

A WAR POEM.

Thou careless, awake!
Thou peacemaker, fight!
Stand England for honor
And God guard the right.

Thy mirth lay aside,
Thy cavil and play,
The foe is upon thee
And grave is the day.

The monarch Ambition
Has harnessed his slaves,
But the folk of the ocean
Are free as the waves.

For peace thou art armed,
Thy freedom to hold,
Thy courage as iron,
Thy good faith as gold.

Through fire, air and water
Thy trial must be,
But they that love life best
Die gladly for thee.

The love of their mothers
Is strong to command,
The fame of their fathers
Is might to their hand.

Much suffering shall cleanse thee,
But thou through the flood
Shall win to salvation
To beauty through blood.

Up, careless! Awake!
Ye peacemakers, fight!
England stands for honor,
God defend the right.

— Dr. Robert Bridges
(Poet Laureate.)

WHO'S TO BLAME?

The College President:
Such rawness in a student is a shame,
But lack of preparation is to blame.

The High School Principal:
Good Heavens! What crudity! The boy's a fool;
The fault, of course, is with the grammar school.

The Grammar Principal:
Would that from such a dunce I might be spared!
They send them up to me so unprepared.

The Primary Teacher:
Poor Kindergarten blockhead! And they call
That "Preparation!" Worse than none at all.

The Kindergarten teacher:
Never such lack of training did I see!
What sort of person can the mother be?

The Mother:
You stupid child! But then, you're not to blame;
Your father's family are all the same.

— *Selected.*

SHOW THE WAY, ENGLAND.

Show the way, England!
Not in the bright hour
But in the dark hour
When the world threatens.
We are your sons —
Not for the might of you,
Shelter and right of you —
Not for the paid-coin,
Not for your guns,
But that we love you,
Sucked at the breast of you,
You are our Mother,
We are your sons.

Show the way, England!
And in the fated
Din of the battle
Stand you alone?
Loyal Canadians,
Sons of the sons of you,
Back of the guns of you
Bone of your bone,
We will stand four square.
Rock of the rock of you,
Ribs of the steel of you,
Let the world thunder;
Ere you go under
We will follow you,
Might of your might.

Show the way, England!
Let that grim master
Of earth's dread disaster
But darken your sun,
Trust your child — Canada,
She will be with you
Shoulder to shoulder,
Gun to your gun,
She will reply with you;
Fight for you,
Die for you,
So, wide to the world
Be the old flag unfurled,
Show the way, England!

— *Wilfred Campbell.*

"Self is the only prison that can ever bind the soul;
Love is the only angel who can bid the gates unroll;
And when He comes to call thee, arise, and follow fast;
His way may lead through darkness, but it leads to light at
last."
— *Van Dyke.*