

THE MOTHERLAND.

One day there came calling across the blue sea
A Voice from the Motherland—home of the free,
“Oh, fair daughter Canada, what of thy sons?
Are they men for my flag? are they men for my guns?”

“Quick march!” came the answer; it swept like the tide
From ocean to ocean, far reaching and wide;
And to there came marching the thousands as one,
The pride of the Empire, each Canada’s son.

THE SLACKER.

ON each budding British beauty
Lies the patriotic duty
When the male who isn’t khaki-clad she sees;
If he’s young and strong and healthy,
Be he poor or be he wealthy,
Of arousing him from lethargy and ease.

Let her snub him if she meet him;
Though she know him, fail to greet him;
Be contemptuous, as pretty woman can;
Till at length, in shame and anger,
He casts off his slothful languor
And acquits him like a soldier and a man.

It’s not courage he is lacking,
Though he’s stay-at-home and slacking,
But the sense of understanding, I’ll be bound.
If she manage by derision
To awake his clouded vision,
At the bottom she would find his heart to bound.

Once he joins the clash of battle,
And he hears the bullets rattle,
To the winds his cloak of indolence he’ll fling;
And amid the hellish stench
Of the gassed and poisoned trenches,
Do his duty to his Country and his King.