOTE.

The wind and the rain in the air ;
The storming weather of the heart
Hid in a delicate prison,
Like blood, like tears, the sheeting rain
Drenches the child called love,
Conceived, painted with kisses, brought to life
In the secret heart of their hearts.

“ Oh, my love, oh, my changeling child,
“ Did you grow so beautiful,
“ Or do I adore the phantom of you?
“ Did you die of the love in my eyes?”

The wind and the rain in the air ;
The winter leaves on the Tree of Sorrow
Flitter like lost summer wings
Down on the torn, dead heart.

“ Oh, my love, oh, my lost, adored ghost !
“ Are you then so beautiful
“ That your shadow is in my eyes,
“ And I die of the love in my heart?”

ANNE LAWRENCE.

Middlesex, England.

DIVINE HANDS.

O hands that healed by Galilee,
Restored the broken heart,
Spread Thy sweet balm o'er cot and bed,
For icy hands of death instead,
Thy hands new life impart.

O Thou, Whose hands made lepers clean,
To blinded eyes gave sight,
Breathe through our human touch to-day
That consecrated talent may
Enlighten sufferers' night.

Come in, O Man of Galilee,
To each hospital ward,
Where pain-wracked wait Thy touch of power,
Bring safely through each crisis hour
Thy Presence, healing Lord.

Oh, raise Thy hands to blessing, Lord,
On all who strive with pain :
Oh, let us wait on Thee awhile,
Till surgeons' skill and nurses' smile
Bring hope and life again.

A. R. BONE.

Surrey, England.

A COUNTRY SCENE.

From close at hand the golden wheat
Stretches to the very feet
Of yonder snow-capped mountain side,
Surging like a golden tide.
On either hand the cattle browse
Beneath the green-clad oak tree boughs.
Distantly a spiral tall
Of smoke comes from a farhouse small.
Like ants the farmer and his men
Work in field, and byre, and pen.
In the hollow there, behold!
Glinting like a sheet of gold,
The reed-fringed lake lies calm and still,
Fed by a tumbling, hurrying rill.
What bounty doth Dame Nature give,
That all the world in peace may live!
Oh, who would change this countryside
For the rushing, jostling tide
Of the bustling life in town?
Where the setting sun goes down
On brick and stone, not trees and moss.
Who would exchange pure gold for dross?

EDNA SMITH.

Lancashire, England.

RAIDERS.

Hear the throbbing pulse of engines
Striving onward through the night,
While the far-off phantom searchlights
Probe with silver blades of light.
Then the silence, swiftly shattered
By the thunder of the gun,
And a brilliance—strange, unearthly—
Yet more radiant than the sun.
'Tis the enemy approaching,
Dark destruction in his wake ;
Stirring those who sleep to action
Vowing grim revenge to take.
Till the night of fear and peril
Fades o'er sad chaotic earth
Leaving desolation, tragic
'Neath the sun's more glorious birth.

JEAN D'ALBERTANSON.

Berkshire, England.

GREAT GRANDMAMA.

Great Grandmama's clothes in the old oak chest
Are carefully packed away,
Fragrant with lavender, satins and silks
And shawls of a bygone day.

Quaint little bonnets and buckled shoes,
Mantles of velvet and lace,
Fur tippet and muff and cap to match,
And a little old ring in a case.

Fragile and worn, a forget-me-not ring,
An inscription, now faint, inside,
You can barely see the initials entwined
Of the two who long ago died.

Shut the lid down—turn the key in the lock,
Put away the forget-me-not ring,
For the hand that wore it lies cold and stiff
Reminiscences but sorrow can bring.

ROMA HOWARD.

Cornwall, England.

IN A CROWD.

I.

I saw thee in the passing crowd
For just a lingering moment's space ;
One glance by courtesy allowed
Revealed the wonders of thy face ;
Upon my way I lonely passed,
Is this first glimpse of thee the last?

II.

I wonder—is there deep design,
Within the something we call chance,
What influences of power benign
Lay in the sweetness of thy glance !
Where'er I go there seems to be
A radiance that was shed from thee.

III.

We met and passed without a word ;
Where wilt thou be in future years?
Thou canst not know how thou hast stirred
My soul with longings, joys and fears !
I know that I shall ne'er forget.
Dost thou remember that we met?

(Rev.) F. R. SHEEHAN.

Berkshire, England.

MARCH BACK, YE VICTORS!

They who return are maimed and weak,
Their spirit undaunted, their heads held high,
They could not resist, but turned the other cheek,
Until the day of liberation drew nigh.
Is spirit of such a metal wrought,
That men of youth and vigour captive,
Had at such cost the price of freedom bought,
To be a distant alien representative?
This was not the intendant creation of nature,
That year by year the sapping spirit be cased,
'Neath a freckled, spotted homely feature,
On which the freedom of future lives was based.
Arise forever, fallen child of war!
Come back and reap your rich reward!
For you must give your best once more,
And then for ever sheath the sword.

I. L. ARNISON.

Middlesex, England.

ECSTASY.

Like nectar in the lily's cup,
To the honey seeking bee,
When he lightly roams the flowers among,
So is your love to me.
Like sunshine to the fragrant rose,
That blows in ecstasy,
And breathes its perfume on the air,
So is your love to me.
Like spring to the wee daisies
That clad the verdant lea,
Dancing in the wanton breeze,
So is your love to me.
As the sea-gull loves the foam,
And rolling ocean blue,
Like this, my dear, your love's the breath
Of my existence too.
And as the speedwell ever wears
The same unchanging hue,
Just so this heart will ever bear
A constant love for you.

LUCY COOPER.

London, England.

THE DEAF MUSICIAN.

[Reflection on the Life of Beethoven]

Dear days, when ear could hear glad trill of lark,
The lyre to sweet ear sing, the dawn dew plash!
I strain the anvil ring, but only spark.
The lightning flashes far, no thunder crash.

The bow, the strings, now weep a silent chord.
The trombone quivers forth no trembling blast.
The drums! the drums! their throbbing beat! Dear Lord,
Grant to mine ears that robust rhythm fast!

