

St. George

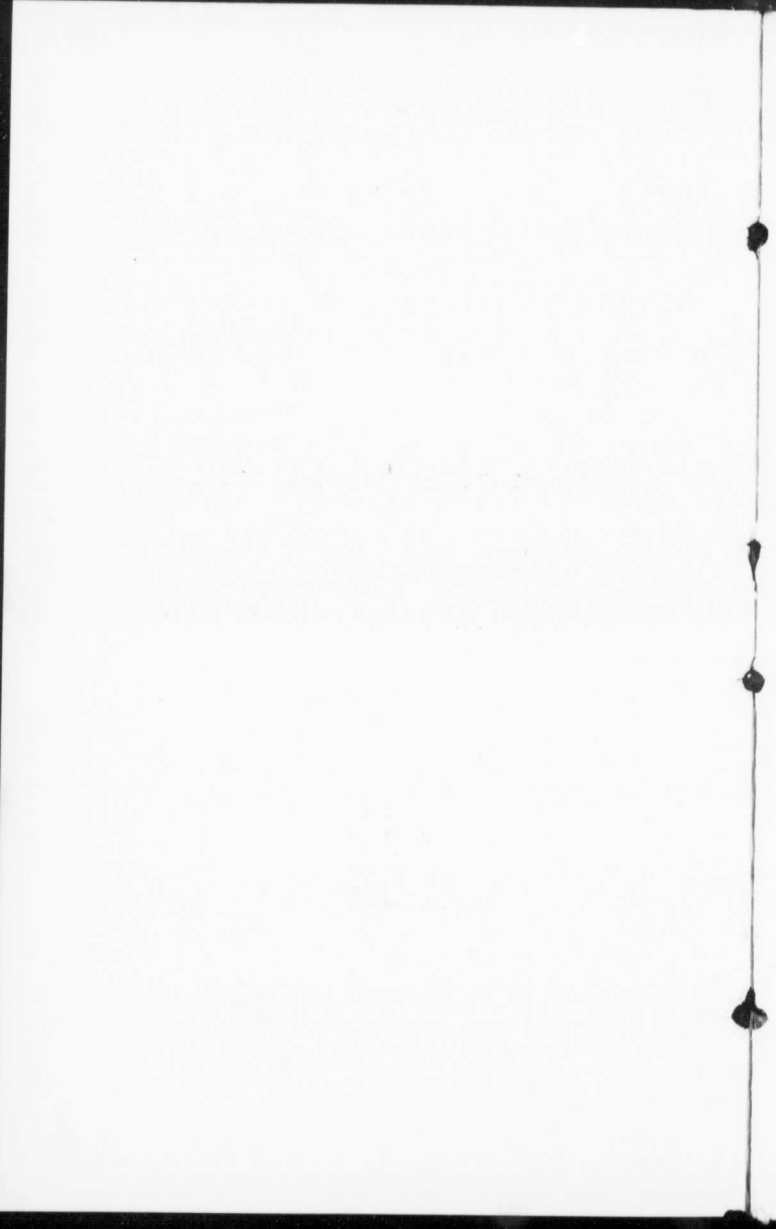
The Knight of the Holy Grail.

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VOICES.  
THE VOICE OF  
THE KNIGHT AND HIS LADY  
ST. GEORGE  
THE KNIGHT OF THE HOLY GRAIL  
THE RED PRINCE OF THE SUNLIGHT AND THE SOIL  
AND  
WANEITA  
THE QUEEN OF THE NORTH.



# The Voice



of



## The Knight and His Lady. St. George and Maneita.

---

OTHER POEMS AND HISTORIC TRUTHS.

---

PATRONESS  
OF THE INDIAN HISTORICAL WORK  
H. R. H. THE PRINCESS PATRICIA.



Written for the Brant Battalions and the Six Nation Indian Warriors. Issued for Red Cross and Patriotic Purposes.

With the consent of the Council the Indian work is issued under the Seal of the County of Brant.

---

Aryan Society, Women's Institutes  
S.N.I.W.P.L.

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#### THE RED PRINCE OF THE SUNLIGHT AND THE SOIL.

In a sunless and moonless Sky-land lighted only by the snowy white blossoms of the Tree of Life towering high over the Lodge of the King of Heaven, He, the Sky-Man lived.

The Queen became pregnant from the breath from the nostrils of her husband. The King desiring his off-spring grew jealous and ill. He bade his Great Men uproot the Tree of Life. Through the aperture made in the sky the Queen was cast down---that the Earth be born.

The Earth grew and the Earth-woman was born.

A brave warrior, with two arrows wooed the maiden and the Twins were born. Dual Nature was born.

Beyond the Tree in heaven is the Universe. A little bit of the glory of the Universe shines through the aperture in the sky where the Tree was uprooted. This aperture, this little bit of the glory of God is the---Sun.

All life comes from the Sun. The Sun is their Great God-Man, their King and War-Lord.

The first visible manifestation of the Sun or God that the Earth Man saw was an--Aerio Light.

A Light came down and sank into the earth. This Light was a Stone. This Stone brought with it the Seed from the Sun. The Seed passed through the Mother Earth---And Man rose from the Earth. The Aerio Light sank into the earth and Arya rose from the earth--The Aerio-kwa race of men rose from the earth.

The Aerio-kwa (Iroquois) are the Great Tree, the Sun, the Seed, the Stone or Mountain People.

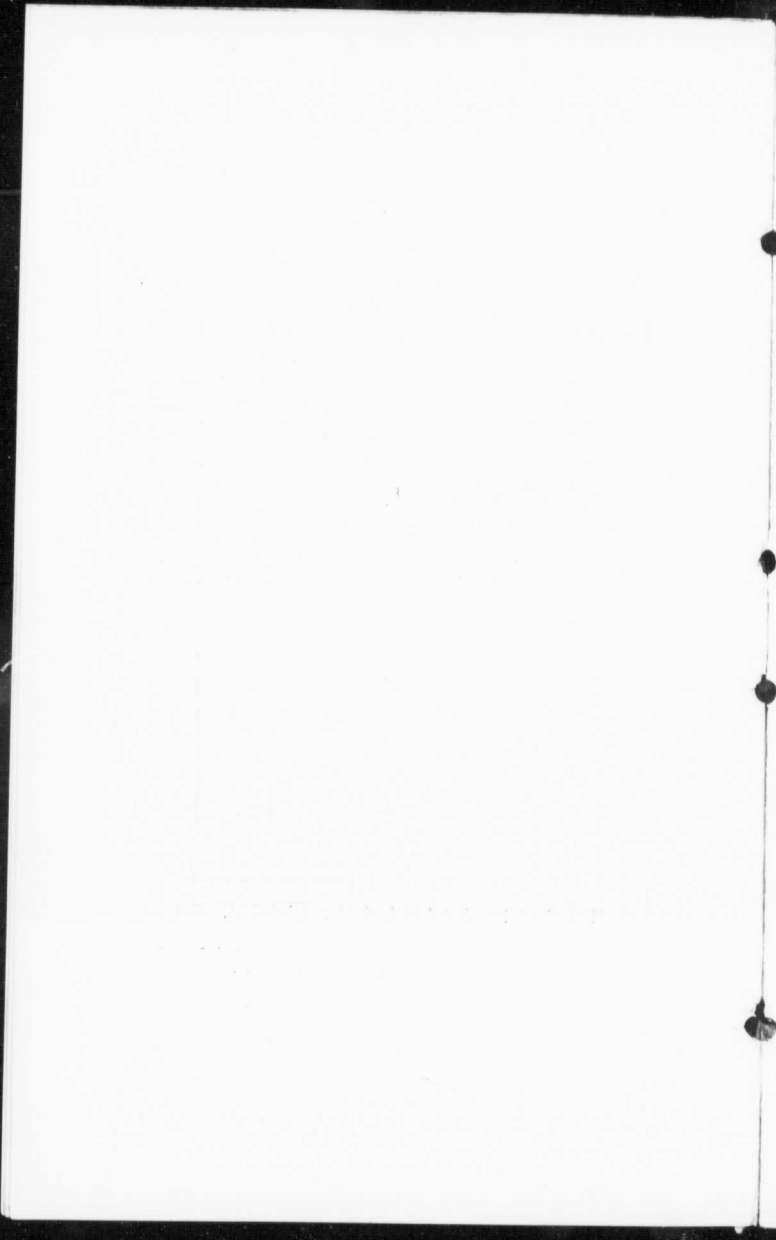
The Sun's Rays, The Aryan Man, St. George The Knight of the Holy Grail, The Red Prince of the Sunlight and the Soil!

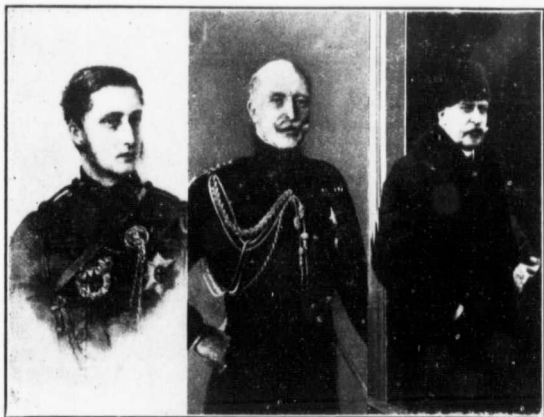
The Sky-woman died and the Twins threw her body back into the sky where she wanders, The Pale Lady Waneita, The Queen of the Night.





HIS MAJESTY GEO. V. KING OF ENGLAND  
ONONTEIAH, CHIEF OF THE SIX NATION INDIANS.  
Presented to the Six Nation Indians.



