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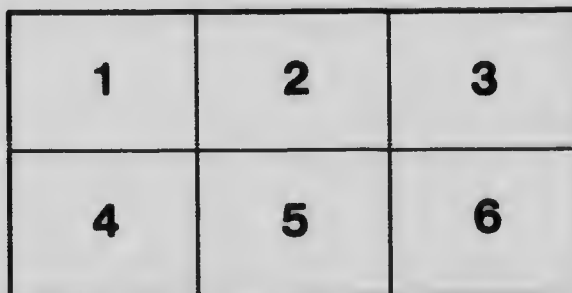
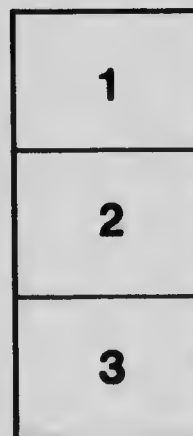
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A SUGGESTED  
PROGRAMME  
FOR  
Empire Day Celebration  
1915  
IN THE  
SCHOOLS OF NEW BRUNSWICK

PRESENTED WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE  
CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT  
AND THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

BY  
THE WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB  
OF ST. JOHN, N. B.

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**MOTTOES FOR BANNERS**  
or to Adorn School Walls or Blackboards.

"The Empire is my Country; Canada is my Home."

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Footsteps on the sands of time."

"England expects that every man  
This day will do his duty."

"Whose flag has braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze."

"We are watchers of a beacon  
Whose light must never die."

"Whose frail barques the ocean surge defied,  
And trained the race that live upon the wave."

"We sowed the seed of Empire in the furrows of the sea."

"We've sailed wherever ships could sail  
We've founded many a state."

"The seas but join the regions they divide."

## FOR EMPIRE DAY.

Empire Day is not a holiday, but it is desirable that the occasion be made as bright, interesting and inspiring to the children as is possible.

The morning session should be devoted to the Geography and History of the Empire, impressing upon the children its reality, growth, magnitude, essential unity, and common purpose; and the privileges, responsibilities and duties of citizenship.

If possible have the whole school assembled out of doors. Open proceedings with THE LORD'S PRAYER, and, if desired, a Scripture Reading such as *Deuteronomy viii.*, 6-11. If in the open air, have a flag staff in a space in the centre of the assembly upon which the Union Jack may now be run up. If this cannot be arranged, have the Flag displayed in some other way while all present sing:

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

followed by the recitation, by one of the pupils —

"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,  
And the captive from shackles unloosen'd  
'Neath its shadow no longer a slave.

We hoist it to show our devotion,  
To our King, to our Country and Laws,  
It's the outward and visible emblem,  
Of advancement and liberty's cause.

You may call it a small bit of bunting,  
You may say it's an old colored rag,  
But freedom has made it majestic,  
And time has ennobled the Flag.

An appointed Orator, an invited speaker or the teacher, will then say —

"Let us reverently remember that the British Empire stands out before the whole world as the fearless champion of freedom, fair play and equal rights; that its watchwords are Responsibility, Duty, Sympathy and Self-sacrifice, and that a special responsibility rests with you individually to be true to the traditions and to the mission of your race.

I also want you to remember that one day Canada will become, if her people are faithful to their high British traditions, the most powerful of all the self-governing nations, not excluding the people of the United Kingdom, which make up the British Empire, and that it rests with each one of you, individually, to do your utmost by your own conduct and example to make Canada not only the most powerful, but the noblest of all the self-governing nations that are proud to owe allegiance to the King.

—Earl Grey, Late Governor-General of Canada.

"We are celebrating today the greatness of the Empire, which 'girdles the whole world,' and 'upon which the sun never sets!'

Its area covers over one-fifth of the earth's surface — Eighteen million square miles, without Egypt and the Soudan: in this great region are every known variety of climate, natural characteristics and products.

