

War Notes.

Many of our readers will appreciate and applaud the sentiment set forth so well in the following hymn. We therefore make no apology in publishing it:—

God of our fathers, at whose call
We now before Thy footstool fall;
Whose grace hath made our Empire strong,
Through love of right, and hate of wrong;
In this dark hour we plead with Thee,
For Britain's cause on land and sea.

Not for the lust of war we fight
But for the triumph of the right.
The strife we hate is on us thrust;
Our aims are pure, our cause is just;
So, strong in faith, we plead with Thee,
For Britain's cause on land and sea.

Asleep beneath Thine ample dome
With many a tender dream of home;
Or charging in the dust and glare,
With war-bolts hurling through the air;
In this dark hour we plead with Thee,
For Britain's sons on land and sea.

If wounded in the dreadful fray,
Be Thou their comfort and their stay;
If dying, may they in their pain
Behold the Lamb for sinners slain;
In this dark hour we plead with Thee,
For Britain's sons on land and sea.

And soon, O blessed Prince of Peace,
Bring in the days when war shall cease,
And men and brothers shall unite
To fill the world with love and light;
Meanwhile, O Lord, we plead with Thee,
For Britain's cause on land and sea.