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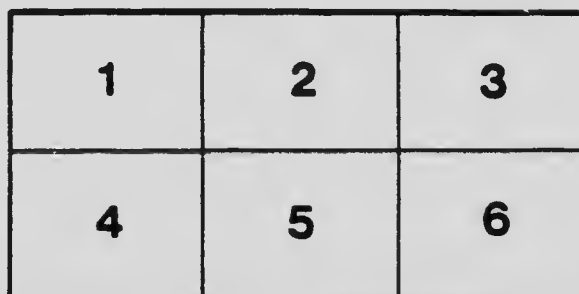
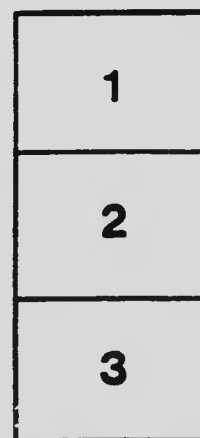
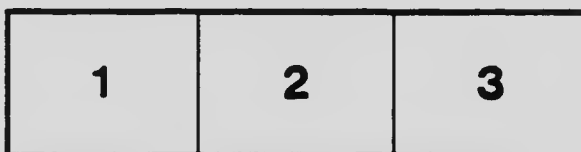
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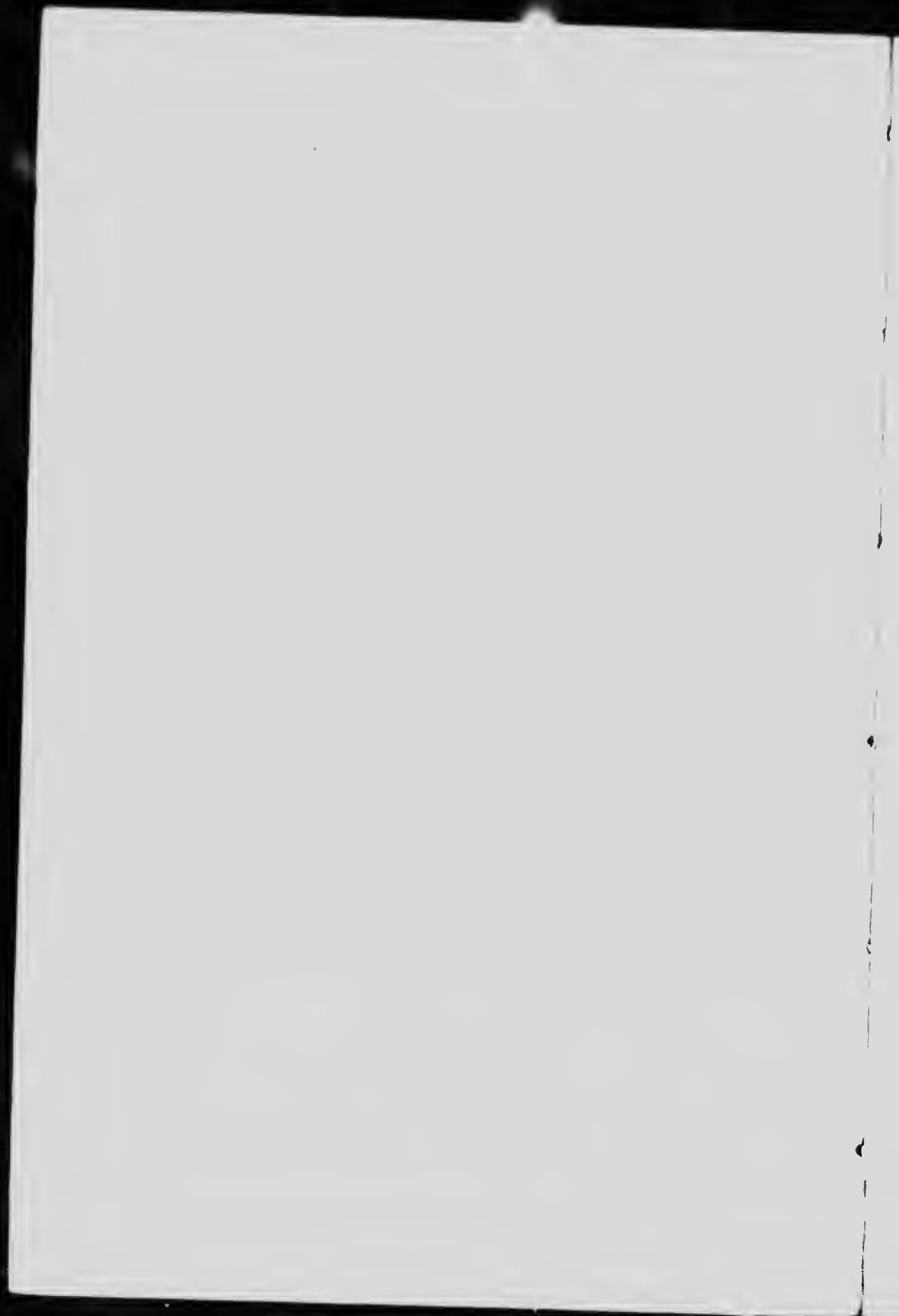
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THE GREAT WAR IN VERSE AND PROSE

Selected and Edited by
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With an Introduction by
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The selections contained in this book make up a sequence which records the history of the Great War from the stirring days of August, 1914, to the opening of the Peace Conference in January, 1919. These selections of verse and prose are arranged, not necessarily in chronological order, but still with a view to indicate approximately the historic succession of great events and the varying moods of those authors and speakers who have been the voices of the allied nations during the fifty-two months of warfare.

Although this anthology has been prepared for the use of schools, the plan of selection and arrangement has made it impracticable to grade the poems and extracts to suit the capacities of pupils of different ages. The judgment of the teacher must determine what is suitable for one grade and what for another. Many of the poems and some of the prose extracts will be found too difficult for young pupils.

Due acknowledgments have been made throughout the book to the authors and publishers who have generously made it possible to bring together so valuable a collection of the literature of the War. The meed of gratitude due to all the writers represented here can never be adequately paid. Special mention is made of Nizam Jung, Native Judge of the High Court of Hyderabad, who has given expression to the wonderful loyalty of the races of teeming India, which have poured out treasure and blood without stint in defence of their Emperor-King.

A sufficient number of copies of this book should be in all school libraries; and it is suggested that the poems and prose extracts should be used in the reading classes, as often as is expedient, instead of the authorized Readers.



INTRODUCTION

The boys and girls of this generation have had the opportunity and responsibility of living through great times. In days to come they will look back with a feeling akin to awe on the hours when, in Sir Owen Seaman's words, they "saw the Powers of Darkness put to flight" and "saw the morning break". The future of our country will be determined by the youth of to-day. Problems of the greatest complexity and perplexity await solution, and can be solved only by honesty, intelligence, sympathy, breadth of outlook, sacrificial service, and the fear of God. The teachers and pupils now in our schools are in the midst of a great crisis, and will need greatness of soul that they may rightly face it. That they will respond nobly to the challenge of the age, I have not the shadow of a doubt.

Never was there a more timely occasion for the teaching of an ardent and enlightened patriotism. Those who understand the issues at stake in the Great War, the genius of the world-wide British Commonwealth, the national consciousness of our own fair Canada, the lessons taught us by the mighty struggle, will be well-instructed citizens of this Dominion, equipped by knowledge and by spirit to serve their country, their Empire, and the world.

The selections of Verse and Prose in this book set forth the varying and successive phases of the War, and seek to remind, to inform, and to inspire. The teachers will use them as vehicles of moral and patriotic instruction. The pupils will keep them forever in their hearts and minds. Surely if we wish to introduce any good element into the life of a nation, it can best be introduced through its schools and colleges.

It is well to recall the issues that have been decided; for in no struggle have greater hung in the balance. The crime perpetrated against the Belgians, aggravated by its accompanying treachery and brutality and immediately followed by unparalleled sanguinary atrocity, revealed as by a lurid flash the nature and the greatness of the menace to which Christian civilization was exposed. Prussian militarism, in this belated, almost incredible but all too terrible, outbreak of Pagan barbarism, threatened to overthrow all the best elements in international life.

(1) The very idea of a Commonwealth of Europe, the growing sense of solidarity, the recognition of general interests, the existence of international institutions such as the Hague Tribunal—were seen to be doomed, if Germany should come forth a victor.

(2) The law of international good faith,—the absolutely indispensable foundation for any international fabric,—would be abolished, if a single criminal state could defy it with impunity, and could profitably disregard treaties, oaths, Geneva Conventions, Hague Declarations, if these interfered with its own selfish advantage.

(3) The fate of the smaller States of Europe, with their own special contributions to civilization, would be sealed, if the arrogant *Kultur* of Germany were forced upon a subjugated world.

(4) The principle of nationality, vital to a stable and organic modern state, would be crushed or remain as a source of constant unrest in Austro-Hungary, in the Balkan Peninsula, and in other disturbed parts of Europe.

(5) Democracy, with all it implies of self-government, freedom from external compulsion, peaceful development, and civic progress, was recognized as having come to deathgrips with its ancient foe—militaristic autocracy.

(6) The future development of all the Free States of the world, the Entente Powers and the neutrals, was threatened by the German blow for world-power. The very existence of the British Empire as a free, prosperous, and progressive commonwealth, was imperilled. The freedom of our own Dominion was assailed.

(7) Behind all political and material interests, profound moral issues were at stake. The struggle was against the "armed doctrine,"—that diabolical perversion of all sound political thinking,—that the essence of the State is might, that the State is above all moral restraints, that war is its normal and noblest activity, and that war may be waged with pitiless ferocity and scientific frightfulness.

All the forces that opposed freedom, self-government, and progress gathered around the despotisms of

Central Europe. In 1914 they made their bid for world dominion. Never before had so much been at stake; perhaps never again will such issues be put to the test. Thank God, the judgment has been given; the righteous government of the world has been vindicated; Right has triumphed over Might.

Gradually the real nature of the struggle was recognized by the free peoples of the world. Their sons felt they were summoned to a new crusade. They went forth as champions of democracy against autocracy, of freedom against tyranny, of mercy against ruthlessness, of justice against iniquity, of decency against shamefulness, of good faith against perfidy, of Right against Might, of peace against war, of humane and Christian civilization against savage and pagan barbarism. All the world was presently forced to give a moral and political judgment on the issues.

Our own glorious British Empire, with its traditions of justice, honour, and liberty, soon became the soul and centre of the Allied resistance. By her Fleet, by her Armies, by her aircraft, by her financing, by her supplies, by her indomitable spirit—she endured and smote the foe. We pay grateful tribute to the achievements of all our Allies in the common cause; but we do not forget Britain's mighty burden.

Among the British Armies, no troops have won higher distinction than the Canadian Corps, under their great leader, Sir Arthur Currie. They were ranked among the most formidable fighting units on the Western Front, and as an offensive spear-head of shock

troops they were unsurpassed. They fought in almost every critical engagement of the War. They "saved the day" at the second Battle of Ypres, in face of the hideous emission of poison gas; they fought in the long-drawn agony of the Somme; they won Vimy Ridge, Hill 70, and Passchendaele in 1917; they were in the thickest of the battle in the last "hundred days", as they fought triumphantly at Amiens, Arras, Cambrai, Valenciennes, and Mons. The last blow struck before the Armistice was signed, was struck by the Canadians, who entered Mons early on the morning of the eleventh of November. The course of the war for the British Armies on the Western Front was *from Mons*, where the "Old Contemptibles" were flung into the furnace of the fight in August, 1914, *to Mons*, won by our men from overseas in November, 1918. It was "a long, long way", a way stained by blood and sweat, but at last the grim journey ended. Canada has made a worthy contribution to world-freedom and world-brotherhood.

Canada is dearer to us than ever, because it has been purchased anew at a great cost of precious blood. Those who have fallen are worthy of everlasting remembrance. They will be commemorated by public monuments, by tablets of bronze, or brass or marble in public buildings, by "storied windows richly dight". They deserve this. But, before God, they deserve at our hands a better monument—even the monument of a purer, nobler Canada, more intelligent, more united, more sober, more kindly, more God-fearing. Dying for

Canada, they have recreated Canada. Let us be worthy of those whose deaths have kept us free.

