



### The Call of England.

Every lover of England is bound to give what he can spare—and something more—for the help of those who may suffer distress through the war.

Come, all ye who love her well,  
Ye whose hopes are one with hers,  
One with hers the hearts that swirl  
When the pulse of memory stirs;  
She from whom your life ye take  
Claims you; how can you forget?  
Come, your honor stands at stake!  
Pay your debt!

By her sons that hold the deep,  
Nerves at strain and sinews tense,  
Sleepless-eyed that ye may sleep  
Girdled in a fast defence;—  
By her sons that face the fire  
Where the battle lines are set—  
Give your country her desire!  
Pay your debt!

He, that, leaving child and wife  
In our keeping, unafraid,  
Goes to dare the deadly strife,  
Shall he see his trust betrayed?  
Shall he come again and find  
Hollow cheeks and eyelids wet?  
Guard them as your kith and kind!  
Pay your debt!

Sirs, we should be shamed indeed  
If the bitter cry for bread,  
Children's cries in cruel need,  
Rose and fell uncomfited!  
Ah, but since the patriot glow  
Burns in English bosoms yet,  
Twice and thrice ye will, I know,  
Pay your debt!

—Owen Seaman, in Punch.

### Emile Verhaeren.

BELGIUM'S NATIONAL POET.  
Described by Holbrook Jackson as the  
"First of the Living Poets."

No man living has a better right to voice the sorrows of unhappy Belgium than Emile Verhaeren, her greatest and her most faithful son. A fighter all his life, he is allowed none of the peace his years would seem to merit, for his sixtieth birthday has found him a refugee in a foreign land, his soul torn between grief for the terrible disaster which has overwhelmed the country that he loves more than anything in the world, and anger against her giant enemy, whose treachery and wanton fury makes every day more complete her misery and her despair.

It is at times almost more than one can bear to hear him talk of the happenings in what was so recently his home. He is aged somewhat in appearance, his back perhaps more bowed, the myriad furrows in his face perhaps a little deeper than before the coming of the terror; but the brilliance of his eyes and the rousing splendor of his talk and gestures seem to have gained in intensity and power. It would be difficult for anyone, and is well-nigh impossible for an Englishman, with his share of the national diffidence of emotional speaking, to put into words the affection and admiration Verhaeren inspires. Courtied and flattered by the great of every country in Europe, he remains simple and retiring, cordial to the least of his friends, full of a fresh interest in everything new, possessed almost of the candor of the child.

It was an anxious time for his friends in London while he remained in Brussels. We knew his unflinching courage, his passionate love for Belgium. We knew his fame in Germany, where ruthless

discipline has ever gone hand in hand with the keenest discriminating power in matters artistic of any country in the world. It was more than a relief to see him safe in England, whither he has come unwillingly, almost by accident, and whence he would depart at any hour and at any risk to himself if by returning home he could help his suffering countrymen.

Here in London he continually visits his poorer countrymen, addressing meetings on their behalf, reading aloud to great gatherings of them his poems of the glory of Flanders and of her suffering. A striking figure indeed, the greatest poet in Europe, a refugee like themselves.

Now and then he comes to see me, perhaps with Madame Verhaeren, for a quiet afternoon. He will sit and talk, at first quietly, then with growing excitement, about the condition of Belgium. Every place concerned he knows intimately and loves. "The Germans seem to desire nothing less than the extermination of the Belgian race," he said the other day. Going on to speak of Liege, he describes with that wonderful choice of words which makes his very conversation literature, the heroic desperation of the city's defence. How the garrison was so small that the defenders had literally to run along the trenches from fort to fort, from Pontis to Loncin, from Loncin to Boncelles, to repel the waves of the German onslaught.

He drew a magnificent picture of the wasted bravery and tragic slaughter of the assault. "The Germans came on, a solid wall of men towards the foot of the glacis. As they drew nearer the guns of the forts fell silent, only the approaching legions, with their hoarse cries of 'Kaiser' breaking the quiet darkness. They reached the glacis itself and began to mount it. At a signal

Verhaeren described equally vividly the murderous fighting in the streets of Charleroi. A Belgian battery, ensconced in a church commanding the narrow street up which the Germans were advancing, and separated from it by the Sambre, bridgeless and unfordable, swept the closely-packed ranks of the enemy with such pitiless severity that the very density of the dead in front protected those behind. But still the Germans forced their way onwards, till, reaching the river bank, they hurled into the stream their own dead and wounded comrades, and over the bridge of bodies thus made, they crossed the river to silence and capture the Belgian guns.

