

## EMPIRE DAY

Empire Day, the last school day preceding the 24th of May, Victoria Day, will be celebrated in our schools this year with more profound feelings of pride in and loyalty to the great Empire of which we form a part than hitherto. This Empire, scattered over the face of the earth, made up largely of self-governing units, welded into greater solidarity during the last five years by the men of Britain, Canada, Australia, South Africa, India and from wherever the Union Jack flies, fighting shoulder to shoulder and mingling their blood in common sacrifice on the fields of France and Flanders, in the Balkans and in Palestine, to preserve democracy and liberty, stands today without a rival among the great nations of the world.

Every school in our land should make special preparation this year for the observation of the day. The happy termination of the great war, resulting in the overthrow of our enemies, the enemies of civilization, should fill our hearts with such gratitude that Empire Day should be celebrated with a greater earnestness than ever before.

The school flag should be at the top of the pole. Flags should adorn the school room.

Abundance of material is at hand for an excellent programme. Accounts of stirring deeds of valour in the great war may be found in prose and poetry in books and newspapers everywhere. Prominent men in the district or from outside of it may be asked to make patriotic addresses. No doubt in almost every school district there are returned soldiers who would give most interesting addresses. Songs and recitations may be intermingled with the speeches.

Some suitable songs and recitations may be found in the December, 1918, number of the Review. Some others are given here for convenience.

## HYMN OF PEACE.

(By 'Touchstone' in the Daily Mail, London)

Our enemies have fallen and the sword  
Of lust and tyranny is beaten down.  
Joyful, the nations shout with one accord  
And eager hands entwine the victor's crown.  
Lord, grant that in this hour we may be still  
In everything obedient to Thy will.  
The night was long and dark, and hard the way  
But ever to the distant goal we pressed.  
Weary and faint, sore stricken in the fray,  
But never yet by craven fears distressed.  
We kept our living faith, undimmed and bright,  
In Thee, our glorious captain in the fight.  
Thou gavest us one heart, one mind, one soul  
To battle nobly in a noble cause,  
To keep the very heart of freedom whole



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## SHAW CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL

YONGE AND GERRARD STREETS  
Pept. E. R. TORONTO

And still uphold the high and sacred laws  
Of justice and of right on every field,  
Trusting in Thee Who wert our sword and shield.  
Grant us today a spirit calm and strong  
That in our hour of victory we may claim,  
Who spent our dearest blood to right the wrong,  
A triumph over every selfish aim.  
Lord God of Hosts, that bidst the conflict cease,  
Grant us that we be worthy of Thy peace!

## "THE OLD FLAG"

It is only a small bit of bunting,  
It is only an old colored rag,  
But thousands have died for its honor,  
And shed their best blood for the Flag.  
It is charged with the cross of St. Andrew,  
Which of old, Scottish heroes had led,  
It carries the cross of St. Patrick  
For which Ireland's noblest have bled.  
Joined to these is the old British Ensign,  
St. George's red cross on white field,  
Round which, from King Richard to Wolseley,  
Britons conquer or die, but ne'er yield.  
It flutters triumphant o'er ocean,  
As free as the wind and the wave,