O music sweet! sweet consort true! Thy song
So stilled! God ease the constant aching yearn
Of dead ears mute! O consort sweet, I long
Thy trembling loveliness, thy dripping urn!

MESSENGER MILLER.

Ohio, U.S.A.

THE INTRUDER.

["The Intruder" I dedicate to my father, Messenger Miller, who taught me the most beautiful and difficult of all arts, the art of poetic expression. G. M. M.]

Tonight

My thought has not the lilt of Tuscan lark ;
 It mars thee, graceful song, it sings off key.
 Oh, let me wander by myself and see
 If damsel muse is only mocking me.

Oh, let me push aside the velvet dark,
 And seek the mossy cushioned ground delight !
 Oh, let the ferns caress my step tonight
 To water edge where I must go for light.

To gild thee, new-born song, with radiant flow
 I must to make thee live, then make thee dance.
 I need the music of the woods, the stance
 Of stately trees, bright rustling leaves, perchance.

I need to feel cool autumn's fiery blow ;
 Ah, yes, to pass in shadowed forestry ;
 To catch and drink pale moonbeam artistry ;
 I must, yes, brood in silent poesy :

Must feel my birth and death ! In trance I stark
 Alone, must twixt my fingers crush the clod
 And feel the stars, cool breath of wind, soft sod.
 But most of all, I need pure grace from God.

GILFORD MESSENGER MILLER.

U.S. Army.

Naples, Italy, October, 1943.

I SHALL COME BACK.

Do not lose heart when silence shadows hope.
 Draw still more close your cloak of gallantry,
 And wear it ever, proudly confident,
 Smiling, as when I left.

I shall come back.

Perhaps not quite as when that autumn dawn,
 I held you closely in my arms, and knew
 Your eyes were shut to hide the trait'rous tears,
 Not thus, perchance, but yet

I shall come back.

It will suffice if even what is sent
 Is service in another sphere for me,
 And you are left to walk remembered ways
 Without my hand, and yet

I shall come back.

The very air will be so filled with me,
 That when you breathe and move, our spirits each
 Will be united inescapably.

Together, two in one,
 I SHALL COME BACK.

H. TREVELAN-THOMSON.

London, England.

"FAREWELL."

I leave you, dear, to go to-day
Upon a journey far away,
Across the ocean wide and blue,
To other countries, old and new.

I try to say what's in my heart
Before we kiss and then depart ;
But somehow, dear, my lips won't speak
Or form the words I vainly seek.

But as I go, I take with me
The everlasting memory
Of all the happy hours we spent,
Of things we did and said, and meant.

And when I've gone, please don't be blue,
For I shall always think of you
Wherever I may chance to be,
Upon the land or on the sea.

R. J. RUSSELL.

Essex, England.

THE GOOD EARTH.

As I wander down a country lane
When the battle of day is won,
I think of the summer rain,
And the heat of the noon-day sun.

I think of the good earth growing
'Neath the care of Nature's hand ;
I see the face of children glowing
As they help to fill the land.

I see the sun kiss the face of Youth,
As they plough the fields with grain ;
I hear the sound of the horse's hoof,
And the feel of God's good rain.

Ah ! tis the end of a perfect day,
Of a job well and truly done.
The heavenly smell of new-mown hay,
And the earth, the rain and the sun.

P. E. ROLFE.

Warwickshire, England.

MEN OF THE MERCHANT NAVY.

Who is it works and strives for us,
And give their very lives for us?
Through sleet and rain and heaving seas,
Braving the perils of the deep.

On every ocean, on every sea,
They keep this island's life-line free ;
And from afar, from many lands,
They bring the food to our eager hands.

It's the Men of the Merchant Navy,
Who die to keep us free.
To the Men of the Merchant Navy
Do we owe our liberty.

And when peace does once again
Bless this free land of ours,
Forget not the men who fought for us
In those danger-ridden hours.

'Twas they who kept our liberty,
And kept us from bitter slavery :
We owe them a debt, those men of the sea,
The men of our grand, gallant Merchant Navy.

PHYLLIS WILLIAMS.

Surrey, England.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

[Dedicated to my son, Tech. Sergt. Walter Edgar Quinn.]

It seems it's but a year or so
Since he stood by my side,
And in his tiny soldier suit
Stood straight, in childish pride!
(Another war was raging then,
Hearts ached, but smiles denied
The tears they hid; free people all
In courage were allied).
A tiny lad my son was then,
But every night he'd pray,
"God guard the men who fight for us,
At home, or far away!"
And now the world's again at war,
(My heart's torn in the fray!)
God guard my son, who proudly serves
With the Marines to-day.

MELICENT B. QUINN.

GIFTS.

[Dedicated to my year-old grandchild, Mary Melicent Emily Wall.]

If I were a king I would travel afar,
Seeking treasures, and jewels, so fine;
And when I returned, I would give them to you,
For all that I found would be thine!
The gold of the sunlight I'd capture for you,
The silver of moon and the stars,
The emerald of new-opened leaf on the trees,
The soft glowing ruby of Mars!

* * * * *

Alas! I am but a poor poet, my sweet,
My sceptre is only a pen!
I bring you my heart, which I lay at your feet.
Give me your love—I'll be monarch then!

MELICENT B. QUINN.

Kentucky, U.S.A.

MY GARDEN OF FRIENDS.

I have a wee garden I planted near by,
 Filled with flowers, I've always loved most,
 With daisies and jonquils and hollyhocks high,
 And of iris, and larkspur a host.
 And at eve, as I sit in my garden and doze,
 I'm reminded of people I've met ;
 How one's like the lily, and one's like the rose,
 And one's like sweet mignonette.
 There was one like the zinnia, all glowing and gay,
 I'd delighted in all summer through !
 But alas ! when misfortune's cruel frost on me lay,
 Like the flower my friend's love faded too !
 And one like the dahlia, so sturdy and strong,
 For its beauty I'd searched the world o'er ;
 And then, like the friendship I'd wished for so long,
 It was there, growing close to my door !
 Like the sweet honeysuckle one perfumes the hours,
 Like the violet one's pensive and shy ;
 Ah ! my garden of friends, like my garden of flowers,
 I shall always keep growing nearby !