Its vast wheat areas, in India, Australia and Canada, developed and undeveloped, make it the chief source of the world's food supply. It has the greatest and best fisheries, in every part of the globe, and especially in Canada; the chief woollen products of the world, specially from the thousand plains of Australia; the largest gold production; enormous productions of silver, nickle, iron, and a coal production from six of its countries, totalling more than all the other chief producers of the world combined, outside the United States, and with immense possibilities for production besides.

Its trade and commerce are the wonder of all nations, and it possesses and controls through its central clearing house at London, the greater part of the money wealth of the world.

In population (417 millions), the British Empire exceeds all Empires of the past, and all Nations or combination of nations in the present.

The British Empire is of modern growth, but its traditions and foundations are a development of centuries.

From the heart of the Empire comes to the veins of the British people everywhere the record of a thousand years of struggle in their Island home, for unity and power, for civil and religious freedom, for commercial expansion, for control of the seas and the defence of liberty in many lands, for the evolution of a great literature and a powerful press, for the alleviation of poverty, ignorance, misery, and class controversy.

All these things have merged themselves into our traditions, they cannot be separately acquired, except under conditions that can never recur. These traditions the United States have lost, and can never regain — we recognize them instinctively, though not always consciously, when we see the Union Jack flying in the breeze. It is this which Empire Day embodies and is established to preserve.

Recitation by a pupil —

#### PUCK'S SONG.

See you the dimpled track that runs  
All hollow through the wheat?  
O that was where they hauled the guns  
That smote King Philip's fleet.

See you our stilly woods of oak,  
And the dread ditch beside?  
O that was where the Saxons broke,  
On the day that Harold died.

See you our pastures wide and lone,  
Where the red oxen browse?  
O there was a city thronged and known,  
Ere London boasted a house.



And see you, after rain, the trace  
 Of mound and ditch and wall?  
 O that was a legion's camping-place,  
 When Caesar sailed from Gaul.  
 Trackway and camp and city lost,  
 Salt marsh where now is corn:  
 Old wars, old peace, old arts that cease,  
 And so was England born!  
 She is not any common earth,  
 Water or wood or air,  
 But Merlin's Isle of Gramarye,  
 Where you and I will fare.

FROM "PUCK OF POOK'S HILL"—*Kipling.*

ORATOR: "At many great turning points in its history, our race has received into its veins their best blood from many of the great nations of the world, but never more acceptably than from those who have come forth from them, to seek higher privileges under the shelter and grandeur of our institutions and our opportunity; and have joined with those British pioneers, who with indomitable pluck and unfailing energy have subdued the primeval forest, and the indomitable plain, and made them blossom forth into priceless farmsteads, happy villages, and splendid cities.

"They toiled, they strove, they perished, that you and I might see  
 The fair, free lands of Britain arise in every sea."

(If possible a Map of the Empire, colored on an outline Map of the World, should be shown.)

Empire Day is the "Family Festival" of the British Empire, and we might call this "A Family Portrait" or "Picture of a Family Group."

## "BRITANNIA AND HER CHILDREN."

The Roll will now be called by numbers, the children in turn naming the Units of the Empire as the numbers are called, and one will point out each on the map as it is mentioned.

No. 1—The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

### THE SELF-GOVERNING BRITISH COUNTRIES.

- |                               |                             |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 2. Dominion of Canada.        | 4. Union of South Africa.   |
| 3. Commonwealth of Australia. | 5. Dominion of New Zealand. |
| 6. Island of Newfoundland.    |                             |

### CROWN COLONIES.

- |                           |                   |                |
|---------------------------|-------------------|----------------|
| 7. Basutoland             | 9. Nigeria        | 11. Gold Coast |
| 8. British Central Africa | 10. Gambia        | 12. Rhodesia   |
|                           | 13. Sierra Leone. |                |

### ISLANDS IN ALLIAN SEAS.

- |                |                       |               |
|----------------|-----------------------|---------------|
| 14. Mauritius  | 15. Seychelles        | 16. Ascension |
| 17. St. Helena | 18. Falkland Islands. |               |

### IN ASIATIC CIRCLE.

- |                              |                  |
|------------------------------|------------------|
| 19. The Straits Settlements. | 22. North Borneo |
| 20. Federated Malay States.  | 23. Brunei       |
| 21. Hong Kong                | 24. Sarawak      |

IN AMERICAN SPHERE.

