

EXEUNT.

Dictators and their like shall pass,
Some live a year and some a day;
To few, those in the long liv'd class,
Beware '. Ye too, shall pass away.

And when at last the casket lowered,
Or shattered corpse on battle's field;
The dust that once with life empower'd,
To dust again shall life-blood yield.

The spirit wings it's thought-swift way,
No power, or prayer, can halt it now;
To it has come the Judgement Day,
The verdict, it alone shall know.

Of Empire shorn, of loud applause,
Alone in fearful dread and pain;
The God it spurned in glory's cause,
Demands the soul's account again.

Ah weakling spirit, ye that cower
And lowly bow, the Throne before;
A Judge, Whose Hands hold life's own power,
Shall judgement give, both stern and sure.

Unhappy soul, unwanted here,
Too dear a price ye have to pay,
For earthly things so long held dear,
Ye would not heed thy conscience' say.

Thy gain is lost in floods of tears
Shed from eyes too aged and dim;
From out the roll-call of the years,
No tear can bring the vanish'd "him".

The scoffer and the atheist drear,
The Christian waving sword and plume;
All, all, combine in one short year,
To drive the world swift to it's doom.

Then hark ye ,in thy pomp and pride,
Boastful speech and bragging tongue;
Comes swift as light, death's cleansing tide,
The curtain of thy night is hung.

Where thousands in their manhood lie,
Earths fragrant flowers are nodding o'er,
Dead, that no more as such may die,
Mute headstone to dictator's power.

Norman L. Turnbull.

Feb. 9th 1936.

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The **CANADIAN**
Magazine

The Home Magazine of Canada

HUGH C. MACLEAN PUBLICATIONS, LIMITED



Founded in 1823

347 Adelaide Street West
TORONTO

May 1, 1936.

Mr. Norman L. Turnbull,
Hamiota, Man.

Dear Mr. Turnbull:

Thanks for your very kind letter and for letting me see this interesting verse. Our trouble is that we can only use very brief verse, preferably of three stanzas, or about twelve lines. It seems a rather unusual way of judging verse, but our peculiar situation necessitates it, and I am afraid that puts "Exeunt" out.

I hope you will let me hear from you from time to time, as I greatly appreciate letters from our readers.

Yours very truly,

JLRutledge:0

J. Rutledge
Editor.