

1906—THE RANGERS—1915

A Simple True Story of Nine Nova Scotia Lads, Suggested by a Picture

By GRACE McLEOD ROGERS

1906!

They were lads of twelve and thirteen, the boys of the neighbourhood—sons of the Judge, the bankers, the barristers and the merchantmen of the town, and this was their first essay at team-work. How eagerly they planned the personnel, how importantly they framed their rules and saved their pocket money for the coveted pig-skin—arranging matches with downtown opponents, and at close of the season, triumphant over all their foes, gathered for this pictured group. Ten sturdy little forms in the clustering chairs. Ten eager, winsome faces looking straight into your eyes. O the world was all before them and the way seemed bright and fair!

1915!

Nine years. Where are the boys of that clustered group? From High School they separated for College—to "Acadia," "Mt. Allison," "Dalhousie," and "Kings" they went. Presidents of their classes, captains of football and hockey, leaders of debate, winners of prizes—fitting themselves for their share of the world's great work. Some moved to the West, others to neighbouring cities, varied interests called them various ways and they seldom meet.

To-day the two of the group who are my own, are crossing overseas, to serve their King and Country, and as I sat in the late afternoon thinking wistfully of them, suddenly this picture of the "Rangers" met my gaze. The sinking sun threw a beam of gold upon it, and every little eager, boyish face shone clear and plain, as though the lads themselves sat before me. I counted them over, thinking of one, and another, and another, who beside my own had joined the colours, and I saw to my wonder that nine of the ten had enlisted for their country's service!

The little group was transfigured!
It was the Hero Ship of old!

What had so stirred their young souls. What had moved them to offer up the supreme gift, their lives, with all their promise fair, for their Country and the Cause?

It was not in the first flush of the war that they had answered, when adventure mayhap might have lured, and when the surety of England's safety and victory seemed certain, but in later weeks, after "Ypres," and "Langemarck," when they knew the



"Over the mantel in my library hangs a pictured group of little lads, clustered in semi-circle about the centre youth, who proudly holds the football of the team. On the ball is printed in letters plain to read, 'Rangers 1906.'"



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cost. What should call these mere youths from college halls to battlefields afar!

Only two who are mine were mine to deal with personally.

"It is our bounden duty to go," said they, when

they came from college to claim our consent. "We are unfettered, healthy, and not actually needed at home, and for us to remain for selfish motives would controvert every fibre in our upbringing, every fibre in our character, and every obligation to the land which gave us birth."

"The hot tears blinded and I could not see,
And the pain of it stabbed the heart of me."

And I said, "But we have been waiting so proudly for you to be out in your chosen calling, taking your place in Canada."

Quick they answered:

"We would not feel like taking our place in Canada if we failed her in this time of need, and what we consider to be our duty and our service, that we should render, no matter at what cost to feelings or ambition. You have always taught us that."

"But are you willing to give up your lives. You must face that, squarely," I said, seeking still to prove them—and myself as well,

for they looked so fine and strong and young.

"If we tried to save our lives this way we should lose them in another," was the simple answer.

And I was humbled at their strength, and awed, and filled with pride at such an uplift of spirit—

Who was I that I should meddle with a man's soul! And I said them yea, and so fared they forth.

AND so fared they forth, all of them, from the mothers of them—the college gowns folded away, the books and the sporting toys thrust aside. They are men, they—and the King's sons—and all that wondrous host of youth—the opening flower of Britain's manhood, too soon made men, out on a nation's errand!

O little band of "Rangers" of the long ago,
I lift my heart to you, and love you!

O noble band of "Rangers" of to-day. I salute you!

The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee! The Lord lift up His countenance upon us all, and give us Peace.

This story is published here, not because it is sensational, but because it is one of the simple illustrations that show how the war is taking hold of the young men in Canada.—Editor's Note.

THE YOUNGER SON

(From London Punch.)

The younger son he's earned his bread in ways both hard and easy,

From Parramatta to the Pole, from Yukon to Zambesi;

For young blood is roving blood, and a far road's best,

And when you're tired of roving there'll be time enough to rest!

And it's "Hello" and "How d'ye do?" "Who'd ha' thought of meeting you!

Thought you were in Turkestan or China or Peru!"—It's a long trail in peace-time where the roving Britons stray,

But in war-time, in war-time, it's just across the way!

He's left the broncos to be bust by who in thunder chooses;

He's left the pots to wash themselves in Canada's caboose;

He's left the mine and logging camp, the peavy, pick and plough,

For young blood is fighting blood, and England needs him now.

And it's "Hello" and "How d'ye do?" "How's the world been using you?

What's the news of Calgary, Quebec and Cariboo?"

It's a long trail in peace-time where the roving Britons stray,

But in war-time, in war-time, it's just across the way!

He's travelled far by many a trail, he's rambled here and yonder,

No road too rough for him to tread, no land too wide to wander,

For young blood is roving blood, and the spring of life is best,

And when all the fighting's done, lad, there's time enough to rest,

And it's good-bye, tried and true, here's a long farewell to you

(Rolling stone from Mexico, Shanghai or Timbuctoo!) Young blood is roving blood, but the last sleep is best,

When the fighting all is done, lad, and it's time to rest!

—Anonymous.

God Save Our Men

A USTRALIA has a new version of "God Save the King"; not a substitute for, but a supplement to the National Anthem. The lines are sung at the close of God Save the King. They are the first attempt yet made to successfully

adapt the metre and tune and general sentiment of our national anthem to the conditions and circumstances of any overseas Dominion. They are as follows:

God save our splendid men!
Send them safe home again!

God save our men.
Keep them victorious,
Patient and chivalrous,
They are so dear to us;
God save our men.

These lines were printed in the Argus Extraordinary, and they are the production of Mrs. Nester Blennerhassett, one of the Red Cross ladies attached to the Hospital Carrier Yacht Grianaig, owned by the Earl of Dunraven, who makes the following reference to the verse in a letter to the London Daily Mail:

"I wish to say that the lines quoted appeared, with the suggestion that they should be sung with 'God Save the King,' in a letter published by the Morning Post on March 14. I am glad that the suggestion fell on fruitful soil in Australia, and regret that it has not been more widely adopted. We and our Allies are engaged in a fight to a finish in which the forces of good and evil are at deadly grips.

"Waiting the other day in the ante-room of a 'personage' somewhere in the War Office' I noticed in large letters, 'Victory comes by prayer.' In a struggle that may be almost termed 'cosmic' all the forces of the Empire—those that can and those that cannot be physically expressed—should be brought into action.

"The lines quoted above do give expression to our aspirations, our admiration, our gratitude, and our sympathy. They can be used anywhere, at any time; but 'God Save the King' echoes perpetually throughout an Empire on which the sun never sets, and they seem singularly appropriate in connection with the National Anthem."