25. West Indies    26. British Guiana    27. Bermuda.    28. British Honduras

PROTECTORATES.

29. Bechuanaland    30. Somaliland    31. East Africa    32. Uganda  
33. Zanzibar    34. Nyassaland    35. Soudan    36. Egypt    37. Ceylon

FORTRESSES.

38. Wei-Hai-Wei    39. Gibraltar    40. Malta

ISLANDS OF THE PACIFIC.

41. Fiji    42. Papua    43. Australasia

44. ISLE OF MAN.    45. CHANNEL ISLANDS.

46. THE INDIAN EMPIRE.

Recitation by a pupil —

BRITONS BEYOND THE SEAS.

God made our bodies of all the dust  
That is scattered about the world,  
That we might wander in search of home  
Wherever the seas are hurled;  
But our hearts He hath made of English dust,  
And mixed it with none beside,  
That we might love with an endless love  
The lands where our kings abide.  
And tho' we weave on a hundred shores,  
And spin on a thousand quays,  
And tho' we're truant with all the winds,  
And gypsy with all the seas.  
We are touched to tears as the heart is touched;  
By the sound of an ancient tune,  
At the name of the isle in the western seas,  
With the rose on her breast of June.  
Come let us walk together,  
We who must follow our gleam  
Come let us link our labors,  
And tell each other our dreams;  
Shakespeare's tongue for our counsels,  
And Nelson's heart for our task —  
Shall we not answer as one strong man  
To the things that the people ask?

— *Harold Begbie.*

---

To our British institutions  
And traditions "Hold *we* fast."  
"Follow close to old Trafalgar  
Nail the colors to the mast."  
Clinch the ties that bind us to them,  
Give the world no cause to think  
That the Empire-chain will sever  
At our firm Canadian link. — *Selected*

ORATOR: "For the safe-guarding and defence of this great Imperial possession, we have our brave Army and our unequalled Navy.

Where is the history that can show greater deeds of valour, of chivalry, and of military achievement in face of overpowering dangers and difficulties and intrepid opponents, such as have been written in blood and fire across the pages of our history by our gallant army under undaunted and able leadership!

But the great bulwark of the empire, and the dominating power that binds all together and protects our world-scattered homes from the marauder, or destroyer of peace and prosperity, is the British Navy.

It is by the power of our unrivalled Navy that our Empire has control of the seas, that on the great waters between her many possessions are great pathways for our commerce, and that, holding in her hand a connected chain of great fortified naval and coaling stations throughout the world, and great harbours and fortresses on every shore, she is the undisputed Mistress of the waterways of the world.

Like all the other great possessions of the Empire, this one was evolved by the exploits of daring and courageous men, who knew not the greatness they were building up, but who have left us in possession of traditions of fighting and endurance, of confidence and spirit, which can only come with a vast inherited experience such as we are privileged to possess.

Recitation by a pupil.

"Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake,  
Here's to the bold and free!  
Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,  
Hail to the Kings of the sea!  
Admirals all, for Britain's sake,  
Honour be yours and fame!  
And honour, as long as waves shall break,  
To Nelson's peerless name!  
Admirals all, for Britain's sake,  
Honour be yours and fame!  
And honour, as long as waves shall break,  
To Nelson's peerless name.

Admirals all, they said their say  
(The echoes are ringing still),  
Admirals all, they went their way;  
To the haven under the hill,  
But they left us a kingdom none can take,  
The realm of the circling sea,  
To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake,  
And the Rodney's yet to be."—Henry Newbolt, "Admirals All."

ORATOR: "As you children are to-day thinking of Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and the many different parts of our great Empire, so the children in each of these places, and in the schools of the dear old Mother Countries of Great Britain are pointing out Canada on their maps, and proudly thinking of our great Dominion.

