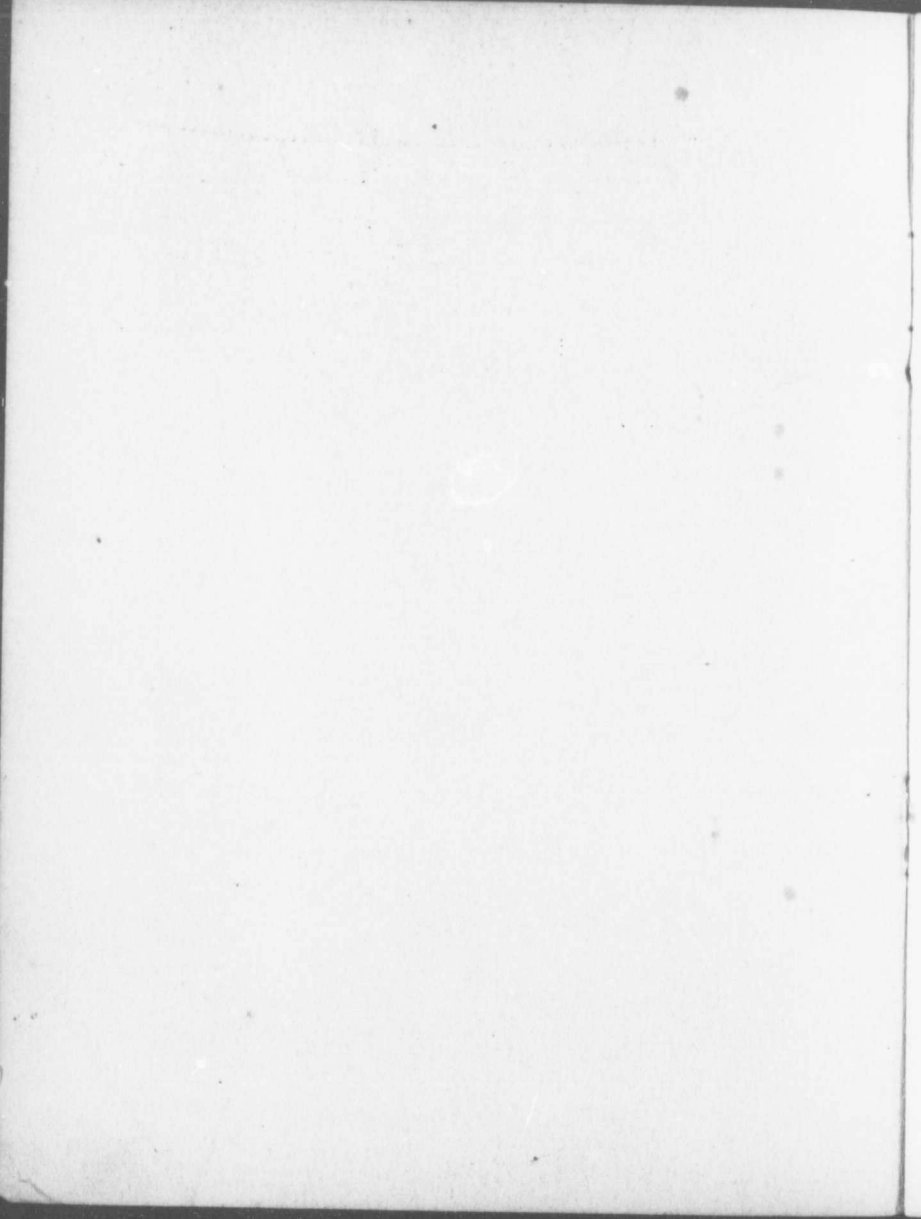


SPAM
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*Xmas
Greetings to
The Allies*

HEROES OF
1914







CZAR OF RUSSIA

KING GEORGE OF ENGLAND



THE KING OF THE BELGIANS

Horatius at the Bridge

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
"Death cometh soon or late.
"And how can man die better
"Than facing fearful odds,
"For the ashes of his fathers
"And the temples of his Gods?"

—*Thomas Babington-Macaulay*



Lord Kitchener

Heroes of 1914

The Tyrant loosed the dogs of war,
He broke his faith and nation's law;
"Lo! Belgium blocks the way," he cried,
"Shall I, the War Lord, be denied?"

"Give me the right of way, I claim,
"Or die, for treaties I disdain,
"By right of might I claim the earth,
" 'Twas my inheritance at birth."

Then gallant Belgium raised her head,
"Death comes to man but once," she said,
"E'en if my countrymen must bleed,
"From honour's claims I'll not recede."

The tyrant raged, but raged in vain,
Then drew his sword; fast fell the slain;
"I'll crush your stubborn will," he said,
But Belgium challenged Death instead.



General French

Death heard her call—gave the alarm,
And all the nations flew—to arm;
Earth trembled at the tyrant's nod,
Who thought to rank himself with God.

The cannons roared, the guns replied,
Brave Belgians fell, like men they died,
Into the very jaws of Hell
They looked, nor faltered ere they fell.

Their blood cries reeking from the sod,
"Shall one man claim the power of God?"
A voice replied, "'Tis but a day,
"Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

The tyrant nods and thousands fall,
Earth drinks in blood, her tears are gall,
The orphan's wail, the widows call
On God, the Maker of us all.

The moon beholds a gruesome sight,
O'er hosts of slain she sheds her light,
The Earth groans, burdened with the dead,
Mere shells, from which the souls have fled.

Though earth returns to earth, and dust
Is all that mortals see, yet must
The tyrant reap what he has sown,
And Hell shall one day claim her own.

From Life to Death, from Death to Life,
In sorrow born, to toil and strife,
What though man's flesh must pass away,
The spirit cannot turn to clay.

Where'er the Marsellaise is raised,
Or "Britannia Rules the Waves" is blazed,
Whenever gallant deeds are crowned,
The praise of Belgium shall resound.

—By E. V. M.

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