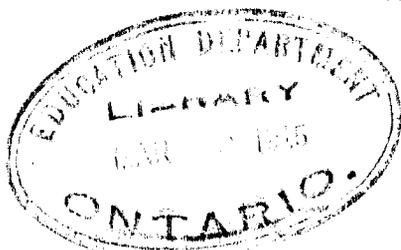


The Western School Journal

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A HYMN OF EMPIRE

Lord, by whose might the Heavens stand,
The source from whom they came,
Who holdeth nations in Thy hand,
And call'st the stars by name,
Thine ageless forces do not cease
To mould us as of yore—
The chiselling of the arts of peace,
The anvil strokes of war.

Great God, uphold us in our task,
Keep firm and clear our rule,
Silence the honeyed words which mask
The wisdom of the fool.
The pillars of the world are Thine;
Pour down Thy bounteous grace,
And make illustrious and divine
The sceptre of our race.

—*Frederick George Scott*