

Now willowy reeds tune their silver flutes
As the noise of the day dies down;
And silence strings her lutes,
The white-throat to crown
I—love—dear—Canada,
Canada, Canada.

Oh bird of the silver arrows of song,
Shy poet of Canada dear,
Thy notes prolong, prolong,
We listen, we hear—
I—love—dear—Canada,
Canada, Canada.

Selected

HANDS ALL ROUND

First pledge our Queen this solemn night,
Then drink to England, every guest:
That man's the best Cosmopolite
Who loves his native country best.
May freedom's oak forever live
With stronger life from day to day:
That man's the true Conservative
Who lops the moulder'd branch away.
Hands all round!
God the traitor's hope confound!
To this great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and round

To all the loyal hearts who long
To keep our English Empire whole!
To all our noble sons, the strong
New England of the Southern Pole!
To England under Indian skies,
To those dark millions of her realm!
To Canada whom we love and prize,
Whatever statesman hold the helm.
Hands all round!
God the traitor's hope confound!
To this great name of England drink, my friends,
And all her glorious empire, round and round.

To all our statesmen so they be
True leaders of the land's desire!
To both our Houses, may they see
Beyond the borough and the shire!
We sail'd wherever ship could sail,
We founded many a mighty state;
Pray God our greatness may not fail
Thro' craven fears of being great.
Hands all round!
God the traitor's hope confound!
To this great cause of Freedom drink, my friends,
And the great name of England, round and round.

—Tennyson

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake—the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. In everything we're sprung
Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

—Wordsworth

The Making of Our Flag

Emma Veazey

IN this exercise, one child may act as teacher and stand before the class. She should hold the flag for the salute at the close of the exercise. The pupils who explain the meaning of the various crosses should also carry flags to point out the cross mentioned.

Teacher—

This is the day School children love
We call it "Empire Day"
Some questions on the Empire
I'll ask now if I may.

Ready! then sit up straight and tall;
Before you speak, think well;
Why is today called Empire Day?
Yes, Mary you may tell.

First Child

Today in all our schools, we talk
About the Empire vast;
The duties which the Present brings
The glories of the Past.

We learn that in strange far-off lands
In countries o'er the sea,
Our sovereign is revered and loved
Our grand old flag floats free.

We learn the history of the flag
With its bright crosses twined:
How through the years it still has stood
For justice to mankind.

Teacher—

You speak about the crosses three
Which clustered here are seen;
Perhaps some pupil now can tell
Just what these crosses mean.

Second Child—

First here's the cross of good St. George
(Red on a field of white)
He slew the dragon long ago
This true and valiant knight.

For England Old his red cross stands
Upon our banner royal,
And English hearts to good St. George
Are ever true and loyal.

Third Child—

See where this bonny cross of white
Runs slanting o'er the blue,
St. Andrew's cross for Scotland
Whose sons are staunch and true.

Fourth Child—

Across a field of snowy white,
These slanting lines of red
Make up St. Patrick's ruddy cross,
Which Erin's sons has led.

Fifth Child—

Thus England's, Ireland's, Scotland's flag
All on one banner found
Unite to form our Union Jack.
Revered the world around.

Teacher—

You've answered well; one question more:
Will some child kindly state
What are the things which most of all
Will make an Empire great?
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