This is the great value of Empire Day. Its institution reminds us, that we have brothers throughout the world who would have us think of them at times, and share with them their loftiness of purpose, their pride in achievement and their increasing apprehension of the great privileges and responsibilities that are our common heritage as citizens of one great and glorious Empire.

A spirit of brotherhood sweeps round the world to-day, sheltered by the grand old flag that waves us forward to ever high and greater things!

On the West Coast of Africa, native and white join in harmony to render homage to Britain's King. From far away Wei-Hai-Wei to the Falkland Islands or Figi, all share with us in the right to claim the Empire as "Our Country." The voice of the little Hindu mingles with that of the Maori; the children of the Daughter States of Britain with strong and lusty voice bid the world remember that old though the Motherland may be, there are sons and daughters overseas proving that not only British are they called, but Britishers they are, by determination and deed.

And what is the magic, the wonderful meaning of this word "British" which makes us thrill with pride, and makes every one worthy of the name willing to "do or die" to keep it unsullied before the world?

There was a day when there was no Empire, a time when its power was limited and its aspiration challenged. Its glory, its strength, its greatness were slowly and painfully built up under the protecting favor of God by the part that Britons—noble, self-sacrificing men and women of our race—have played in the world's history, giving up ease, pleasure, ambition and often life itself for the safety, welfare and honour of our country.

Recitation— "OUR HEROIC DEAD."

"Ah, tis no empty fluttering of a dream,  
Our flag's proud gleam;  
Many and tired the fingers that have sewn it;  
Seam by seam,  
Staining it with life's crimson, and the blue  
Of Northern skies and seas, till the winds  
Have blown it  
Wider than all their wonder and their dream.

"Thin red lines of pulsing lives were the threads of it,  
Pulsing lives that bled away for its sake beneath the spread of it.  
Till the wide seas knew it,  
And the winds of the wide world blew it,  
And the host of Britain followed the flag till earth trembled  
Under the tread of it.

"Up with it into the sky,  
Let it blow abroad, let its message fly,  
Like the grey gull, over the deep,  
As glad and free;  
There are names of pride emblazoned on every fold,  
But deeper, more dear than ever was script in gold  
Names that can never sleep,  
Though only the heart of love, and the eye of God can see."

ORATOR: "This Empire Day might be named 'All-Heroes' Day.' Of all our 'riches' the possession in our history of these lives and noble attainments are our most treasured, and constitute our highest glory.

We think of the countless known and unknown heroes to whom we of this great Empire owe so deep a debt, and we pray that we may never do anything unworthy of the flag that meant so much to them.

As we study the history of Great Britain, may we be inspired as we learn of the great sailors, soldiers, statesmen and philanthropists of Church and State whose lives are built into the strong foundations of our Empire, to meet our difficulties with high courage, and to give ourselves to deeds of service and self-sacrifice as truly and nobly as did those whose memory we celebrate to-day.

Recitation— IN A CHILD'S SMALL HAND.

What will you do for England,  
Dear little English maid?  
You may be poor, weak and obscure,  
Still, you can lend your aid;  
It matters so much to England  
What you will try to do;  
You can, if you will, make her greater still—  
It lies, little child, with you.

In a child's small hand lies the fate of our land,  
It is yours to mar or save;  
For a sweet child sure grows a woman pure,  
To make men good and brave,  
We English ne'er shall kiss the rod,  
Come our foes on land or sea,  
If our children be true to themselves and to God.  
O great shall our England be.

—Philip Trevor.

ORATOR: "And as we think of the heritage our fathers have handed down to us, and this unrivalled world-wide opportunity God has conferred upon us for high endeavor and ennobling service, with what reverence must we cherish it, and how solemnly ought each citizen of the Empire to determine each in his own place to prove himself worthy of the high privilege each and every one of us enjoys, in being a British subject.

With this in mind let us say all together with all our hearts,—

"Fear God—Honour the King,  
God Save the King."