Through the experiences of these recent years, we have learned the possibilities of heroism latent in every man. We need not hesitate to make high demands on our citizens for worthy ends. We have regained a right sense of the relative value of things, and we know that the first things are those which are ideal, spiritual, eternal. We know that persons are of infinitely more value than things; that the development and enrichment of personality mark the only true advance in civilization; and that the basis of national progress is the health, efficiency, and spiritual well-being of the people. We have realized the power of organized effort. We shall not forget the bonds of sympathy which common sorrows have created. We have gained a wider outlook on the world and a truer conception of the meaning of Empire. We understand more clearly the national problems that lie before us in this new era. A better Canada will not come of itself. It must be planned for and striven for. But it will come, if there is kindled in the souls of our citizens the same flame of sacrifice and service which burned so brightly in the hearts of Canada's citizen-soldiers of the Great War.

H. J. CODY

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION,
TORONTO, APRIL 4, 1919

THE GREAT WAR IN VERSE
AND PROSE

"FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE"

For all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and meet the war.
The Hun is at the gate!
Our world has passed away
In wantonness o'erthrown.
There is nothing left to-day
But steel and fire and stone.

Though all we knew depart,
The old commandments stand:
"In courage keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand."

Once more we hear the word
That sickened earth of old:
"No law except the sword
Unsheathed and uncontrolled,"
Once more it knits mankind,
Once more the nations go
To meet and break and bind
A crazed and driven foe.

THE GREAT WAR IN VERSE AND PROSE

Comfort, content, delight—
The ages' slow-bought gain—
They shrivelled in a night.
Only ourselves remain
To face the naked days
In silent fortitude,
Through perils and dismays
Renewed and re-renewed.

Though all we made depart,
The old commandments stand:
"In patience keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand."

No easy hopes or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will, and soul.
There is but one task for all—
For each one life to give.
Who stands if freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

RUDYARD KIPLING
By permission of the Author

LORD KITCHENER'S INSTRUCTIONS TO THE
BRITISH SOLDIER*(August, 1914)*

You are ordered abroad as a soldier of the King to help our French comrades against the invasion of a common enemy. You have to perform a task which will need your courage, your energy, your patience. Remember that the honour of the British Army depends on your individual conduct.

It will be your duty, not only to set an example of discipline and perfect steadiness under fire, but also to maintain the most friendly relations with those whom you are helping in this struggle. The operations in which you are engaged will, for the most part, take place in a friendly country, and you can do your own country no better service than in showing yourself in France and Belgium in the true character of a British soldier.

Be invariably courteous, considerate, and kind. Never do anything likely to injure or destroy property, and always look upon looting as a disgraceful act. You are sure to meet with a welcome and to be trusted; your conduct must justify that welcome and that trust.

Your duty cannot be done unless your health is sound. So keep constantly on your guard against any excesses. In this new experience you may find temptations both in wine and women. You must entirely resist both temptations, and, while treating all women with perfect courtesy, you should avoid any intimacy.

Do your duty bravely. Fear God. Honour the King.

KITCHENER, *Field-Marshal*

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 or 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 consecrate.
 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;—

STATEMENT BY LORD KITCHENER

5

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 best confirm their prowess and their pride,
Your warrior sons, to whom in this high test
Our fortunes we confide.

SIR OWEN SEAMAN

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STATEMENT BY LORD KITCHENER

(House of Lords, August 25, 1914)

My Lords, as this is the first time I have had the honour of addressing your Lordships, I must ask for the indulgence of the House. In the first place, I desire to make a personal statement. Noble Lords on both sides of the House doubtless know that while associating myself in the fullest degree for the prosecution of the war with my colleagues in His Majesty's Government, my position on this bench does not in any way imply that I belong to any political party, for, as a soldier, I have no politics. Another point is that my occupation of the post of Secretary of State for War is a temporary one. The terms of my service are the same as those under which some of the finest por-

tions of our manhood, now so willingly stepping forward to join the colours, are engaging—that is to say, for the war, or, if it lasts longer than three years, then for three years. It has been asked why this latter limit has been fixed. It is because that should this disastrous war be prolonged—and no one can foretell with any certainty its duration—then after three years' war there will be others fresh and fully prepared to take our places and see this matter through.

The very serious conflict in which we are now engaged on the Continent has been none of our seeking. It will undoubtedly strain the resources of our Empire and entail considerable sacrifices on our people. These will be willingly borne for our honour and for the preservation of our position in the world; and they will be shared by our Dominions beyond the seas, now sending contingents and assistance of every kind to help the Mother Country in this struggle. If I am unable, owing to military considerations for the best interests of the Allied Armies in the field, to speak with much detail on the present situation of our Army on the Continent, I am sure your Lordships will pardon me for the necessary restraint which is imposed upon me.

The Expeditionary Force has taken the field on the French North-West frontier, and advanced to the neighbourhood of Mons in Belgium. Our troops have already been for thirty-six hours in contact with a superior force of German invaders. During that time they have maintained the traditions of British soldiers, and have behaved with the utmost gallantry.

BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND MORNING

You that have faith to look with fearless eyes
 Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
 And trust that out of night and death shall rise
 The dawn of ampler life;

Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,
 That God has given you, for a priceless dower,
 To live in these great times and have your part
 In Freedom's crowning hour;

That you may tell your sons who see the light
 High in the heavens, their heritage to take:—
 "I saw the powers of darkness put to flight!
 I saw the morning break!"

SIR OWEN SEAMAN

By permission of the Author

THE VIGIL

(This poem was first published before 1914, but during the Great War it was very widely quoted, the refrain voicing the spirit of England.)

ENGLAND! where the sacred flame
 Burns before the inmost shrine,
 Where the lips that love thy name
 Consecrate their hopes and thine,
 Where the banners of thy dead
 Weave their shadows overhead,
 Watch beside thine arms to-night,
 Pray that God defend the Right.

THE GREAT WAR IN VERSE AND PROSE

Think that when to-morrow comes
War shall claim command of all,
Thou must hear the roll of drums,
Thou must hear the trumpet's call.
Now before they silence ruth,
Commune with the voice of truth:
England! on thy knees to-night
Pray that God defend the Right.

Hast thou counted up the cost,
What to foeman, what to friend?
Glory sought is Honour lost,
How should this be knighthood's end?
Know'st thou what is Hatred's need?
What the surest gain of Greed?
England! wilt thou dare to-night
Pray that God defend the Right?

Single-hearted, unafraid,
Hither all thy heroes came,
On this altar's steps were laid
Gordon's life and Outram's fame.
England! if thy will be yet
By their great example set,
Here beside thine arms to-night
Pray that God defend the Right.

So shalt thou when morning comes
Rise to conquer or to fall,
Joyful hear the rolling drums,
Joyful hear the trumpets call.

Then let Memory tell thy heart ;
"England! what thou wert, thou art!"
 Gird thee with thine ancient might,
 Forth! and God defend the Right!

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

By permission of the Author

THE HOUR

We've shut the gates by Dover Straits,
 And North, where the tides run free,
 Cheek by jowl, our watchdogs prowl,
 Gray hulks in a grayer 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 mainmast 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 stripped 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 did'st give the seas into Britain's might,
 For the freedom of Thy seas we smite.
 God give us victory!

JAMES BERNARD FAGAN
By permission of the Author

OFF HELIGOLAND

(August 28, 1914)

Ghostly ships in a ghostly sea,
 (Here's to Drake in the Spanish Main!)
 Hark to the turbines, running free,
 Oil-cups full and the orders plain.
 Plunging into the misty night,
 Surging into the rolling brine,
 Never a word, and never a light,
 —This for England, that love of mine!

Look! a gleam on the starboard bow,
 (Here's to the *Fighting Téméraire!*)
 Quartermaster, be ready now,
 Two points over, and keep her there.
 Ghostly ships—let the foemen grieve,
 Yon's the Admiral tight and trim,
 And one more—with an empty sleeve—
 Standing a little aft of him!

Slender, young, in a coat of blue,
 (Here's to the *Agamemnon's* pride!)
 Out of the mists that long he knew,
 Out of the *Victory*, where he died,

Here to the battle-front he came,
 See, he smiles in his gallant way!
 Ghostly ships in a ghostly game,
 Roaring guns on a ghostly day!

There in his white silk smalls he stands,
 (Here's to Nelson, with three times three!)
 Coming out of the misty lands
 Far, far over the misty sea.
 Now the Foe is a crippled wreck,
 Limping out of the deadly fight.
 Smiling yond on the quarter-deck
 Stands the Spirit, all silver-bright.

J. F. MIDDLETON

*From "Sea Dogs and Men at Arms"—
 G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. By
 permission of the Author*

A CALL TO ARMS

(At the Guildhall, London, September 4, 1914)

The issue has passed out of the domain of argument into another field. But let me ask you, and through you the world outside, what would have been our condition to-day, if through timidity, or through a perverted calculation of self-interest, or through a paralysis of the sense of honour and duty, we had been base enough to be false to our word and faithless to our friends? Our eyes would have been turned at this moment, with those of the whole civilized world, to Belgium, a small State which has lived for more

than seventy years under a several and collective guarantee to which we, in common with Prussia and Austria, were parties. We should have seen, at the instance and by the action of two of those guaranteeing Powers, her neutrality violated, her independence strangled, her territory made use of as affording the easiest and most convenient road to a war of unprovoked aggression against France. We, the British people, should at this moment be standing by, with folded arms and with such countenance as we could command, while this small and unprotected State, in defence of her vital liberties, made a heroic stand against overweening and overwhelming force. We should have been admiring as detached spectators the siege of Liège, the steady and manful resistance of a small army, the occupation of Brussels with all its splendid traditions and memories, the gradual forcing back of the patriotic defenders of their fatherland to the ramparts of Antwerp, countless outrages suffered by them, buccanering levies exacted from the non-fencing civil population, and, finally, the greatest crime committed against civilization and culture since the Thirty Years' War, the sack of Louvain, with its buildings, its pictures, its unique library, its unrivalled associations, a shameless holocaust of irreparable treasures, lit up by blind barbarian vengeance. What account could we, the Government and the people of this country, have been able to render to the tribunal of our national conscience and sense of honour, if, in defiance of our plighted and solemn obligations, we had endured, and had not done our best to prevent,

yes, to avenge, these intolerable wrongs? For my part, I say that sooner than be a silent witness, which means in effect a willing accomplice, to this tragic triumph of force over law, and of brutality over freedom, I would see this country of ours blotted out of the pages of history.

.

Is there any one in this hall, or in this United Kingdom, or in the vast Empire of which we here stand in the capital and centre, who blames us or repents our decision? If not, as I believe there is not, we must steel ourselves to the task, and, in the spirit which animated our forefathers in their struggle against the dominion of Napoleon, we must, and we shall, persevere to the end.

It would be a criminal mistake to underestimate either the magnitude, the fighting quality, or the staying power of the forces which are arrayed against us; but it would be equally foolish and equally indefensible to belittle our own resources whether for resistance or for attack. Belgium has shown us by memorable and glorious example what can be done by a relatively small State when its citizens are animated and fired by the spirit of patriotism.

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Our self-governing Dominions throughout the Empire, without any solicitation on our part, demonstrated with a spontaneousness and unanimity unparalleled in history their determination to affirm their brotherhood with us, and to make our cause their own.

From Canada, from Australia, from New Zealand, from South Africa, and from Newfoundland, the children of the Empire assert, not as an obligation, but as a privilege, their right and their willingness to contribute money, material, and, what is better than all, the strength and sinews, the fortunes and lives of their best manhood.

India, too, with not less alacrity, has claimed her share in the common task. Every class and creed, British and native, princes and people, Hindus and Mohammedans, vie with one another in a noble and emulous rivalry. Two divisions of our magnificent Indian Army are already on their way. We welcome with appreciation and affection their proffered aid, and, in an Empire which knows no distinction of race or class, where all alike, as subjects of the King-Emperor, are joint and equal custodians of our common interest and fortunes, we here hail with profound and heartfelt gratitude their association side by side and shoulder to shoulder with our home and Dominion troops, under the flag which is a symbol to all of a unity that the world in arms cannot dissever or dissolve.

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Never had a people more or richer sources of encouragement and inspiration. Let us realize, first of all, that we are fighting as a United Empire, in a cause worthy of the highest traditions of our race. Let us keep in mind the patient and indomitable seamen who never relax for a moment, night or day, their stern vigil on the lonely sea. Let us keep in mind our

gallant troops, who to-day, after a fortnight's continuous fighting under conditions which would try the mettle of the best army that ever took the field, maintain not only an undefeated but an unbroken front.

