

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

Where Golf has been played since 1875.
(The battle of the Plains of Abraham was
fought September 13th, 1759.)

By ROBERT STANLEY WEIR

HERE, where so long ago the battle roared
Sore frightening Dawn when, trembling, she arose
And saw the precious blood of Wolfe out-poured
And France's hero sink to long repose.

The grass, they say, is greener for the red
That drenched these plains and hollows all about;
And those thrice fifty years or more have spread
Much peacefulness on glacies and redoubt.

Yes, Mother Nature, grieving, hideth soon
All trace of battles, ravage, death and pain.
The birds began to sing that afternoon—
The dusty, trodden grass to rise again.

And many a year the Citadel's gray walls
Have seen the quiet golfers at their play:
Passing old ramparts, rusted cannon-balls,
And sighting gunless ships the river way.

Thrilled with the peace of golf the players said:
"Those cruel wars can ne'er again have birth;
The living shall no longer mourn their dead
Untimely gathered to reluctant earth.

"The tribes shall rest—nor nearer conflict come
Than when a friendly foursome play the game;
The roaring voice of Wrath is stricken dumb
O better brotherhood than battle-fame!"

But, hark, the roaring of unnumbered guns
By salt Atlantic breezes hither blown!
And bitter cries from countless weeping ones,
While Peace is wringing her cold hands alone!