

Although I wandered on many a happy shore,
 Where youth and beauty did abound ;
 There is a land I always shall adore,
 'Tis where the bells of "Merry England" sound.

And why not uphold the Briton's fame ?
 Who were chosen by Almighty God ;
 To spread the light in Jesus' name,
 Where naught but heathen feet had trod.

Oh ! how I love to hear those chimes,
 On each succeeding Christmas morn ;
 They recall the joys of childhood's days,
 And announce the day that Christ was born.

My years are rolling on, my sight becoming dim,
 My footsteps slower than of yore ;
 And soon I must account to Him
 For the talents given, be it one or more.

There are those whom I long to meet
 On that bright and radiant shore ;
 'Tis "there" we may each other greet,
 When all the ills of life are o'er.

I know that oftimes I have wandered
 In paths that were not straight ;
 And often has my time been squandered,
 Within the broad and sinful gate.

But still, there was a ransom paid,
 That we through it may live ;
 'Twas through the grave, wherein He laid,
 Oh ! what can we to him e'er give ?

THE RED CROSS FLAG.

There are voices calling from Afric's far off lands,
 Where friend and foe will meet with dark and bloody hands ;
 And many of our noble youths who left their native lands,
 Will find a resting place in Afric's golden strands,
 God bless the Red Cross flag.

There are mothers who will weep and wives who kneel in prayer,
 When absent from those loved ones who would their troubles share ;
 And when at eve they gather and on their pillows rest,
 They fondly dream of those who nestled on their breast,
 God bless the Red Cross flag.

There are sisters who have bathed the throbbing, fevered brow,
 And watched the beating pulse, as feebler it did grow ;
 And watched the fading hues upon that pallid face,
 And saw that "death" had conquered in that feeble race,
 God bless the Red Cross flag.