Finally, let us recall the memories of the great men and the great deeds of the past, commemorated, some of them, in the monuments which we see around us on these walls, not forgetting the dying message of the younger Pitt—his last public utterance, made at the table of your predecessor, my Lord Mayor, in this very hall: "England has saved herself by her exertions and will, as I trust, save Europe by her example." The England of those days gave a noble answer to his appeal and did not sheathe the sword until, after nearly twenty years of fighting, the freedom of Europe was secured. Let us go and do likewise.

RT. HON. H. H. ASQUITH

AUSTRALIA TO ENGLAND

(August, 1914)

By all the deeds to thy dear glory done,
 By all the life blood spilt to serve thy need,
 By all the fettered lives thy touch hath freed,
 By all thy dreams in us anew begun;
 By all the gnerdon English sire to son
 Hath given of highest vision, kingliest deed,
 By all thine agony, of God decreed
 For trial and strength, our fate with thine is one.

Still dwells thy spirit in our hearts and lips,
Honour and life we hold from none but thee,
And if we live thy pensioners no more
But seek a nation's might of men and ships,
'Tis but that when the world is black with war
Thy sons may stand beside thee strong and free.

ARCHIBALD T. STRONG
By permission of the Author

EXTRACT FROM SPEECH OF
RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL

(September 11, 1914)

I was reading in the newspapers the other day that the German Emperor made a speech to some of his regiments in which he urged them to concentrate their attention upon what he was pleased to call "French's contemptible little Army". Well, they are concentrating their attention upon it, and that Army, which has been fighting with such extraordinary prowess, which has revived in a fortnight of adverse actions the ancient fame and glory of our arms upon the Continent, and which to-night, after a long, protracted, harassed, unbroken, and undaunted rearguard action—the hardest trial to which troops can be exposed—is advancing in spite of the loss of one fifth of its numbers, and driving its enemies before it—that Army must be reinforced and backed and supported and increased and enlarged in numbers and in powers by every means and every method that every one of us can employ.

WHAT OF THE FIGHT?

What of the fight? With no vain boast
We meet the foeman on the field,
But each man's soul is as an host,
To fight, to die, but not to yield.

The glory of our splendid past
Shines on us as a quenchless sun,
That each and all may write at last
The simple tale of duty done.

What of the fight? Or well or ill,
Whatever chance our hearts are sure;
Our fathers' strength is with us still
Through good or evil to endure.

Our spirit, though the storm may lower,
Burns brighter under darkening skies,
Knowing that at the appointed hour
The glory of the dawn shall rise.

CLAUDE E. C. H. BURTON
("TOUCHSTONE")

By permission of the Author

THE MAN OF THE MARNE

(September, 1914)

The gray battalions were driving down
Like snow from the North on Paris Town.
Dread and panic were in the air,
The fate of Empires hung by a hair.
With the world in the balance, what shall decide?
How stem the sweep of the conquering tide?
God of Justice, be not far
In this our hour of holy war!
In one man's valour, where all were men,
The strength of a people was gathered then.
"My right is weakened, my left is thin,
My centre is almost driven in."—
The soul of a patriot spoke through the hush,—
"I shall advance!" said General Foch.

Forth from Paris to meet the storm
They rushed like bees in an angry swarm.
By motor and lorry and truck they came
Swift as the wind and fierce as flame.
Papa Joffre knew the trick
Of stinging hot and hard and quick.
Not for ambition and not for pride,
For France they fought, for France they died,
Striking the blow of the Marne that hurled
The barbarians back and saved the world.
The German against that hope forlorn
Broke his drive like a crumpled horn.

Their right was weakened, their left was thin,
 Their centre was almost driven in,
 When the tide of battle turned with a rush;
 For France was there—and Ferdinand Foch.

Not since Garibaldi's stroke
 Freed his land from the Austrian yoke,
 And Italy after a thousand years
 Walked in beauty among her peers;
 Not since Nelson followed the star
 Of Freedom to triumph at Trafalgar
 On the tossing floor of the Western seas;
 No, not since Miltiades
 Fronted the Persian hosts and won
 Against the tyrant at Marathon,
 Has a greater defender of liberty
 Stood and struck for the cause, than he
 whose right was weakened, whose left was thin,
 whose centre was almost driven in,
 But whose iron courage no fate could crush,
 Nor hinder. "I shall advance!" said Foch.

We who are left to carry the fray
 For civilization on to-day,
 The war of the angels for goodly right
 Against the devil of brutish might,—
 The war for manhood, mercy, and love,
 And peace with honour all price above,—
 What shall we answer, how prepare
 For Destiny's challenge, Who goes there?
 And pass with the willing and worthy to give
 Life, that freedom and faith may live?

When promise and patience are wearing thin,
When endurance is almost driven in,
When our angels stand in a waiting hush,
Remember the Marne, and Ferdinand Foch!

BLISS CARMAN

By permission of the Author

COPY OF TELEGRAM FROM KING ALBERT TO
KING GEORGE AFTER THE BATTLE
OF THE MARNE

(September 13, 1914)

His Majesty the King, London

I desire to congratulate you most heartily on the splendid action of the British troops in the Battle of the Marne. In the name of the whole Belgian nation I express to you our deepest admiration for the stubborn courage of the officers and soldiers of your Army.

God will surely help our Armies to avenge the atrocities committed on peaceful citizens and against a country whose only crime has been that she refused to be false to her engagements.

ALBERT

INDIA TO ENGLAND

O England! in thine hour of need,
When Faith's reward and Valour's meed
 Is death or glory,
When Faith indites with biting brand,
Clasped in each warrior's stiffening hand,
 A nation's story:

Though weak our hands, which fain would clasp
The warrior's sword with warrior's grasp
 On victory's field;
Yet turn, O mighty Mother! turn
Unto the million hearts that burn
 To be thy shield.

Thine equal justice, mercy, grace,
Have made a distant alien race
 A part of thee.
'Twas thine to bid their souls rejoice
When first they heard the living voice
 Of Liberty.

Unmindful of their ancient name,
And lost to honour—glory—fame,
 And sunk in strife,
Thou foundst them, whom thy touch hath made
Men, and to whom thy breath conveyed
 A nobler life.

They, whom thy love hath guarded long;
 They, whom thy care hath rendered strong
 In love and faith,
 Whose heartstrings round thy heart entwine,
 They are, they ever will be, thine
 In life—in death.

NIZAMAT JUNG

(Native Judge of the High Court of Hyderabad)

“A SCRAP OF PAPER”

(At the Queen's Hall, London, September 19, 1914)

There is no man in this room who has always regarded the prospect of our being engaged in a great war with greater reluctance, with greater repugnance, than I have done throughout the whole of my political life. There is no man more convinced that we could not have avoided this war without national dishonour. I am fully alive to the fact that every nation which has ever engaged in any war has always invoked the sacred name of honour. Many a crime has been committed in its name. There are some crimes being committed now. All the same, national honour is a reality, and any nation that disregards it is doomed. Why is our honour as a country involved in this war? It is because we are bound by honourable obligations to defend the independence, the liberty, the integrity of a small neighbour. She could not have compelled us. She was weak. But the man who declines to discharge his duty because his creditor is too poor to enforce it is a blackguard.

.

What is a treaty, says the German Chancellor, but a scrap of paper? Have you any five-pound notes about you? Have you any of those neat little Treasury one-pound notes? If you have, burn them. They are only scraps of paper. What are they made of? Rags! What are they worth? The whole credit of the British Empire! Scraps of paper! I have been dealing with scraps of paper in the last few weeks. We suddenly found the commerce of the world coming to a standstill. The machine had stopped. Why? The machinery of commerce was moved by bills of exchange. I have seen some of them; wretched, crinkled, scrawled over, blotted, frowzy; and yet those scraps of paper moved great ships, laden with thousands of tons of precious cargo, from one end of the world to the other. The motive power behind them was the honour of commercial men.

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This is the story of the little nations. The world owes much to little nations and to little men. This theory of bigness—you must have a big empire and a big nation and a big man—well, long legs have their advantage in a retreat. Frederick the Great chose his warriors for their height, and that tradition has become a policy in Germany. Germany applies that ideal to nations. She will only allow six-foot-two nations to stand in the ranks; but all the world owes much to the little five-foot-five nations. The greatest art of the world was the work of little nations. The most enduring literature of the world came from little nations. The greatest literature of England came

from her when she was a nation of the size of Belgium fighting a great empire. The heroic deeds that thrill humanity through generations were the deeds of little nations fighting for their freedom. Ah, yes, and the salvation of mankind came through a little nation. God has chosen little nations as the vessels by which He carries the choicest wines to the lips of humanity, to rejoice their hearts, to exalt their vision, to stimulate and to strengthen their faith; and if we had stood by when two little nations were being crushed and broken by the brutal hands of barbarism, our shame would have rung down through the everlasting ages.

.

The Prussian Junker is the road-hog of Europe. Small nationalities in his way are flung to the roadside, bleeding and broken; women and children crushed under the wheel of his cruel car; Britain ordered out of his way. All I can say is this: If the old British spirit is alive in British hearts, that bully will be torn from his seat. Were he to win it would be the greatest catastrophe that has befallen democracy since the days of the Holy Alliance and its ascendancy. They think we cannot beat them. It will not be easy. It will be a long job. It will be a terrible war. But in the end we shall march through terror to triumph. We shall need all our qualities—every quality that Britain and its people possess—prudence in council, daring in action, tenacity in purpose, courage in defeat, moderation in victory, in all things faith, and we shall win.

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It is a great opportunity. It only comes once in many centuries to the children of men. For most generations sacrifice comes in drab weariness of spirit to men. It has come to-day to you, it has come to-day to us all, in the form of the glow and thrill of a great movement for liberty, that impels millions throughout Europe to the same noble end. It is a great war for the emancipation of Europe from the thralldom of a military caste, which has cast its shadow upon two generations of men, and which has now plunged the world into a welter of bloodshed. Some have already given their lives. There are some who have given more than their own lives. They have given the lives of those who are dear to them. I honour their courage, and may God be their comfort and their strength. But their reward is at hand. Those who have fallen have had consecrated deaths. They have taken their part in the making of a new Europe, a new world. I can see the sign of it coming in the glare of the battle-field. The people will gain more by this struggle in all lands than they comprehend at the present time.

But that is not all. There is something infinitely greater and more enduring which is emerging already out of this great conflict: a new patriotism, richer, nobler, more exalted than the old one. I can see a new recognition amongst all classes, high and low, shedding themselves of selfishness—a new recognition that the honour of a country does not depend merely on the maintenance of its glory in the stricken field, but in protecting its homes from distress as well. It is a new patriotism. It is bringing a new outlook for

all classes. A great flood of luxury and of sloth which had submerged the land is receding, and a new Britain is appearing. We can see for the first time the fundamental things that matter in life, and that have been obscured from our vision by the tropical growth of prosperity.

May I tell you, in a simple parable, what I think this war is doing for us? I know a valley in North Wales, between the mountains and the sea, a beautiful valley, snug, comfortable, sheltered by the mountains from all the bitter blasts. It was very enervating, and I remember how the boys were in the habit of climbing the hills above the village to have a glimpse of the great mountains in the distance and to be stimulated and freshened by the breeze which came from the hilltops, and by the great spectacle of that great range.

We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable, too indulgent—many, perhaps, too selfish. And the stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the great everlasting things that matter for a nation, the great peaks of honour we had forgotten, duty and patriotism, and, clad in glittering white, the great pinnacle of sacrifice pointing like a rugged finger to Heaven. We shall descend into the valleys again; but as long as the men and women of this generation last they will carry in their hearts the image of these great mountain peaks, whose foundations are unshaken, though Europe rock and sway in the convulsions of a great war.

RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

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;

By the love, by the passionate loyal love, of each
separate freeborn 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 sons of Ind bear witness—"We have grum-
bled, 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 rain-swept islands where we fought for
the things of peace,
Where we quarrelled and stormed 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.

HAROLD BEGBIE

By permission of the Author

EXTRACT FROM SPEECH OF LORD KITCHENER
AT THE GUILDHALL

(November 9, 1914)

The British Empire is now fighting for its existence. I want every citizen to understand this cardinal fact, for only from a clear conception of the vast importance of the issue at stake can come the great national, moral impulse without which Governments, War Ministers, and even Navies and Armies can do but little. We have enormous advantages in our resources of men and material, and in that wonderful spirit of ours which has never understood the meaning of defeat. All these are great assets, but they must be used judiciously and effectively.

