

In Memory of
ALBERT HENRY LUGG
OF CHRISTCHURCH
WHO WAS KILLED IN ACTION IN FRANCE

JUNE 26th, 1917.

—•—
IN HONOR'S CAUSE.
—•—

He fell at the post of duty ;
He went in his manhood's prime ;
He answered the Motherland's calling ;
Rolled up with the 9ths in time
To be sent to the sands in Egypt,
In the heat, the dust and the flies ;
Yet never a murmur escaped him —
He always wrote cheery lines.

"I'm down on the sick-list," he wrote me,
"With an abcess on my chest !
By the time this letter gets you,
Daresay, I shall be at my best."
"I'm out and on duty," he told me,
"But the 9ths are all sent away
From the sandy plains of Egypt,
And my mates away have strayed."

"I have to join in the 17ths,
And all the faces are strange ;
But I'll soon get a mate to chum with,
And we'll lighten the long, long way ;
For we, too, are leaving Egypt,
But (God only knows), where to go ;
But we're ready and fit and willing
To face the tyrant foe."

Then, later, he wrote from the battle front :
"I've been wounded at the Somme ;
A bit of shell caught me in the leg ;
But, I guess, I'll not be long
Before I am fit for duty
And way from the hospital bed."

Then the last I heard from him living :
"I'm storeman, somewhere in France,
I guess it will do me ripping
For some weeks, if I get the chance."
Then just one week of silence —
Then — staring me hard in the face,
I saw his name in the killed list,
And — everything went into space.

He will never be forgotten,
This brave, true friend of mine
Who gave his life for freedom,
And died in his manhood's prime.
They put, "He was killed in action."
I guess he is resting now.
May He, who crowns the victors,
Place a laurel on my man's brow.

- L.M.