MELICENT B. QUINN.

TRIFLES.

The burden of an aching heart,
 Which grows from day to day,
 Comes not from great catastrophe,
 But from little things we say !
 A sneering laugh, a barbed word,
 Have quenched a spirit gay,
 Beneath the cold, heart-breaking flood
 Of the little things we say.
 'Gainst sorrow great, or blinding grief,
 Courage rides in bright array,
 But ah, my friend, there is no shield
 Against the little things we say !

MELICENT B. QUINN.

COMMON BONDS.

[Dedicated to Mrs. Ellis Shears, Gold Star Mother.]

Softly,
Over all the world,
Women are praying,
Prayers for their sons
Who have gone forth to war ;
Asking for courage, stout hearts
And endurance.
These things they need ;
Then, with faith and assurance
They can wait
And mark time,
Knowing well that God's Presence
That leads them through trial
With hearts sick and sore,
Will abide till to-morrow,
When out of this sorrow
The clear dawn shall break,
And we'll know war

No more !
Oh, Mary, whose dear Son
Did ransom our living,
Look down on us now
With compassion and love.
Thou hast understanding—
Art kind and forgiving—
Intercede for our sons,
Holy Mother, above !

Softly,
Over all the world,
Women are praying
Prayers for their sons
Who have gone forth to war !

CELIA J. SMITH,

Indiana, U.S.A.

ETERNITY'S PLEDGE.

We are told we have eternity,
 My dear, for our love so true,
 And that is why I make a pledge
 That my heart belongs to you.

We lived together day by day.
 And our lives were so akin,
 We knew and felt what was deep inside,
 So much to each other we'd been,

As long as wave lap follows lap,
 And cleans the ocean shore,
 As long as stars patrol the sky,
 And God's sun sets never more.

We have promise of eternal love,
 That is part of God's plan come true ;
 So forever, my dear, through each endless year,
 My love shall belong to you.

CELIA J. SMITH.

Indiana, U.S.A.

DAILY WORSHIP.

My love is like a shrine ;
 Each evening I kneel down
 Before the altar of our love !
 And as I rise and go about my lonely way
 I have new strength from you.
 Our love is like a shrine,
 And who can say it was not made Devine?

CELIA J. SMITH.

Indiana, U.S.A.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

You raised your eyes,
 I raised mine ;
 Our glances met—collided ;
 A fleeting moment,
 But time stood still ;
 Two hearts were joined—united !

ENTREATY.

The hour of parting
 Is at hand.
 Leave the tears unshed, dear,
 Be a man,
 And tell me that when duty's done
 You'll return !
 Then our lonely hearts
 Will no longer yearn
 For the comfort of each other's arms.
 Don't let some other woman
 Lure you with her charms,
 While your true wife
 Waits for war to cease ;
 And longs for your homecoming
 To her and—Peace !

THE UNSEEN VOICE.

I was like one lost, unwanted, uncared for,
 The road I travelled was rough and long ;
 Then I heard Him say, " Be not afraid."
 The road seemed shorter ; my voice lifted in song.

LEONA V. ADAMS.

Indiana, U.S.A.

LINES TO OUR SILVER WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

[Dedicated to my husband, George H. Honig.]

Together we've travelled these many years
 (Twenty-five short years did you say?)
 Thru clouds and thru sunshine we have come
 To our Silver Anniversary Day.

Together the clouds have ever held
 A wondrous lining of silvery hue,
 And the sunshine held ever a brighter ray,
 Because of the sweet things you'd do.

Together we'll journey on again,
 Come weel, come woe, come rain, come shine
 And may our Golden Anniversary Day
 Still find you mine and find me thine.

GOLDEN CHIMES.

[Dedicated to the Igleheart Chimes, Trinity M.E. Church,
 Evansville, Indiana.]

Golden Chimes, I hear you pealing,
 Thru the early morning hours,
 While the sun o'er earth is stealing,
 While the dewdrops kiss the flowers.

Then again your chimes at mid-day,
 When the sun is high above,
 Send forth purest tones of gladness,
 Ringing out in notes of love.

And at eve, once more your carols,
 With the sun low in the West,
 Bring a blessed benediction,
 Bring us joy, and peace, and rest.

ALDA VICTORIA McCOY-HONIG,

Indiana, U.S.A.

TO A NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

Queen of the night—the Cereus !
 With petals so waxen and pure,
 Emitting exquisite perfume
 Of sweet, mysterious allure.

What a precious memory,
 Gazing into your heart,
 Where every delicate tracery
 Is woven with great art.

The little Star of Bethlehem,
 The cradle of the King,
 Whose praises thru the ages
 We shall never cease to sing.

Why should a thing so beautiful
 Endure but for a night?
 Such gorgeous blossoms are indeed
 A most inspiring sight.

But the beauty of things perishes ;
 Not so a memory,
 Which lingers with us and endures
 Forever and for aye.

ALDA VICTORIA McCOY-HONIG.

AMELIA EARHART.

Up she sailed into the blue,
 Our heroine so brave and true,
 Upon that summer's day.
 We gloried in her daring flight,
 Her wondrous courage and her might,
 As she gaily flew away.

Down she was forced into the blue,
 The sea had claimed its toll, 'tis true—
 A dreadful price to pay!
 Her tousled head, her boyish form,
 Her fascinating smile are gone,
 But her spirit, it shall live away!

ALDA VICTORIA McCOY-HONIG.

TO MY MOTHER ON MOTHERS' DAY, 1941.

How I loved to watch the fire-light
 Play upon my mother's eyes
 As she sat before the open grate in winter's evening time.
 Vari-coloured lights and shadows
 Shone from out those azure depths.
Unforgettable those eyes, which held a light divine.