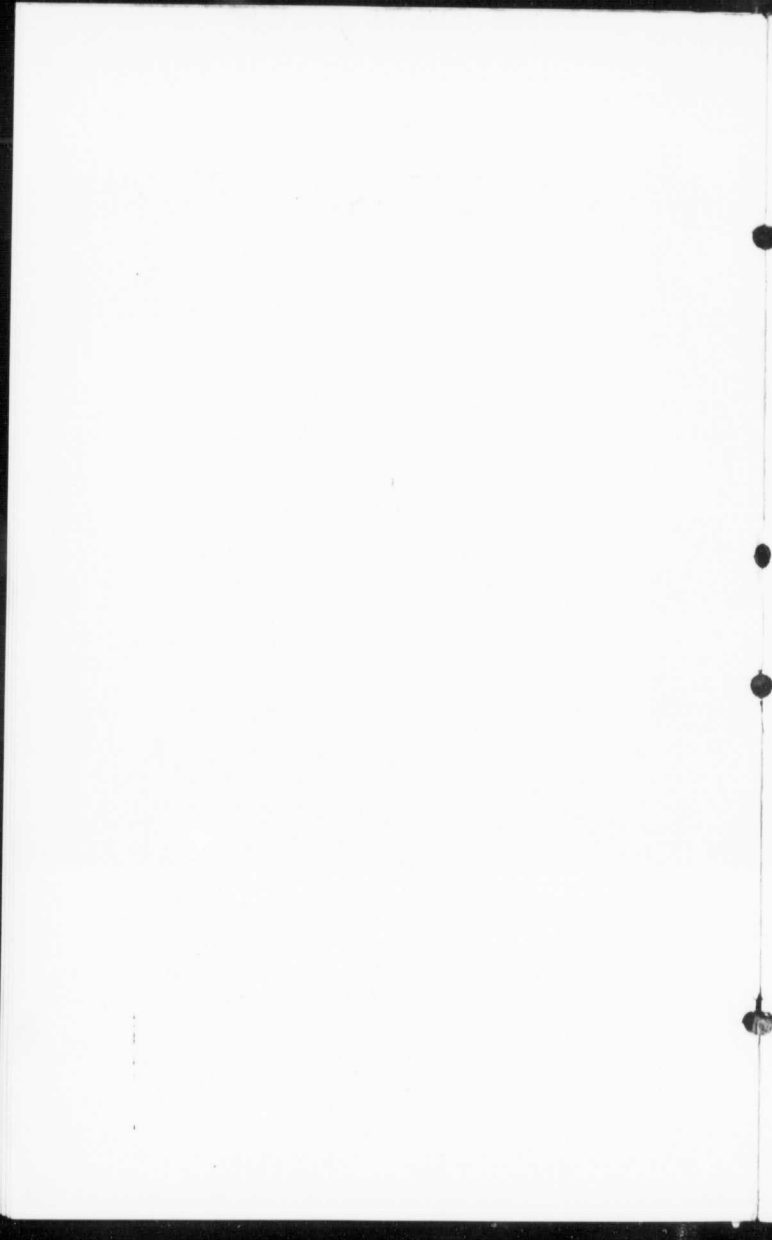


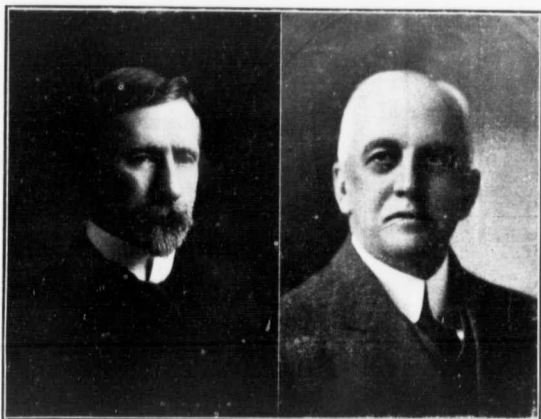
H. R. H. DUKE OF CONNAUGHT GOV.-GEN. OF CANADA  
KA-RAH-KON-TEH-AH CHIEF OF THE SIX NATION INDIANS  
Sent after visit to Reserve forty seven years ago.  
Sent after visit to Reserve in 1913. Taken on the Reserve.



H.R.H. Taken at the old Mohawk Church in 1869.  
Prince Arthur is standing in the doorway.







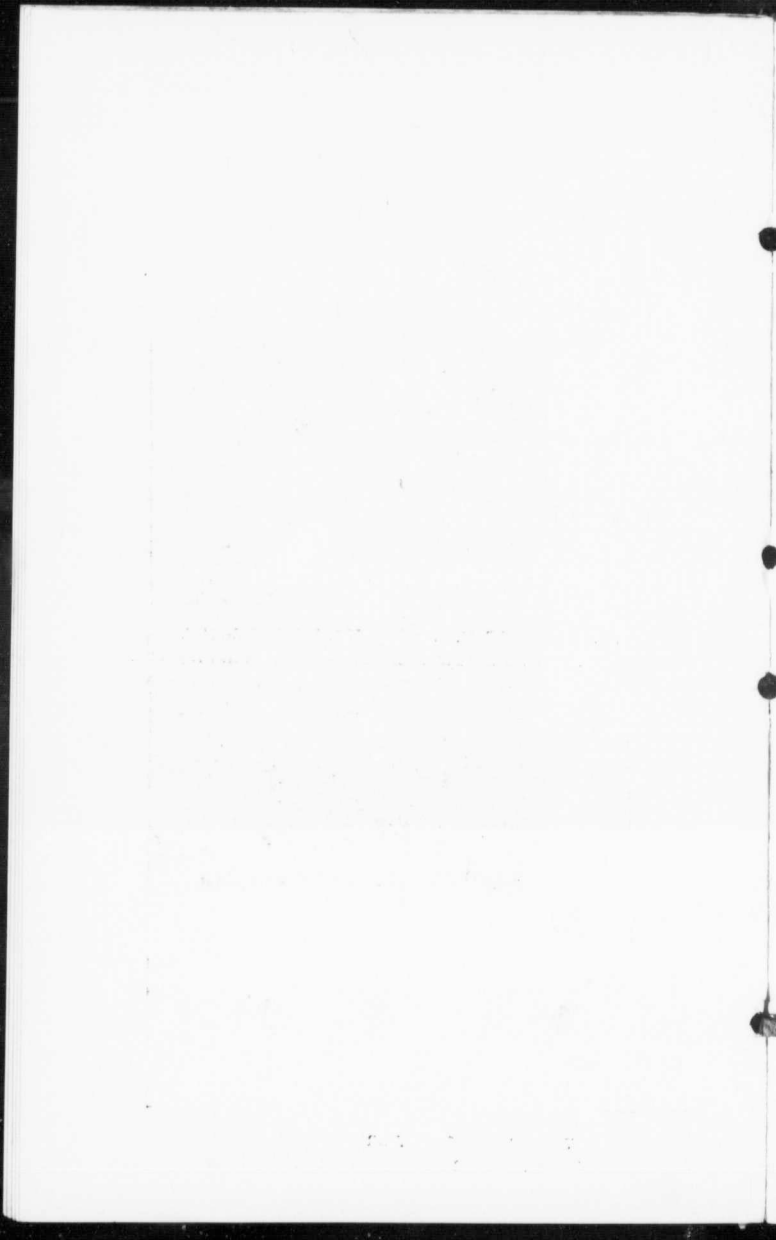
MR. W. F. COCKSHUTT, M. P.  
Hon. Lieut.-Col. 125th. Brant Batt.

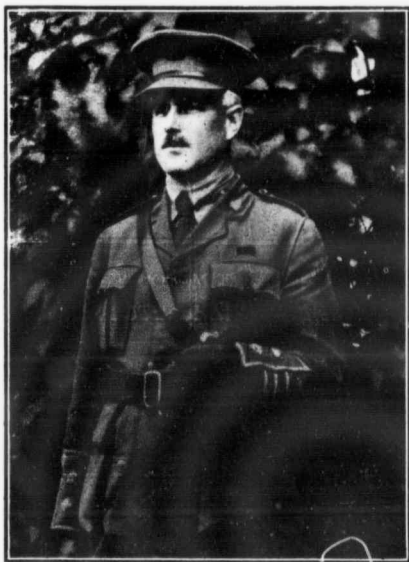
MR. J.H. FISHER M.P.  
Hon. Lieut.-Col. Brant Dragoons.



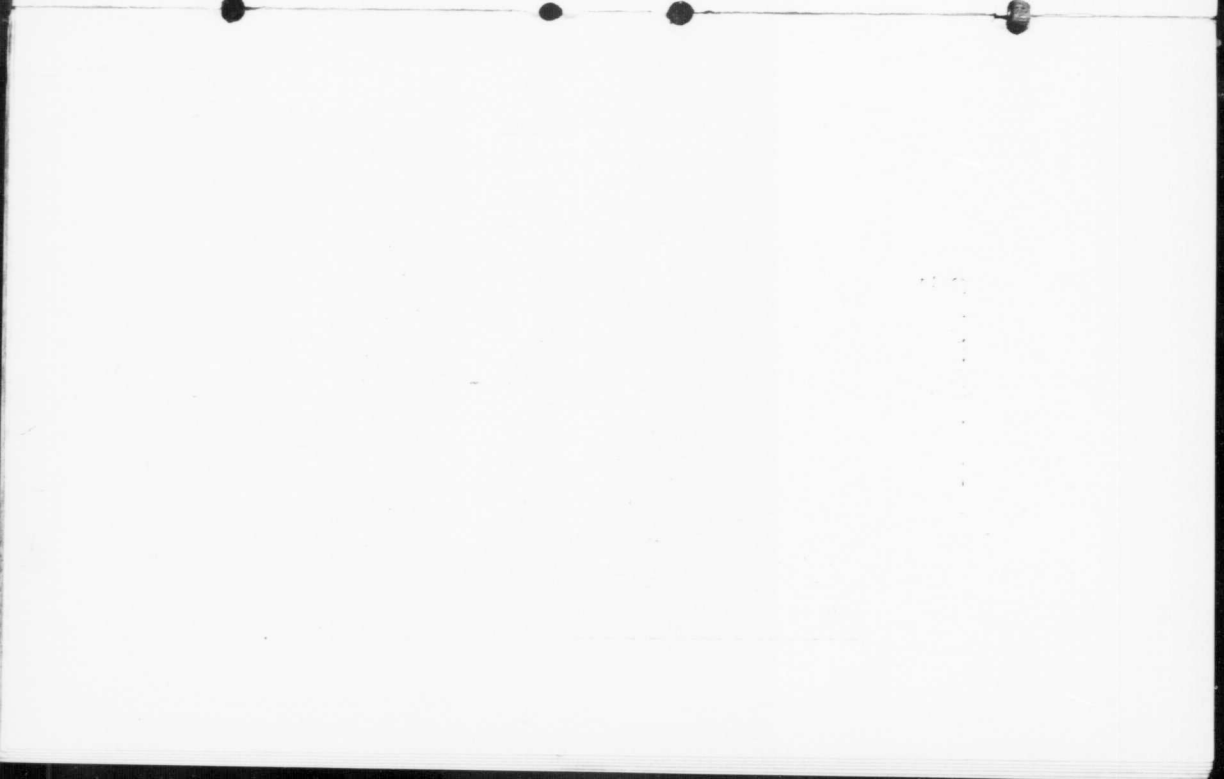
LIEUT.-COL. F. A. HOWARD

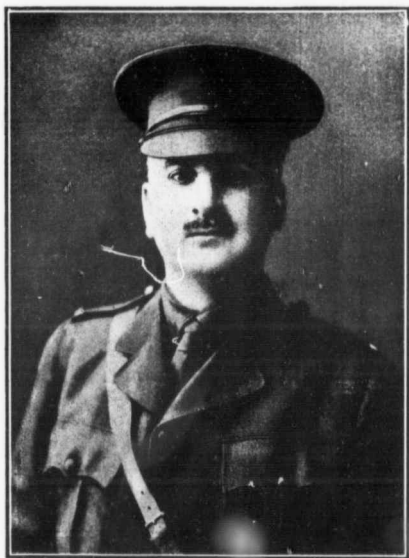
TWO BRANT COUNTY BRIGADIERS.  
COL. E.C. ASHTON



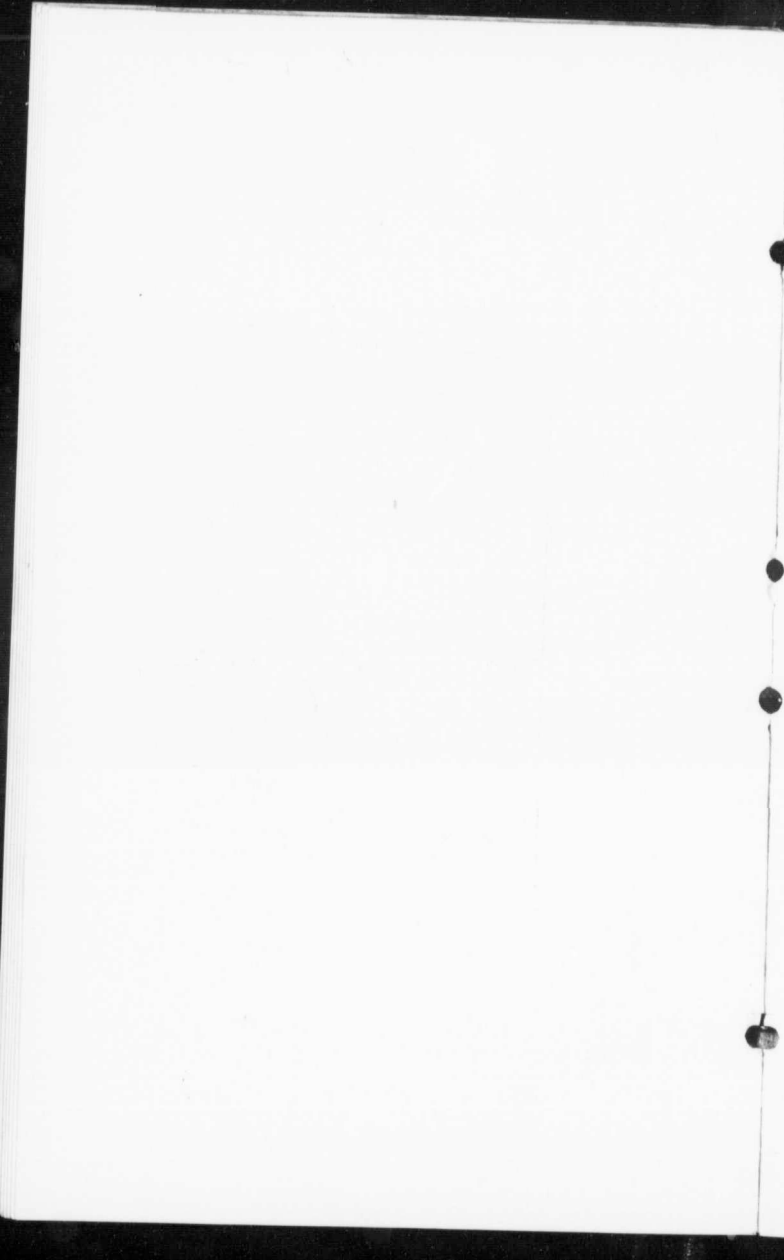


LIEUT.-COL. M. E. B. CUTCLIFFE  
O. C. 125TH. BRANT BATTALION.





