

" Confound the patronizing tone
 These worrying oldsters use !
 We're big enough to stand alone,
 Six feet without our shoes.
 Thump ! There's a manly pectoral swell !
 And feel the heart below !
 And—as for sage experience—well,
 We'll gain that as we go.

" Each dog his day. The turn is ours,
 Australia takes her fling !
 You think to tie those growing powers
 To any apron string ?
 Who but a peddling time-worn fool
 Would prison thews and brain
 Like these in any old dame school
 With any hope of gain ? "

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" We part, hot heart ? Well, well. Good day.
 How could I be your foe ?
 Dear lad, go on your prosperous way,
 God with you as you go.
 And whether you may hate or praise
 The cast-off father's name,
 One thing I know—in all your days
 You'll never bring it shame.

" Your heart is of that stalwart stuff
 That pulses Britain's blood ;
 The mould's the same old rough and tough,
 No better, yet as good.
 Go ! Live your day and live your fling,
 And when you're fully grown
 I think your British heart will bring
 The wanderer to his own.

" No blame. Not half a word of blame :
 No wrong, or thought of wrong :
 This only : choose your boyhood's aim
 High, since your arm is strong.
 Your head will counter in the dark
 On many a solid wall ;
 And many a shaft will seek its mark
 And fall to reach, and fall.