

A RECKONING

Ye who would reckon with England—
Ye who would sweep the seas
Of the flag that Rodney nailed aloft
And Nelson flung to the breeze—
Count well your ships, and your men,
Count well your horse and your guns,
For they who reckon with England
Must reckon with England's sons.

Ye who would challenge England—
Ye who would break the night
Of the little Isle in the foggy sea
And the lion-heart in the fight—
Count well your horse and your swords,
Weigh well your valour and guns,
For they who ride against England
Must sabre her million sons.

Ye who would roll to warfare
Your hordes of peasants and slaves,
To crush the pride of an empire
And sink her fame in the waves—
Test well your blood and your metal,
Count well your troops and your guns,
For they who battle with England
Must war with a Mother's sons.
St. John, N.B.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

THE WORLD MOTHER

By crag and lonely moor she stands,
This mother of half a world's great men,
And kens them far by sea-wracked lands,
Or Orient jungle or Western fen.

And far out 'mid the mad turmoil,
Or where the desert places keep
Their lonely hush, her children toil,
Or wrapt in wide-world honour sleep.

Brave sons of her, far severed wide,
By purpling peak or reeling foam,
From Western ridge or Orient side,
She calls them home, she calls them home.

For the Scotsman's speech is wise and slow,
And the Scotsman's thought it is hard to ken;
But through all the yearnings of man that go,
His heart is the heart of the northern glen.

For there's something strong and something true
In the wind where the sprig of heather is blown;
And something great in the blood so blue,
That makes him stand like a man alone.

Yea, give him the road and loose him free,
He sets his teeth to the fiercest blast,
For there's never a toil in a far countrie,
But a Scotsman tackles it hard and fast.

He builds their commerce, he sings their songs,
He weaves their creeds with an iron twist,
And making of laws or righting of wrongs,
He grinds it all as the Scotsman's grist.