All Sing— THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

Can be sung to Hursley, Tune of "Sun of My Soul."

Land of our birth, we pledge to thee;	Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
Our love and toil in the years to be,	By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
When we are grown and take our place;	That, under Thee, we may possess
As men and women with our race.	Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Father in heaven, Who lovest all,	Teach us delight in simple things,
O help thy children when they call;	And mirth that has no bitter springs;
That they may build from age to age,	Forgiveness free of evil done,
An undivided heritage.	And love to all men 'neath the sun.

(Land of our birth, our faith, our pride.  
For whose dear sake our fathers died,  
O Motherland, we pledge to thee,  
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be.)

—Rudyard Kipling.

## Ceremony of Salutation of the Flag.

All present make the Military Salute to the Flag, and while doing so say slowly and clearly in unison:

"Emblem of Liberty, Truth and Justice,  
Flag of my country, to thee I bow."

(All bow.)

### DOXOLOGY.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below,  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen.

This entire Programme may be too much for some schools, in which case teachers can make suitable selections. Some might prefer to begin at the Map Study on page 5.

(The matter for the "Oration" was largely arranged from other Programmes provided for similar occasions elsewhere.)

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## THE WAR.

(A READING.)

When we think of the wonderful opportunities of the great works of peace which are presented to all nations of the world to-day, and most of all within the far flung boundaries of our great British Empire, our hearts are grieved and horrified to find that we have been called upon to take part in a war which for the numbers engaged in it, the territory over which it is waged, the destruction of life, property, and priceless treasure it is consuming, is the greatest war, and the most appalling calamity that has ever come upon the world.

It has come now because it had to come some time.

Under the surface of friendly associations, and apparent unity of aspiration, to reach only peaceful opportunity for common efforts to develop Science, Art, and the well-being of the world, the spirit of war has never slept. In some of the great nations other stronger forces have held it in check, and in others as in our own nation, it has been devoted to defence of rights and the protection of the weak.

Peace has been the high ambition of the Sovereigns and leaders of our Empire, but Germany has despised peace, and the works of peace, and has for many years armed herself for war, and caused all other nations to provide sufficient armaments against possible attack.

When the opportunity came the German rulers threw away their cloak of civilization and Christian brotherhood, and stood out boldly before the world saying "Peace means inability and cowardice, I am brave, I am able, I am prepared — Why should I desire Peace!"

And the German people readily went to war.

"Ever since 1870, Germany has increasingly gathered to itself undue estimations of its own value, and going into the rest of the

world with such estimations has discovered that other citizens of the earth have not been equally impressed with the importance of Germany as Germany itself.

Finding that others are manufacturing goods, others are conducting banks, others are building steamships, others are engaged in commerce and transportation — Germany has taken such commercial rivalries as personal affronts. Because of them, Germany has felt hemmed in and oppressed by outside powers. In other words the German nation has not been willing to be what is known as 'a good sport,' has not been willing to fight fairly on free fields of competition, and has felt that such competition is a personal insult, and in a manner a tyranny."

Most of all has she felt this towards the competition of the great British Empire, in whose peaceful aspirations she sees only weakness and decadence, and in whose far-flung territory she sees lost opportunity for the impositions upon many nations of the world her own ideals of force and efficiency.

But Germany has made the great mistake of underestimating her opponent — Great Britain did not yield to her dishonorable proposals to desert her friends and break her plighted word to them in the day of their distress, neither would she bow her head to the occupation of the friendly shores of her neighbor France by the greedy hordes of Germany — and her defences by land and sea have not crumpled up under Germany's attack. Side by side with her Allies, stands the British Empire to-day — bleeding from many wounds, but bravely facing the flood and fury of the enemy. Keeping their power and efficiency and diabolical devices of destruction in check, while from the ends of the earth her sons rush to support her.