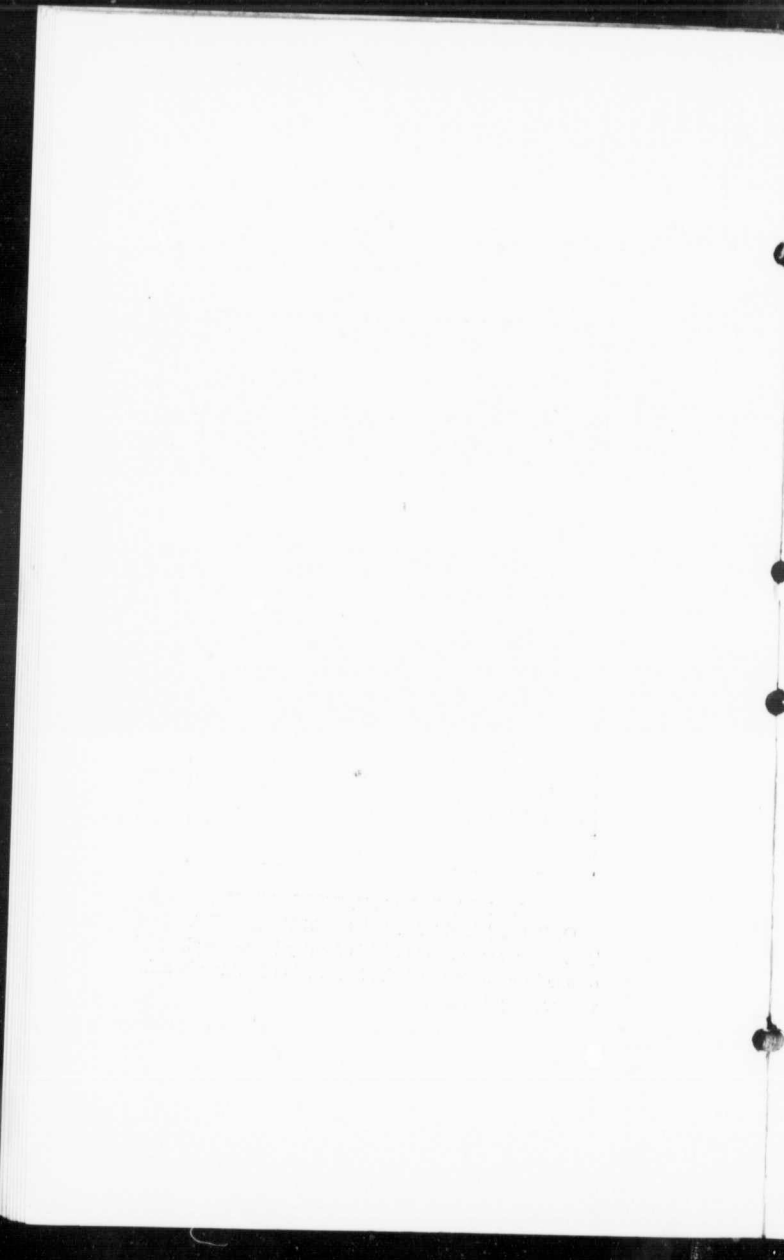
LIEUT.-COL. H. COCKSHUTT  
O. C. 215TH. BRANT BATTALION.





LIEUT.-COL. A. T. THOMPSON  
O. C. 114TH. BATT. BROCK'S RANGERS.  
That four generations of this family have fought with,  
or are in command of, the Six Nation Indians is a fact  
well worthy of note.



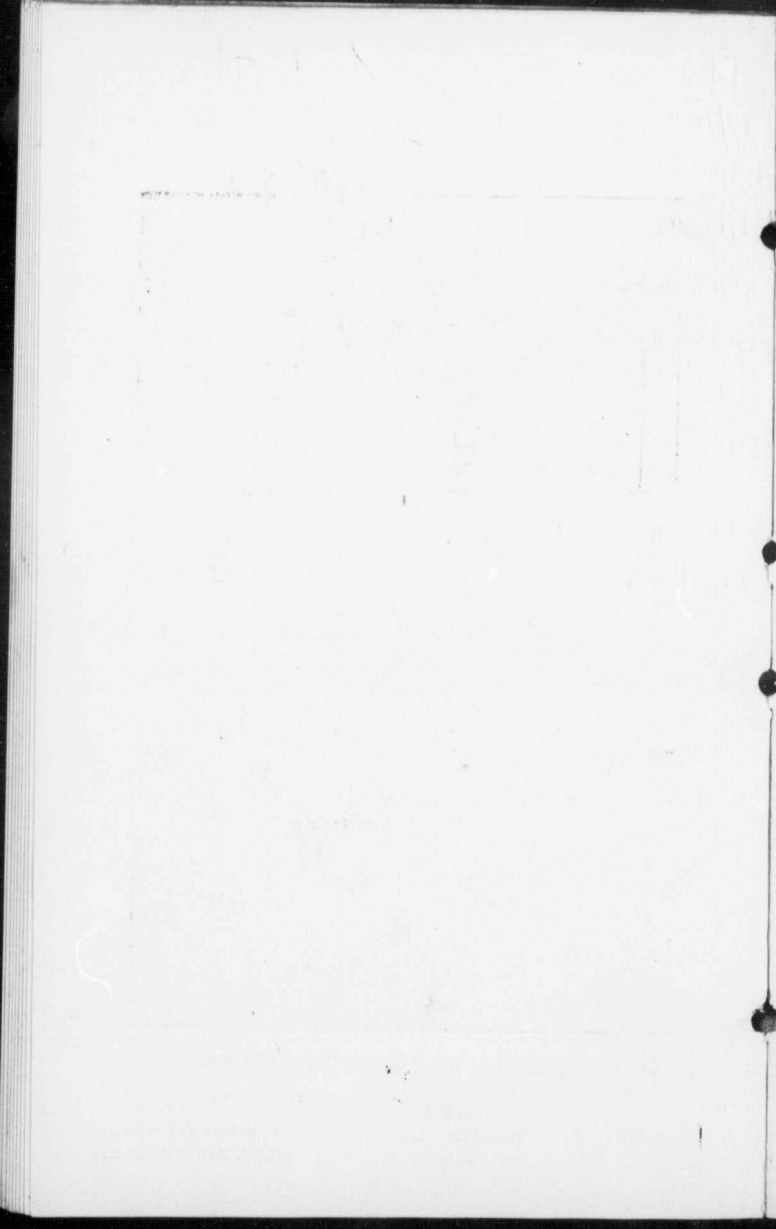




The Warden and four Brant County Voices who rendered vital assistance in recruiting.

Mr. Morgan E. Harris, Warden.

HIS HONOR, JUDGE HARDY. MR. T. H. PRESTON. Editor Expositor.  
MR. W. RAYMOND. Postmaster. MR. F. D. REVILLE. Editor Courier.



TO ENGLAND.

O England, hear my song!  
To thee my soul doth sing  
Thou art my word and grail  
My conscience and my king.

O England, hear my song!  
Proud Queen of One who reigns,  
Child of thy virgin womb,  
I was born by thy pains.

Death hangs o'er my mother's shore,  
The foe is near in ire,  
I spring beyond the sun,  
Through its great heart of fire

To lay the Black Knight low,  
Blood red upon the snow,  
With my arrow and my bow.  
Waneita, Pale Lady of the Snow!



THE WORLD IS AT WAR.

A GREAT VOICE IS SHAKING THE WORLD.

THE VOICE OF THE LAND.

'Hearest thou this great voice that shakes the world.  
And wastes the narrow realm whereon we move,  
And beats upon the faces of the dead,  
My dead, as tho' they had not died for me?--  
O Bedevere, for on my heart hath fallen  
Confusion, till I know not what I am,  
Nor whence I am, nor whether I be King.  
Behold, I seem but King among the dead!'

A Great Voice is shaking the world! A King has come  
down and is standing among the dead!

Who is this Great King standing among the dead?! Who  
has been slain?!

The Great King, He, The Great One, The King of the  
Sunlight and the Soil is standing among the dead. His  
children have been slain. The children of the soil! The  
children of the Deep! The Voice of the Deep is shaking  
the world. The King from on High has come down and  
is standing among the dead.

A Great Voice is shaking the world!  
The Voice of the Land!



WAR.

I soar with the hills,  
I joy with the rills.  
I pray to the blue  
Where God gleams through,  
In Life's great Art  
To keep my heart,  
Lest I forget  
To do my part.

I sing with the stars  
Beyond the wars,  
I call to the sea  
To come to me,  
I cry to the deep  
My soul to keep,  
Lest I forget  
That others weep.

I kneel to the night,  
To the morn's rose light,  
To eve's red sky  
Dun clouds on high,  
To the ocean's hand  
On death strewn sand,  
Lest I forget  
This reddened land.

I cry to the day,  
Each night I pray  
To Heaven's White Light,  
To Earth's Red Knight,  
To God afar,  
To souls across the bar,  
Lest I forget  
The world is at war.

## THE VOICE OF THE WHITE LIGHT.

The Tar ikappe, The Cloud Cloak has hung over Europe for years. The darkest hour is ever before the dawn, the still hour before the storm.

In those terrible days before the blood clouds broke, a White Light came down from heaven--A Voice of white intensity! Over the wires it flew, it flashed white lightning; above the waters, beneath the waters it flew, it flashed white lightning; in the air, in the heavens it hung white lightning--This Voice, The Voice of the White Light, The voice of the great Empire Statesman of England--To the Empires of Europe--'Keep cool till Russia cools down'.

But the Empires of Europe did not keep cool and--  
An arm clothed in white samite, mystic, beautiful rose up from out the bosom of the deep with the sword of Aerion--

The arm of the Lady of the Lake, The Wondrous One, rose up and said, 'Take me'---  
And England took the sword of Aerion---The Red Sword of the Soil!

The arm of Motherhood rose up with the sword of On!--  
'Take me', says the Wondrous One.

'And what shall I do with thee', a moaning world sighs, a troubled Kingdom cries.

And the Echo of all ages from on High, the Voice of On makes reply--

'Take me

And found anew an Order of my Table Round,  
A glorious company, the flower of men,  
To serve as model for the mighty world,  
And be the fair beginning of a time  
When men will lay their hands in thine, and swear  
To reverence their King as if he were  
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King  
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs  
To speak no slander no, nor listen to it,  
To honor their own word as if their Gods,  
To lead sweet lives in purest charity,  
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,  
And worship her by years of noble deeds,  
Until they won her; for indeed I know  
Of no more subtle master under heaven  
Than the maiden passion for a maid--  
To teach high thought, and amiable words,  
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.'

