

DO YOUR BIT.

By W. E. Manning in Civil Service Gazette.

It's everyone's job to be thoughtful;
 It's everyone's job to be kind;
 It's the man who can feel for another
 Who leaves good impressions behind.
 It's so easy to earn good opinions,
 And so easy to lose them as well;
 Make a friend when you can, by the act of
 a man—
 Friends' value you never can tell.

Take, for instance, the case of your country:
 She's hard up against it, you know,
 And she asks you to lend your assistance,
 Just to put in one good honest blow.
 Will you say it is none of your business?
 Will you see her struck down in the fray?
 It's your duty to do what she's asking of
 you—
 She has right on her side, anyway.

Don't you love the old flag that floats o'er
 you?
 Aren't you proud of your country's good
 name?
 Is it not worth an effort to keep up
 The glory she's won in war's game?
 Is it not worth a bit of the leisure
 Perchance you enjoy every day,
 To stand in defence of her Empire immense,
 Won by heroes who've long passed away?

Not enough are your shouts of defiance
 At foemen who threaten your soil;
 Not enough to sing songs patriotic,
 And leave others to battle and toil.
 If you boast of the stalwarts of Britain,
 If you're proud of the songs that you
 sing,
 It's for you to pay heed to the Motherland's
 need,
 It's for you to serve country and King.

She is pleading to you to assist her
 In the life-and-death struggle now waged.
 Will you say it is none of your business—
 That you're otherwise fully engaged?
 There's your place by the side of your
 brothers,
 Who are showing the spirit of men.
 If they're beaten, remember, your country
 Will be "none of your business," then.

Then rally for Britain and honour,
 Strike for Liberty, Freedom and Right;
 Strike for your home and your dear ones;
 Safeguard them 'gainst despotic might.
 Don't say "There are others to do it";
 Of your love give your country a meed;
 Be able to boast in the future
 That you did your bit in her need.

"SMILE."

Smile, and the world smiles with you,
 Knock, and you go it alone;
 For the cheerful grin
 Will let you in
 Where the kicker is never known.

Growl, and the way looks dreary,
 Laugh, and the path is bright;
 For a welcome smile
 Brings sunshine, while
 A frown shuts out the light.

Sigh, and you "rake in" nothing,
 Work, and the prize is won;
 For the nervy man
 With the backbone can
 By nothing be outdone.

Hustle! and fortune awaits you,
 Shirk! and defeat is sure;
 For there's no chance
 Of Deliverance
 For the chap who can't endure.

Sing, and the world's harmonious,
 Grumble, and the things go wrong;
 And all the time
 You are out of rhyme,
 With the busy, bustling throng.

Kick, and there's trouble brewing,
 Whistle, and life is gay;
 And the world's in tune
 Like a day in June,
 And the clouds all melt away.

THEY SLEEP AT YPRES.

"The men who sleep at Ypres
 Were not afraid to die,
 Those hero-men whose strength
 was ten,
 Though smitten hip and thigh,
 They paid the worth of their
 British birth
 And the gleam of their island
 sky,
 And they sleep a sleep that is
 sweet and deep,
 With the guns for their lull-
 aby."

—A. G. P. Jones.