

THE CLANSMAN

Published weekly in the interest of the Canadian Highlanders in England and France, by the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada.

Captain C. E. MILLER, Censor

Sgt. H. F. Davis, Editor and Manager

THE MATCHLESS MAPLE LEAF

From the slopes of the Pacific, where the sun sets in the sea,
To the cliffs of the St. Lawrence, from Quebec to Calgary,
From Saskatchewan to Halifax, and distant Montreal,
There rang through the Dominion the Mother-Country's Call.

"To Arms," it rang, "Let every man stand forth his best to bring,

"To serve his God, his Motherland, his Empire and his King;

"A cruel and relentless foe at last has bared the sword;

"And fight we must, as those who fought the battles of the Lord."

And from the distant homestead, from the ranch and from the farm,

From the City and the Township, as men heard War's alarm,

There rose a great and answering cry, as deep as the roll of drum,

From many a thousand lusty throat, "We're ready and we'll come."

And so they came—and some have gone whither no man returns—

While deep within each loyal heart there ever fiercely burns

The ardour of the Patriot who puts his country first,

And fears no foe—who e'er he be—though he may do his worst.

So here on Hindhead's breezy moore, right glad are we to view

The boys who wear the Maple Leaf—and wear it nobly, too—

No jewel in the royal crown for brightness can compare

With their deep loyalty to Him whose uniform they wear.

Beyond the broad Atlantic's wave beats many an anxious heart

For the safety of the dear one, from whom 'twas hard to part;

To those we read the message, "We are very proud of you

"Who spared your best and dearest that his duty he might do."

No ordinary welcome is the kind we now extend,

For all have earned—by faithfulness—the honoured name of Friend,

As Friends we meet, as Friends we part, as Friends we'll think of you—

The lads who, at their Country's Call, were loyal, brave and true.

In Friendship's name we welcome you, and clasp you by the hand.

In Friendship's name we wish you well in many a distant land

Where loyal hearts must face the foe in trench and field and plain,

And may the God of Battles bring you safely home again.

H. KENDRA BAKER.

(Written for, and dedicated to, the officers, N. C. O.'s and men of the—th Canadian Field Ambulance, encamped on Hindhead Common, and recited by the Author at a concert arranged by them at Thorshill Hotel, Hindhead, on the 28th July, 1917.)

An officer on one of the transports coming across the Atlantic sought to impress the size and beauty of the ocean upon a lad direct from the farm. Gazing across the vast expanses of water, he said, "My boy, did you ever see such a glorious expanse of water—just as far as you can see and nothing but water?" "Yes, sir," came the ready answer, "it's just the same on the other side of the ship, sir."

Though a squad of recruits was practising on the range the targets remained untouched and the language of the sergeant in charge began to get somewhat strong. At length, when one unfortunate youngster cut up the dust for the eighth consecutive time, he could restrain himself no longer. "What? Missed again. I don't believe you could hit a furniture van," he shouted. "Oh, well, sergeant," retorted one of the squad, "you needn't say so much. You missed a train yesterday."