

Keep my boys from dark temptation,
Be a lamp unto their feet;
Give my girls the loving patience
Future cares and griefs to meet.

And I pray for help and wisdom
For myself, that I may be
More like that great Guide and Teacher,
Patient, gentle, pure as He.
And I pray that when the twilight
Comes to me, and day grows dim,
He will let me join the children,
Take me safe to Heaven and Him.

THE SWORD OF EMPIRE

From far Pacific ocean waves that lave
Columbia's shore,
To Nova Scotia's rugged coast resounded, as
of yore,
The lusty cheer the world might hear as men
went marching by,
Till wounded warriors staggered home to tell
how brave men die.
No sound of trumpet echoed the burden of
their tale,
But broken soldiers proudly flung its glories
to the gale.
And o'er Canadian mountains and from
prairies of the west,