

"There are "those" who pray our soldiers may be slain,
 And hope in Afric's sands their bodies may remain ;
 And there is a King above on His eternal throne,
 He has decreed that Britain's Queen shall never be overthrown.
 God bless the Red Cross flag.

God ! go with those who bear the Red Cross on their breast,
 Oh, give him power to soothe and grant the wounded rest ;
 And may the shot and shell ne'er make their numbers less ;
 Oh, God ! we pray to Thee, their noble efforts bless ;
 God bless the Red Cross flag.

And may the time be near when the sounds of battle cease,
 With Briton's sturdy sons returning home in peace :
 But there are those among them, who rest in Afric's sand,
 God grant their souls may rest in that brighter, happier land.
 God bless the Red Cross flag.

THE LONE HUT.

On yonder rocky beach, where the surging billows roar,
 Stands a solitary hut, where three souls have dwelt of yore ;
 'Twas there a mother taught her only child to pray,
 That God protect his father on that tempestuous bay

It was oft they watched the lowering clouds in yonder sky,
 And listened to the sea-mews' shrill and piercing cry ;
 In vain they watched for him, the earner of their bread,
 And little did they dream, he was numbered with the dead.

The days spread on and many sails were oft in sight,
 Yet there were none among them to cast a gleam of light ;
 And still a prayer arose from that wife and mother's heart,
 That God would give her strength to fulfill a mother's part.

The time has quickly flown : 'tis weeks in place of days,
 And yet no tidings come with bright and cheerful rays ;
 The day has waned, she seeks for rest upon her lonely bed ;
 Without a friend to cool her lips, or bathe her aching head.

At length the morn it breaks, the booming gun is heard,
 And utters from its fiery mouth, a bitter, bitter word ;
 She leaves her lonely hut, and hies along the shore,
 To see her husband's corpse upon the foaming breakers bore.

And still that lonely hut remains upon that rocky strand,
 While "those" who sought its shelter have reached a better land
 Where the booming of the signal gun no more shall cause a dread
 Or cause the tears to flow, for those we mourn as dead.