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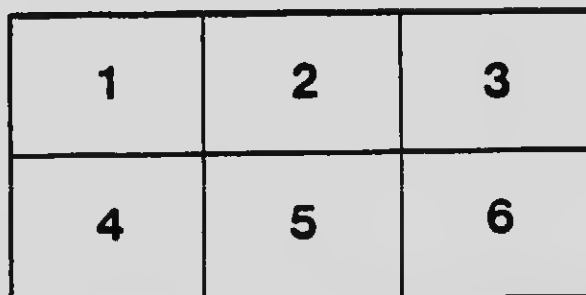
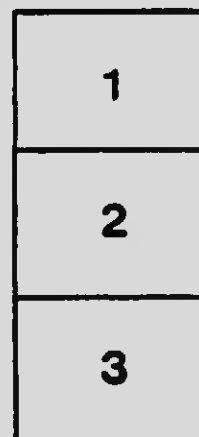
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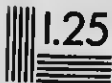
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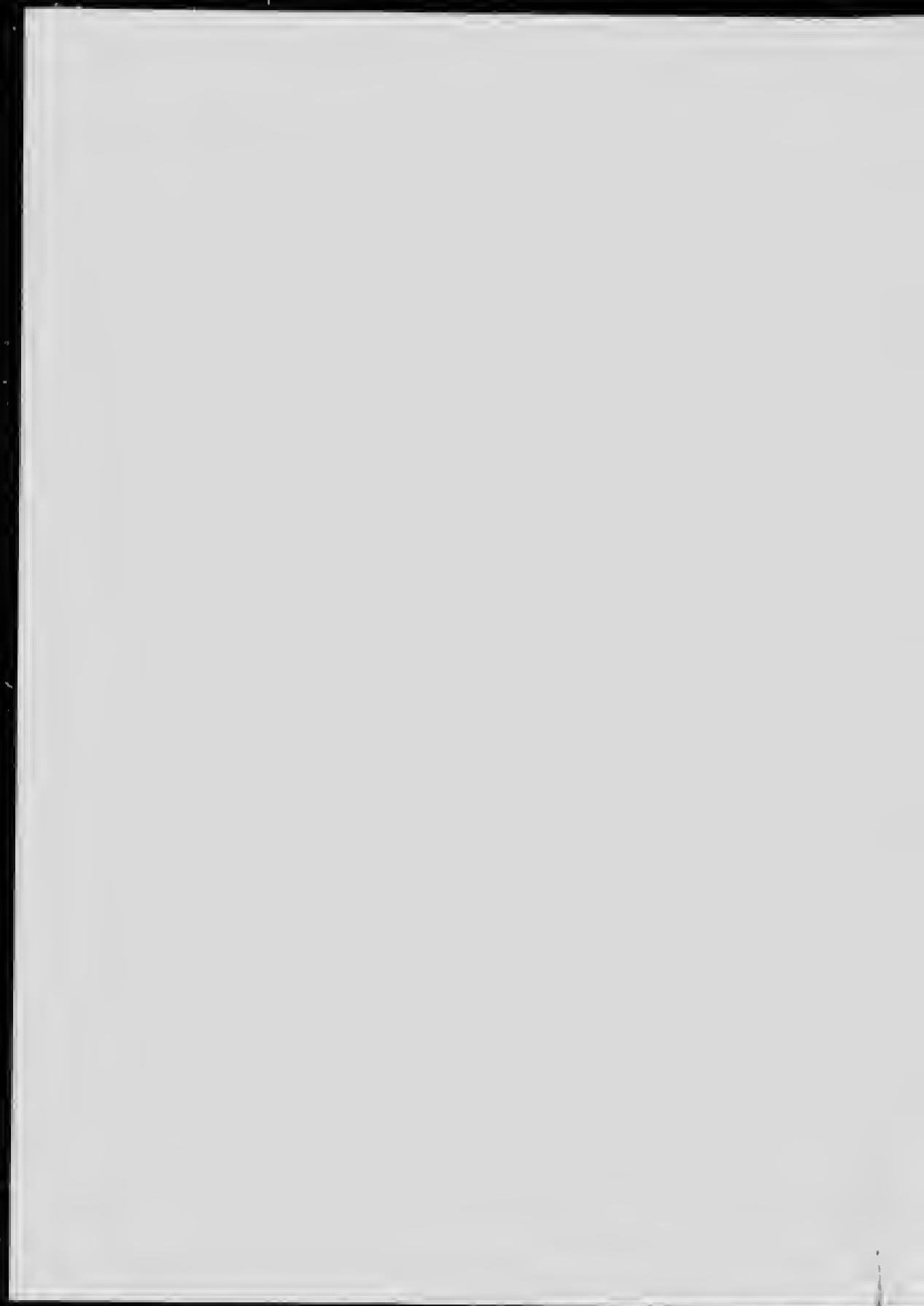
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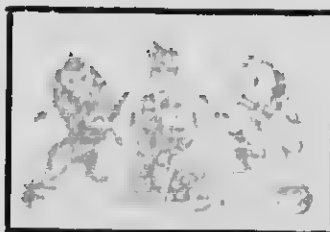