I have no complaint whatever to make about the response to my appeals for men—and I may mention that the progress in the military training of those who have already enlisted is most remarkable; the country

may well be proud of them—but I shall want more men, and still more, till the enemy is crushed. Armies cannot be called together as with a magician's wand, and in the process of formation there may have been discomfort and inconveniences and, in some cases, even downright suffering. I cannot promise that these conditions will wholly cease, but I can give you every assurance that they have already greatly diminished, and that everything which administrative energy can do to bring them to an end will assuredly be done. The men who come forward must remember that they are enduring for their country's sake just as their comrades are in the shell-torn trenches.

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Although, of course, our thoughts are constantly directed toward the troops at the front and the great task they have in hand, it is well to remember that the enemy will have to reckon with the force of the great Dominion, the vanguard of which we have already welcomed in the very fine body of men forming the contingents from Canada and Newfoundland; while from Australia, New Zealand, and other parts, are coming in quick succession soldiers to fight for the Imperial cause. And besides all these, there are training in this country over a million and a quarter of men eagerly waiting for the call to bear their part in the great struggle, and as each and every soldier takes his place in the field, he will stand forward to do his duty, and in doing that duty will sustain the credit of the British Army, which, I submit, has never stood higher than it does to-day.

THE KAISER

"I am the Lord of War", he said, and bare,
His blade. "Dominion shall be mine alone,"
East, south, west, north, his clamorous bugles blared,
His battle lines were thrown.

Then lo! the leopards of England woke from sleep,
Roaring their challenge forth across the sea,
And France's voice was heard in thunders deep,
Calling on Liberty.

And Belgium sprang, alert, to meet the foe,
And from her mountains Serbia sent her bands,
And the great bear of Russia, growling low,
Turned from his northern lands.

Far over land and sea the summons swept,
And Canada, among her fields of grain,
Threw down the sickle, caught the sword, and leapt,
Shouting, across the main.

Australia, hasting from the southward, came;
Africa, India, sprang into the fight.

"Lo, Kaiser! here our answer to thy claim;
Now God shall show the right."

Then he who drew the blade looked forth, and saw
That ring of steel and fire about his throne,
And knew himself at last, with trembling awe,
The Lord of Death alone.

NORAH HOLLAND

*From "Spun-yarn and Spindrift"—
By permission of the Author and
J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., Toronto*

EXTRACT FROM DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS

(British House of Commons, November 11, 1914)

The Empire is on its trial. The experience of these three months not only encourages us to believe, but inspires us with the confident hope that the longer the trial lasts, and the more severe it becomes, the more clearly shall we emerge from it the champions of a just cause, and we shall have achieved, not only for ourselves—for our direct and selfish interests are small—but for Europe and for civilization, and for the great principle of small nationalities, and for liberty and for justice, one of their most enduring victories

RT. HON. H. H. ASQUITH

THE CANADIAN

I never saw the cliffs of snow,

The Channel billows tipped with cream,

The restless, eddying tides that flow

About the Island of my dream.

I never saw the English downs

Upon an April day.

The quiet, old Cathedral towns,

The hedgerows white with may.

And still the name of England,

Which tyrants laugh to scorn,

Can thrill my soul. It is to me

A very bugle-horn.

A thousand leagues from Plymouth shore,
In broader lands I saw the light.
I never heard the cannon roar,
Or saw a mark of England's might;
Save that my people lived in peace,
Bronzed in the harvest sun,
And thought that tyranny would cease,
That battle-days were done.

And still the flag of England
Streamed on a friendly breeze,
And twice two hundred ships of war
Went surging through the seas.

I heard Polonius declaim
About the new, the golden age,
When Force would be the mark of shame,
And men would curb their murderous rage.
"Beat out your swords to pruning-hooks",
He shouted to the folk.
But I—I read my history books,
And marvelled as he spoke.

For it was glorious England,
The mother of the Free,
Who loosed that foolish tongue, but sent
Her Admirals to sea.

And liberty and love were ours,
Home, and a brood of lusty sons.
The long, North sunlight and the flow'rs,
How could we think about the guns,

The searchlights on a wintry clond,
 The seamen stern and bold,
 Since we were hurrying with the crowd
 To rake the hills for gold?

Blue was glorious England
 Who named the threatening morn.
 To me the very name of her
 Is like a bugle-horn.

J. E. MIDDLETON

*From "Sea Dogs and Men at Arms"—
 G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. By
 permission of the Author*

TO BELGIUM IN EXILE

(May 19, 1915)

Land of the desolate, Mother of tears,
 Weeping your beauty marred and torn,
 Your children tossed upon the spears,
 Your altars rent, your hearths forlorn,
 Where Spring has no renewing spell,
 And Love no language save a long Farewell!

Ah, precious tears, and each a pearl,
 Whose price—for so in God we trust
 Who saw them fall in that blind swirl
 Of ravening flame and reeking dust—
 The spoiler with his life shall pay,
 When Justice at the last demands her Day.

O tried and proved, whose record stands
 Lettered in blood too deep to fade,
 Take courage! Never in our hands
 Shall the avenging sword be stayed
 Till you are healed of all your pain,
 And come with Honour to your own again.

SIR OWEN SEAMAN

Reprinted by permission of London "Punch"

A CHANT OF LOVE FOR ENGLAND

(This "Chant of Love", by a distinguished American poet, is a reply to Ernst Lissauer's notorious "Chant of Hate for England".)

A song of hate is a song of Hell;
 Some there be that sing it well.
 Let them sing it loud and long,
 We lift our hearts in a loftier song:
 We lift our hearts to Heaven above,
 Singing the glory of her we love,—
England!

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
 Glory of Hampden and Runnymede;
 Glory of ships that sought far goals,
 Glory of swords and glory of souls!
 Glory of songs mounting as birds,
 Glory immortal of magical words:
 Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
 Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott;
 Glory transcendent that perishes not,—
 Hers is the story, hers be the glory,
England!

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may;
The spirit of England none can slay!
Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's—
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls?
Pry the stone from the chancel floor,—
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?
Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground,—
Keats is beauty while earth spins round!
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea,—
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free:
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, Splendour eternal,
ENGLAND!

HELEN GRAY CONE

*From "A Chant of Love for England, and Other Poems"—
By permission of the Author and
J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., Toronto*

"CANADIANS—CANADIANS—THAT'S ALL!"

(April 22, 1915)

The night of April twenty-second was probably the most momentous time of the six days and nights of fighting. Then the Germans concentrated on the Yser Canal, over which there was but one bridge, a murderous barrage fire which would have effectively hindered the bringing up of reinforcements or guns, even had we had any in reserve.

During the early stages of the battle, the enemy had succeeded to a considerable degree in turning the Canadian left wing. There was a large open gap at this point, where the French Colonial troops had stood until the gas came over. Toward this sector the Germans rushed rank after rank of infantry, backed by guns and heavy artillery. To the far distant left were our British comrades. They were completely blocked by the German advance. They were like rats in a trap and could not move.

At the start of the battle, the Canadian lines ran from the village of Langemarek over to St. Julien, a distance of approximately three to four miles. From St. Julien to the sector where the Imperial British had joined the Turcos was a distance of probably two miles.

These two miles had to be covered, and covered quickly. We had to save the British extreme right wing, and we had to close the gap. There was no question about it. It was our job. On the night of April the twenty-second we commenced to put this into effect. We were still holding our original position with the handful of men who were in reserves, all of whom had been included in the original grand total of twelve thousand. We had to spread out across the gap of two miles and link up the British right wing. Doing this was no easy task. Our company was out first and we were told to get into field-skirmishing order. We lined up in the pitchy darkness at five paces apart, but no sooner had we reached this than a whispered order passed from man to man: "Another pace, lads.

just another pace". This order came again and yet again. Before we were through and ready for the command to advance, we were at least twice five paces each man from his nearest comrade.

Then it was that our Captain told us bluntly that we were obviously outnumbered by the Germans, ten to one. Then he told us that, practically speaking, we had scarcely the ghost of a chance, but that a bluff might succeed. He told us to "swing the lead over them". This we did by yelling, hooting, shouting, clamouring, until it seemed, and the enemy believed, that we were ten to their one.

The ruse succeeded. At daybreak, when we rested, we found that we had driven the enemy back almost to his original position. All night long we had been fighting with our backs to our comrades who were in the front trenches. The enemy had got behind us and we had had to face about in what served for trenches. By dawn we had him back again in his original position, and we were facing in the old direction. By dawn we had almost, though not quite, forced a junction with the British right.

The night of April the twenty-second is one that I can never forget. It was frightful, yes. Yet there was a grandeur in the appalling intensity of living, in the appalling intensity of death as it surrounded us.

The German shells rose and burst behind us. They made the Yser Canal a stream of molten glory. Shells fell in the city, and split the darkness of the heavens in the early night hours. Later, the moon rose in the splendour of springtime. Straight behind the tower

of the great cathedral it rose and shone down on a bloody earth.

Suddenly the grand old Cloth Hall burst into flames. The spikes of fire rose and fell and rose again. Showers of sparks went upward. A pall of smoke would form and cloud the moon, waver, break, and pass. There was the mutter and rumble and roar of great guns. . . .

It was glorious. It was terrible. It was inspiring. Through an inferno of destruction and death . . . we lived because we must.

Perhaps our greatest reward came when on April twenty-sixth the English troops reached us. We had been completely cut off by the enemy barrage from all communication with other sectors of the line. Still, through the wounded gone back, word of our stand had drifted out. The English boys fought and force-marched and fought again their terrible way through the barrage to our aid, and when they arrived, weary and worn and torn, cutting their bloody way to us, they cheered themselves hoarse; cheered as they marched along, cheered and gripped our hands as they got within touch of us. Yell after yell went upward, and stirring words woke the echoes. The boys of the Old Country paid their greatest tribute to us of the New as they cried:

“Canadians—Canadians—that’s all!”

HAROLD R. PEAT

From "Private Peat"—Copyright, 1917. Used by special permission of the Publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

FROM "A CANADIAN TWILIGHT"

Oh, to have died that day at Langemarek!
 To have perished nobly in a noble cause!

.
 For in the years to come it shall be told
 How these laid down their lives, not for their homes,
 Their orchards, fields and cities: "They were driven
 To slaughter by no tyrant's lust for power;
 Of their free manhood's choice they crossed the sea
 To save a stricken people from its foe.
 They died for Justice—Justice owes them this:
 That what they died for be not overthrown."

* BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER

*From "A Canadian Twilight and Other
 Poems of War and Peace"—By per-
 mission of McClelland & Stewart, Ltd.,
 Publishers, Toronto*

WE WERE MEN OF THE FURROW

We were men of the furrow, men of the hammer and
 spade;
 Men of the plain and the forest, children of commerce
 and trade;
 Men of the day and the distance: men of the mother-
 ing earth;
 Laying the lines of a nation nurturing fair from the
 birth.

* Bernard Freeman Trotter, Second Lieut. Eleventh Leicesters,
 was killed in action in France, May 7, 1917.

Taking our freedom for granted, we, who had ever
been free;

Speaking the tongue of our fathers, confident, com-
posite, we;

Welcoming all in our borders, laying our wealth at
their feet,

Querying not of their motives, holding their honour
complete.

Little thought we of the war-cloud, little of drilling
and drill;

We were for peace with our neighbours—peace (and
a pocket to fill);

Only one neighbour we counted, only one neighbour
we knew;

Him—though we watched him—we trusted; trusted,
and felt he was true.

Proud of our flag and traditions; proud, but not
boastfully so;

Dreaming our dreams and our visions, planning the
way we would go;

Saying, "This task for to-morrow; life shall be clay
in our hands;

We shall be first of the nations, fattest and fairest
of lands".