### INVOCATION.

Turn from the world, O Sun, and hide thy face---  
Thy fields are red.  
If life be sacrifice, we know the doom of race---  
The blood is shed.

Come down dear moon, and stay the hand that wields  
Thy reddened sword.  
The tender heart of motherhood has bled  
To redeem the word.

Dear God, sweet founts of love and pity lie  
In human breast.  
These paid the price; O sheathe thy sword on high---  
All we ask is rest.

### WHITE ROSE.

White Rose! In virgin womb thy grace was born,  
Psyche loved thee in life's fair morn,  
Cupid pierced thy lone breast with bow and dart,  
Blood-red, he stained thy snow white heart.

White Rose! Fair Emblem of the Aryan man,  
True Knight's sweet gift since love began!  
Sin pierced thy tender soul with bow and dart,  
Blood-red, it stained thy snow white heart.

Dear heart, spread thy white petals o'er the snow,  
A mother's heart has bled below.  
Dear heart, spread thy white petals o'er the ground,  
The heart of God is mystery profound.





## THE VOICE OF THE PALE LADY.

### THE WONDROUS ONE.

Waneita has a story which will be told in full some time. Part need only be told now, and that part is---

Language is the greatest creation the world has ever known. The Aryans were the creators of language. It is written here that the Iroquois are the Aryans, the most historic people in the world, and it was partly through 'Waneita' that this discovery was made.

"What Indian word would express, 'The Queen of the New World, The Lady of the Snows, Canada'?" we asked the Chief one day.

The Red Man is deliberate. He meditated some time and then said, 'The Sun is the Great King and War Lord, The Moon, The Pale Lady, is the Queen of the New World. The Lady of the Snows is the Pale Lady. The one word would express the Queen of the New World and Canada'.

'And what is that word, Chief?'

'Waneita', answered the Chief.

'How do you spell the word?'

'It may be spelled Ah-nei-teh or Wah-nei-teh, but we spell it Eng-nei-teh'.

With lightning flash came the truth---a truth perhaps well known to philologists---the truth that Eng is A---that strange, mysterious 'ng' is a nasal growth of 'A'---And England is the land of the Ah's. Egypt is the land of the Ah's, the Adites or Adah's, the home of On the City of the Sun. England is the land of Ah, On, Adah, Aron-ah and later of L-ah, L-on, L-adah, L-on-deh-on, London.

All languages have been reduced to a few radicals, the Greek to the letter E, the Latin to the arch-radical Hi.

When the radicals of the Iroquois language were found, one day we said to the Chief--'Chief, do you know that Ah, On, Aron-ah is the radical of your language. It is the root of Sun, Moon, Man, Woman, Life--all your vital words?'

This time the Chief replied very quickly, 'That is true, very true, for all things green come from the sun, the whole vegetable kingdom and I believe the whole animal kingdom too, and we have a word in our language which expresses all nature--That is the word'.

The Chief wrote down the word, and it was a reduplication of On-ah-deh. Deh he explained took in the whole

(Over)

WANEITA.

Swing low, pale moon, swing low and tell me why thy eyes  
Are wet as wintry skies.  
The moon swung fro and whispered low---  
My heart is wasted with my woe,  
The wind is sighing, the knights are dying,  
The fields are lying corpse-strown beneath the snow,  
The bugle is blowing, the swords are glowing,  
The steeds to battle going far below.  
All night the rivers seem to flow  
Blood-red beneath me in my woe.  
My mother calls from o'er the sea,  
Dear heart of mine, come, come to me.

The moon swung fro and whispered low,---

Waneita, Oh Waneita,  
Pale Lady of the Snow  
To thy mother go!  
Waneita, Oh Waneita!

Swing low, sweet moon, swing low and take me to thy breast  
Here in the reddened west.  
Waft me above, give of thy love,  
That I may rise above the cries  
The lonely reddened land, the death-strewn sand,  
To grasp a Hand beyond the crimson skies,  
And hurl the dart from the Sun's great Heart,  
And lay the foe blood-red upon the snow  
With my white arrow and my bow,  
To help my mother in her woe.  
My heart cries to her o'er the sea,  
Dear heart of mine, I come to thee.

The moon swung fro and whispered low,---

Waneita, Oh Waneita,  
Pale Lady of the Snow  
To thy mother go!  
Waneita, Oh Waneita!



family. Later the Chief interpreted, and together we analyzed the names of Joseph Brant's father and grandfather--Aerio-teh-kwa and Teh-ish-on-ah-go-wah, found in Manuscript and on the most important deeds in America, and then we knew that the assertion was verified--the assertion that Ah, On, Aron-ah is the radical of the Iroquois language, that the Iroquois are the Aryans, and that Joseph Brant is the last representative of one branch of the most ancient line of Kings in the known world--the line of Arya, the first Voice.

And Waneita is the Queen of the New World, The Wondrous One who dwells down in a deep calm whatso'er storms may shake the world! The Lady of the Deep whose arm, clothed in white samite, mystic, beautiful rose from the bosom of the lake with the sword of Aerion---  
The Lady of the Lake who loved,

Lancelot, whom the Lady of the Lake,  
Caught from his mother's arms--the wondrous one,  
Who passes thro' the visions of the night--  
She chanted snatches of mysterious hymns  
Heard on the winding waters; eve and morn  
She kissed me saying, 'Thou art fair, my child  
As a King's son, and often in her arms  
She bare me, pacing on the dusky mere.

The Pale Lady who roams through the dark woods of the world and paces the dusky mere chanting snatches of mysterious song!

The Lady of the Night who wanders through the sky, waiting, watching, weeping, silently weeping---over her children of the Deep!

#### KHAKI.

#### KWEN KWEN, QUEEN, MOTHER-EARTH.

Oh Earth, from out thy womb we came!  
Red is thy blood, red is thy fame.  
Two voices in thy mind were born,  
Which moved this world since life's grey morn.  
These two have met in world deep wrath---  
We don thy robes the grave bere cloth.  
Red earth thou art, to earth return,  
The poets sing to those who mourn.

### MEN OF THE NORTH.

The great North Queen lay sleeping  
In her flame-lit throne of white.  
The Gaeller horn was blowing  
The dark voices of the night.

Down from the mountain and the glen  
With faces turned to the dawn,  
The men are marching o'er the bridge  
To the sound of the Gaeller horn.

There's virtue in thy land and blood,  
The needle turns to thy star.  
There's virtue in the sons of soil  
My soul cries out from afar.

March on--Ye sons of the North!  
There's music sweet in thy tread,  
To redeem the word and grail  
The blood of virtue must be shed.

### TE-ONNIE.

Three drops of blood upon the snow,  
Shed by my arrow and my bow.  
The swan lies dead in the pale North light,  
Pierced by the dart of the great Red Knight.

Three black feathers in the pale moonlight,  
Plucked from the raven in upward flight !  
The fire-flame creeps round the chalice red,  
The dove watches o'er the blood that was shed.

The Tree was struck, its life did flow,  
The otter was slain, the warrior did go,  
A drop of blood hangs red from the lance--  
A Knight lies dead 'neath the lilies of France.



## THE HARE ON ENGLISH COAT-OF-ARMS.

A word was taken to Chief Loft on the Reserve to interpret. He said, 'When a word is brought to me to interpret, I go out in search of the first letter. I invariably find it has been lost.

Philologists are aware that the initial letter in some words has been lost---as in honor, heir, heart, heat, heron, hare, Herr, Hun. . . and they are also aware that there is something strange about the initial 'S' in some words---as in Sir, Sun, Sindia. The 'S' in the latter words is what remains of Ish in Ish-Aerio Sir, Ish-on Sun, Ish-India Sindia.

To the People of the Sun, the sun is the giver of all life. The sun's rays are the men---The Aryan Men. The sun's rays are the Ah-Aeri-ah. The initial A was lost, and the word became Hari, a line of Egyptian Kings, and Hare the Red Man's God.

The Hare on English Coat-of-Arms emblems the Aryan Man---The Royal Line of Aryans.

There is a Great White Light in the Red Man's religion and life. It has been emblemed in the white--Hare, Heron, Ibis, Wavy or Goose, Horse, Dog, Swan, Dove . . .

The history of the world is written, in part, in its epic poems. The nature myths of the Aryan man are woven in to almost all poems.

The brave warrior who came, with two arrows, and wooed the virgin maid was Red and Hairy.

Esau or Ish-ah was Red and Hairy.

Samson's strength lay in his Hair.

Midas had asses' ears (Ish in his name), Atys had horses' ears, and they ever kept their Hair long to hide their ears.

Helen of Troy had Red Hair, and Thor when he was last seen on the coast of Norway had Red Hair.

The Queen of the North combs her Hair on the Hind Fell.

The Lorelei of the Rock, combs her Golden Hair, and singing lures men to their doom.

The Mermaids comb their Hair with a Pearl comb, and call to their children in the little town 'Come down, come away down.'

The Nibelungen Queens, Kriemlin and Brynhilde, went to the river to wash their Golden Hair. Brynhilde went up the stream and the water from her Hair flowed down on Kriemhilde--Then there was War--The great World War of the Middle Ages.

### THE RED MAN'S LAND.

Pass lightly, 'tis holy ground on which you tread,  
Bow thy head, beneath thee rest the ancient dead.  
'Twas here the Red Man rose from out the sod  
In earth's grey dawn, the twilight of the gods.  
'Twas here a mighty race hath lived and run  
And passed away like shadows 'neath the sun.  
Till naught is heard of midnight dirge or wail  
Till few are left to tell the mournful tale  
Of vanquished race, whose noble deeds hath won  
Immortal name---a Voice from out the sun,  
A secret silent race, whose robe and plume  
Gleamed in dull splendor mid the forest gloom,  
Who ruled the virgin world with bow and dart---  
A warrior race born of Nature's great heart!  
A remnant lingers on, a tribe of men  
Who seem like phantoms passing down a glen  
From mountain to the sea, where two world's meet  
And dead hearts beat to the tread of phantom feet.  
In white canoe he sails away a spectre Knight,  
Towards some bourne bathed in ethereal light,  
As though a farther sun had set rose red  
Beyond a moonlit sea where rest their dead.  
Whence came this noble race!? Whither do they go!?  
We scan the trail of night: all is dark below,  
Our weary souls call to the listening air,  
But echo only answers, Where---,O, tell us Where.



## THE VOICE OF THE QUEEN OF THE NORTH.

It has been truly said that a nation is not a nation until it has found a Voice---the Voice of its epic poet, who will pour forth the soul song of a nation!.

In the ages long, long ago when the earth was green and fresh and young, the North Land poured forth--The Song of the Knight and his Lady, The Red Prince and the Sleeping Beauty.

The Great North Queen loved her people, and because of this love, her father, the King, pierced her with the Thorn, and she was doomed to sleep for a century.

Heimdell stands at the foot of the Rainbow Bridge and sounds the Gaeller horn.

The Red Prince on his Wild White Horse, Greyfell, rides through the sea of fire and breaks the bands of brass which bind his bride, and kisses her snow white breast.....

The tender heart of motherhood must bleed to redeem the word!. In travail is the New Day born!.

In all religions it is there---The Sin, the Fall, the Fear Love, Sacrifice and Redemption. The emblem is there in all epic poems---Lohengrin's swan, Parsival's dove, the Fire-flame, the Holy Grail, the Cup, the Lance....

In the Red Man's religion---when there is the Voice of War, the Virgin strikes the Tree, if blood flows, if the otter bleeds---The Teh-onnie will not return.

## THE TWILIGHT OF THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE.

There's a sound of woe in the world's wild woods,  
An echo of death from mountain solitudes,  
The sun has set in night where two world's meet,  
And dead hearts beat to the tread of phantom feet.  
All the wild dells are agloom with the doom  
Of ancient men who lie dead 'neath the moon.

There's a sound of mirth in the deep green earth,  
Anecho of joy in a world's new birth.  
The woods are aglow with helmet and plume  
And white armor of knights who ride 'neath the moon.  
Adown the glen come armed men of might  
To form a kingdom, new, of Valor and Right.