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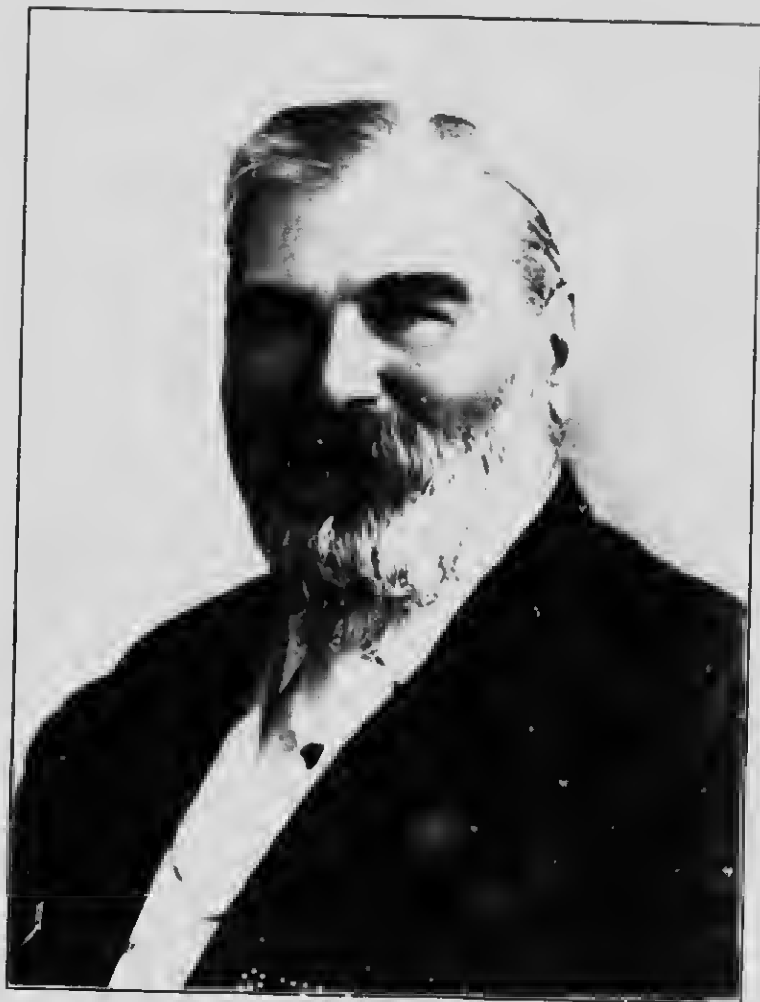
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THE EMPIRE CLUB OF CANADA



By J. M. HARPER

Author of
THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS, THE ANNALS OF
THE WAR, Etc., Etc.