When in the quivering heaven gathered the threatening
wrath;

We looked—and went on with our labours; heard,
and replied with a laugh;

Surely the world was for business; (list to the hammer
and spade);
Leave the war-lords to their lusting—on with our
traffic and trade!
Then, in a flash, it was on us; blazed, and it dazzled
our eyes;
Then for a moment we faltered, suddenly sick with
surprise;
Next, by the blood that was in us, and a manhood not
wholly undone,
We were stripping the cloth for the khaki and drop-
ping the spade for the gun.
What of the men of the furrow, men of the hammer
and spade,
Men without heart for the soldier, loathing his life
and his trade?
What? Let the enemy answer; he scoffed at our
fighters, and then
The flower of his finest battalions went down to our
peace-loving men.
Well may the world read a lesson, well may it learn,
and be wise;
Not to the strong is the battle; not to the swift is the
prize;
Loud is the boast of the despot, clanking his nation in
arms;
*But beware of a peace-loving people when they sweep
from their forests and farms!*

ROBERT J. C. STEAD

*From "Kitchener and Other Poems"—
By permission of The Musson Book
Company, Limited, Toronto*

DEVON MEN

From Bideford to Appledore the meadows lie aglow
 With kingcup and buttercup that flout the summer
 sun;

And crooked-back and silver-head shall mow the grass
 to-day

And cast it over and toss it till it ripen into hay;

For gone are all the careless youth did reap the land
 of yore,

The lithe men and long men,

The brown men and strong men,

The men that hie from Bideford and ruddy Appledore.

From Bideford and Appledore they swept the sea of
 old

With cross-bow and falconet to tap the Spaniard's
 gold;

They sped away with dauntless Drake to traffic on the
 Main,

To trick the drowsy galleon and loot the treasure
 train;

For fearless were the gallant hands that pulled the
 sweeping oar,

The strong men, the free men,

The bold men, the seamen,

The men that sailed from Bideford and ruddy Appledore.

From Bideford and Appledore in craft of subtle gray
 Are strong hearts and steady hearts to keep the sea
 to-day;
 So well may fare the garden where the cider-apples
 bloom
 And summer weaves her colour-threads upon a golden
 loom;
 For ready are the tawny hands that guard the Devon
 shore,
 The cool men, the bluff men,
 The keen men, the tough men,
 The men that hie from Bideford and ruddy Appledore!

PERCY HASELDEN

*Reprinted by special permission of
 London "Punch"*

CHALK AND FLINT

Comes there now a mighty rally
 From the weald and from the coast,
 Down from cliff and up from valley,
 Spirits of an ancient host;
 Castle gray and village mellow,
 Cpastguard's track and shepherd's fold,
 Crumbling church and cracked martello
 Echo to this chant of old—
 Chant of knight and chant of bowman:
 *Kent and Sussex feared no foeman
 In the valiant days of old!*

Screaming gull and lark a-singing,
 Bubbling brook and booming sea,
 Church and cattle bells a-ringing
 Swell the ghostly melody;
 "Chalk and flint, Sirs, lie beneath ye,
 Mingling with our dust below!
 Chalk and flint, Sirs, they bequeath ye
 This our chant of long ago!"
 Chant of knight and chant of bowman,
 Chant of squire and chant of yeoman:
*Kent and Sussex feared no foeman
 In the days of long ago!*

Hills that heed not Time or weather,
 Sussex down and Kentish lane,
 Roads that wind through marsh and heather
 Feel the mail-shod feet again;
 Chalk and flint their dead are giving—
 Spectres grim and spectres hold—
 Marching on to cheer the living
 With their battle-chant of old—
 Chant of knight and chant of bowman,
 Chant of squire and chant of yeoman:
*Witness Norman! Witness Roman!
 Kent and Sussex feared no foeman
 In the valiant days of old!*

*Reprinted by special permission of
 London "Punch"*

A GRAVE IN FLANDERS

All night the tall trees overhead
Are whispering to the stars;
Their roots are wrapped about the dead
And hide the hideous scars.

The tide of war goes rolling by,
The legions sweep along;
And daily in the summer sky
The birds will sing their song.

No place is this for human tears,
The time for tears is done;
Transfigured in these awful years,
The two worlds blend in one.

This boy had visions while in life
Of stars on distant skies;
So death came in the midst of strife
A sudden, glad surprise.

He found the songs for which he yearned,
Hopes that had mocked desire;
His heart is resting now which burned
With such consuming fire.

So down the ringing road we pass,
And leave him where he fell,
The guardian trees, the waving grass,
The birds will love him well.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

*From "In the Battle Silences"—By
permission of the Author and The
Musson Book Company, Limited,
Toronto*

INTO BATTLE

(May, 1915)

The naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze;
And Life is Colour and Warmth and Light,
And a striving evermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight;
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth;
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
And with the trees to newer birth;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fulness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven
Hold him in their high comradeship,
The Dog-Star and the Sisters Seven,
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend;
They gently speak in the windy weather;
They guide to valley and ridges' end.

The kestrel hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, " Brother, brother,
If this be the last song you shall sing,
Sing well, for you may not sing another;
Brother, sing ".

In dreary doubtful waiting hours
Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers;
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only Joy-of-Battle takes
Him by the throat, and makes him blind,

Through joy and blindness, he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air Death moans and sings;
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

* JULIAN GRENFELL

By permission of Lord Desborough, K.C.V.O.

* Captain the Hon. Julian H. F. Grenfell, D.S.O., was wounded in the trenches in front of Ypres on May 13 and died in hospital on May 26, 1915.

CHRIST IN FLANDERS

We had forgotten You, or very nearly—
 You did not seem to touch us very nearly—
 Of course we thought about You now and then;
 Especially in any time of trouble—
 We knew that You were good in time of trouble—
 But we are very ordinary men.

And there were always other things to think of—
 There's lots of things a man has got to think of—
 His work, his home, his pleasure, and his wife;
 And so we only thought of You on Sunday—
 Sometimes, perhaps, not even on a Sunday—
 Because there's always lots to fill one's life.

And, all the while, in street or lane or byway—
 In country lane, in city street, or byway—
 You walked among us, and we did not see.
 Your feet were bleeding as You walked our pavements—
 How *did* we miss Your Footprints on our pavements?—
 Can there be other folk as blind as we?

Now we remember; over here in Flanders—
 (It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders)—
 This hideous warfare seems to make things clear.
 We never thought about You much in England—
 But now that we are far away from England—
 We have no doubts, we know that You are here.

You helped us pass the jest along the trenches—
Where, in cold blood, we waited in the trenches—
 You touched its ribaldry and made it fine.
You stood beside us in our pain and weakness—
We're glad to think You understand our weakness—
 Somehow it seems to help us not to whine.

We think about You kneeling in the Garden—
Ah! God! the agony of that dread Garden—
 We know You prayed for us upon the Cross.
If anything could make us glad to bear it—
'Twould be the knowledge that You willed to bear it—
 Pain—death—the uttermost of human loss.

Though we forgot You—You will not forget us—
We feel so sure that You will not forget us—
 But stay with us until this dream is past.
And so we ask for courage, strength, and pardon—
Especially, I think, we ask for pardon—
 And that You'll stand beside us to the last.

L. W.

By permission of "The Spectator"

THE BLIND MAN AND HIS SON

(1915)

"The distant boom of angry guns
No longer fills my ear.

Oh! whither have we fled, my son?
Tell me, that I may hear."

"Father, we are in England!"

"No more I hear the stormy wind
Amid the rigging roar.

I feel beneath my tottering feet
The firm ground of the shore.

Is this the end of all our woes?
Shall we not suffer more?"

"Father, we are in England!"

"I hear the sound of kindly speech,
But do not understand;

I feel I've wandered very far,
Far from the fatherland;

How comes it that these tones are not
Those of an unknown land?"

"Father, we are in England!"

"I feel in all the air around
Freedom's sweet breath respire.

I feel celestial fingers creep
Along my quivering lyre;

The birds, the trees, the babbling streams
Speak to me of our home,
Why does my grief less bitter grow
And rest so dear become?"
"Father, we are in England!"

"Bend down upon thy knees, my son,
And take into thy hand,
Thy wounded hand, and mine, somewhat
Of the earth of this good land,
That dreaming of our home, we two
May kiss the soil of England!"

EMILE CAMMAERTS

*From "War Poems and Other Translations"—
By Lord Curzon. By permission of John
Lane, The Bodley Head, London*

EXTRACT FROM "THE WAR AND THE SOUL"

I do not for one moment believe that the world is less Christian than it was before the war, or less intent on spiritual things. The exact contrary is the case as far as my experience goes. I have more than once stated that, if any man wants to be cured of religious pessimism, or any other kind of pessimism, he had better go to the front. If I had been an unbeliever before I went there, I should speedily have been cured. There one sees things every day, almost every hour, to make one marvel at the greatness of the human soul. You will see hell wide open, it is

true, but you will see heaven likewise. Such heroism, patience, self-devotion, cheerfulness under affliction, readiness to fling life away to save a comrade or a position—surely these mean more, and are worth more, than the immediate object of their exercise.

.

As humanity has been constituted up to the present, war has been the means, more than any other agency, of bringing out on the grand scale that truth of sacrifice without which flesh can never be made to serve the ends of spirit, and the kingdom of the soul be won. This could be realized without war if only the race as a whole could be lifted to the requisite level. It often has been realized without war in individual cases, but never for long on the wider basis of the communal life.

.

What men are learning on the battle-fields of Europe of the glory of sacrifice and its mystical potencies is drawing them back to God by way of the cross of Christ; our vulgar, blatant, worldly, commercial, pleasure-loving age is seeing meanings in that cross it never saw before, and getting rid of many delusions in the process. We are being saved as by fire. Let us recover the simplicities of life, and we recover faith. We are re-learning the old, old lesson that man cannot live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. We are realizing almost with the surprise of a new discovery, that not what we have but what we are, is the secret of blessedness or

wretchedness, that there is nothing to mourn over but the evil in our own hearts, and that death, however sad and dreadful in its accompaniments, is but the prelude to vaster ventures of the soul and unimaginable joys. Nothing can be killed that is worthy to be kept alive or essential to our highest well-being here or hereafter.

REV. R. J. CAMPBELL

*By permission of Chapman & Hall, Ltd.,
Publishers, London, England*

THE GUARDS CAME THROUGH

Men of the 21st

Up by the Chalk Pit Wood,

Weak with our wounds and our thirst,

Wanting our sleep and our food,

After a day and a night—

God, shall we ever forget!

Beaten and broke in the fight,

But sticking it—sticking it yet.

Trying to hold the line,

Fainting and spent and done,

Always the thud and the whine,

Always the yell of the Hun!

Northumberland, Lancaster, York,

Durham and Somerset,

Fighting alone, worn to the bone,

But sticking it—sticking it yet.

Never a message of hope!

Never a word of cheer!

Fronting 'Till 70's shell-swept slope,
With the dull dead plain in our rear.

Always the whine of the shell,

Always the roar of its burst,

Always the tortures of hell,

As waiting and wincing we cursed

Our luck and the guns and the Boche,

When our Corporal shouted "Stand to!"

And I heard someone cry, "Clear the front for
the Guards!"

And the Guards came through.

Our throats they were parched and hot,

But Lord, if you'd heard the cheers!

Irish and Welsh and Scot,

Coldstream and Grenadiers.

Two brigades, if you please,

Dressing as straight as a hem,

We—we were down on our knees,

Praying for us and for them!

Praying with tear-wet cheek,

Praying with outstretched hand,

Lord, I could speak for a week,

But how could you understand!

How should *your* cheeks be wet,

Such feelin's don't come to *you*.

But when can me or my mates forget,

When the Guards came through!

" Five yards left extend!"
It passed from rank to rank.
Line after line with never a bend,
And a touch of the London swank.
A trifle of swank and dash,
Cool as a home parade,
Twinkle and glitter and flash,
Flinching never a shade,
With the shrapnel right in their face
Doing their Hyde Park stunt,
Keeping their swing at an easy pace,
Arms at the trail, eyes front!
Man, it was great to see!
Man, it was fine to do!
It's a cot and a hospital ward for me,
But I'll tell 'em in Blighty, wherever I be,
How the Guards came through.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

By permission of the Author

RED POPPIES IN THE CORN

I've seen them in the morning light,
When white mists drifted by:
I've seen them in the dusk o' night
Glow 'gainst the starry sky.
The slender waving blossoms red,
Mid yellow fields forlorn:
A glory on the scene they shed,
Red Poppies in the Corn.

THE GREAT WAR IN VERSE AND PROSE

I've seen them, too, those blossoms red,
 Show 'gainst the trench lines' screen,
 A crimson stream that waved and spread
 Thro' all the brown and green:
 I've seen them dyed a deeper hue
 Than ever nature gave,
 Shell-torn from slopes on which they grew,
 To cover many a grave.

