

Soldier's Mother, 1943

By Elva McAllaster

THE house is strangely quiet,
Since you proudly marched away,
But still a hundred voices
Echo to me every day.

Your tennis balls, your college books,
Your clothes and games and toys—
They show so plainly, laddie mine,
That they were once my boy's.

For liberty you're fighting now,
On fields far, far away;
You left your all at freedom's call,
And mother's proud today;
I'm proud, ah, yes! but lonely, too—
So lonely for my boy.
Just yesterday, in baby clothes
You were my greatest joy.

Dear boy, you learned in youth's brief day
To honor holy things,
To love your God, to know the peace
That consecration brings.
Keep faith in Him through soldier days;
To your best self be true.
If troubles press, remember, son,
Your mother prays for you.
It may be you will not come back
When war's long day shall cease,
But God is watching over you,
And He can give you peace.
Though life be hard and bitter, son,
Though death claim you at last,
Yet God still knows, and He alone
Can keep till war is past.