

The Repulse at Montmorency

The pains of war, the bliss of peace, how come
they e'er to be
Co-ordinates of glory in a world of God's de-
cree?
Is't the striving or the bitterness in victory and
defeat,
That makes the pæans of the past a sanctity so
sweet,
To the nations in their loud acclaim of the blend-
ing of the two,
In the annals of attainment, incentive to the new?

'Twas a world's conflagration,¹ with the world
looking on,
That sent its faggots, red with rage, across the
Atlantic zone;
'Twas Britain, segregating from her allies, sailed
the seas,
To assure colonial prowess, a-running to the
lees;²
And the striving, void of bitterness, to-day we
celebrate,
In the unity of nationhood eliminate of hate.

What a crowning to our country is our garlanding
of peace!³