They were lighted with a spirit
 Always gentle, calm, serene,
 And her sweetness and her goodness
 Radiated from each beam,
 That seemed to bless us all the while
 The fire-light played upon her eyes—
 Her husband, children, family group—
 That formed her paradise.

Oh, little mother, your wonderful eyes
 Have ever led me on and on
 Thru grey days, gay days,
 Days of sorrow and of song.
 The light that shone from those clear depths
 Has been a beacon bright and true,
 Inspiring me in all I've done,
 In all I ever hope to do.

APRIL CAME INTO MY HEART.

April came into my heart to-day
 With all her blithesome, springtime air ;
 She gleefully bade me walk with her
 By the river and thru the wood
 To bask in her charms so rare.

She led me thru vales of violets
 Purple, and fresh with the morning dew ;
 She bade me look up to the trees above,
 Where, quickened by a Father's love,
 Green, baby tendrils were budding anew.

I walked in ecstasy whither she led,
 Her beauties thrilling me more and more !
 I listened to a robin's rapturous call—
 It was April in my heart for evermore.

ALDA VICTORIA McCOY-HONIG,

Indiana, U.S.A.

YOU DEAR.

[To my dear husband, Arthur Norton, whose love and understanding has been my inspiration.]

I met him in the winter,
 'Twas a festive time you see,
 And he was full of magic,
 So strong and stalwart, he.
 His eyes so blue and tender
 Were full and deep like the sea,
 And I knew love had sent him,
 And he knew it was to be.

Life with its depth of mystery,
 Moves on with steadfast gait ;
 Don't miss love as it passes,
 Time and tide for no man wait.

THE DEBUTANTS' BALL.

A rose bowered garden,
 A seat by the fountain,
 Her lover entreating,
 A delicate flower,
 Symmetry of beauty
 In old rose and silver,
 A land of the fairies—
 Ah! the debutants' ball!

THOUGHTS OF YESTERDAY.

Oft when the evening shadows fall,
 My thoughts fly far across the sea ;
 There, in a memory garden,
 A face in the roses I see.

I watch the sea in silence here,
 As spirit waves play their mystic game,
 Conscious of your presence near,
 It seems I hear it breathe your name.

Faded and gone are the roses
 In the garden of yesterday,
 Yet deep in my heart reposes
 A rose, and it's blooming to-day.

SPRING.

Softly spring zephyrs scent the air,
 Flowers enhance so sweet and fair,
 Their painted faces pattern rows,
 Heavenly beauty—no human knows
 The touch of mystic hand in garth—
 Glimpses of heaven on mother earth.

OUR NATION'S PRAYER.

Dear Father, hush the deadly threats of war,
 As Thou didst hush the angry billows roar.
 Pour down on us Thy grace, and may we share
 The trials which our earthly life must bear.
 He died for us—the nails, the pierced side—
 Let it not be in vain that He has died,
 For victory is God's, and God alone,
 May peace, and love, and harmony atone.

FLORENCE JACQUES NORTON.

Indiana, U.S.A.

RESURGAT.

[In memory of my beloved baby brother, Arlie Kerr.]

You passed away on Christmas Day,
 Dear baby brother, mine.
 I knelt beside your lifeless clay,
 And prayed for just one sign.

To tell me that you were not dead,
 And that you loved me still!
 No sound, just silence, deep and dread,
 A smiling face so chill!

When deep within the snow-bound earth
 I saw you laid away,
 I shunned the sounds of Christmas mirth,
 I loathed the light of day!

My sky was black, no slightest beam
 Dispelled its ghastly gloom;
 Eternal life seemed but a dream
 That ended in the tomb.

I heard you call in cold, dark nights
 From out your grave so deep,
 "Please, Sissy, dear—quick! 'lamp the lights.'
 "It's dark—I cannot sleep!"

Thus you had called in bygone years,
 And voiced your childish fright;
 How quickly fled these ghastly fears
 When "Sissy lamped the light."

So unto me there naught was left—
 Death's cold, remorseless hand
 A vast abyss between us cleft
 That never could be spanned.

You dead, in dark and cold below,
 And I as dead above!
 I felt that Death, our life's grim foe,
 Was victor over love!

And then—oh, glorious day for me!--
 I felt your spirit near.
 A mighty surge of ecstasy
 Swept out all grief and fear.

I heard you whisper, "Sister, mine,
 "I am not under ground!
 "How foolish then to grieve and pine,
 "And pray above the mound—

"In which you saw my body laid;
 "My spirit glad, and free;
 "Your Guardian Angel has been made—
 "Death gave me liberty!

"And when you pass, dear, thru the door,
 "I'll lead you by the hand,
 "To dwell with loved ones evermore
 "In blessed spirit land."

X

ETHEL M. KERR.

Kentucky, U.S.A.

NORA'S APPLE PIES.

I know not which I like the best—

Your curly hair,
Your forehead, fair,
Your shining eyes,
Or your apple pies!

But should I put it to a test :

How straight may turn that curly hair?

How wrinkly-brown that forehead, fair?

The red of your lips may shift to your eyes!

The blue of your eyes may shift to your lips!

To an elephant's girth may change your slim hips,

But years cannot change your apple pies!

Of pearly white the flaky crust,

Of golden brown the cinnamon dust,

Which over their face you sprinkle ;

Its fruity entrails, rich and rare,

And sweet in every crinkle.

But oh, those hips!

Oh, those thighs!

Oh, those lips!

Oh, those eyes!

But they are all eclipsed by your pies!

Some may write odes to your lips,

Some praise the blue of your eyes,

Some note the trim lines of your hips,

And others may praise your slim thighs

In silly words, something like this :

Bronze hair all a-curl,

Believe me, sweet girl,

I'd give my heart's blood for a kiss;
 I'd sooner miss Heaven than this!

Your slender waist
 Should be embraced
 By my manly arms!
 Wondrous charms
 You have, my sweet.

From curly head to tiny feet,
 You alone I adore!

