

WHEN THE FIELDS ARE GREEN AND THE FLOWERS GROW.

Lay me aside from the cares of life
When the fields are green and the flowers
grow;
My sleep will be sweeter when the birds
sing,
For I think they will know that I loved
them so.

For while I lived on this beautiful earth,
They were a source of delight and com-
fort to me;
For I often talked and whistled to them
As they sat on high in a favorite tree.

These birds skipped about, both great and
small;
The flowers nodded so sweetly to all,
That whoever happened to pass that way
Was certain to come on another day.

I used to long for the spring to come,
And have them return to their favorite
haunts,
Where the flowers bloomed and the food was
good,
Which they enjoyed after their long
jaunts.

Then the days passed quickly, and the hour
came
When their leaders warned them, one and
all,
To prepare for flight to the sunny South—
A reminder to us of the coming fall.

The ripening grain and the fruit on trees
All bore marks of Old Time in his flight.
The dark-grey clouds and the lengthening
nights,
More serious thoughts— Hope seemed less
bright.

When the roses fold their silken leaves,
The trees are stripped of their verdure
green;
Life's long night seems nearly closed.
Onward—to Eternal Day is seen.

We all await the certain flight,
When time with us shall be no more,
And happy us if the life spent here
Will land us safe on the Heavenly Shore.

LT.-COL. A. E. BELCHER,

A U. E. Loyalist.

FOR THE BOYS IN KHAKI.

By Lt.-Col. A. E. Belcher, Hon. President
of His Majesty's Imperial Army and
Navy Veterans.

Tune: "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

Onward, Valiant Soldiers,
Fighting for the right,
Hoist the flag of Britain,
Keep it well in sight.
It is clothed with glory,
And will still prevail,
Representing truth and love,
Its enemies assail.

Shout the cause of freedom
And good will to men,
God will aid and bless you,
And bring you peace again.

Soldiers fought before you
And gained great renown,
In their fight for liberty
To preserve the Crown.
He who wears it's worthy,
May his rights maintain,
Till his subjects everywhere
Are blest with lasting gain.

Forward be your watchword,
A victory to gain,
You will reap the great reward
Through peril, toil and pain.

Empires now must perish,
But results will be,
For the Allies and ourselves
DECISIVE VICTORY.
Then with all rejoicing,
With thankful hearts we'll sing,
Praises through the ages
To our Heavenly King.

We are not downhearted,
Marching on to war,
For we trust Our Leaders,
Who have gone before.

We do not dream of shrinking
Till the task is done,
We see the signs of triumph,
The battle's almost won.
Courage! Fellow-soldiers,
The strife will not last long,
Jehovah, He will conquer,
And then the Victor's song.

Glory to the Father,
Lowest anthems raise,
Cheer and swell your voices
In everlasting praise.—Amen.