

Wave for ever, Red Cross Banner !
 Banner of the Truth and Right,
 Type of Britain's Faith and Honour,
 Symbol of her power and might.
 Glories of the Past shall guide thee,
 Britain's sons shall stand beside thee,
 Constant still, whate'er betide thee,
 They will keep thee pure and bright.

'Tis no hireling bard that singeth,
 But one *who* with filial love,
 Prizeth Britain's fame and honour,
 Every earthly thing above.
 Who o'er foreign land and ocean,
 'Mid each strife or wild commotion,
 Faithful to the heart's devotion.
Could not from his fealty rove.

AUTUMN.

Cold the autumn winds blow round us,
 Thick and fast the red leaves fall ;
 Sombre mists and cold grey shadows
 Wrap us like a funeral pall ;
 While the night winds peal forth requiems
 For the season's swift decay,
 And, like bands of shadowy mourners,
 Slowly pass the days away.
 Thus the hopes of Life are fading ;
 All its bright dreams proved untrue,
 And its skies once all unclouded,
 Changed to Autumn's sombre hue.