

his fellow-men. He volunteered to go into a Non-English settlement as a public school teacher. He placed the matter before his wife—a trained nurse who had served in France throughout the war—and she enthusiastically endorsed his plans.

I visited them a short time ago and found them living in a little shack, about eight feet by ten feet, on the school grounds of R— school district. A large army tent was pitched near by to provide extra accommodation. The people were largely Ruthenians and about fifty children were enrolled in the school. They had only been in charge a few months but they had already won their way into the hearts of these people. The former scoutmaster through his affable manner and his Christian character soon dispelled all feelings of aloofness and suspicion, and the ready assistance rendered by his wife in cases of sickness and sorrow gave these humble people a brighter vision than they had ever had before of what it means to be a citizen of this great land of freedom and liberty. The school boys having heard that their teacher had been a soldier and won a decoration insisted upon his "telling them all about it." He is their hero and is exerting a mighty influence over these bright, young New-Canadians.

"What do you think of these people?" I asked the teacher.

"I am delighted with my whole experience here," was his eager reply. "They are using me like a prince. Look at those potatoes, those eggs, those cabbages. These people are continually showering me with presents of various kinds. Look at that pen of chickens. One day a Ruthenian woman brought me a rooster. The next day another good old soul brought me a hen. Later other chickens were brought and I'll soon have to get the Board to build me a hen house. My wife and I are already in love with these people and I feel convinced that if their children do not become good Canadian citizens the fault will be ours not theirs."

The trustees were interviewed during my visit and a resolution passed to borrow money at once to erect a larger teacher's residence, and also increase the teacher's salary.

This is the experience of dozens of teachers who during the past year have volunteered to work among the non-English.

## Poems for Empire Day

### COUNTRY OF MINE

Country of mine that gave me birth,  
Land of the maple and the pine,  
What richer gift has this round earth  
Than these fair fruitful fields of thine?  
Like sheets of gold thy harvests run,  
Glowing beneath the August sun;  
Thy white peaks soar,  
Thy cataracts roar,  
Thy forests stretch from shore to shore;  
Untamed thy Northern prairies lie  
Under an open, boundless sky;  
Yet one thing more our hearts implore—  
That greatness may not pass thee by.

Thy sons have proved them of the breed  
Their gallant British fathers were,  
They sprang to arms at Britain's need  
Young lions truly bred of her;  
Their faces glowed with inner light,  
As rank by rank they swept from sight;  
With hearts aflame  
They stemmed the shame,  
And met the hordes that ruthless came;  
Dying, they whispered still thy name—  
O Canada, wilt thou deny  
The prayer of these who dared to die,  
And let true greatness pass thee by?

"Prosperity, prosperity!"—

'Twas not for this they took the sword,  
The ensign of thy destiny  
Unfurled for them a deeper word;  
In tears and blood they paid the price,  
And thou art pledged in sacrifice;  
Oh, not in vain,  
The loss, the pain,  
If thou dost mourn thy mighty slain  
In hearts forsworn of greed and gain,  
In hearts that bowed and broken cry  
For light and guidance from on high,  
That greatness may not pass us by!

—Helena Coleman

### "THE SEA IS HIS"

The Sea is His: He made it,  
Black gulf and sunlit shoal,  
From barriered bight to where the long  
Leagues of Atlantic roll:  
Small strait and ceaseless ocean  
He bade each one to be:  
The Sea is His: He made it—  
And England keeps it free.  
By pain and stress and striving  
Beyond the nations' ken,  
By vigils stern when others slept,  
By many lives of men;  
Through nights of storm, through dawns  
Blacker than midnights be—  
This Sea that God created,  
England has kept it free.  
Count me the splendid captains  
Who sailed with courage high  
To chart the perilous ways unknown—  
Tell me where these men lie!  
To light a path for ships to come  
They moored at Dead Man's quay;  
The sea is God's—He made it,  
And these men made it free.

Oh, little land of England,  
Oh, Mother of hearts too brave,  
Men say this trust shall pass from thee  
Who guardest Nelson's grave.  
Aye, but these braggarts yet shall learn  
Who'd hold the world in fee,  
The Sea is God's—and England,  
England shall keep it free.

—R. E. Vernede

### THE WHITE-THROAT

Shy bird of the silver arrows of song,  
That cleaves our Northern air so clear  
Thy notes prolong, prolong,  
I listen, I hear—  
I—love—dear—Canada,  
Canada, Canada