

And the captive from shackles loosen'd
'Neath its shadow no longer a slave.

We hoist it to show our devotion,
To our King, to our Country and Laws,
It's the outward and visible emblem,
Of advancement and liberty's cause.

You may call it a small bit of bunting,
You may say it's an old colored rag,
But freedom has made it majestic,
And time has ennobled the Flag.

—St. George.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

Can be sung to Hursley, Tune of "Sun of My Soul."

Land of our birth, we pledge to thee;
Our love and toil in the years to be,
When we are grown and take our place;
As men and women with our race.

Father in heaven, Who lovest all,
O help thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age,
An undefiled heritage.

Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

(Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died,

O Motherland, we pledge to thee,
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be.)

—Rudyard Kipling.

TO THOSE WHO SLEEP IN FLANDERS FIELDS

A Canadian Response

Heroes, sleep on! in that long row
Of graves, where Flanders poppies grow;
The larks, with hearts undaunted, sing,
And rich in hope, their music fling
Where guns have scattered death below.

Men call you dead; ye are not so,
For you the Unsetting sun will glow;
Your deeds will kindred souls inspire
And fill with patriotic fire;
Grief on your graves her tribute lays,
And gratitude her homage pays,
And Love, with proud, yet wistful eye,
Keeps vigil, where ye sleeping lie.

In Flanders fields.

Still more now is your fight our own,
The torch that from your hands was thrown
Shall not be quenched, but held on high,
The faith ye teach us shall not die.
Then take your rest in slumber deep,
Doubt not that we the tryst will keep,
Nor dream that ye in vain have died,
FREEDOM shall not be crucified;
Through summer shine and winter snow
Sleep, where the drowsy poppies grow.

In Flanders fields.

"University Magazine."

—James Ferres.

"O CANADA."

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

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