

When we were idle boys
At soldiers there we played,
We do not yet forget those joys,
The friendships there we made.
Forgive this foolish tear,
We cannot bear to think,
That ever day drew near
To rob us of this link.

Fond memories round it cling ;
It binds us to the past.
Would you our heartstrings wring,
And tear it down at last ?
Old wall, the storms still brave !
Vandals, leave this spot :
While we've a hand to save,
Your acts shall harm it not.

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CANADA'S SONS ARE THY SONS. (1)

Art thou among my children ?
Then hearken to my call.
Thy brothers wait upon thee,
Now hasten lest they fall.

The bond of Empire binds thee,
The ties of blood are thick.
Answer before thine own sons,
But let thy aid be quick.

1.—Written when the call came to Canada for aid in the Boer war.