Bright blossoms fair by nature set
 Along the dusty ways,
 You cheered us, in the battle's fret,
 Thro' long and weary days:
 You gave us hope: if fate be kind,
 We'll see that longed-for morn,
 When home again we march and find
 Red Poppies in the Corn.

W. CAMPBELL GAIBRAITH
By permission of the Author

EXTRACT FROM LECTURE
 "HOW WE STAND NOW"

For my own part I am more proud of Great Britain than ever in my life before, and that largely because, in spite of this froth or scum that sometimes floats on the surface, she is fundamentally true to her great traditions, and treads steadily underfoot those elements which, if they had control, would depose us from being a nation of "white men", of rulers, of

gentlemen, and bring us to the level of the enemy whom we denounce, or of the "lesser breeds without the law".

Probably many of us have learned only through this war how much we loved our country. That love depends, of course, not mainly on pride, but on old habit and familiarity, on neighbourliness, and memories of childhood. Yet mingling with that love for our old country, I do feel a profound pride. I am proud of the response to the Empire's call—a response absolutely unexampled in history, five million men and more gathering from the ends of the earth; subjects of the British Empire coming to offer life and limb for the Empire, not because they were subjects, but because they were free and willing to come. I am proud of our soldiers and our sailors, our invincible sailors!

I am proud of our men in the workshop and the factory; proud of our men, and almost more proud of our women—working one and all, day after day, with constant overtime, and practically no holidays, for the most part demanding no trade safeguards, and insisting on no conditions, but giving freely to the common cause all that they have to give.

I am proud of our political leaders and civil administrators, proud of their resource, their devotion, their unshaken coolness, their magnanimity in the face of intrigue and detraction, their magnificent interpretation of the nation's will.

A few days ago I was in France in the fire-zone. I had been at a field dressing-station, which had just

evacuated its wounded and dead, and was expecting more; and, as evening was falling, full of the unceasing strain of the whole place and slightly deafened with the shells, I saw a body of men in full kit plodding their way up the communication trenches to take their place in the firing trench. I was just going back myself, well out of the range of the guns, to a comfortable tea and a peaceful evening; and there, in trench after trench, along all the hundred miles of our front, day after day, night after night, were men moving heavily up to the firing-line, to pay their regular toll of so many killed and so many wounded, while the war drags on its weary length. I suddenly wondered in my heart whether we or our cause or our country is worth that sacrifice; and, with my mind full of its awfulness, I answered clearly, Yes. Because, while I am proud of all the things I have mentioned about Great Britain, I am most proud of the clean hands with which we came into this contest; proud of the Cause for which with clear vision we unsheathed our sword, and which we mean to maintain unshaken to the bitter or the triumphant end.

GILBERT MURRAY

By permission of the Author

LUSITANIA

(May 7, 1915)

Who that can strike a blow
Now will refrain?
Who with the right to go
Now will remain?
Never was blood so spilt
Under God's vault,
Shame and eternal guilt
Now if you halt.

Who that has prayed for peace
Now will forgive?
Who can have any ease
Now while they live?
Into their land we'll break,
Onward we'll thrust,
Yea, for our children's sake
Beat them to dust.

"Wait, in a little time,"
(Mark how they live) !
"Men will forget this crime,
Soon will forgive;
England will heed our plea :
When the war ends
We shall shake hands and be
Traders and friends."

Look, on a crimson tide
Drifts the great host,
Mother and babe collide,
Ghost upon ghost:
See how they make, those tears,
Pillars of spray,
Never in all God's years
Dying away.

Who that can strike a blow
Now will refrain?
Who with the right to go
Now will remain?
Ah, to be young again!
Ah, to be strong!
One, one with England's men
Marching along!

Rise like a fire and go
Fierce to this strife,
On, give them blow for blow,
Life against life:
Theirs to be infamous
Dust of the sod,
Yours to be glorious
Victors of God.

HAROLD BEGBIE

By permission of the Author

THE WHITE SHIPS AND THE RED

(May 7, 1915)

With drooping sail and pennant
That never a wind may reach,
They float in sunless waters
Beside a sunless beach.
Their mighty masts and funnels
Are white as driven snow,
And with a pallid radiance
Their ghostly bulwarks glow.

Here is a Spanish galleon
That once with gold was gay,
Here is a Roman trireme
Whose hues outshone the day.
But Tyrian dyes have faded,
And prows that once were bright
With rainbow stains wear only
Death's livid, dreadful white.

White as the ice that clove her
That unforgotten day,
Among her pallid sisters
The grim *Titanic* lay.
And through the leagues above her
She looked, aghast, and said:
"What is this living ship that comes
Where every ship is dead?"

The ghostly vessels trembled
From ruined stern to prow ;
What was this thing of terror
That broke their vigil now?
Down through the startled ocean
A mighty vessel came,
Not white, as all dead ships must be,
But red, like living flame.

The pale green waves about her
Were swiftly, strangely dyed,
By the great scarlet stream that flowed
From out her wounded side.
And all her decks were scarlet
And all her shattered crew.
She sank among the white ghost ships
And stained them through and through.

The grim *Titanic* greeted her—
“ And who art thou ? ” she said ;
“ Why dost thou join our ghostly fleet
Arrayed in living red ?
We are the ships of sorrow
Who spend the weary night,
Until the dawn of Judgment Day,
Obscure and still and white ”.

“ Nay ”, said the scarlet visitor,
“ Though I sink through the sea
A ruined thing that was a ship,
I sink not as did ye.

For ye met with your destiny
By storm or rock or fight,
So through the lagging centuries
Ye wear your robes of white.

“ But never crashing iceberg
Nor honest shot of foe,
Nor hidden reef has sent me
The way that I must go.
My wound that stains the waters,
My blood that is like flame,
Bear witness to a loathly deed,
A deed without a name.

“ I went not forth to battle,
I carried friendly men,
The children played about my decks,
The women sang—and then—
And then—the sun blushed scarlet
And Heaven hid its face,
The world that God created
Became a shameful place!

“ My wrong cries out for vengeance,
The blow that sent me here
Was aimed in Hell. My dying scream
Has reached Jehovah's ear.
Not all the seven oceans
Shall wash away the stain;
Upon a brow that wears a crown
I am the brand of Cain ”.

When God's great voice assembles
The fleet on Judgment Day,
The ghosts of ruined ships will rise
In sea and strait and bay.
Though they have lain for ages
Beneath the changeless flood,
They shall be white as silver,
But one—shall be like blood.

* JOYCE KILMER

By permission of George H. Doran Company

EXTRACT FROM SPEECH AT THE GUILDHALL,
LONDON, ENGLAND

(July 29, 1915)

In the Dominions beyond the seas the same ideals have led inevitably to the establishment of self-governing institutions. That principle, which in the eyes of the short-sighted seemed destined to drive the far-flung nations of our empire asunder, has but united them by ties stronger than could be dreamed of under any system of autocratic government. Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Canada—all these great free nations possessing full rights of self-government, enjoying parliamentary institutions, living by the voice of the people—why have they joined in this conflict, and why are their citizens from the remotest corners of the earth fighting under a common banner and

* Killed in action, August 18, 1918

making common cause with the men of these islands in the greatest war the world has ever known? And why are the descendants in Canada of those who fought under Wolfe, and of those who fought under Montcalm, when contending for the northern half of the American continent, why are they now standing together in the empire's battle line? To speak of later events, why do we find beyond the Channel, in France or in Belgium, the grandson of a Durham and the grandson of a Papineau standing side by side in this struggle? When the historian of the future comes to analyse the events of this war, he will realize that some great overmastering impulse contributed mainly to this wonderful result. One such impulse is to be found in the love of liberty, the ideals of democracy, and the spirit of unity founded thereon, which make the whole empire one in aim and purpose. But there was also the intense conviction that this war was forced upon our empire; for in honour we could not stand aside and see trampled in the dust a weak and unoffending people whose independence and liberties we had guaranteed. Beyond and above all this we realized the supreme truth that the issue forced upon us by this conflict transcends even the destinies of our own empire and involves the future of civilization and of the world.

RT. HON. SIR ROBERT BORDEN

THE RED CROSS NURSE

Against the Dark Destroyer
Their loyal legions moved,
To stand by our defenders
With succour tried and proved.
To stay the hosts of horror
With neither sword nor shield,
To hold the line of mercy
The Red Cross took the field.

BLISS CARMAN

I go wherever men may dare,
I go wherever woman's care
And love can live,
Wherever strength and skill can bring
Surcease to human suffering,
Or solace give.

JOHN FINLEY

And yonder where the battle's waves
Broke yesterday o'erhead,
Where now the swift and shallow graves
Cover our English dead,
Think how your sisters play their part,
Who serve as in a holy shrine,
Tender of hand and brave of heart,
Under the Red Cross sign.

SIR OWEN SEAMAN

EDITH CAVELL

(October 12, 1915)

Dead?

Who?

Not you—for whom the assassin's hand
But opened wide the door to larger life
And Immortality!

You are not dead!—

You live forever in our hearts and minds,
A perfect woman, brave, and sweet, and true,
Passed, in the gracious fulness of your time,
To nobler work for Him you served so well.

And you still work among us as before,—
And more.—

No sister-nurse in all the world to-day
But bears upon her heart and face
The impress of your soul's high martyrdom;
And we pay each the homage due to you.
All nursing-hands are gentler still—for you!
All nursing-feet are swifter still—for you!
All nursing-hearts are braver still—for you!
And all our souls more loftily attuned
By our sweet memory of you.

But dead—ay, dead, in grimmest truth,
The soul of that poor land
That gave you victim to its savage spleen.

Dead to all sense of right,—
 Dead to all sense of shame,—
 Dead to mere decency,—
 And dead—dead—dead to God
 And His Fair Christ.
 The pity!—oh, the pity!—that a hand
 Which once bore men
 Should fall so low!

Punishment?

What punishment could fit so foul a crime?
 No punishment devisable of man were adequate.
 As thou forgavest, we can do no less.
 God saw it all.
 In His just balances it lies,
 The crowning weight of their vast infamies.
 In His own time, in His own way.
 For this—and all—we wait His Reckoning-Day.

JOHN OXENHAM

By permission of the Author

THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me:
 That there's some corner of a foreign field
 That is for ever England. There shall be
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed:
 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
 Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam:
 A body of England's, breathing English air,
 Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England
given:
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

* RUPERT BROOKE

*From "Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke".
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and of the Executor of the Author, and
Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd., London,
England*

EXTRACT FROM "THE MEANING OF WAR"

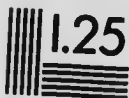
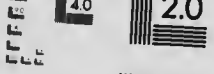
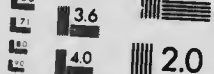
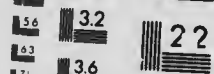
The moral energy of nations, as of individuals, is only sustained by an ideal higher than themselves, and stronger than themselves, to which they cling firmly when they feel their courage waver. Where is the ideal of the Germany of to-day? The time when her philosophers proclaimed the inviolability of right, the eminent dignity of the person, the duty of mutual respect among nations, is no more. Germany, militarized by Prussia, has cast aside those noble ideas, ideas she received for the most part from the France of the eighteenth century and of the Revolution. She has made for herself a new soul, or rather she has meekly accepted the soul Bismarck has given her. To him

Rupert Brooke died from sunstroke on his way to the Dardanelles, April 23, 1915, and was buried in the Island of Seyros.



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has been attributed the famous maxim "Might is Right". But in truth Bismarck never pronounced it, for he had well guarded himself against a distinction of right from might. Right was simply in his view what is willed by the strongest, what is consigned by the conqueror in the law he imposes on the conquered. In that is summed up his whole morality. Germany to-day knows no other. She, too, worships brute force. And because she believes herself the strongest, she is altogether absorbed in self-adoration. Her energy comes from her pride. Her moral force is only the confidence which her material force inspires in her. And this means that in this respect she is living on reserves without means of replenishment. Even before England had commenced to blockade her coasts, she had blockaded herself morally, in isolating herself from every ideal capable of giving her new life.

