

Now Briton, Gaul and Slav and Serb
Clash with the Goth and Hun
Upon grim fields where whose yields
Romance, at least, has won.

Though warriors fall like frosted leaves
Before November winds,
They only lose what all must lose,
But find what none else finds.

Their bodies lie beside the way,
In trench, by barricade,
Discarded by the titan Will
That shatters what it made.

Poor empty sheaths, they mark the course
Of spirits bold as young;
Whatever checked that fiery charge
As dust to dust was flung.

For terrible it is to slay
And bitter to be slain,
But joy it is to crown the soul
In its heroic reign.

And better far to make or mar,
Godlike, but for a day,
Than pace the sluggard's slavish round
In life-long, mean decay.

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Who sighs, then, for the Golden Age?
Romance has raised her head,
And in the sad and sombre days
Walks proudly o'er your dead.

—Lt. Peregrine Acland,
48th Highlanders,
15th Battalion.

October, 1914,
SS. "Megantic,"
(With First Overseas Contingent.)

O CANADA.

(New Version, by S. Groves, Editor, Department of Mines: Adapted to the original music by H. Lavellée.)

O Canada! our homeland in the west,
Of all lands, the brightest and the best.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
A people strong and free;
Whose sons have rights, they dare maintain,
From East to Western sea.

Chorus—

O Canada! on thee we call!
To stand for truth and right, the wide world over,
To stand for truth and right, the wide world over.

O Canada! where pines and maples grow,
Great prairies spread, and mighty rivers flow,
How dear to us thy broad domain,
Where fear is never known,
And men may toil with certain hope,
Of reaping where they've sown.

Chorus—

O Canada! on thee we call!
To stand for truth and right, the wide world over,
To stand for truth and right, the wide world over.

O Canada! beneath thy shining skies,
May thy sons, true justice ever prize;
And make our land of just renown,
The homeland of the free:
Who worship God, and serve the King,
With perfect liberty.

Chorus—

O Canada! on thee we call!
To stand for truth and right, the wide world over,
To stand for truth and right, the wide world over.

Ottawa, March 14, 1917.

—Samuel Groves.