While I can only say,
 As I have said before :

A fig for your hips!
 A fig for your thighs!
 A fig for your lips!
 And naught for your eyes!

With none of these I have concern,
 Just so you bake, but please don't burn

Those pies—those apple pies!
 Cinnamon-powdered faces,
 Juices oozing, sweetly,
 Crusts indented, neatly,
 Butter-thickened filling.

Oh, those pies are thrilling!

So, I can but repeat the sweet refrain of yore :

I do adore—
 Not your hips,
 Not your thighs,
 Not your lips,
 Not your eyes—

But those buttery, melting, sluicy, juicy,
 Apple pies!

ETHEL M. KERR.

Kentucky, U.S.A.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, SON.

[This is a verse a father, Pvt. Virgil H. McCoy, who is overseas, wrote to his son, Dick, for his seventh birthday, June 24. Dick lives with Pvt. McCoy's sister, Mrs. Earl Goodall, at Camby.]

As the years go rolling by,
My thoughts are of someone
Back there in Indiana—
You're right—it's you, my son.
Though your age was only three
When my Uncle Sammy called,
I remember how you clung
Around my neck and bawled.
It was hard to leave a son
Who means so much to me,
But you're the special reason
I come across the sea.
So upon this great occasion,
Here's what I want to say:
I wish you lots of luck
And a Happy Birthday.

Your Dad and Pal.

VIRGIL H. McCOY.

U.S. Army.

ONLY ONE SWEETHEART.

[Dedicated to my sweetheart-husband, Orbie F. Powell.]

Only one sweetheart—I do not want more,
 Only one lover to love and adore,
 Only two eyes to look love to mine ;
 Two cheeks all a-blush with love—not wine !
 Only one tongue to whisper, “I love,”
 Only one heart its devotion to prove ;
 Only one sweetheart to love as my own,
 When two loving arms around me are thrown.
 Only one breast to pillow my head,
 When unto my ears sweet whispers are said ;
 Only one promise, so binding and sweet,
 Only one mouth in love-kiss to meet.
 Only one sweetheart—I do not want more,
 Only one lover to love and adore.

YOU KISSED ME

[In memory of my personal friend, Alice Fernald Emerson,
 former American Associate Editor.]

You kissed me. Neither you nor I
 Could know that kiss would mean “Goodbye.”
 But scarcely had a few months flown
 Till Death had claimed you as his own.
 A letter came, by stranger penned,
 That you had died, my dear, kind friend !
 But years of time cannot erase
 Your petit form, sweet kindly face.
 Musician, artist, poetess, friend—
 How sad a life so full should end !

STELLA HEARN-POWELL.

Indiana, U.S.A.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

I wandered through the meadow,
Then to the woodland strolled;
There leaves in autumn's glory
To me a story told.

The soft green leaves of springtime,
Few storms to them are known,
But mellowed leaves of autumn
By tempests have been blown.

The golden tints say sunshine,
The crimson hues speak storm;
Together they are blended
In perfect uniform.

If life in autumn's season
Grows lovely as the leaves,
It will fulfil the pattern
That in love the Master weaves.

MABEL A. BOWLER.

Derbyshire, England.

BLOOD, TEARS AND SWEAT.

Tears, blood and sweat through the long years we've
known!

Deep was our plight when Britain stood alone!
But soon the dawn gleamed, pale, then burst the day
As Britain's Sons, winged in the air, held sway
On desert sands. O God! How they might have fought!
On rolling seas what miracles have wrought,
Steadfast to duty lived, and thus they died
In early youth and manhood's highest pride.
These we have loved and loving still must strive
To keep the torch they lit bright and alive.
Honour we must these deathless sons of fame,
To whom Posterity will pass their name.
These weary years of Tears, Blood and Sweat
History will record—God will not forget!

MABEL A. BOWLER.

Derbyshire, England.

A CAROL.

Joseph stood in the shadows,
Sweet Mary lay asleep,
While through the broken doorway
A wondrous star did peep ;
And glistening rays of moonlight
Fell across a Baby's head,
And turned the gold straw silver
That formed their humble bed.

Joseph stood in the shadows,
Sweet Mary lay awake,
And over the distant hilltops
The early dawn did break,
The Infant lay a-smiling
In the crook of Mary's arm
On that blessed Christmas morning,
And the day broke clear and calm.

Joseph knelt in the shadows,
Sweet Mary knelt there too,
Beside a wooden manger,
In her woven dress of blue.
Though the star was now quite hidden,
Bright was that Christmas morn,
And the angel hosts were singing
That on earth the Christ was born.

ELSIE VERA HEWINS.

Warwickshire, England.

RENEWAL.

Now in their utter loveliness the trees,
Decked with fresh crumpled tiny leaves of green,
Creased like an infant's face, will settle soon ;
Soft to the touch, and with a youthful sheen ;
Slim are the maiden birches as they stand,
Silver each slender trunk in leafy wood ;
Close to the ground anemones bloom again,
Near to the spot where I so often stood.
Grey and maternal, near, the tall beech stands,
Beneath will show the bluebell's fairy flower ;
On this sweet Easter Day, on every hand,
I feel God's great renewal and His power

ELSIE VERA HEWINS.

Warwickshire, England.

COMFORT.

I saw you mend your nets, my sweet,
With the sunlight on your hair,
And hold them up against the light
To find another tear ;
Whilst I, a merchant sailor man,
Lay on a bed of pain,
And the wavelets called and beckoned
For me to sail again.

I heard your voice, beloved wife,
As you sang about your work,
While I just longed with all my heart
My duty not to shirk.
Your hymns to God Almighty
For the ailing and the weak,
Came floating up towards me,
While the tears ran down my cheek.

I saw you put your hand up
And lift your golden head,
And turn your deep blue eyes, dear,
To my window and my bed.
Then with a hasty murmur
Towards the house you ran,
To comfort and to help again
Your wounded sailor man.

ELSIE VERA HEWINS.

Warwickshire, England.

TO-NIGHT.