The end is not yet. The enemy is strong and determined, the issues are enormous, inestimable. Let all our boys and girls acquaint themselves with the causes, conduct and issues of this great struggle, and lend their aid in some way or other with God's help to the righteous cause, whose overthrow will spell disaster for us all too horrible to contemplate.

MESSAGE FROM THE LATE  
FIELD MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS, V.C., O.M.  
TO THE CHILDREN OF THE EMPIRE.

CHILDREN OF THE EMPIRE :

You have all heard of the War; you have all heard of the fighting forces sent from every part of the Empire to help the Mother Country. *Why are we fighting? Because the British Empire does not break its promises, nor will it allow small Nations to be bullied.*

Now, the British Government promised, with all the great powers of Europe, including Germany, that no Army should set foot on the territory of the little Nation of Belgium without her leave; in other words, she "guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium."

Germany, however, was bent on war, and on dominating other Nations. Britain did her best to keep the peace, but Germany (breaking her word) marched her Armies into Belgium to try and conquer France.

*Children of the Empire, this is why we are at war — to hold our promise, to help our friends, and to keep the Flag of Liberty flying, not only over our own Empire, but over the whole world.*

*God Save our King and Empire.*

ROBERTS, F.M.



Selections can be made from these poems for Empire Day, or other occasions.

### BRITANNIA.

Men deemed her changed, and lo!  
At word of war unveiled,  
She stands, as long ago,  
She stood when Nelson sailed.  
The sea wind in her hair,  
The salt upon her lips,  
Upon the forelands fair  
She guards the English ships.

She watched the Normans land,  
The Golden Hind set sail,  
And, touched as by a hand,  
The great Armada fail.  
She watched the Victory  
Lead out the fleet to war,  
And o'er the salt blue sea,  
Return to Trafalgar.

Men deemed her changed, and lo!  
She stands unto the end,  
With sword to strike the foe,  
And shield to guard a friend,  
Across the wave she rules,  
That lesson shall be read,  
By foemen — and the fools  
Who dream that Drake is dead.  
—*H. De Vere Stackpoole.*

### THE HOUR.

We've shut the gates by Dover Straits,  
And North, where the tides run free,  
Cheek by jowl, our watch dogs prowl,  
Grey hulks in a greyer sea,  
And the prayer that England prays  
to-night —

O Lord of our destiny!  
As the foam of our plunging prows is  
white;  
We have stood for peace, and we war  
for right,  
God give us victory!

Now slack, now strung, from the main-  
mast flung,  
The flag throbs fast in the breeze;  
Strained o'er the foam, like the hearts  
at home  
That beat for their sons on the seas.  
For mothers and wives are praying  
to-night —  
O Lord of our destiny!  
But we've no time, for our lips are  
tight,  
Our fists are clenched, and we're strip-  
ped to fight.  
God give us victory!

The west winds blow in the face of the  
foe —

Old Drake is beating his drum —  
They drank to "The Day," for "The  
Hour" we pray,  
The day and the hour have come.  
The sea-strewn Empire prays to-night —  
O Lord of our destiny!  
Thou didst give the seas into Britain's  
night,  
For the freedom of thy seas we smite,  
God give us victory!

—*James Bernard Fagan.*

### THE TRIBUTE.

Not by the valour of Belgium, nor the  
lightning sabre of France,  
Not by the thunder of Britain's fleet  
and the bear's unchecked advance,  
Not by these fears, Lord Kaiser, tho'  
they shatter a Tyrant's lust,  
Is your heart most darkly troubled,  
and your soul brought down to the  
dust.

But by the great affirming of the lands  
we have knit as one;  
But by the love, by the passionate  
loyal love, of each separate free-  
born son,  
Canada cries "We are coming!" and  
Australasia "we come!"  
And you scowl that no Boer is rising  
at the beat of your German drum.

And the men of Ind bear witness — We  
have grumbled, but now no more;  
We have shared your plentiful righteous  
peace, we will share your righteous  
war,  
Trust us to guard your Honour, one  
with yours is our breath;  
You have dealt us an even justice, we  
are yours to the gates of death.

