

Another spoke: "I'd fall to-day
 Without wan word av sorra,
 Could I forget the pain that lay
 Within the eyes o' Norah.
 But fill your cup and take your place,
 My fate I'm little fearin',
 Wan scion av the Fightin' Race
 Drinks his last toast 'To Erin.'"

"Back London way" (the third man spoke),
 Is cause for my returning,
 And I have seen, thro' battle-smoke,
 The Channel lights a-burning;
 And yet, because stern Duty's call
 All other calls surpasses,
 For England's sake the pledge I take:
 'To England' lift your glasses."

Each went his way—no pen records
 The sequel to the story;
 Each met the death that ill affords
 The aftermath of glory.
 And somewhere there are those who hark
 In vain for their returning,
*But safely thro' the outer dark
 The Channel lights are burning!*

SCOTLAND YET.

The following stirring lines by A. Stoddart Walker are copied from the *Montreal Gazette*, in which they were printed in connection with an article on the splendid recruiting achievements of the 5th Royal Highlanders of Canada:

Achnacarry, Cameron's pride,
 Whose faith is Scotland's weal,
 Sends ringing down Lochaber's side
 The war cry of Lochiel;
 "Leave gowks to stalk and coofs to dance,
 The Camerons are furth to France."

"Dunkeld and Menzies, Blair and Scone,
 Hae gane the ways o' men."
 On Rannoch side the harvest moon
 Lights up the harried glen;
 From croft and castle, glebe and manse
 The "Forty Twa" are furth to France.

From Inverary north to Ross
 The flow has run to spate;
 From fen and moorland, peat and moss
 Twa lads have gone in eight;
 With ache of heart but pride of glance,
 "Argylls and Seaforths furth to France."

By Lochnagar—by Dee and Don,
 See Huntley, Farquhar tread,
 From lodge and shieling they are gone,
 The hungry ranks are fed;
 The girls seem walking in a trance,
 The Gordons gay are furth to France.

From Dunnet Head to Sands o' Dee,
 From loan and mountain pass;
 The Isles are swept from sea to sea
 From Lewis round to Bass;
 The pipes are filled, the horses prance,
 The Guards and Greys are furth to France.

The Borderers from Berwick town,
 The Scots from deep Glencorse;
 The Fusiliers from Banks o' Doon,
 Light Infantry in force;
 The Scottish Rifles look askance
 At men who go not furth to France.

For Scotland's king and Scotland's law,
 They "Dree'd their weird" in turn;
 On Flodden Field and Philiphaugh
 These sons of Bannockburn;
 And now their glory to enhance
 They fight with England furth in France.

The aged chieftain takes his way
 Slow down the stricken glen,
 And speaks of fame and things agley,
 "A few may come again,
 But God was good to grant this chance
 To fight for freedom furth in France."