To-night the moon's soft light is caught within your hair,
To change your elfin face to passing fair ;
Your eyes, so soft and pleading, look at mine,
Your smile, half tender, seems to me divine.
When I above the fleecy clouds do fly,
Or dipping 'neath the stars in night's soft sky,
I think of you, just standing here at night,
Your elfin face uplifted to the moon ;
Upon your lips a prayer, sweetheart, for me,
And may God grant we'll be together soon.
Give me your arms that I may press them round my neck,
Your soft red lips a-tremble as you cry ;
Close to my heart I hold you, dearest dear,
For while I have your love I cannot die.

ELSIE VERA HEWINS.

Warwickshire, England.

TWO AUTUMN SKETCHES.

I.

I saw the Autumn ivy in the rain
Lifting its thirsting palms up to the shower,
And shivering as small drops reached the roots,
Waiting until the sun would shine again.
It had not lost Apollo's golden stain,
But, fearing that the snow would cover it,
The ivy raised its head to search for Spring,
But gently sighed and saw the Autumn wane.

II.

THE DEAD LEAF.

'Twas ordinary brown, deep'ning to red,
A rich rust Autumn red, and sunset swept,
Rearing its head in swansong while the dead
Swept past beneath it, and in rustling, wept.
And, as they wept, the merciless east wind jeered
And swept them into eddies in the air .
The ordinary brown, its proud head reared,
Was plunged into the closing of the year.

PAULETTE SCHWILLER.

London, England.

THE COMRADES THAT I KNEW.

One night in slumber as I lay,
 A vision did appear ;
 Our hero laddies far away,
 With voices sweet and clear,
 Were singing to the bagpipes
 'Neath foreign skies of blue.
 They hailed me then,
 Those gallant men,
 The comrades that I knew.

Softly and clearly
 The pibrochs were sounding,
 Sending their echoes far over the wave ;
 Sweet were the strains
 That kept the heart pounding,
 Airs of dear Scotland—airs of the brave.

As morning broke and I awoke,
 My vision, it had gone ;
 And, looking to the window,
 Found the day was at the dawn.
 I thought of all our hero lads,
 As still I often do ;
 I hear their bands
 From far off lands,
 The comrades that I knew.

DAVID FULLERTON.

Renfrewshire, Scotland.

BREAK DOWN THE BARRIERS.

So life is grim and colourless, you say ;
Not worth the pain, the care, the cheated hopes ;
No recompense for all the griefs that slay
The aching heart or tortured mind that gropes
Among the tangled undergrowth of greed
And hate and fear. But now, unstop your ears,
Undim your eyes, to subtle sense give heed ;
Break down the barriers of neglected years,
And note how fresh and cool the west wind sweeps
Across the fields of corn, and raindrops fall
From trembling leaves, and how the sunlight creeps
Along the roofs, and wild young creatures call.

Then you will have a precious hope to give
To broken men to teach them how to live.

HAROLD F. BRADLEY.

Worcestershire, England.

FOOL !

Fool! Do you think you can happy be
 With rain—after the fierce typhoon?
 Did she not play you into the melody
 Of Life's most bewitching love tune?
 Were you not sated—blissful—content—
 Beneath the magic of her spell?
 Now, why do you whine that your will she bent?
 Did you not seek the noose? Well?

You are the golden-heated sand,
 And I, the restless wave that breaks
 From the cold sea-monster's icy hand
 Into warm softness. My being slakes
 The thirst of you.

You are the mighty wind that blows
 About my dewy, leaf-crowned head,
 Cooling the lava sap that flows
 Through my trunk to root-clutched bed,
 Making me dream.

You are the gold-enamelled moon—
 Breast-pin of that eunuch, Night—
 Who, jealous, pouches you too soon—
 While I, fate-flung, wish I might
 Nestle close—and die!

LOTUS SHANNON.

California, U.S.A.

NOISES OFF.

A bedroom cool, with blinds down-drawn
 Awaits me at the crack of dawn.
 Eight hours on "night shift," I opine,
 Is ample when one's forty-nine.

Between the sheets luxuriate,
 Life now looks rosy for a spate ;
 Then drowsiness sublime will creep,
 And—so they tell me—I'm asleep !

Perhaps till eight I sweetly dream,
 And then the whole world wakes, it seems.
 It's "Johnnie ! Hurry ! You'll be late !"
 And "Mary, come back ! Shut the gate !"

The milkman adds his quota now
 (No need for half the noise, I vow) ;
 The bottles rattling in the van
 Now make me wish for old-time "can."

The neighbours now come out and chat,
 (Why can't they go inside for that?) ;
 A squad of troops goes marching past—
 The butcher knocks—is that the last?

Such noises keep me from my sleep,
 And at my watch I oft-time peep.
 'Tis twelve before I doze again ;
 Oh ! drat this night work—it's a pain !

ELSIE LUSTY.

Monmouthshire, England.

SPRING.

Spring is the season of the year
When all seems at its best ;
The trees all budding in tiny leaf,
And birds are building their nests.

The lambs in the field seem full of fun
As they skip and gambol around ;
And the birds all seem to fill the air
With a beautiful medley of sound.

Spring is a symbol of all that's young—
Of freshness, sun and flowers—
It makes us feel that life's worth while
After winter's dreary hours.

When we think of Spring we must think of Him,
Who made all this world bright and fair ;
But there's a world above of beauty untold,
And one day we shall live with Him there.

RITA BROWN.

Monmouthshire, England.

MUSIC, MAGIC'S LYRE.

Are thy deeps depthless as the seas,
Music, magic's lyre?
Beyond blue heaven's snowy frieze,
Music, dost thou aspire?

Are Age's woes and Age's mirth,
Music, thine to chant?
Or are the charms of this day's earth,
Music, all thy want?

And hast thou tears and golden glee,
Music, thief of care?
Do these dissolve with thine and thee—
Music, into air?

BURTON GRAINGER.

H.M. Forces.

HAVE YOU EVER AWAKENED?

