

## HOME!

What did the doctor say, nurse? What did the doctor say?  
 Why did you stand there whisperin'? Why did you turn away?  
 Don't be afraid to tell me: I'm minus a leg and arm,  
 And me that was one of the huskiest that ever tilled a farm.

Sure, but the Germans got me, they copped me for fair at last;  
 And here I'm lyin' helpless, but me thoughts have been movin' fast.  
 I've been back in the land of sunshine, where the maple courts the pine:  
 O Canada, O Canada, that dear homeland of mine!

So the doctor said I was dyin', I knew it, nurse, I knew;  
 I didn't need your anxious face to give me final cue:  
 But I ain't afraid to go, nurse; downhearted? NO, not I!  
 I'm the proudest chap in the ward to-night, for Canada to die!

You little English nursie, you bravest and the best,  
 Just lift my head a little—there—so I can see the west:  
 For in the west is Canada, where I was born and bred,  
 My Canada, my Canada, with the sun-crown on her head!

The twilight's settin' fast, nurse; just hold my hand a bit;  
 The nights are gettin' colder, it's time the lamps were lit,  
 I've been a-hummin' all the day that song of all who roam—  
 "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home  
     "Home—Home—Sweet, sweet home  
     "There's no place like home  
     "There's—no—place—."

—J. Sydney Roe, Ottawa.

## "OUR BOYS."

Black rose the cloud that proclaimed from afar,  
 The horror and the hell of the Thing called War;  
 And many were the hearts that were filled with dismay,  
 But Our Boys *faced* where the danger lay.

The cloud rolled on, and the world ran red,  
 And some gave a tithe and some gave bread;  
 And some sang the praises of "God and the Right,"  
 But Our Boys *fought* when the King said "Fight!"

It's the old, old story of our ancient State,  
 The valor and the pride that has made us great;  
 The last, best gift that a man can give,  
 For Our Boys *died* that our land might live.

—J. Cadden.