## NORTH STAR

North Star! My Star! Sun of the Great New Day!  
North Star! Fixed Star! King of the Lone White Way!  
Cold star, clear star, home of the Northern Lights,  
Gleaming, glancing, souls of the great White Knights---  
Knights of the Wild White Horse! Lights since the world began!  
Great Knights! White Lights! Heart of God in His Image Man!

North Star! My Star! Home of the Long Lone Way!  
North Star! Fixed Star! Queen of the Great New Day!  
Lone Queen, cold Queen, in her flame-lit throne of white,  
Sleeping, dreaming, of the coming of her knight---  
Red knight of the Wild White Horse, through a sea of fire,  
To kiss her snow-white breast, pierced by the Thorn King's ire.

Lone Star! Pure Star! Star of the great white sea!  
Long ago thy Bride I was born to be--  
Bride of the Aryan man where the south winds blow,  
South winds, soft winds, Queen of the soil and snow.  
Land of the free! My heart beats warm in thy white breast!  
Canada, My Country! Great North Star of the West!

### OH, CANADA!

Broad are thy fields and green, blue is thy sea,  
Thy mountains are purple, thy people are free,  
Thy oaks are of amber, of gold thy grain,  
Fair thou art in spring, in sunshine and rain,  
White as the swan that breasts the sea and sail,  
Rose-lit thy shores by a gleam from the Holy Grail!

Bright is thy Sun, so bright, Red is thy Knight,  
Thy god is Valor, thy precept is Right,  
Fair are thy maidens in pleasure or toil,  
Noble thy sons, red sons of the soil,  
Snow white thy virgin soul in song and tale,  
Canada, My country! Sweet Bride of the Holy Grail!





## THE TREE.

In a sunless and moonless skyland, lighted only by the snowy white blossoms of the Tree of Light towering high over the lodge of the Great One--He, The Sky Man lived.

In the Garden of Eden stood the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil--And there hung the flaming sword!

In the Norse world stands the Tree, its branches reaching to Heaven, its roots in the Underworld!

The Tree of Life, The Great Tree People, The Aryans!  
Pine, Oak, Maple, Ash, Elm, Cherry!

The Pine is the emblem of the Iroquois. There is no 'P' in Mohawk. It is the Egyptian article Pi, Man. Pine has been Egyptianized. The pure Aryan word is On-ah. The Mohawks write it, On-ah-go-wah. Go-wah is the Great Great Man On-ah, or Youen-heh, Life, Ji-ni-Youen-weh, Life Eternal. The Tree is evergreen. The Iroquois title is from the beginning to the end.

The name Thorigwageri, Evergreen Brake, was given to His Grace the Duke of Northumberland.

The male fern is the emblem of the Joseph Brant Te-onnie title, the live-for-ever of the Tecumseh Te-onnie title--The little plant, live for ever, that grows green by the grave of Joseph Brant--- In the Shadows of the Pines!

Oak, the first sound of the letter A, the War Lord Tree of England, the home of the Druids. The Druids are the Teh-aerias. In Mohawk the oak is Dekennie.--the ek sound of Teh-onnie, the War Lord.

Maple is Wah-deh---The great Adah, Queen of Canada.

Ash is the second sound of the letter 'A'.

Elm! There is no M in Mohawk. L-on is Elm.

Ash and Elm--Norse Man and Woman!

The Ish sound is the Hebrew Ish and Ish--ah, Man and Woman, and the Mohawk personal pronoun You.

Cherry! "Have you the word Arya in your language?" we asked the Chief one day.

"Yes, you will find it in your word Cherry."

Cherry is Ts-aeria or Tsar, Czar, an abbreviated form of Teh-ish-aeria, and Teh-ish-on-aeria, Joseph Brant's King and War Lord name and the name of his grandfather, found on the most important deeds in America.

The Cherry is the Great Aryan Man, The Red Prince of the Sunlight and the Soil.

"I love that thought of a Tree" says Carlyle.

## ON THE BANKS OF THE NOBLE GRAND.

'T was here the Aryan warriors came---  
The Keepers of the Grail!  
True to their king and country true  
They passed from the Mohawk Vale,  
In white canoe they sailed away  
Red Knights of Shadow Land,  
With flaming torch they lit their fire  
On the banks of the noble Grand.

Woe, woe, woe to a world of woe  
The world is lost in sin!  
The Hun and Teuton broke the Word  
In their desire to win.  
The Gaeller horn blows in the North,  
'Tis here we take our stand  
To redeem the word and heritage  
On the banks of the noble Grand.

All hail to the Knights of the Grail  
As they march on their way,  
Bid them God speed as forth they sail  
From the shores of Canada.  
If in France or Flanders they should fall,  
Or the border of Rhineland,  
Their souls will rise to the bugle call  
On the banks of the noble Grand.

### CANADA.

Queen of the North! Star of the Lone White Way!  
Home of the Aryan man in the Great New Day!  
So fair thou art in all thy virgin pride,  
Lily-decked thou liest the green earth bride.  
Snow white thy tender maiden soul in song and tale,  
Rose-red thy breast kissed by the Knight of the Holy Grail.

Broad are thy lands, so broad and fair to me,  
A rainbow bright they gleam from sea to sea.  
A type, thy pine stands green in storm or hail,  
Thy maple crimson tipped by the Holy Grail.  
I was born in thy womb, I was reared on thy breast--  
Canada, my country! Great White Queen of the West!

### MY MOTHER.

My mother's face is pale with woe,  
Like moonlight on the cold, cold snow.  
My mother's eyes gleam through a gloom,  
Like moonlight o'er a shadow tomb.  
Her sons are gone and I alone remain,  
Two are wounded unto death and two are slain.  
Winds are sighing, knights are dying,  
Sweet spirits through the air are flying,  
My mother's face is pale with woe,  
Her color lies upon the snow,  
On the white snow her knighthood blood they spill,  
Her veins they die the red earth redder still.  
Maids are weeping, their vigils keeping,  
Her sons beneath the snow are sleeping.  
All night their silence seems to flow,  
Beside my mother in her woe.  
In the lone night I hear my mother sigh,  
In the lone night I hear my mother cry,  
I feel the tears of blood arise,  
Up from my heart into my eyes,  
I only live because I know,  
Her eyes they see beyond her woe,  
Beyond the lone graves in the cold grey sod,  
To where sweet angels waft their souls to God.

### A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

You ask me why	You ask me why,
I am so sad.	I do not weep,
You say the world is glad.	And seek his life to keep.
I do not know--	I do not know--
I only know that he	I only ask that he
Has gone. I walk alone	His charge may keep
From day to day.	From day to day.

You ask me why  
I do not pray.  
You say it is God's way.  
I do not know--  
I only know His way---  
To live in him  
From day to day.

### HIS BRIDE IN DREAMLAND.

I know not what it is I hear, I still my soul and hark,  
A voice calls ever from the night, a crying from the dark.  
My life is very lonely, I know not why dear God  
My soul is ever longing for realms my feet once trod,  
A clinging memory haunts me of dim dark worlds I've crossed,  
My heart is ever yearning for one I've loved and lost.

A voice calls to me from the night, I bow my head and hark,  
Out in the depths I ever hear a crying in the dark.  
I bow my head and list; 'tis the voice of one I know,  
Of one whose form was fair as morn in the ages long ago,  
A heart that beat by mine! I spring to clasp it to my breast,  
The spirit's gone--It calls me on--A lone star in the west!

Star of my soul, I long for thee, thou heart of truth and right!  
Exiled by sin--Earth holds me here--A wanderer in the night.  
I long for death, though death but be a dreamless sleep,  
To still this voice that calls forever from the deep,  
The voice that calls me from the night! I still my soul and hark,  
I cannot drive it from my life, that crying in the dark!

### THE OYARON.

Oh-yea-reh, Oh-yea-reh!  
My life, my love,  
Sweet spirit above,  
Hovering near,  
Whispering in my ear,  
Ever by my side,  
My angel and my guide!  
Invisible thou art,  
The cry of my heart,  
Seen only by me  
In moments of ecstasy,  
Born in life's morn,  
My soul ever sings  
Thou see'st  
And know'st all things.  
Oh tell me  
Whence came we--  
Whither do we go--  
Why this world of woe?!

Oh-yea-reh, Oh-yea-reh!

Oh-yea-reh, Oh-yea-reh!  
I am weary,  
I am weary,  
I long for rest,  
Upon thy breast.  
My work is done,  
My race is run,  
Waft me above  
On wings of love  
To thrones afar  
To my soul star,  
Born in life's night  
I cry for light,  
Oh take me there--  
To the land of Somewhere  
Beyond the crimson rod  
To realms my feet once trod,  
To thy heart--  
The Voice of God--  
Oh-Aeri-ah, Oh-Aeri-ah!

WHY THE LION AND THE UNICORN MAY  
HAVE BECOME THE STANDARD BEARERS  
OF THE CROWN OF ENGLAND.

The secret lies in nature, in totemism, in the Oyaron, in the innate desire of the human heart and soul to embody the spiritual and unseen in the animate and visible.

What the Red Man's conception is of the relation of the animals of the forest and field to man, cannot be written of here. All that can be touched upon is the Oyaron.

The Oyaron (Ah-Aeri-on) is the personal and tribal tutelary, guardian angel, genius or guiding spirit, believed to protect and watch over the destiny and welfare of man.

The Oyaron sees and knows all things. It is all powerful. It is embodied in an animal.

The Lion and Unicorn is the embodiment of the Aryan man and the principles which permeate his life and Being.

Lion! One eminent philologist asserts that the word is derived from le-on and la-ish. Another very eminent man sees how it may be related to leon but cannot see how it can be an adaptation of laish. Not knowing the Mohawk language he failed to realize that there are two distinct but closely related languages in Aryan, the two sounds of the letter A. On is one sound; Ish is the second sound.

In pure Aryan Lion is On or Aron. In the L language, it is Elon, Leon or Lion.

"What is the Mohawk word for Lion," we asked the Chief one day.

He meditated long and then said, "Genrex"; and there is something very strange about that word, and about the animal too."

"What is it Chief?" we asked. But he did not reply.

A year later, together we analyzed the word and found its meaning. Genrex is 'The Son of the King' or 'The Son of the Sun'. Those acquainted with Egyptian history know the meaning and full significance of this term--The Royal Family of Aryans, The King and War Lord of the Aryans.

It was also partly through the Wea, Wehwew--Goose, found constantly in the Brant Indian names that we were able to trace the ancestry of Joseph Brant, and it is a most significant fact that the Goose is found with the 'Son of the Sun' in the carvings of Egypt.

The Lion is the King and War Lord of the Aryans.

Unicorn---A fabled animal, a horse with divided hoof,

## MY KNIGHT.

He is dark and he is tall,  
He has heard the battle call  
Abroad he rides in armor white  
Beneath his cloak of red samite.  
His sword is shining by his side,  
His eye is bright in knighthood pride.  
Down from his helmet and his plume  
A Dragon gleams amid the gloom,  
And from his blazoned baldric slung  
A bugle rich in rubies hung.  
Within his belt in silver beam  
His own sweet grail I weave for him,  
And ever when his sword he whirls  
He wears my crimson sleeve of pearls.  
Brightly jewelled shines his saddle leather,  
A flame in silver set his bridle feather.  
In battle his cross-hilted sword he wields  
And on his noble breast in burnished shield  
Beneath a lion rampant in a field  
A red knight to his lady ever kneels.  
Red are the veins of my Red Knight,  
White is his steed, a great White Light.  
His veins they die the red earth redder still--  
That he may kiss my lips and work my will,  
And where his lips have pressed I feel  
A heaven-born joy has set its seal.  
I gently breathe on him my sweet soul song  
He rides abroad redressing human wrong.  
From him his country grace and honor drew  
To see him proved so noble and so true.  
I live in him, my joy, my pride,  
I am his Lady and his Bride.  
On his breast I rest through life's dark night,  
Heart of my heart, my own Red Knight!.



goat's beard and one horn.