Have you ever awakened on a summer's morn,
And seen God's glories all wearing a smile?
Have you ever sat by a silvery stream,
And seen Nature's beauty dressed in style?
Have you ever dreamt of a land of rest,
Where angels sing and life is blessed?
I have! The beauty of life
To me has been revealed:
My faith in God's work has been sealed.
I thank God we all see summer.
I thank God that I have faith.

STANLEY R. HILLS.

Nottinghamshire, England.

COMMON THINGS.

It takes so many common things
To make a home complete ;
So many ordinary things
To keep it fine and sweet.
A big old roomy armchair,
And a book of nursery tales ;
Some kind of a piano,
And someone to play the scales.
Somewhere an open window,
With breezes blowing through ;
Clothing needing mending,
Small folk to wear it, too.
A bowl of bright red apples,
And someone there to take them,
A constant call for cookies,
And mother home to bake them.
It needs a little garden spot,
Where plants may grow, and seeds,
And, scattered all among them,
A few quite friendly weeds.
It needs a father coming home,
And children rush to meet him,
With many small, important things
To tell him, as they greet him.
But what it needs the most of all
(The most important part)
Is an ordinary mother
With an understanding heart.

OLIVE TRELEASE.

California, U.S.A.

PREPARE FOR VICTORY.

Are we ready to welcome when
American boys return again?
Or will there be greed for the spoil?
Will they come back to work and toil ;
Things unfinished we should have done?
Let's be ready when victory's won.
They give their all for democracy,
To rid the world of tyranny ;
And while they fight they dream of home.
Of loved ones dear, they've left alone.

Are you ready to welcome now?
The boys depend on you somehow
To help them build their dreams anew :
It won't be easy ; they look to you.
When victory's won the strife shall cease ;
They count on you to give them peace.
Prepare the way ! Our American sons
Return again when war is won !
They're coming home, just full of dreams ;
With plans to build for higher things ;
When they come home will they see our light
Of love burning, by day, by night?
Foolish virgins slept through the night—
Wake up ! Wake up ! Shine forth your light.

ESTHER SMITH.

California, U.S.A.

TO A SONG FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE.

[On page 19 of The Spring Anthology, 1943.]

Quietly reading
Your poem here ;
I felt unseen
A presence near.

Across the sea,
Your hand in mine ;
Your poem is,
I think, divine.

I had a dream
When wide awake ;
Heard angels sing
From Heaven's gate.

And to my ear
At father's bier ;
I heard, "Look up"—
"Up, not down here."

From up above
This song came,
And through His love
It eased the pain.

In this short life
That seems so long,
I wish to leave
My happy song.

ESTHER SMITH.

California, U.S.A.

MISSING YOU.

[Dedicated to Grace Sherburne Conroe.]

We missed you so,
 The things you do,
 The things you know ;
 Your fine virtue.
 Each flower
 Has beauty, grace :
 We want you here,
 Within your place.
 Though you were sick,
 The atmosphere
 Was filled with you ;
 Your thoughts were here.
 You've grown more dear
 Since you've been gone :
 To have you sick
 Just seems so wrong.
 You're in " His Love "
 And in " His care,"
 " A grace divine "
 Surrounds you there.
 You must have touched
 " God's Holy State,"
 And then came back
 Awhile to wait ;
 To finish things
 That should be done
 To help another
 Beneath God's sun.

ESTHER SMITH.

California, U.S.A.

I KEPT A RENDEZVOUS.

Call me not dead because I kept a rendezvous
With that dark angel, Death, on far victorious fields.
Think you I died because a mangled, bloody thing
Was buried in a land you never knew?
I kept a rendezvous, but harken to my word:
There is no end to life; there is no end at all!
Out of the opal mists I came; out of a hell
Of fire and muck and crashing sound—and pain—
And then oblivion.
Think you that was the end? Think you
The life we knew is all there is to know?
Those futile things—a handful of possessions;
The strivings and the little loves and fears?
Think you a gutter'd candle will not burn
With brighter flame when wax is bent anew?
A soul released stands bathed in freedom's light.
Life is and always will be mine, because
I kept a rendezvous.

ETHEL A. STOUT.

California, U.S.A.

THE WEAVER.

I am the Weaver of Metacot.
My busy life is the common lot
Of all mankind, who, knot by knot,
Weave the Pattern of Life, by none forgot
 Since the dawn of Time.
All day I sit while the passer-by
Looks at me with a questioning eye,
While the Thread of Life I eagerly ply ;
A pattern so true—to justify
 The name of Weaver.
I weave a rug—my rug, I say,
With the song I sing and the prayer I pray.
For the warp and weft are bright and gay
With colours of dreams and fancies stray—
 My rug of Life.
So I sit and weave for all to behold
This life-time span in pattern bold,
That they may learn, e'er my hand grows cold
And my weave is done and the tale is told,
 That Life is Love.

ETHEL A. STOUT.

California, U.S.A.

SANDS.

The
 nodding
 head, the drowsy
 eye, the little
 naps, that we deny;
 the harking back to
 days of youth; are fin-
 gers barbed with poign-
 ant truth, which trem-
 bling turn the final
 page, that Father
 Time has marked
 "Old Age." The
 hour glass
 and the
 scythe
 are
 there—
 Turn back,
 turn back!
 and read with
 care, that which
 Life's book has writ
 before — the lines
 erased, the underscore;
 the good, the bad, the gay,
 the sad — Then with a pen
 dipped in Life's ink, let
 our recording Angel write
 what **he** may think. And
 God will countersign
 once more, our
 pass - port to
 the other
 shore.

FLORENCE BRANCH-WHITE ANGEL.

California, U.S.A.

JUST LOOKING AFTER THINGS.

