

A PATRIOTIC MOTHER.

(Dedicated to the Noble Women of
Canada.)

Who have and will send their Husbands,
Sons, Lovers and Brothers to the Front
to do their "bit,"—By Lt. Col. A. E.
Belcher, President Defence Field Co'y.

They tell me, me bye's in the trenches,
Whatever they name by that,
I know he'll be in the foitin' line
As shure as his name is Pat.

Me old mma faught, before him,
For the dear old Quane that's dead,
An' if he's meything loike his father
For the King he's blood he'll shed.

If he'll faight like his father did,
I'll bless the day he was born;
For min loike him is needed now
To fight—from night till morn.

He was born and bred a soger,
An' I know he'll do his bit
To help them Frinch and Belgians
Their rights and homes to git.

Pat's not a sargint nor a gineral,
But he's made of the kind of stuff,
If he gets a chance at the inimy,
They'll soon cry "Hodd, enough."

We winnin folk do bless the day,
And with pride we'll send our byes
To fight for home and freedom,
To bring us lasting joys.

May God Bless all the sogers
And all the mothers, too,
An' all the swathehearts they lift behind,
Of them—there's not a few.

An' whin this war is over,
Pat will sure come home to me;
An' if he don't, I know he's safe
In that blist eternity.

THE GOD OF BATTLES.

Oh, God of Battles, we look to Thee,
For strength to fight on land and sea,
For light, and right, and liberty.
Be with our men, now far away;
Shield them by night and guide by day;
Give them success—Oh, God, we pray.

Thou knowest, O Lord, our heart's desire
For peace, not war; for son and sire;
The aim for which we all aspire.
We watch the tidings swift as thought;
May wicked plans be set at naught,
And Thine own will be in us wrought.

God bless and aid and comfort give
To those who die and those who live
And all the wrongs wilt Thou forgive
Watch o'er our loved ones on the field;
May minds and hearts all to Thee yield,
In sacrifice our blood is sealed.

This world's wild battles bring on Thee;
In Thy strong hands we plainly see,
When time is ripe, great Victory
Will come, to all our hearts distressed.
In Thee our consolation rests,
God give us peace, Thou knowest best.

Oh, haste the time when wars shall end,
With tearful hearts our heads we bend;
Thy mercy, Lord, and favor send,
When peace on earth, to men good will,
Our battle cry will then be still;
With love and peace our lives will thrill.

LT. COL. A. E. BELCHER.

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VERSE 2. Time: C.M.

"Thine, Oh Lord, is the Greatness, and the
Power, and the Glory, and the Victory."

Oh, God of Hosts, Thy power, Thy might,
To us has oft been told,
Bare Thy strong arm for Truth and Right;
Thou didst in days of old.

Oh, God of GREATNESS, only Thou
Can still this troubled sea,
All things are in Thy hands to guide,
We still will trust in Thee.

Oh, God of POWER, on Thee we call,
Without Thine aid what can we do?
Helpless we plead—oh, hear our prayer
For power to conquer and subdue.

Oh, God of GLORY, our hearts are knit to
Thee
In bonds of holy love—that service tries,
To share Thy glory is our heart's desire;
Grant us that peace which satisfies.

Oh, God of VICTORY, for which we pray,
Grant us Thy grace and strength divine.
To patient be in Hope and Faith,
In lasting Love forever Thine.
Amen.

LT. COL. A. E. BELCHER,
Vice-President Defence League.