Here in these storm-swept islands where  
we fought for the things of peace,  
Where we quarrelled and strove in  
factions, at a stroke all factions  
cease,  
And there in the vast dominions, more  
free than your Prussian lords,  
The women are shouting for England,  
and the men are drawing their  
swords.

Never was flag so world-loved, as the  
 flag we lift on high,  
 While your Prussian legions muster,  
 while your eagle screams in the sky;  
 And the God of right give answer to  
 your blood-and-iron brag,  
 Whether your hand is worthy to wrest  
 from our hand that flag.

—Harold Begbie.

### PRO PATRIA.

England, in this great fight to which  
 you go,  
 Because, where Honour calls you, go  
 you must,  
 Be glad, whatever comes, at least to  
 know  
 You have your quarrel just.

Peace was your care; before the nations'  
 bar  
 Her cause you pleaded and her ends  
 you sought;  
 But not for her sake, being what you  
 are,  
 Could you be bribed and bought.

Others may spurn the pledge of land  
 to land,  
 May with the brute sword stain a  
 gallant past;  
 But by the seal to which you set your  
 hand,  
 Thank God, you still stand fast!

Forth, then, to front that peril of the  
 deep,  
 With smiling lips and in your eyes the  
 light  
 Steadfast and confident, of those who  
 keep  
 Their storied 'scutcheon bright.

And we, whose burden is to watch and  
 wait —  
 High-hearted ever, strong in faith and  
 prayer,  
 We ask what offering we may conse-  
 crate,  
 What humble service share.

To steel our souls against the lust of  
 ease;  
 To find our welfare in the general good;  
 To hold together, merging all degrees  
 In one wide brotherhood;—

To teach that he who saves himself is  
 lost;  
 To bear in silence though our hearts  
 may bleed;

To spend ourselves, and never count the  
 cost,  
 For others' greater need.

To go our quiet ways, subdued and  
 sane;  
 To hush all vulgar clamour of the street;  
 With level calm to face alike the strain  
 Of triumph or defeat;—

This be our part, for so we serve you best,  
 So beat confirm their prowess and their  
 pride,  
 Your warrior sons, to whom in this high  
 test,  
 Our fortunes we confide.

—Owen Seaman.

### BELGIUM.

(By A. M. Belding.)

The silent fields, the ruined fanes,  
 The ghosts that walk the blood-wet  
 lanes,

The want, the woe, the emptiness,  
 The cry of women in distress,  
 The roofless homes, the children slain  
 — Shall ravished Belgium plead in vain?  
 Her sons were first where honor led  
 — God rest them in their dreamless bed!  
 And shall their children's wailing cry  
 Unheard, unpitied, pass us by?  
 May God forbid! For us they died,  
 Who there the German hosts defied;  
 They held in check the Uhlan lance  
 That thirsted for the life of France,  
 The iron heel, the iron hand  
 That would have scourged our English  
 land.

God grant them rest for ever more,  
 Who thus the brunt of battle bore,  
 Till France and Britain's gathered might  
 Swept down to meet the coming blight.  
 Not theirs the age-long load of shame,  
 Within whose souls the ardent flame  
 Of valor burned, with steady light,  
 When shadows of the awful night  
 Fell dark upon their Fatherland,  
 But naked now the children stand,  
 And wives and mothers mourn their  
 dead,  
 And hark! The bitter cry for bread,  
 Above the tread of martial feet  
 Grows ever louder in the street.

Fair land of Canada, the fate  
 Of ravished Belgium, soon or late,  
 But for the might of Britain's arm  
 To shield her children from all harm,  
 Would be thine own; thy children's cry

Go up from earth to yonder sky;  
Thy temples fall, thy hopes lie dead  
Beneath a tyrant's blighting tread.  
The devil's hand that sacked Louvain  
Would strangle thee; the scheming  
brain

That planned the blow at Britain's life,  
And plunged the world in deadly strife,  
Had numbered thee among the spoil,  
And doomed thy children to the toil  
Of hateful bondage, sore opprest,  
—The hapless Poland of the west.