We crossed the sandy desert,
And camped upon the plain.
Above the stars were candles
To light our Nomad train.
Like Patriarchs we journeyed
To seek a promised land—
And dreamed that we should find it
There on the dazzling sand.
Then came a desert sand-storm,
With rush, now wild, now slow—
Persistent in its whirling
As winter's drifting snow.
All efforts seemed to show us
The puny might of ours
When battling 'gainst the fury
Of supernatural powers.
A little child cried shrilly—
Her clear voice like a note
Of obbligato music,
Seemed on the gale to float,
And wafted back it echoed
From wagons front and rear,
"Please don't be frightened, mother,
"There's not a thing to fear.
"You know that God is with us,
"And loves us just the same
"As when He rescued Daniel
"And made the lions tame.
"This storm is only sand grains,
"Just floating round and round,
"Soon God will put them back, dear,
"All back upon the ground."

Then whirling, screeching, blinding,
 The sand that fairly cut,
 Was laid around about us
 In mound and wave and rut.
 The trusting child came smiling,
 Her curls scarce touched with grit.
 She shook them out, exclaiming,
 "I wasn't scared a bit.
 "I just new God was with us,
 And looking after things."
 Yes, you are right forever,
 And peace the knowledge brings,
 If we can just remember
 "He's looking after things."

FLORENCE BRANCH-WHITE ANGEL.

California, U.S.A.

LIFE'S HIGHWAY.

The road you think
 Clear for success, has detours
 Rough and long.
 You fret your soul with hopes delayed
 Till joy has lost her song.
 If Patience keep
 The right side of the road,
 Tho' hills are steep,
 And more than heavy be the load,
 If Courage steer,
 Soon ditch and hill you will have passed,
 The way be clear
 For Patient Courage wins at last.

FLORENCE BRANCH-WHITE ANGEL.

California, U.S.A.

NECTAR.

My love! My love! I'll take you to see
 A bit of Nature and a tree.
 At the river's edge we'll pause a bit,
 Our souls to feed while to rest we sit.
 Ah! heart-of-my-heart, lift up your lips,
 Drink deep from Life's crystal chalice, sips
 Of nectar sent to God's chosen sons.
 Dear Lord, let us be of the elected ones.

ALICE KING GOODWIN.

California, U.S.A.

MY FRIEND'S GARDEN.

[To "My Angel."]

My friend's garden, which has no wall,
 Is open to all who pass that they may call
 To the beauty therein, and feed their souls
 On the roses, acacias and marigolds.
 There is peace a-plenty for all therein,
 Though open wide, it's free from sin.
 There where birds so gaily sing,
 Busy with nests in happy Spring.
 Baby birds will come by and by,
 Folding their tents as Fall draws nigh.
 But they will return when Spring next is high
 To meet you and greet you, dear Passer-by.

ALICE KING GOODWIN.

California, U.S.A.

GIVE HIM COURAGE.

When days are rent with thunder of man's wrath,
 When shells fall fast across the warrior's path,
 When fear and fright fill his heart with dread,
 When nights shriek with horror overhead,
 God, take my boy in Your loving arms,
 Protect and save him from war's alarms.
 Give him courage, God, to face the foe,
 To save Freedom's land from shame and woe.
 Give him courage to fight, God, but this above all,
 If Destiny calls—give him courage to fall.

TWILIGHT CALL.

Twilight and silence
 O'er land and sea ;
 Out of the shadowed depths
 You call to me.
 Night's trailing draperies
 Curtain the sun,
 Soft winds your name repeat,
 When day is done.
 I hear your voice
 In the whispering pine,
 Out of the shadows
 Your hand touches mine.

MATTIE HASKIN REED.

California, U.S.A.

GARDEN OF MEMORY.

Like the fragrance of an old, old-fashioned garden
 The memory of your sweetness haunts my mind,
 And its fragrance lingers softly in the twilight,
 Mingled roses, pinks and columbine.

Like the garden's sweet perfume, I still remember
 Dusky hair and eyes of twilight blue,
 As I walk alone to-night in memories' garden,
 Filled with lovely blossoms, dear, and you.

A QUIET POND.

Framed in the view from my window to-day
 Is a scrap of a pond in the park o'er the way.
 A convoy of ducks sails placidly by,
 The wake of their ripples scarce stirring a sky
 Reflected there calmly and greeting the eye
 With a sense of contentment and peace.

Tall trees fringe the bank, with its green velvet slope,
 And its beauty and charm fill my heart with new hope.
 Hope that a world torn with strife and despair,
 The good earth shell-cratered, its smoked, bomb-crashed
 air,
 And its peoples defrauded and burdened with care,
 May at last find contentment and peace.

CONTENTMENT.

Tap, tap, tap—rain outside the door ;
 Beside warm fires within, roar
 Of storm is music sweet
 To tired heart and mind ;
 While rest soothes weary feet
 That follow treadmill's grind
 For that which makes existence meet.

Fire-lit hearth, friendly smile,
 Books and homely cheer
 Make treadmill's grind worth while.

MATTIE HASKIN REED.

LICKING THE NAZIS.

"Licking the Nazis?" Yes, you longed for the day,
 Brave soldier of mine, when you'd enter the fray;
 And march 'neath "Old Glory" with courage and
 strength,
 To capture the Nazis and return home at length.
 You entered the battle and brooked no delay;
 You marched forth in splendour, in shining array.
 You will fight like a tiger and never cry "quit,"
 While we in the home van will patiently knit.
 We will send you the comforts we long so to share,
 And strengthen your purpose to do and to dare,
 We sit by the home-hearth where peace reigns serene,
 Where woman in stateliness rules as a queen.
 You will dream of the home fires, which ever will burn;
 We will pray for your safety and hurried return,
 And when the grand slogan of "Freedom for All"
 Shall resound through the world, we will echo the call.
 The promise of Peace and for freedom to men
 Is ever before and re-echoes again;
 Then let not the spirit of bitterness reign,
 Be valiant in battle, but seek not for gain.

"BLESSED IS THE MAN."

—*Psalms*, 1 : 1.

A man is a man when he stands as an oak
 And weathers the storm in a saintly cloak
 To loose the fetters and turn men free—
 That man is a man, whoever he be—
 By rivers of water—a living tree.

GRACE SHERBURNE CONROE.

California, U.S.A.

FINIS.