There is a living principle in life--Man and Woman .The same living principle is the tap root and life blood of the Iroquois language, The Unicorn evidently had its origin in India. The sun's rays are the Hari, in the Ish language the Hor-ish-ah or Horses of the Sun, The Aryan Men.

The Horse has a divided or cow's hoof. The Cow is the Aryan Queen. The Aryans are the Mountain People. The Goat is the Mountain Queen.

The Unicorn has one horn. When a Chief is dying, the women of his family remove his horns and place them by the wall where they remain until a new Chief is raised up.

Sir Wm. Johnson received the name of Joseph Brant's grandfather, the King of the Mohawks. The Chief interprets this name as, 'God or King and Man in one person. He also explains that the founder of their Constitution is two people or two horns in one---Youn-heh-karon, Onah-karon, Unicorn, King and Man, or Lord and War Lord in one.

#### THE WILD WHITE HORSE.

In the Vedas there are two Goddesses of Speech, Vack and Vash, the Wah-ack and Wah-ash, The Great A.

'A' has two sounds, the A, On, Ek, Ik, Ak, Oak sound and the Esh, Ish or Ash sound.

The sun's rays are the Hari, in the Ish language the Hor-ish-ah, The Horses of the Sun, The Aryan Men, The Wild White Horse or Man upon whom St. George, The Red Prince of the Sunlight and the Soil, is mounted---St. George, The Knight of the Holy Grail slaying the Dragon!

#### THE DRAGON ON ROYAL CROWNS AND ON THE MYSTIC SHIP OF KING ARTHUR.

In explaining the history of their Constitution, the Chief said, regarding Dekawaneida, 'He was not a real man; he was a Daemon with snakes coming out from his hair'.

Daemon is a corrupted form of Te-onnie, the War Lord. Devil is the Teh-wah-L, the Great L-ah or L-on War Lord.

From the early Greek and Persian writers we learn that there was the Big and the Little Serpent, the Ish and the Ee-L

Joseph Brant was Teh-ish-onnie, the Big Serpent, and Tecumseh's elder brother, the Prophet, the 'Cut-throat' was the L-ah, the Little Serpent.

The Teh-ra-gon or D-ra-gon is the War Lord Nature of King and Man.

### MY LOVE.

He lies in a land far away,  
Down by the river Rhone,  
I weep o'er his pillow,  
He sleeps there alone.  
Alone, did I say, no, no,  
He lies within sound of the foe  
Down in the cold, cold snow  
In the land where the lilies grow.  
Born where the North winds blow,  
His lips will kiss the cold, cold snow  
Down in the land where the lilies grow,  
In the grave where my love lies low,  
While I weep here alone,  
Far, far from the River Rhone.

His grave will grow green far away,  
Down by the River Rhone.  
Daisies lie on his pillow,  
He sleeps there alone.  
Alone, did I say, no, no,  
The moon will weep tears o'er the snow,  
The lilies will droop down below,  
The rivers will moan as they flow,  
O'er his grave the South winds will blow,  
And the sea and the stars will carry my woe,  
Down to the land where the lilies grow,  
To the grave where my love lies low,  
While I weep here alone,  
Far, far, from the River Rhone.

### BELGÆ.

Oh Belgae, the saints weep over thee  
In thy lost virginity!  
Thy wrongs to thee must be  
Blood-red and deep as a flame-lit sea.  
I shall not sleep  
I shall not cease to weep  
Until thy wrong a human wrong shall be  
A crystal river flowing to the sea.  
Oh Belgae, the saints shall join with you and me  
To redeem thy lost virginity!.



### THE VOICE.

All glory and song beyond the deep blue,  
The day-gleam of God as the sun came through,  
The glow of the star, the green of the tree,  
The dawn of the day, the blue of the sea,  
The voice on the wind, the bird on the wing,  
All hail to earth the coming of the King.

The red soil of war, the storm tossed sea,  
Tempest and rain cloud, the wind vexed tree,  
The cry from the dark, the call from the deep.  
The lone hush of death, the heart string's sad weep,  
The toil worn soul who sees but the gray sod,  
The Voice of man in his still cry to God!

The roll of the ocean, the Echo of time,  
All glory, all song of the infinite mind,  
The Soil and the Toil--the great soul's glad part,  
All love, all prayer of the sweet human heart,  
All life, all joy since the green earth began,  
The Voice of God in His Own Image Man!

### TWO VOICES.

A path leads where the crimson maples glow,  
The stilly mountain sides are green and fair,  
The waters ripple to the glen below,  
I pause and listen to the voices there.

The mountain peaks are crowned with wintry snow,  
The crimson clouds float through the upper air,  
The snow peaks gleam rose-red in heaven's bright glow,  
I mount and listen to the silence there.



## REQUIEM.

Swing low, sweet moon, swing low thy lantern light  
O'er battle field,  
And garner in the lonely harvest of the night  
On crimson shield.

Weep for the dead, dear moon, I cannot weep.  
Pray for their souls.  
Bend low and take the children of the deep  
Within thy fold.

'Neath thy pale light in shroud of snow they rest,  
In armor white.  
Awake dear earth and take within thy breast  
Thine own Red Knight.

Sing to them softly, a tender song of life  
A sweet sad song  
Winds of the south, that they forget a'! strife  
All woe and wrong.

Fold warm in winding sheet and o'er them wave  
Sweet flag of France,  
Thy lilies fair, will grow green o'er their grave  
Red grave of the lance.

Flow gently sweet Rhone, bear them with light caress  
On to the sea.  
If you are tender they will miss love less  
Where'er they be.

Dear God above, come down and take them where  
There is no woe.  
Dear God of love, we leave them to thy care  
Thy will we do not know.

THE KING IS DEAD! LONG LIVE THE KING!

The Great King cried,

"I perish by the people whom I made. . . I cannot  
last till morn."

And his brave Knight bore him to,

"The level lake

And the long glories of the winter moon."

Where lay a barge; and the three Queens black stoled,  
black hooded, with golden crowns received him; and  
there rose,

'A cry that shivered to the tingling stars,

And, as it were one voice, an agony

Of lamentation like a wind that shrills

All night in a waste land, where no one comes

Or hath come since the making of the world.'

The barge moved off. . . and Bedivere wailed

'And now the whole Round Table is dissolved,

Which was an image of the mighty world'.

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge,

'The old order changeth, yielding place to the new . . .

I go to the island-valley of Avilion,

And when I have healed me of my grievous wound

I shall come again. . . Pray for my soul. More things

are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of'.

And on the mere the wailing died away.

'Then from the dawn it seemed there came, but faint

As from beyond the limits of the world,

Like the echo born of a great cry,

Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice

Around a King returning from his wars'.

And the brave Knight climbed to the highest crag, and

straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand saw, or

thought he saw, the speck that bare the King, pass on

and on and vanish into Light.

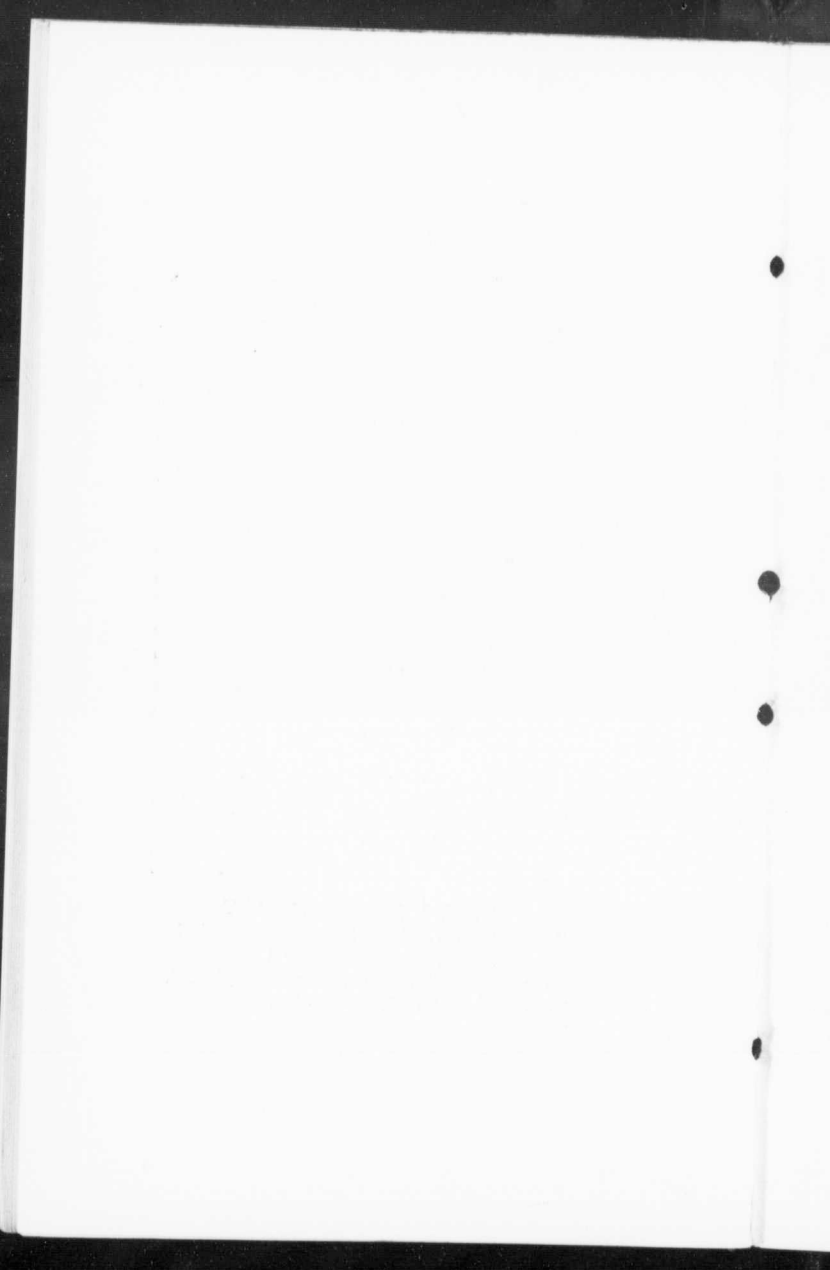
And the New Sun rose bringing in the New Year.