With the compliments of COLONEL J. F. TURNBULL



The Voice of God and the Nations

(AN APPEAL RE-SET BY THE TURMOIL OF WAR)



From the ends of the earth to its heart-throbs, there is heard a
voice as of prayer—

“The still small voice” Jehovah-inspired, breaking in on the
prophet's despair—

A call in behalf of forbearance, presaging the prudence that saves,

With mankind awake, its hate to o'ertake,

And restrain from whatever depraves!

The Lord God of Hosts! He reigneth supreme!

And who may his immanence wilful blaspheme,

While urging the helm of realm against realm,

As if God's o'er-ruling were only a dream?

The voice of God in the turmoil! The voice that never grows old!

The voice that comes as an angel, the pathways of peace to unfold!

Give ear, one and all, give heed, to its counsel so often renewed;

Take up the refrain, nor ever disdain

The instincts that hallow the good!

The Lord God of Hosts! He reigneth supreme!

What anthem can compass the wondrous theme?

With our backs on despair, give ear, instant ear,

To the voice of good-will asserting its claim!

Astray? Ah, how far in our straying from Him who is Father
of All!

Let His voice, in the tempests of battle, arouse the whole earth
with its call,—

Endowing ambition with wisdom as it seeks to recover its aim,

With the sunlight of grace uplifting the race

In a world so prone to its shame!

The Lord God of Hosts! He reigneth supreme!

And who is there dares His decrees disesteem?

The Divine—the sublime—is the message of time,

That calls on us all good-will to redeem.

The Call of the Empire



From ocean to ocean the call has gone forth—"The flag of the
Empire unfurl!"

And the Sons of the Empire, as ever, are fain the challenge of
battle to hurl

At the tyrant whose pride has broken with faith, to conjure with
war's dire alarms;

"To arms, one and all!" near and far is the call;

"To arms!" shouts Old England—"To arms!"

The Empire is one, against foe or for friend;

The wiles of ambition 'tis ours to obtend—

Upholding the right with God-given might

The banner of peace and good-will to defend.

If war bringeth peace an assurance to life, in fate's come-and-go
of events,

Then perchance it is peace that bringeth us war and the woes it
ever foments;

The balance of power is a means to an end, as it vibrates from
nation to throne;

And a calling to arms, to meet war's alarms,

Is but peace demanding its own;

The Empire is one, and 'tis ours to maintain

The justice of God as order God's reign—

Defying the guile that fain would outwile

The good-will of men, its own ends to gain.

Ring out, then, the tocsin of courage and hope! There's a war-cry
for peace in the air!

A war-call to courage, to hope and to pride, all Sons of the Empire
should hear;

From realm unto realm under Old England's sway, there's a rally-
ing near and afar,

To obey the demand of our brave motherland

And the betrayer of peace to outdare;

The Empire is one, and its proud lads are brave,

Full-quickened the balance of power to save—

Upholding the right with a God-given might

The traitorous undoer of peace to outbrave.

The Call of the Hour



Ho, comrade to comrade, ye brave lads fall in, with your zeal
whetting courage and faith!
With the right on your side and God for your trust 'tis yours to
strip guile of its wrath;
The fight that is on is a fight Empire-wide, in defence of peace and
good will—

'Tis a war world-wide, begot of a pride
Whose fall fate-in-arms will fulfil;
With God for us all, and prudence for guide,
'Tis ours by the cause of the right to abide—
Oil-setting the hate of a tyrant cete,
Whose ill-balanced gifts the years will deride

Ho, Sons of the Empire, Old England's renown is ours to safe-
guard as our own;
Her prestige and progress and liberty-gifts are token in every zone
Of all that the nations are longing to have to amplify full their
renown—

Are longing to have, if brave they would save
What is theirs from being o'erthrown;
With God for us all, friend to friend in the fight,
For the uplift of man and the motherland's might,
'Tis ours to withstand, at God's own command,
The deviltry-game that freedom would blight.

