

Vol. XXXIV.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

No. 11

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The Royal Message.

List to the call!

- The fields are white and thick with harvest sheaves.
- And silent fall the sear and faded leaves, Soon will earth's night-dews drip from

Ge, work to-day !

Upon life's sea

Brave ships are driving with a mighty

- Masts gone, sails riven, helmless on the
- Out with the boat and aid the port to Go, work to-day !

On desert plains

Earth's toilers press beneath the noonday heat:

- Hot sands, sharp flints beneath the wounded feet;
- Guide to the Rock with shade so wondrous sweet! Go, work to-day !

On, on, still on !

Earth's bands march wearily without a

Foes all around, grim Death on every

Our Captain waits to lead and aye abide. Go, work to-day !

The bugle calls!

On, for our mighty Captain leads the way, Millions are falling in a mortal fray;

Night falleth swift; Life's hills are glooming, gray.

Go, work to-day !

Rest cometh soon-

Perchance there comes to thee on angel

E'en now the restful message from our

But till thou hear it let thy war-cry ring, Go, work to-day !