Hear then the cry of Belgium's woe,  
(For thee her sons have met the foe)  
And from the wealth the harvest yields,  
In thy illimitable fields,  
Load full the ships;—for who shall say  
That gifts alone can e'er repay  
The debt we owe the men who fell  
In that fierce storm of shot and shell,  
—First martyrs in the noblest fight  
Man ever waged for truth and right.

### THE FIGHTERS.

Kitchener sat in his London den,  
Silent and grim and grey,  
Making his plans with an iron pen,  
Just in Kitchener's way.  
And he saw where the clouds rose dark  
and dun  
And all that it meant he knew;  
"We shall want every man who can  
shoulder a gun  
To carry this thing right through!"  
Bravo Kitchener! Say what you want,  
And the world shall know, where our  
bugles blow,  
We've a man at the head — to-day!

Jellicoe rides on the grey north seas,  
Watching the enemy's lines,  
Where their lord high admirals skulk  
at ease,  
Inside of their hellish mines.  
They have drunk too deep to the  
boasted fight,  
They have vowed too mad a vow!  
What do they think — on the watch —  
tonight?  
What toast are they drinking now!  
Bravo, Jellicoe! Call them again,  
And whenever they take the call  
Show them the way, give them their  
"Day!"  
And settle it once for all!

And French is facing the enemy's front  
Stubbornly day by day,  
Taking the odds and bearing the brunt,  
Just in the Britishers' way,

And he hears the message that makes  
him glad

Ring through the smoke and flame;  
"Fight on, Tommy! Stick to them, lad!  
Jack's at the same old game!"  
Bravo, Tommy! Stand as you've stood,  
And, whether you win or fall,  
Show them you fight as gentlemen  
should,  
And die like gentlemen all.

So Kitchener plans in London Town,  
French is standing at bay,  
Jellicoe's ships rise up and down,  
Holding the sea's highway.  
And you that loaf where the skies are  
blue

And play by a petticoat hem  
These are the men who are fighting for  
you!

What are you doing for them?  
Bravo, then, for the men who fight!  
Down with the men who play!  
It's a fight to the end for honor and  
friend,  
It's a fight for our lives today!

— Fred. E. Weatherly.

### TO BRITANNIA.

We have loaded many a vessel with  
our sea-bound hay and wheat;  
We have seen the timber schooners take  
the breeze,  
But we've lately shipped a cargo in a  
manner rather neat,  
That's consigned to you — Britannia —  
over seas.

It was but a small consignment — it  
was merely just enough  
To show the only true Canadian brand;  
We can ship on shortest notice — for  
we've plenty of the stuff —  
It's standing ready waiting to our hand.

It's a blend of two good races — and the  
best we have to give —  
We made it on the "Plains" at old  
Quebec;  
There was death went to the making —  
but the race traditions live,  
United on the crowded transport's deck.

Our duty's plain before us — you have  
given blood and gold  
To guard us, on the land and on the  
seas;  
We know that you'd despise us, if we  
needed to be told —  
We'll help to "pay the piper" — if you  
please!

The foreign wolves are snarling — they  
are howling with delight,  
Their jaws a-drip with venom and with  
blame.  
The Lion walketh lonely — for the cubs  
are out of sight —  
They're crouching for the onset, all the  
same.

We are ready, England! ready! you  
have but to say the word!  
They lied who said our loyalty was  
cold;  
'Twas not our voices only — but our  
heartbeats that you heard —  
Invite us — and we follow as of old.

—M. H. B.

### COMMANDEERED.

Last year he drew the harvest home  
Along the winding upland lane;  
The children twisted marigolds  
And clover flowers, to deck his mane,  
Last year — he drew the harvest home!

To-day — with puzzled, patient face,  
With ears a-droop, and weary feet,  
He marches to the sound of drums,  
And draws the gun along the street.  
To-day — he draws the gun of war!

—L. G. Moberly.