So, comrade to comrade, ye brave lads fall in, with a blessing
assured from us all,
As you haste to the front amid our huzzas, under stress of the
motherland's call;
There are battles to win and battles to lose, as the Kaiser draws
deep on his breath,
In his devil-may-care, and daring-to-dare,
While philandering with bloodshed and death;
With God for us all, mankind maketh call
To weather the storm that will compass his fall;
The brave by the brave, sworn eager to save
Humanity's birthright from tyranny's thrall.

A Good-Bye for our Boys



An revoir, God be with you, brave Sons of the Empire!

Afar o'er the ocean 'tis yours there to find
The reward that is due to the soldier heroic—

The prize-gift to duty by courage assigned!
Stalwart to stalwart, good-bye one and all—
Our own, giving heed to the motherland's call—
Our own, steeled to face whate'er may befall.

To save what is theirs the nations are marshalled;

To save what is ours you bravely them join:
Forward, lads, forward, nor mind you our longing
To have you still near us—our own kith and kin:
Stalwart to stalwart, firm-willed to subdue,
There is faith in your care of the Red-White-and-Blue,
Though a tear wets our smile as we bid you adieu.

With hopes intertwined 'tis the banner of freedom

That is yours on your march to fight for erelong;
When the tyrant lies bruised in the moil of disaster,
The triumph of days your deeds will prolong;
Stalwart to stalwart, the brave by the brave,
March on unto victory or e'en to the grave,
Securing a place on the world's architrave!

Full armed for the fray, from battle to battle,

'Tis the patriot's war-cry of hope that is yours—
Prepared for the worst, mankind to ennoble,
When again the good-will of the nations matures;
Stalwart to stalwart, good-bye one and all!
God bless you for heeding the motherland's call!
God ever be with you, whate'er may befall!

Pray, Pray Ye, and Wait!



(THE PATRIOT'S VIEW.)

With events blowing whether no foresight can tell,
The counsel is wise;
Pray, pray ye, and wait,
In no rigmardie under no fetish spell,
Put heart unto heart,
With God at the gate!

The Belgians, stout-hearted, have led us the way,
Their pluck has had in it no trace of dismay;
When the world afire, they have stubborn withstood
The Kaiser and his—blood bartered for blood—
With their homes sacrificed the nations to save,
They have dared to hold back the storm's tidal wave—
God's hand on events,
As pray we and wait.

And what is there then for us, self-advised?
The counsel is wise;
Pray, pray ye, and wait,
Till the path not yet trodden becomes undisgised,
As pray we and wait we,
With God at the gate!

Britannia still holds her sway on the seas:
Her flag emblems freedom on every breeze:
Fair France is soul-quickened to conquer or die,
Tri-color in hand, as the Germans crowd nigh:
The Russians hail westward, a horde 'gainst a horde,
Prepared to unedge the Kaiser's drawn sword—
God's hand on events,
As pray we and wait.

What further then is there we home-birds should do?
The counsel is wise;
Pray, pray ye, and wait!
Is the campaigning ours to guide through and through,
While experience plans,
With God at the gate?

Our Kitchener stands a revealed providence :
More than once he has turned down envy's pretence :
And his is it now to ward off surprise,
In spite of all babbling and potion-mixed lies :
He knows what is what, and is trained battle-brunt,
With "Bobs" at his elbow, and French at the front :—
God's hand on events,
While pray we and wait.

(THE PROPHET'S RESPONSE)

But why ask you not what we home-birds should fear—
On counsel intent,
As pray you and wait—
With the helm in the hands of poor mortals to steer,
Who claim as you claim
That God's at the gate?
We see and we see not the reckoning near,
We fear and we fear not—prospecting for cheer :
"On a bed of his making, the Kaiser may find
"Himself and his cohorts distrained and confined!"
And then ! Ah and then, with surmise for surmise,
Is the peace to come after, a peace we will prize—
God's hand on events,
As pray we and wait?