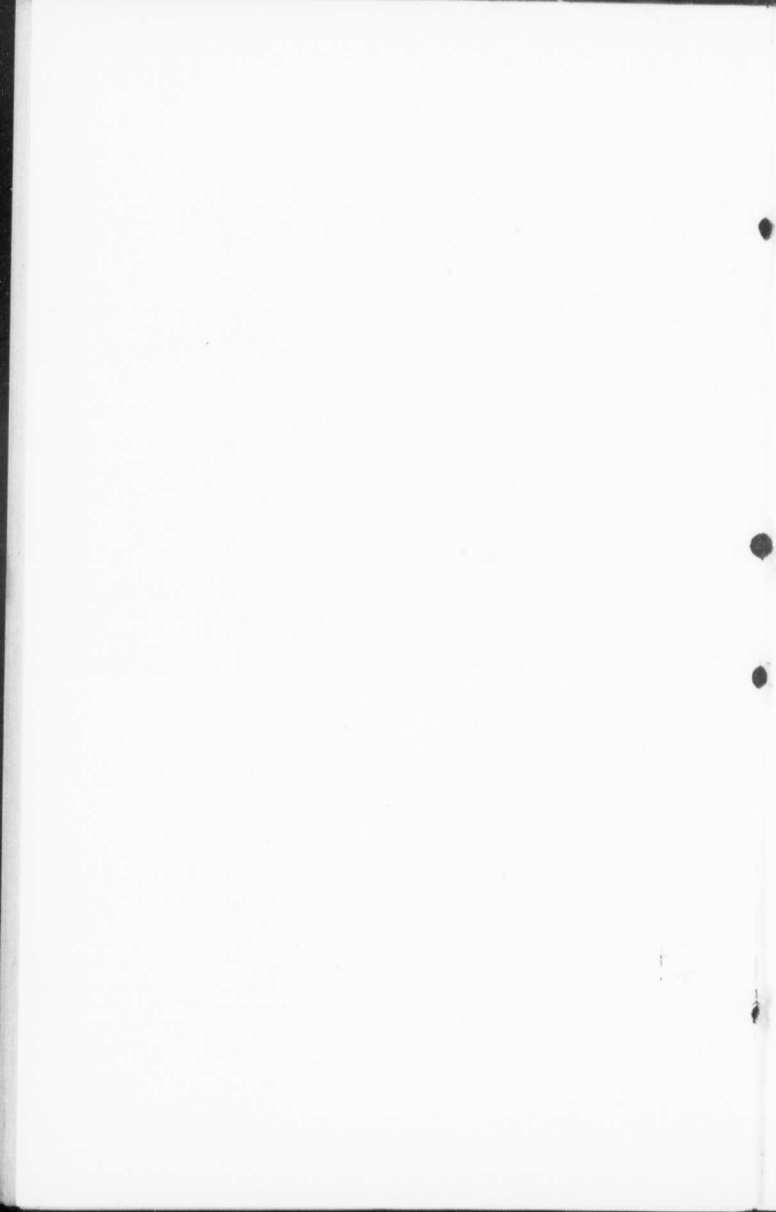
LIEUT. CAMERON D. BRANT

Red Prince of the Forest! Keeper of the Fire!  
The loyal son of a noble grandsire!  
Thou wert the first to hear thy country's call,  
In the thin red line the first to fall.  
True to the King the War Lord died, so true and free,  
Fighting for his country the warrior fell at Ypres,  
By the old Mohawk the Chieftain lies beneath the Pine,  
His noble son sleeps within sound of the River Rhine.





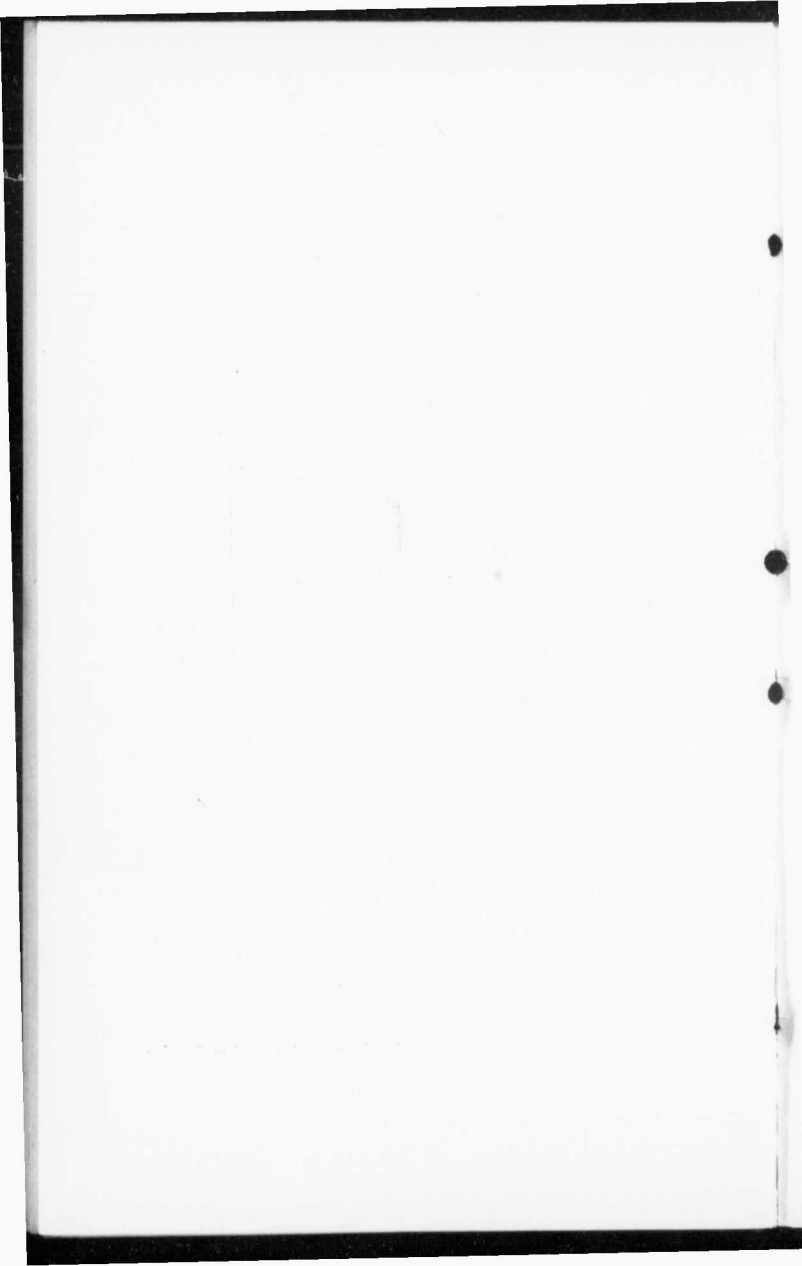
Seventeen descendants of Joseph Brant at the front or enlisted for overseas service in the present war. Warriors Crane, Isaacs, Monture, Porter, John, Lottridge Crane, Styres, Porter, Powless, Porter, Monture, Brant, Isaacs, Powless, Monture, Crane. Killed in action-Brant! Wounded-Styres, Monture, Cranel.





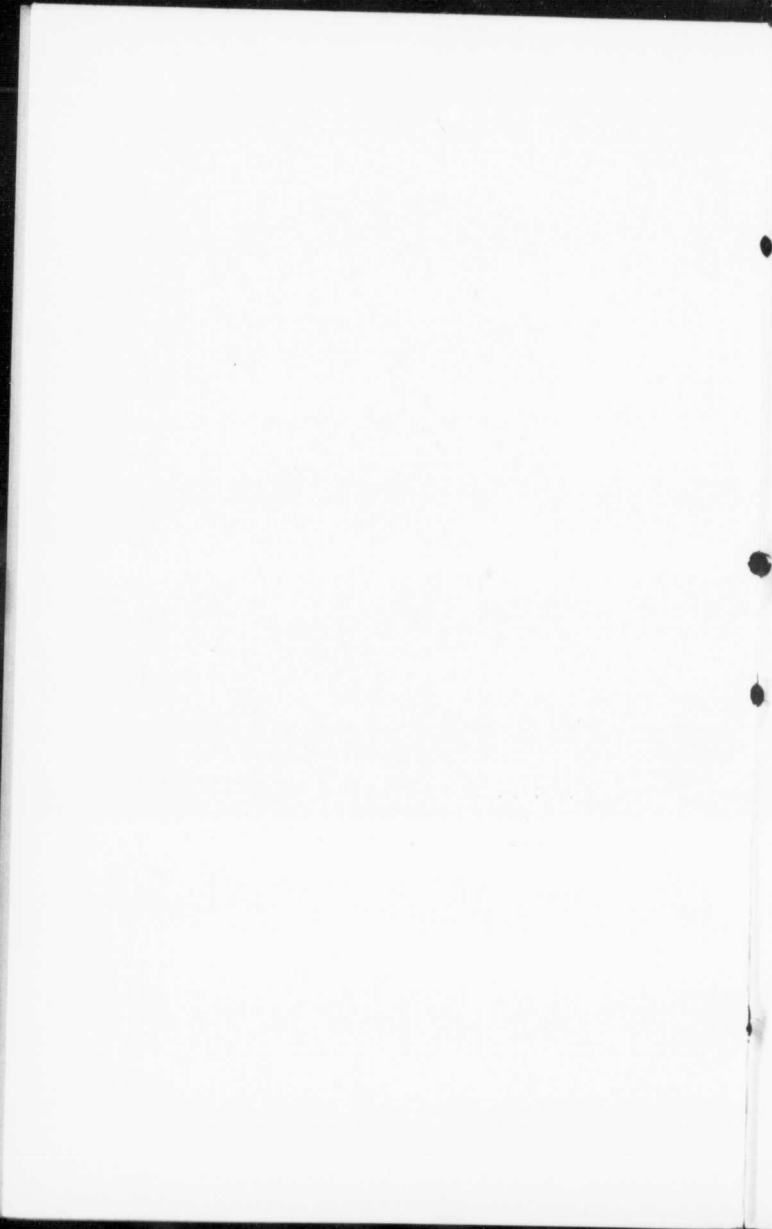
The Crests of the 125th. and 215th., and the design for the Iroquois flag. Photographs of all the Colors were not Separate colored illustrations will be issued histori the proper time comes.





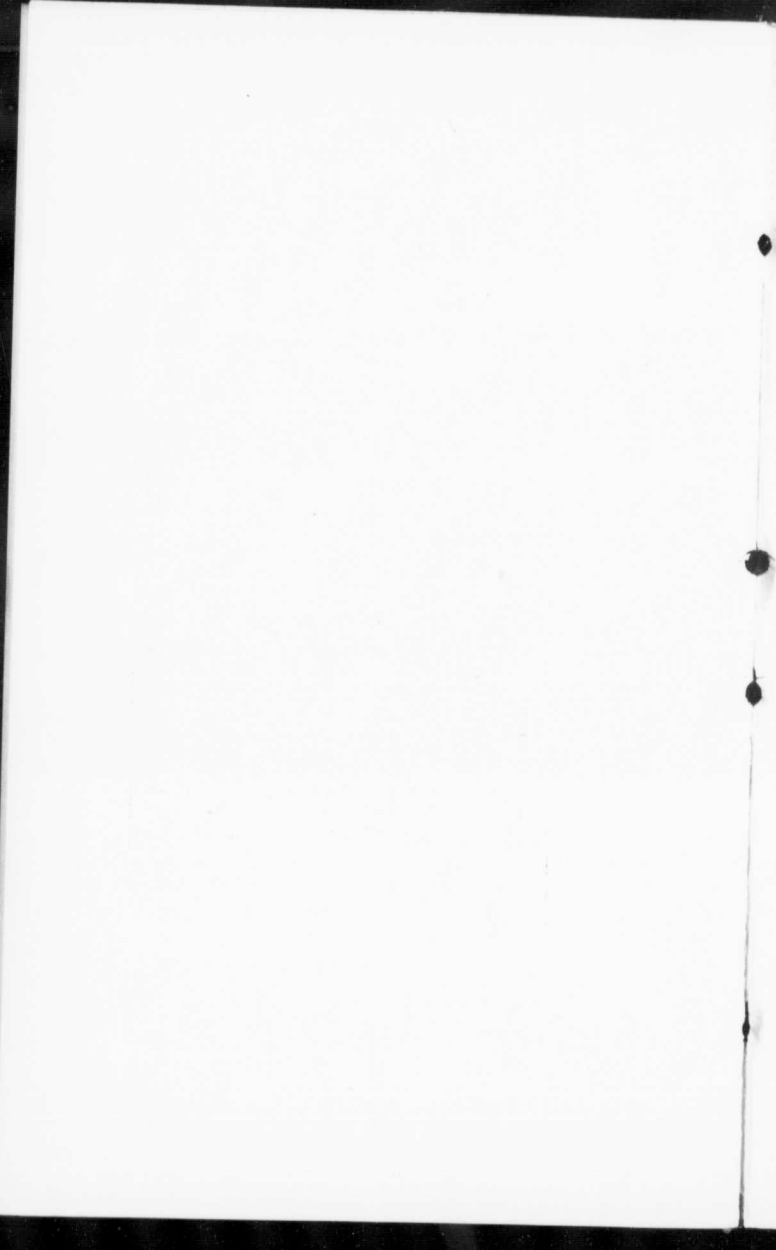


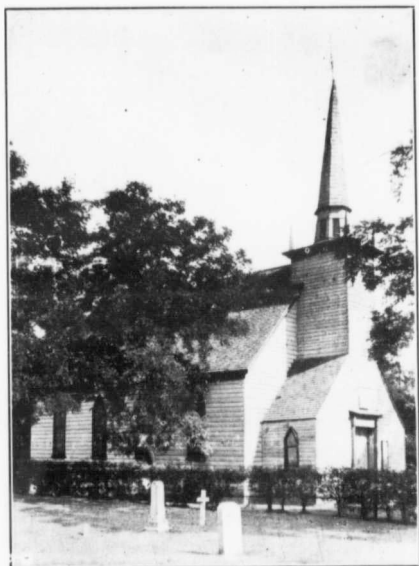
PRESENTED BY KING GEO. III. TO THE MOHAWK CHURCH.  
THE OLDEST COAT-OF-ARMS IN CANADA.  
Photographed and reproduced for the first time.





