

Ah! the veldt peopled is with Britain's sons;
From east, and west, and north, and south. They lie
Beneath the veldt. For THEM "home" orisons—
CURSES for Smith. Methinks each hollow eye
With piercing glance proclaims disdain and scorn
For this unnatural son by mother borne.

Was British soil invaded? Up they sprang,
At Britain's, Afric's call, Australia,
New Zealand, and from Canada, the clang
And clash of marching legions on their way;
With shouts defiant, many an answering yell,
Rushed to the fray, and "foremost fighting fell."

And India's millions panted for the fray—
Jamaica's sable freemen yearned to fight—
And the Red Indian, and the Maori;
By all that's sacred, 'twas a glorious sight!
For Motherland, lo! up in arms they spring,
Their lives they offer and their treasure bring.

BROTHERS, I GREET YOU! "GOD AND THE
EMPIRE," still
Our shibboleth. The Barons of King John!
A glorious heritage—Freedom—and the will
To guard with jealous eye the priceless boon,
They gave, we so inherited. The roll
Of heroes since would make an endless scroll.

Aye! All their glory's ours—we have part
In all the famous battles of the past;
For freedom, and 'gainst foes, within, without,
We share, and shall uphold, while time shall last:
And better still, the sacred trust we'll guard,
So that our freeborn sons it shall reward.

JOHN W. DOUGLAS,

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Shelburne, Ontario, Canada,

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