

## "TRUE EMPIRE LIES IN THIS."

When the British Lion strikes  
In a righteous cause and just,  
Count on the Lion's brood  
Reckon with them you must!

Count on the loyal sons,  
True sons of the Motherland —  
Who though the seas divide  
Are with her, heart and hand!

Count on such times as these  
To bury petty strife;  
Count that we stand or fall  
One with the Empire's life!

Striking a blow for Right;  
Helping a brother's need;  
These are the things that count  
In a true Briton's creed.

So shall we fight this fight;  
So shall we fight this wrong;  
Judge thou, oh Lord of Hosts,  
Make thou Thy people strong!

—Emma Veazey.

[The following poem appeared in The "Times" of August 24.]

## THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

When moonlight flecks the cruiser's decks  
And engines rumble slow,  
When Drake's own star is bright above  
And Time has gone below,  
They may hear who list the far-off sound  
Of a long-dead, never-dead mirth,  
In the mid watch still they may hear who will  
The song of the Larboard Berth.

*In a dandy frigate or a well-found brig,  
In a sloop or a seventy-four,  
In a great First-rate with an Admiral's flag,  
And a hundred guns or more,  
In a fair light air, in a dead foul wind,  
At midnight or midday,  
Till the good ship sink her mids shall drink  
To the King and the King's Highway!*

The mids they hear — no fear, no fear!  
They know their own ship's ghost:  
Their young blood beats to the same old song  
And roars to the same old toast.  
So long as the sea-wind blows unbound  
And the sea-wave breaks in spray,  
For the Island's sons the word still runs  
"The King, and the King's Highway!"

August, 1914

—Henry Newbolt.

In this dire calamity which has befallen our Empire, it is well to recognize the true source of our inspiration comfort and strength. Pierre Bernard has written few things more beautiful than the following:—

Our Father —

By right of creation,  
By bountiful provision,  
By gracious adoption;

Who art in Heaven —

The throne of thy glory,  
The portion of thy children,  
The temple of thy angels;

Hallowed be thy name —

By the thoughts of our hearts,  
By the words of our lips,  
By the works of our hands;

Thy kingdom come —

Of Providence to defend us,  
Of grace to refine us,  
Of glory to crown us;

Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven —

Toward us without resistance,  
By us without compulsion,  
Eternally without declension;

Give us this day our daily bread —

Of necessities for our bodies,  
Of eternal life for our souls;

And forgive us our trespasses —

Against the commands of thy law,  
Against the grace of thy gospel;

As we forgive them that trespass against us —

By defaming our characters,  
By embezzling our property,  
By abusing our persons;

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil —

Of overwhelming afflictions,  
Of worldly enticements,  
Of Satan's devices,  
Of error's seductions,  
Of sinful affections;

For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory,  
forever —

Thy kingdom governs all,  
Thy power subdues all,  
Thy glory is above all;

Amen. —

As it is in thy purposes,  
So it is in thy promises,  
So be it in our prayers,  
So it shall be to thy praise.

—Toronto Mail and Empire.

If teachers fail, whether in quantity or in quality, or in both, it will not be *wholly* because of poor salaries or hard conditions — men and women have thriven on both before now — but for want of vision, want of faith, and want of hope. — *Selected.*