So she will see her forces waste and her courage at the same time. But the energy of our soldiers is drawn from something which does not waste, from an ideal of justice and freedom. Time has no hold on us. To the force which feeds only on its own brutality we are opposing that which seeks outside and above itself a principle of life and renovation. Whilst the one is gradually spending itself, the other is continually re-making itself. The one is already wavering, the other abides unshaken. Have no fear, our force will slay theirs.

HENRI LOUIS BERGSON

*By permission of the Publishers,
T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.,
London, England*

TO OUR DEAD

The flame of summer droops and fades and closes,
While autumn thins the embers of the copse,
And evermore the violent life of roses
Grows keener as the roseate foliage drops:
O strong young hearts within whose veins was leaping
Love like a fount, hate like a dart shot high,
My heart o'er yours, its dolorous vigil keeping,
Is pierced with sorrow, while in joy you die!

Your ashes o'er the flats of France are scattered.
But hold a fire more hot than flesh of ours;
The stainless flag that flutters, frayed and tattered,
Shall wave and wave like spring's immortal flowers.
You die, but in your death life glows intenser;
You shall not know the shame of growing old:
In endless joy you swing the holy censer,
And blow the trumpet tho' your lips are cold.

Life was to us a mist of intimations,
Death is a flash that shows us where we trod:
You, falling nobly for the righteous nations,
Reveal the unknown, the unhopèd-for face of God.
After long toil your labours shall not perish:
Through grateful generations yet to come
Your ardent gesture, dying, Love shall cherish,
And like a beacon you shall guide us home.

EDMUND GOSSE

By permission of the Author

THE DEAD

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
 There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,
 But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
 These laid the world away; poured out the red
 Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
 Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene,
 That men call age; and those who would have been,
 Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
 Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
 Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
 And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
 And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
 And we have come into our heritage.

RUPERT BROOKE

*From "Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke".
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 & Stewart, Ltd., Publishers, Toronto,
 and of the Executor of the Author, and
 Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd., London,
 England*

IN A BELGIAN GARDEN

Once in a Belgian garden,
 (Ah, many months ago!)
 I saw, like pale Madonnas,
 The tall, white lilies blow.

Great poplars swayed and trembled
Afar against the sky,
And green with flags and rushes,
The river wandered by.

Amid the waving wheat-fields
Glowed poppies blazing red,
And showering strange wild music
A lark rose overhead.

.

The lark has ceased his singing,
The wheat is trodden low,
And in the blood-stained garden
No more the lilies blow.

And where green poplars trembled
Stand shattered trunks instead,
And lines of small white crosses
Keep guard above the dead.

For here brave lads and noble,
From lands beyond the deep,
Beneath the small white crosses
Have laid them down to sleep.

They laid them down with gladness
Upon the alien plain,
That this same Belgian garden
Might bud and bloom again.

F. O. CALL

By permission of the Author

“ THAT HAVE NO DOUBTS ”

—Rudyard Kipling

*The last resort of Kings are we, but the voice of peoples
too—*

Ask the guns of Valmy Ridge—
Lost at the Beresina Bridge,
When the Russian guns were roaring death and the
Guard was charging through.

*Ultima Ratio Regis, we—but he who has may hold,
Se curantes Dei curant,
Hear the gunners that strain and pant,
As when before the rising gale the Great Armada
rolled.*

*Guns of fifty—sixty tons that roared at Jutland fight,
Clatter and clang of hoisting shell;
See the flame where the salvo fell
Amidst the flash of German guns against the wall of
white.*

*The sons of English carronade or Spanish culverin—
The Danish windows shivered and broke
When over the sea the children spoke,
And groaning turrets rocked again as we went out
and in.*

*We have no passions to cull our own, we work for serf
or lord,*

Load us well and sponge us clean—

Be your woman a slave or queen—

And we will clear the road for you who hold us by the
sword.

We come into our own again and wake to life anew—

Put your paper and pens away,

For the whole of the world is ours to-day,

And it's we who'll do the talking now to smooth the
way for you.

Howitzer gun or Seventy-five, the game is ours to play,

And hills may quiver and mountains shake,

But the line in front shall bend or break.

What is it to us if the world is mad? For we are the
kings to-day.

KLAXON

*By permission of Wm. Blackwood & Sons,
Edinburgh*

ON THE RUE DU BOIS

(Written at Sailly, France, 1915)

O pallid Christ within this broken shrine,
Not those torn Hands and not that Heart of Thine
Have given the nations blood to drink like wine.

Through weary years and 'neath the changing skies
Men turned their back on those appealing Eyes
And scorned as vain Thine awful Sacrifice.

Kings with their armies, children in their play,
Have passed unheeding down this shell-ploughed way:
The great world knew not where its true strength lay.

In pomp and luxury, in lust of gold,
In selfish ease, in pleasures manifold,
"Evil is good, good evil", we were told.

Yet here, where nightly the great flare-lights gleam,
And murder stalks triumphant in their beam,
The world has wakened from its empty dream.

At last, O Christ, in this strange, darkened land,
Where ruined homes lie round on every hand,
Life's deeper truths men come to understand.

For lonely graves along the countryside,
Where sleep those brave hearts who for others died,
Tell of life's union with the Crucified.

And new light comes in the mourner's eyes,
Like day-dawn breaking through the rifted skies,
For Life is won through life's self-sacrifice.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

*From "In the Battle Silences"—By
permission of the Author and The
Musson Book Company, Limited,
Toronto*

EXTRACT FROM " FEAR GOD AND TAKE YOUR
OWN PART "

(February, 1916)

The English navy was mobilized with a rapidity and efficiency as great as that of the German army. It has driven every warship except an occasional submarine, and every merchant ship of Germany off the seas, and has kept the ocean as a highway of life not only for England, but for France, and largely also for Russia. In all history there has been no such gigantic and successful naval feat accomplished as that which the seamen and shipwrights of England have to their credit during the last eighteen months. It was not originally expected that England would have much to do on the continent; and although her wisest sons emphatically desired that she should be ready to do more, yet this desire represented only a recognition of the duty owed by England to herself. To her Allies she has more than kept the promise she has made. She has given Russia the financial assistance that none but she could give; her money effort has been unparalleled in all previous history. Eighteen months ago no Frenchman would have expected that in the event of war England would do more than put a couple of hundred thousand men in France. She has already put in a million, and is training and arming more than double that number. Her soldiers have done their duty fearlessly and well, they have won high honour on the fields of horror and glory: they have

shown the same gallantry and stubborn valour that have been so evident in the armies of France and Russia. Her women are working with all the steadfast courage and self-sacrifice that the women of France have shown. Her men from every class have thronged into the army. Her fisher folk and her seafarers generally, have come forward in such numbers that her fleet is nearly double as strong as it was at the outset of the war. Her mines and war factories have steadily enlarged their output, and it is now enormous, although many of the factories had literally to build from the ground up, and the very plant itself had to be created.

Coal, food, guns, munitions, are being supplied with unstained energy. From across the sea the free Commonwealths of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, and the Indian Empire, have responded with splendid loyalty, and have sent their sons from the ends of the earth to do battle for liberty and civilization. Of Canada I can speak from personal knowledge. Canada has faced the time that tries men's souls, and with gallant heroism she has risen level to the time's need. Mighty days have come to her, and she has been equal to the mighty days. Greatness comes only through labour and courage, through the iron willingness to face sorrow and death, the tears of women and the blood of men, if only thereby it is possible to serve a lofty ideal. Canada has won that honourable place among the nations of the past and the present which can only come to the people whose sons are willing and able to dare and do and die at

need. The spirit shown by her sister-commonwealths is the same. High of heart and undaunted of soul the men and women of the British Islands and of the whole British Empire now front the crisis that is upon them.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

From "Fear God and Take Your Own Part"
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George H. Doran Company

TO THE MEMORY OF FIELD-MARSHAL
EARL KITCHENER

BORN, JUNE 24TH, 1850

DIED ON SERVICE, JUNE 5TH, 1916

Soldier of England, you who served her well
And in that service, silent and apart,
Achieved a name that never lost its spell
Over your country's heart;—

Who saw your work accomplished ere at length
Shadows of evening fell, and creeping Time
Had bent your stature or resolved the strength
That kept its manhood prime —

Great was your life, and great the ebb and flow,
As through the plunging seas the wind whirled your
head
Your spirit passed, unconquered, unafraid,
To join the gallant dead.

But not by death that spell could pass away
That fixed our gaze upon the far-off goal,
Who, by your magic, stand in arms to-day
A nation one and whole,

Now doubly pledged to bring your vision true
Of darkness vanquished and the dawn set free
In that full triumph which your faith foreknew
But might not live to see.

SIR OWEN SEAMAN

Reprinted by permission of London "Punch"

KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM

Weep, waves of England! Nobler clay
Was ne'er to nobler grave consigned;
The wild waves weep with us to-day
Who mourn a nation's master mind.

We hoped an honoured age for him,
And ashes laid with England's great,
And rapturous music, and the dim
Deep hush that veils our Tomb of State.

But this is better. Let him sleep
Where sleep the men who made us free,
For England's heart is in the deep,
And England's glory is the sea.

One only vow above his bier,
 One only oath beside his bed:
 We swear our flag shall shield him here
 Until the sea give up its dead!

Leap, waves of England. Boastful be,
 And fling defiance in the blast,
 For Earth is envious of the Sea
 Which shelters England's dead at last.

ROBERT J. C. STEAD

*From "Kitchener and Other Poems"—
 By permission of The Musson Book
 Company, Limited, Toronto*

KITCHENER'S MARCH

Not the muffled drum for him
 Nor the wailing of the fife—
 Trumpets blaring to the charge
 Were the music of his life.
 Let the music of his death
 Be the feet of marching men,
 Let his heart a thousandfold
 Take the field again.

Of his patience, of his calm,
 Of his quiet faithfulness,
 England, build your hero's cairn!
 He was worthy of no less.
 Stone by stone, in silence laid,
 Singly, surely, let it grow.
 He whose living was to serve
 Would have bled it so.

There's a body drifting down
For the mighty sea to keep.
There's a spirit cannot die
While one heart is left to leap
In the land he gave his all,
Steel alike to praise and hate.
He has saved the life he spent—
Death has struck too late.

Not the muffled drums for him
Nor the wailing of the fife—
Trumpets blaring to the charge
Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
Be the feet of marching men!
Let his heart a thousandfold
Take the field again!

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

*From "Life and Living"—Copyright, 1916.
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George H. Doran Company*

THE CROWN OF EMPIRE

O England of our Fathers
 And England of our Sons,
 Along the dark horizon line
 The day-dawn glory runs,
 For Empire has been ours of old
 And Empire ours shall be—
 His grip is on the world to-day
 Whose grip is on the sea.

O England of our Fathers
 And England of our Sons,
 Above the roar of battling hosts,
 The thunder of the guns,
 A Mother's voice was calling us,
 We heard it over-sea,
 The blood which thou didst give us
 Is the blood we spill for thee.

O England of our Fathers
 And England of our Sons,
 Along the dark horizon-line
 The day-dawn glory runs,
 For golden Peace is drawing near,
 Her paths are on the sea,—
 He grips the hearts of all mankind
 Who stands for Liberty.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

*From "In the Battle Silences"—By
 permission of the Author and The
 Musson Book Company, Limited.
 Toronto*

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

I have a rendezvous with Death
 At some disputed barricade;
 When Spring comes back with rustling shade
 And apple blossoms fill the air—
 I have a rendezvous with Death
 When Spring brings back blue days and fair.
 It may be he shall take my hand
 And lead me into his dark land,
 And close my eyes and quench my breath—
 It may be I shall pass him still.
 I have a rendezvous with Death
 On some scarred slope of battered hill,
 When Spring comes round again this year
 And the first meadow flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
 Pillowed on silk and scented down,
 Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
 Pulse nigh to pulse and breath to breath,
 Where hushed awakenings are dear—
 But I've a rendezvous with Death.
 At midnight in some flaming town,
 When Spring trips north again this year,
 And I to my pledged word am true,
 I shall not fail that rendezvous.

* ALAN SEEGER

*From "Poems by Alan Seeger"—Copyright, 1916, by Charles Scribner's Sons.
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* Killed in action at Belloy-en-Santerre, July, 1916

IN MEMORIAM

Let pride with grief go hand in hand :
 They join the hallowed hosts who died
 In battle for their lovely land :
 With light about their brows they ride.

Young hearts and hot, grey heads and wise,
 Good knights of all the years foregone,
 Faith in their England in their eyes,
 Still ride they on, still ride they on!