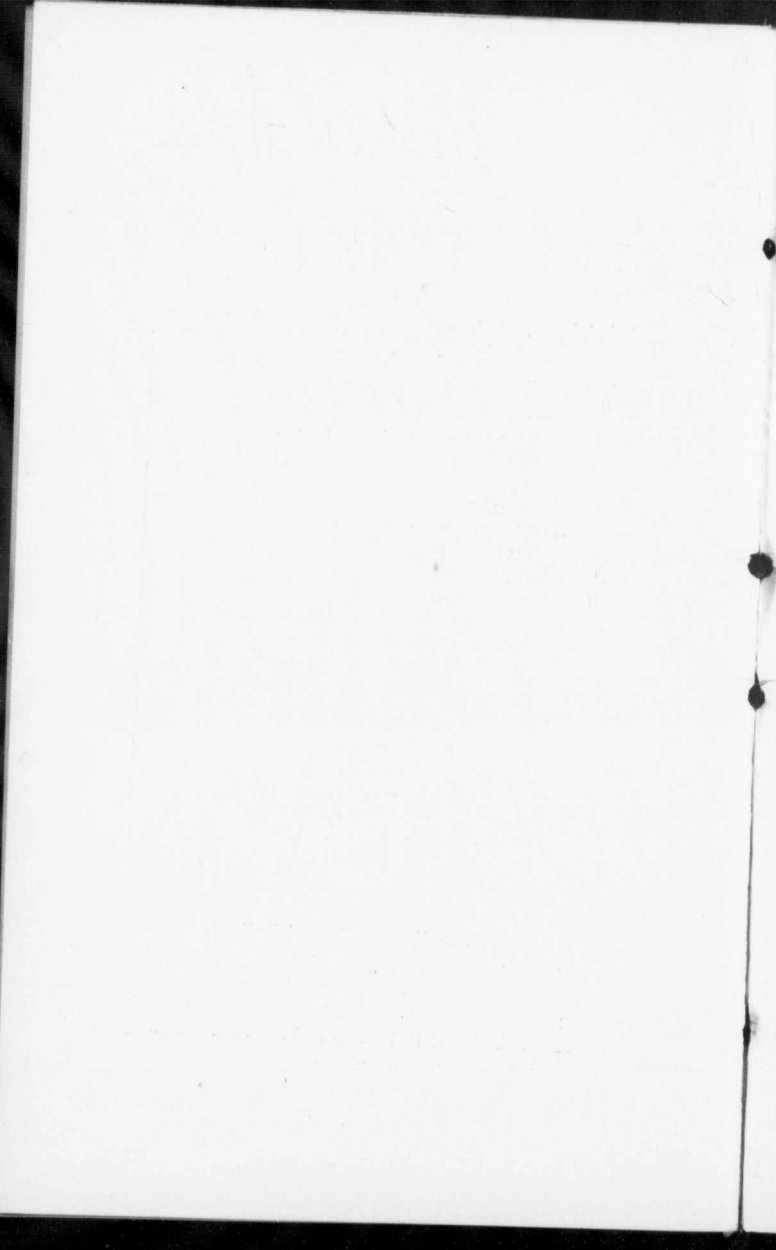
THE BIBLE PRESENTED BY QUEEN ANNE TO THE MOHAWK  
CHURCH IN THE MOHAWK VALLEY.  
Photographed and reproduced for the first time.  
On the cover is inscribed 'For Her Majesty's Church of the  
Mohawks 1712'.





THE MOHAWK CHURCH.

Mohawk and Saxon! Lords where the green earth reigns!  
If Valor be God one blood flows in thy veins.  
Red Kings of the forest! Knights since the world began!  
Mohawk and Saxon! The Voice of God in His Image Man!



## THE RED PRINCES OF THE SUNLIGHT AND THE SOIL.

Here a truth is told--:

Where a Red Prince is found, whether it be the first Prince of Aeriah, Argon of Accad, Urukk of the Chaldean tablets, Raon of darkest Egypt, Indra of India, Jared and Mered of Lydia and the Red Sea, Ardon of Persia, Helen's lover of Troy, Robert of Normandy, Llewellyn of Wales, Red Etin of Ireland, Prince Arthur and St. George of England, Aeria of the Red Man's World--The New World, whether it be these or whether it be Rudeger and Seigfried of the Middle Ages and the Norse world, where He be found--He, the Red Prince, there will be found the noble red blood of King and Knighthood, The Royal Blood of On, of Aeriah, of Aeri-on. . . For--,

Little need to speak of Lancelot in his glory!  
King, duke, earl, count, baron--whom he smote, he  
Overthrew. . . For Lancelot, is Lancelot, and hath overborne  
Five knights at once, and every younger knight  
Unproven, holds himself as Lancelot. . .  
Lancelot, my Lancelot,  
Many a time I have watched thee at the tilt  
Strike down the lusty and long practised knight,  
And let the younger and unskilled go by  
To win his honor and to make his name.  
And loved thy courtesies and thee, a man  
Made to be loved.

---

### TO THE TRENCHES.

No crown of glory waits for you  
In this dark world of sin.  
A name and fame are for the few  
Though you should win.  
The better part, a noble heart  
Waits you the brave and true,  
Your glory lies within.

### FROM THE TRENCHES.

We want no name, we seek no fame,  
Our country called  
And to our King we came,  
We only care to know  
We have relieved a woe.  
This shall be our song  
We have redressed a human wrong.  
We only want to live and work and sing  
This is a world where King and Man are King.



## THE 114TH. "BROCK'S RANGERS."

Written for Publication.

Among subsidiary titles which have been granted to various overseas units there are many important and historically interesting, but none, we venture to think, more so than that recently approved for the 114th. Haldimand Battalion, viz, 'Brock's Rangers'.

This unit which is rapidly approaching full strength, is being recruited in Haldimand County and from the Six Nation Indian Reserves. When completed it is expected that the Indians and white men will number about the same.

Haldimand is one of the Niagara Peninsula group of counties, a peninsula dotted with the battle grounds of the war of 1812, a little plot of British ground made famous by Lundy's Lane, Queenston Heights, Beaver Dams, Chippawa and a dozen other minor but no less historic battles.

In nearly all of these the Six Nation Indians of that day did yeoman service for Canada, and at Queenston Heights where the heroic Brock fell, in the hour of victory their contingent contributed notably to the crushing defeat inflicted on the enemy.

The word 'Rangers' is a stirring military title of that and earlier times, in Canadian History. Lady Edgar in her life of Brock, a charming book of the 'Makers of Canada' series, tells us that it was Major Rogers with his Rangers who took over Fort Detroit from the French full fifty years before the war of 1812. Then there was that celebrated corps 'Butler's Rangers', and later in our own time, the 12th. Battalion of the County of York, has borne the name York Rangers.

To couple this fine old name with that of Brock and then to give it to the corps being formed by the very men whose ancestors fought by his side (many of the white men too trace back to such honorable forbears, the commanding officer among the number) is a peculiarly happy combination, and one which is giving the greatest possible pleasure to the men of the 114th.

By such means as these is an esprit de corps speedily developed. Men try to live up to noble traditions, and the example of the patriot Brock inspires to this day, more than a hundred years after he made his supreme offering to his country and his King.

It is an interesting fact that the ancestors of Major Cowles, third in command of the corps, were relatives of the brave Sir Isaac Brock.

## THE IROQUOIS COLORS.

The Iroquois colors are crimson and black.

A request was made by Lieut.-Col. Thompson that the device for the flag should comprise totems of the Iroquois.

The origin of totemism has been explained elsewhere.

The totems chosen are---: Bear, Turtle, Wolf, Heron, Hawk and Hare, and for the Crest the Lion and Dragon backed by the rising sun.

The Iroquois colors are crimson and black. The colors are carried out in a crimson flag, with the Six Nation Seal or Coat-of-Arms in the centre, a black war shield. The sun is their War Lord and shield. The shield is round.

The Iroquois are the Great Tree People. The wreath is composed of the Oak and Acorn of England, the Maple of Canada and the Pine of the Iroquois. The significance of these is explained under 'Tree'.

The wreath contains the shield which is supported by the Hawk and Heron and encircled by the words, 'Six Nation Indians of the 114th Batt'. On the shield is the Bear an emblem common to the tribes of the Six Nations. The Bear is the food or life of the Red Men and therefore identical with the Iroquois Man.

The Bear stands on, 'Two pieces of wood tied tightly together' --Joseph Brant's name--On and Teh-on, Lord and War Lord. The wood is the Oak and Pine. These are tied with the silver covenant chain which binds the Iroquois and Anglo Saxon.

Beneath these are six arrows typical of the Six Nations.

The Hawk which supports the shield takes us back to the beginning of Time---the first Voice. Those acquainted with Egyptian history are aware that On, the City of the Sun is replete with symbolic carvings of the Eagle and the Hawk, the letter A, the radical of language, the Lord and War Lord of men. In Indian history the Eagle ever sits on the top of the Great Tree and warns the Nation of danger. The Chief wears one feather---an eagle's feather. The Eagle is the War Lord of the L-ah, L-on, Algonquin race of men. The Eagle clan is seldom found among the Six Nations. The Hawk a member of this family is a titled clan. It was chosen as more appropriate at the present time.

The water birds met the Sky-woman, carried her gently down and the babe was born. Some assert that it was the

heron that led the birds, others that it was the loon.... The heron, loon, swan, stork and ibis, the sacred bird of Egypt, are all associated with Motherhood and the White Light that is in the Red Man's life. The snowy heron which belongs to the stork and ibis family was chosen.

The earth rests upon a Turtle. The wreath and shield rest upon a Turtle. The supporters of these are the Hare and Wolf.

When the monks first came to America they met here two races of men who called themselves the Hares and Al-ah's, 'Whatever that may mean' writes one of the early Fathers. The Hares are the Iroquois, the L-ah's the Algonquins. The Hare is an Algonquin god.

Wolf! The Sacrifice of the White Dog is the same as the Sacrifice in all religions. It means that the Teh-onah or War Lord must bleed to redeem the Word. The wolf is the War Lord.

The Crest---The Lion and Dragon backed by the rising sun!. These have been explained elsewhere. The Iroquois are the Sun Worshipers, The Keepers of the Fire. The Lion is the Son of the Sun, The King and War Lord of the Aryan race of men. It is significant that the Lion on the Persian Coat-of-Arms is backed by the rising sun. History records the fact that the Erie tribe was a royal line. They were the Cats, Khats or Karons, King of the Aryans. The Tecumseh family were the Panthers or Pi-Aryans, Pi being the Egyptian article for Man. The Cat and the Panther belong to the Lion family. When the maiden went to woo the King of heaven with corn bread, each day she was tempted by men in the form of animals, but she looked away and passed on. The last man to tempt her was the Great, Great Man of all---The Lion.

The Dragon is the War Lord nature of man.

On the flag pole is the carved head and bust of Joseph Brant, in mahogany, from the picture sent by His Grace, The Duke of Northumberland for the Indian history.



