

Belgium's Prayer.

The fruit-trees bear their harvest,
The berries reach their bloom—
We know God's in His Heaven,
Despite War's wrack and gloom.
The giant oaks bear witness
That Nature still rides free
In our dear land of Belgium—
Fair home of Liberty!

From rich, warm earth the tokens
Of honest toil appear—
The farmer whets his sickle,
The warrior grips his spear!
The peasant in the cornfield
Cuts down the golden grain;
The Prussian War-lord gathers
The harvest of the slain.

The furrow'd fields, the homesteads
That mutilated stand,
In eloquence so silent,
Throughout our blood-steeped land.
The ravishing of Virtue!
The dying mother's wail!—
What evidence more damning
To place in Justice' scale!

Look down, O God! In pleading,
Earth's children turn to Thee.
Haste on Thy great Tribunal
Of Right and Equity!
Give Freedom to our country,
By rapine fury-fed.
Uplift our Arms! Avenge, Great Judge,
The Harvest of our Dead!

R. W. TROWSDALE, 13164.

First Canadian Contingent.

In the Trenches in Flanders,
August, 1915.

The Signs.

A warning comes from Canada
To aviators all,
That none across her boundaries
Must either fly or fall.
The pilot of a plane that skims
Aloft from star to star,
From those that on our neighbour shine
Had better keep afar.

When through the green of city parks
By winding ways we pass,
We often see the staring sign
That says, "Keep off the grass,"
And soon we may expect to be
Confronted when we fly
With bold black letters on the clouds
That read, "Keep out the sky!"

Town Topics (New York).

UNAVOIDABLY CROWDED OUT.

Battalion Band Notes.
"No Pay" correspondence.
"Flanders as a Winter Resort."

From a Dug-out.

[*Well-meaning people, sending literature to soldiers in the trenches, often exhibit an amazing misconception of the kind of reading Tommy likes.*—Daily Paper.]

When we ain't a-sniping Strafers,
When we ain't inhalin' gas,
When we ain't exchangin' chaffers,
With a Frenchy, or a lass:
When the firmament ain't moving,
An' we've got an hour to waste,
We employs our time, improving
Of our Liter-ary taste.



Who's your Tailor, Sergeant-Major?

[Our Artist has endeavoured to portray the effect of the sartorial splendour of Regtl. Sergt.-Major Jaminson on one of the battalion N.C.O's.].

Drawn by V. C. COLLINS.

We 'ave studied Mrs. Beeton
On the makin' of horsdœvres,
(It's a chapter that I'm sweet on,
'Cos its soothing for the nerves).
We 'ave picked out trains and stations
In a Nineteen-seven Guide,
An' our volume on "Equations"
Makes us swell with joy an' pride.

We 'ave scanned the spicy verses
In the Parish Magazines,
We 'ave studied "Hints for Nurses,"
An' the "Care of Kidney Beans."
But I fear this lurid writing
Soon will 'ave its final shunt,
For it's really too exciting
For a soldier at the front.

C. W. C., in *London Opinion*.

The Comrade.

No more the sudden night alarms
Shall startle with the cry "To arms!"
Him resting there. Too calm he lies,
Too still his lips, too dark his eyes.

No more shall stir him shrieks of shell,
The thunder of the guns, the hell
Of charging men. Too still he lies,
Too darkly gaze those troubled eyes.

No more the laugh, the kindly word,
The cheerful song, shall now be heard
By us his comrades. Faint he lies,
With silent lips and dying eyes.

J. C. H., in *Sunday Chronicle*.

The Hand to Hold.

If I might hold that hand
again
Clasped lovingly in mine,
I'd little care what others
sought—
That hand I held lang
syne!

That hand! So warm it
was and soft!
Soft! Ne'er was so soft
a thing!
Ah, me! I'll hold it ne'er
again—
Ace, ten, knave, queen,
and king.

The Canadian Post Office,
says the *Ottawa Free Press*,
is now censoring all letters
addressed to Canadian news-
papers owing to the flood of
pro-German literature.

Uncle Sam.

When he heers of a liner blowed up on
the sea,
He gits mad as a hornet, he does, yes,
sir-ree!
An' he cables acrost—"Wuz thar
Yankees aboard?"
By jimmy! if so, gimme Bunker Hill's
Sword!
But in course, if thar warn't, it's naw-
thin' tu me,
I'm a jestic of peace, an' fer
nootralitee;
I'm tew proud fer tu fight for ole papers
an' scraps,
Tho' I mebbe hev signed 'em—gol'
darn 'em—perhaps!"

Toronto World.