

ONWARD.

O CANADA, the blood of all thy sons
Cries out, to-day, from fair and glorious deeds ;
And spirit legions of Immortal Ones,
Who died to serve their country and its needs—
Pledge thee, anew, by their white Honour Roll,
To loftier issues, born of sacrifice ;
Bidding thee keep, unstained, that nobler soul,
Which they have ransomed with so great a price.

A. Beatrice Hickson.