And once more he passed to the misery of the present. "Termonde"—and he pointed to the gray ashes on the hearth—"is simply that—and it was once a city." Everywhere the high roads (those "grandes routes" of which he has so splendidly written) are strewn with the belongings of poor folk flying before the savages who have conquered them. The inhabitants are driven ceaselessly from place to place. Every time the army sallied out from Antwerp to harass the Germans, the latter, in their cruel rage, destroyed another village, bombarded another open town, Malines, Aerschot, Diest, in the part of Belgium they had occupied. He spoke of a friend of his, a professor at Mons, who has just come to England, who had seen and heard things so terrible that he broke down completely in the telling of them and wept like a child.

"The country is a desert," said Verhaeren, and one felt that his tears, too, were not far off.

I do not think humanitarian economists in England, who shudder at the thought of reprisals and talk of an indemnity as though it could cure wounds such as Belgium has suffered, can have



Toronto's Home Guard at Drill, Toronto.

the searchlights of the forts sizzled into brilliance, the armored glacis seemed to burst into flame, while the mitrailleuses swept the serried ranks of the German army. They stood a moment in bewildered silence; then, all along the line, a murmuring cry rose and fell, and the ranks seemed to crumple up and remain only human bodies, lying horribly still."

But the bitter contrast of Liege today—famine-stricken, helpless in the grip of the enemy, its inhabitants forced to wait in endless lines for tiny portions of bread, only to be insulted in their misery by the flaunted luxury of the Prussian officers, their wives, and their families, strutting and sneering in the public streets of the conquered city.

realized the things that have happened. Can an indemnity make a wilderness once more a garden, change a blackened ruin into a thriving city?

The tragic remnant of Belgium, like Verhaeren, her greatest citizen, reads something very different to "cash" into the word revenge. Even Verhaeren declares himself as "feroce" now, and it was of him that a French critic admirably exclaimed, "Oh, la tendresse des forts!" His tenderness and his simplicity are those of a child, but his anger is the anger of a man, and Germany will not find it easy to forget the anger of the Belgium she despised, nor of the Belgian poet upon whom she has fawned. —By Michael Sadler, in T. P.'s Weekly.

### The 1914 Pearson Flower Garden Contest in Peel County.

One of the cruellest things has happened!

Cruel in two ways—you would have been spared hearing from me again, and you have been denied a most delightful and clever article. I tried to persuade Mrs. Potter, who wrote that skillful little skit for Ingle Nook last year, to write this, but I could not get her past a "No, No." However, you will find her again this year in the "Nook."

The Flower Garden Contest tour was much the same as other years—only different! The sun was high in the heavens, bright and clear, on a Monday. But! Well, do you remember how it rained all that afternoon? Anyway, we do. It seemed we overtook or were overtaken by three different downpours that came so thick and fast it looked like hail—anyway, we kept on going. Mud! water! rain! A less careful chauffeur would have landed us in the ditch. He, poor fellow, shortly after, left for the front. He was loth to go, for he had a young wife and a young babe, but his thorough knowledge of motors and also of the roads in France, made him most desirable. More is the pity that the subject of any land should have to face the horrors of war.

I am sorry to have to announce there were only four competitors. It seems to me so worthy an effort on Mr. Pearson's part should have met with as hearty a response as in the three preceding years. It can scarcely be unlooked for that Mr. Pearson should withdraw the contest for the future.

The first prize was awarded to the Misses Fuller, Norval Station. Their tidy lawn and tastefully arranged flowers brought forth praise that flowers put in helter-skelter cannot attain. The particular feature, a new one this year, was a half-moon in foliage and feverfew, so perfectly brought out that it was a great credit to the young ladies. How much we appreciated the exquisite bouquet and the generous giving of slips.

Mrs. Little, methinks, would be more than surprised when she learned she was listed for prize number two. We did not even get a glimpse of her, but a young girl told us Mrs. Little said she had been more or less ill all summer, and had been unable to attend to her garden. But it did not have that appearance, for a lawn of considerable dimensions was in good order. The two large beds in the center were most attractive, as was also the wide bed along the side and across the front, edging the fence. Some young rose-bushes also gave promise of beauty to come.

Mrs. Caulthard, of Toronto, a truly cultured lady "of the old school," accompanied us to the Mona Kay garden—prize number three. True, there was room for improvement here, but—well, there was a touch of the really genteel, and a hominess that grips and holds. From this garden, too, we had the pleasure of flowers in the motor.

Mrs. David Potter, of Mono Mills, Mr. Pearson, and Miss Alderson, of West Toronto, were the judges again this year. Our charming, gracious hostess, was unable to come with us. I will tell you why. She has a precious little "Jane"—all her own. She is the image of her father, and if she inherits all the good qualities of her parents, will of a surety be a credit to all who may know her.

May I tell you of still another garden, one of ye olden days, grandmother's dear old-fashioned spot? 'Tis but a memory now. For she is gone? Oh, no; for here she sits with bright, bright eyes, alert of mind, and, with all her quiet,