YOUNG CANADA.

He has brought from the West all the vigour and zest

Of a land that is still in its youth, Where a spade is a spade, and no man is afraid

To did down for the rock for the truth.

He's the pick of the schools in a country where fools

Don't abound in a general way; And he's earned a good name in each pastime or game

That the sons of the Empire may play. He's a begger for fun, and, in spite of the Hun,

He will get it—that fact is quite plain. He is out for his fling, but that isn't the thing

That he came to old England to gain.

To his home overseas, it was borne on the breeze.

That his right arm might hasten the end Well, he's answered the call, and it's up to

To extend him the hand of a friend.

It was more to his heart to be in at the

And see the performance begin;
But he's doing his share, and, you bet,
he'll be there,
When the Allies march into Berlin.

-Kate Rawlins.

THE BOYS IN BLUE.

When the war cloud burst upon us,
And Britain called: "To Arms!"
We saw our stalwart youths and men
Pour in from shops and farms.
They knew their Country needed them;
They heard her pressing call;
And so they vested the khaki,
And vowed to fight or fall.

We all felt proud of our khaki boys,
We cheered them marching by.
These soldier lads with martial soul
Reflected in their eye.
We saw them drill, we saw them work;
And then one fateful day,
'Mid clank of steel and tread of feet,
We saw them march away.

Months went by and we saw them not Return to soothe our pain. Then we heard that some had fallen, But we knew 'twas not in vain. We hoped, we prayed and we waited; And then our dreams came true; We saw our lads troop back again In waving ranks of blue.

Those khaki lads that parted us
With gallant heart and bold,
Not all, alas! are back with us,
For some, lone graves enfold.
Yet those whom God has left to us
We cherish deep and true;
The boys we cheered when in khaki
And the gallant Boys in Blue.

— J. Rogers, C.A.M.C.

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