Will events then be mustered in line with surmise,
Under counsel the best,
As pray we and wait—
The divine still evolving surprise for surprise—
Assured, though we be,
That God's at the gate?
How often we rue the rush of mankind,
Into worse ways than warring—to all virtues blind—
Exploiting a trap, as the Kaiser has done
Wherein he and his and they may atone
For their deeds of self-seeking? Ah me, may it be
The Kaiser can enter a *tu quoque* plea,
When he comes to be judged
By the events we await?

To bless war and blood-shed a means to an end
In the face of good-will,
As pray we and wait,
From the head to the heart a shivering would send,
Making woe of our hopes
That God's at the gate:
Yet why do our ethics run counter with law,
Till something has happened to fill us with awe?
There's a right and a wrong: do we know it or not?
Is the guidance of rightness a mere turkey-trot?
Is the Kaiser self-fooled? Are his subjects but kine,
To be driven which way, in slaughter-house line,
To slay and be slain,
As pray we and wait?

War cometh from envy, the first-born of sin—
The tempter within,
As pray we and wait,
O save us its promptings, as bid we for gain,
Save us, we pray,
O God at the gate!
Ah, the world derides! But the world's at war;
And what we would have as a new guiding star—
As an after to war and its hells-upon-earth—
Is a peace that will give to our ethics new birth—
A peace for all times—a God-bestowed gift,
As good-will in council our differings sift,
With God's hand on events,
As pray we and wait.



Multi in Uno



A Nation's call in diapason wakes
The land, to save the world for liberty:
Prestige gains strength, a rising tide, and breaks
Around the throne its spray of loyalty:
War's pomp of urgency love craveth not,
Since bloom it may, wherever be its lot:
Yet rouse ye loyal! In the love that's free,
Find strength of heart, in face of war's alarms,
As King and Empire, urgent, summon us to arms.

An Empire's unity is ours in hand—
Sub-realm and kingdom, out and in, our own—
One king, one people, ever under bond
To uphold the right and tyranny turn down :
The "Union Jack" is emblem, line by line,
Of the parallel blending crossed a thine-and-mine,
In peace and now in war, an all in one.
What then? 'Tis surely ours in war to stand
As one, against all tyrants and their countermand.

Ours is the prestige born of law and love,
The harmony of power from reign to reign—
Gift of the Sovereignty that rules above,
Gift of the centuries growing young again :
Sing we the majesty of British right,
Sing we our own within an empire's might !
The strains that glorify our King and Queen
Arc but the symbols of the uplifting lay—
The harmony of life that's born of liberty.

Arouse we then, as patriots one and all !
The Empire calls us to our own defence :
The Kaiser flushed by militant cabal,
Has pawned his soul to madcap arrogance :
And now 'tis ours to assail in battle-line
His sweeping hordes a-rush in countermine,
Whence rise the fumes of hell-let-loose, to cense
Ambition's madness. Rouse we then ! Arise
Ye brave ones of the Empire, and the arrogance chastise !

March, march, our boys, in line, at God's command !
Beat, beat, our hearts, as if our hearts were theirs !
Stalwart and brave, a loyal serried band,
Fearless to test the battie's hopes and fears—
God bless them, steeled to fight as stout hearts fight !
God guide their arm, unbalanced pride to blight,
Till peace brings pause and battle-hate forbears !
Then may the world and empire seek renown,
By fostering peace, perchance, a lasting victory won.



(TO CANADA'S NATIONAL AIR)

Arms and the Empire be our watchword-call,
Opposing might and right against the thrall
Of the tyrant's sway that dares betray
Man's freedom God-bestowed—
Of tumultuous foe, directing blow
At peace and brotherhood.
Arms and good-will, undoing guile,
Be still our war-cry on the battlefield
Be still our watchword till the foe thinks to yield.



(TO THE EMPIRE'S NATIONAL AIR)

Sing we our Empire's might,
Armed to uphold the right,
Under God's grace:
May all the nations feel
'Tis for the common weal
Britain ever makes appeal
In war or peace.



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