By altars old their banners fade
 Beneath dear spires ; their names are set
 In minster aisle, in yew-tree shade :
 Their memories fight for England yet.

Let pride with grief go hand in hand,
 Sad Love with Patience side by side ;
 In battle for their lovely land
 Not vainly England's sons have died!

And well may pride this hour befit ;
 For not since England's days began
 More fiery clear the word was writ :
 Who dies for England dies for Man!

HELEN GRAY CONE

*From "The Post of Honour"—By permission
 of J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., Toronto*

GUNS OF VERDUN

Guns of Verdun point to Metz
From the plated parapets;
Guns of Metz grin back again
O'er the fields of fair Lorraine.

Guns of Metz are long and gray,
Growling through a summer day;
Guns of Verdun, gray and long,
Boom an echo of their song.

Guns of Metz to Verdun roar,
"Sisters, you shall foot the score;"
Guns of Verdun say to Metz,
"Fear not, for we pay our debts."

Guns of Metz they grumble, "When?"
Guns of Verdun answer then,
"Sisters, when to guard Lorraine
Gunnery lay you East again!"

PATRICK R. CHALMERS
By permission of the Author

VERDUN

(Spoken in the vault of the citadel of Verdun, September, 1916)

I wish to tell you how glad I am that you asked me to sit at table with your officers in the heart of Verdun's citadel. I am glad to see around me those who have come back from battle, those who will be fighting to-morrow, and those who, with you, General, are sentries on these impregnable walls. The name of Verdun alone will be enough to rouse imperishable memories throughout the centuries to come. There is not one of the great feats of arms which make the history of France which better shows the high qualities of the Army and the people of France; and that bravery and devotion to country, to which the world has ever paid homage, have been strengthened by a sang-froid and tenacity which yield nothing to British phlegm.

The memory of the victorious resistance of Verdun will be immortal because Verdun saved not only France, but the whole of the great cause which is common to ourselves and humanity. The evil-working force of the enemy has broken itself against the heights around the old citadel as an angry sea breaks upon a granite rock. These heights have conquered the storm which threatened the world.

I am deeply moved when I tread this sacred soil, and I do not speak for myself alone. I bring you a tribute of the admiration of my country, of the great

Empire which I represent here. They bow with me
 before your sacrifice and before your glory. Once
 again, for the defence of the great causes with which
 its very future is bound up, mankind turns to France
 "À la France! Aux hommes tombés sous Verdun!"

RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

FOR THE FALLEN

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
 England mourns for her dead across the sea.
 Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
 Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal
 Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
 There is music in the midst of desolation
 And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
 Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
 They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
 They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old:
 Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
 At the going down of the sun and in the morning
 We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are
known

As the stars are known to the Night.

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain;
As the stars that are starry in the time of our dark-
ness,

To the end, to the end, they remain.

LAURENCE BINYON

*By permission of the Author and
"The Times", London*

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

* JOHN McCRAE

*Reprinted by special permission of
London "Punch"*

* Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae died of pneumonia in France, January, 1918.

THE ANXIOUS DEAD

O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
Above their heads the legions pressing on;
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear,
And died not knowing how the day had gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause, and let them see
The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar;
Then let your mighty horns witness be
To them, and Caesar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,
That we have sworn, and will not turn aside,
That we will onward till we win or fall,
That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,
They shall feel earth enwrought in silence deep;
Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,
And in content may turn them to their sleep.

JOHN McCRAE

By permission of "The Spectator"

EXTRACT FROM SPEECH OF RT. HON. DAVID
LLOYD GEORGE ON BECOMING PREMIER

(December 19, 1916)

.

I should like to say one word about the lesson of the fighting on the western front—not about the military strategy, but about the significance of the whole of that great struggle, one of the greatest struggles ever waged in the history of the world. It is full of encouragement and of hope. Just look at it! An absolutely new Army! The old had done its duty and spent itself in the achievement of that great task. This is a new Army. But a year ago it was ore in the earth of Britain, yea, and of Ireland. It became iron. It has passed through a fiery furnace, and the enemy knows that it is now fine steel. An absolutely new Army, new men, new officers taken from schools, from colleges, from counting-houses, never trained to war, never thought of war, many of them perhaps never handled a weapon of war, generals never given the opportunity of handling great masses of men. Some of us had seen the manœuvres. A division which is now set to attack a small village is more than our generals ever had the opportunity of handling before the war. Compared with the great manœuvres on the Continent, they were toy manœuvres. And yet this new Army, new men, new officers, generals new to this kind of work, they have faced the greatest army in the world, the greatest army the world has ever seen, the

best equipped and the best trained, and they have beaten them, beaten them, beaten them! Battle after battle, day after day, week after week! From the strongest entrenchments ever devised by human skill they have driven them out by valour, by valour which is incredible when you read the story of it.

SUBALTERNS

(A Song of Oxford)

They had so much to lose; their radiant laughter
 Shook my old walls—how short a time ago.
 I hold the echoes of their song hereafter
 Among the precious things I used to know.

Their cup of life was full to overflowing.
 All earth had laid its tribute at their feet.
 What harvest might we hope from such a sowing?
 What noonday from a dawning so complete?

And I—I watched them working, dreaming, playing,
 Saw their young bodies fit the mind's desire,
 Felt them reach outward, upward, still obeying
 The passionate dictates of their hidden fire.

Yet here and there some graybeard' breathed derision,
 "Too much of luxury, too soft an age!
 Your careless Galahads will see no vision,
 Your knights will make no mark on honour's page."

No mark?—Go ask the broken fields in Flanders,
 Ask the grent dead who watched in ancient Troy,
 Ask the old moon as round the world she wanders
 What of the men who were my hope and joy!

They are but fragments of Imperial splendour,
 Handfuls of might amid a mighty host,
 Yet I, who saw them go with proud surrender,
 May surely claim to love them first and most.

They who had all, gave all. Their half-writ story
 Lies in the empty halls they knew so well,
 But they, the knights of God, shall see His glory,
 And find the Grail ev'n in the fire of hell.

MILDRED HUXLEY

By permission of the Author

THE SEARCHLIGHTS

(Political morality differs from individual morality, because there is no power above the State.—General von Bernhardi)

Shadow by shadow, stripped for fight
 The lean black cruisers search the sea.
 Night-long their level shafts of light
 Revolve, and find no enemy.
 Only they know each leaping wave
 May hide the lightning, and their grave.

And in the land they guard so well
 Is there no silent watch to keep?
 An age is dying, and the bell
 Rings midnight on a vaster deep.
 But over all its waves, once more,
 The searchlights move, from shore to shore.

And captains that we thought were dead,
 And dreamers that we thought were dumb,
 And voices that we thought were fled,
 Arise, and call us, and we come:
 And "search in thine own soul", they cry;
 "For there, too, lurks thine enemy".

Search for the foe in thine own soul,
 The sloth, the intellectual pride;
 The trivial jest that veils the goal
 For which our fathers lived and died;
 The lawless dreams, the cynic Art,
 That rend thy nobler self apart.

Not far, not far into the night,
 These level swords of light can pierce;
 Yet for her faith does England fight,
 Her faith in this our universe,
 Believing Truth and Justice draw
 From founts of everlasting law:

BY
 Author

because
 i)

The law that rules the stars, our stay,
 Our compass through the world's wide sea,
 The one sure light, the one sure way,
 The one firm base of Liberty;
 The one firm road that men have trod
 Through Chaos to the throne of God.

Therefore a Power above the State,
 The unconquerable Power returns.
 The fire, the fire that made her great
 Once more upon her altar burns.
 Once more, redeemed, and healed and whole.
 She moves to the Eternal Goal.

ALFRED NOYES

*Reprinted by permission from the "Lord of Misrule",
 by Alfred Noyes. Copyright, 1915, by Frederick
 A. Stokes Company*

THE SEA IS HIS

The Sea is His: He made it,
 Black gulf and sunlit shoal,
 From battered bight to where the long
 Leagues of Atlantic roll:
 Small strait and ceaseless ocean
 He bade each one to be:
 The Sea is His: He made it —
 And England keeps it free.

By pain and stress and striving
 Beyond the nations' ken,
 By vigils stern when others slept,
 By many lives of men ;
 Through nights of storm, through dawnsings
 Blacker than midnights be—
 This Sea that God created,
 England has kept it free.

Count me the splendid captains
 Who sailed with courage high
 To chart the perilous ways unknown—
 Tell me where these men lie!
 To light a path for ships to come
 They moored at Dead Man's quay ;
 The Sea is God's—He made it,
 And these men made it free.

Oh, little land of England,
 Oh, Mother of hearts too brave,
 Men say this trust shall pass from thee
 Who guardest Nelson's grave.
 Aye, but these braggarts yet shall learn,
 Who'd hold the world in fee,
 The Sea is God's—and England,
 England shall keep it free.

* R. E. VERNÈDE

*From "War Poems", by R. E. Vernède.
 By permission of the Publishers,
 Wm. Heinemann, London*

* Died of wounds, April, 1917

VOLUNTEER

Here lies a clerk who half his life had spent
Toiling at ledgers in a city gray,
Thinking that so his days would drift away
With no lance broken in life's tournament:
Yet ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes
The gleaming eagles of the legions came,
And horsemen, charging under phantom skies,
Went thund'ring past beneath the oriflamme.

And now those waiting dreams are satisfied;
From twilight into spacious dawn he went;
His lance is broken; but he lies content
With that high hour, in which he lived and died.
And falling thus he wants no recompense,
Who found his battle in the last resort;
Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence,
Who goes to join the men of Agincourt.

HERBERT ASQUITH

By permission of Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith

EXTRACT FROM PRESIDENT WILSON'S
MESSAGE TO CONGRESS

(April 2, 1917)

We are now about to accept the gage of battle with this natural foe to liberty, and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and powers. We are glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretence about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German people included; for the rights of nations great and small, and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the trusted foundations of political liberty.

We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those have been made as secure as the faith and freedom of the nation can make them.

Just because we fight without rancour and without selfish objects, seeking nothing for ourselves but what we shall wish to share with all free peoples, we shall, I feel confident, conduct our operations as belligerents without passion and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and of fair play we

profess to be fighting for. . . . We enter this war only where we are clearly forced into it because there are no other means of defending our rights.

It will be all the easier for us to conduct ourselves as belligerents in a high spirit of right and fairness because we act without animus, not in enmity toward a people or with the desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them, but only in armed opposition to an irresponsible Government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right and is running amuck. . . . There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us.

It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest to our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

FROM "VIMY RIDGE"

(April, 1917)

.
 England, our mother, we, thy sons, are young;
 Our exultation this day cannot be
 Bounded as thine: but thou wilt pardon us,
 Thou wilt forgive us if we cry, "Now see!
 See now, our mother, these are they that clung
 Once to thy breasts, and are they not well sung?"

Aye, not since France herself first stood at bay,
 To conquer or to die on Marne's green banks,
 Driving at last across its crimsoned flood
 The flower of Germany in shattered ranks,
 Has there been crowded in a single day
 More breathless glory for heroic lay.
 England, our mother, once our boasting hear!
 And in thy streets let flags and banners fly!
 To drums and bugles let the people march
 While Vimy Ridge is shouted to the sky!

Thereafter of our pride let naught be said,
 Saving on stone, inscribed with but one line:

CANADA—VIMY RIDGE—1917

Our hearts the tablets of a secret shrine:
 Though henceforth we shall lift a higher head
 Because of Vimy and its glorious dead.

ALFRED GORDON

*From "Vimy Ridge and New Poems"—
 By permission of the Author and
 of J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., Toronto*

THE SILENT TOAST

(Vimy Ridge, April, 1917)

They stand with reverent faces,
And their merriment give o'er,
As they drink the toast to the unseen host,
Who have fought and gone before.

It is only a passing moment
In the midst of the feast and song,
But it grips the breath, as the wind of death
In a vision sweeps along.

No more they see the banquet
And the brilliant lights around:
But they charge again on the hideous plain
When the shell-bursts rip the ground.

Or they creep at night, like panthers,
Through the waste of No Man's Land,
Their hearts afire with a wild desire
And death on every hand.

And out of the roar and tumult,
Or the black night loud with rain,
Some face comes back on the fiery track
And looks in their eyes again.

And the love that is passing woman's,
And the bonds that are forged by death,
Now grip the soul with a strange control
And speak what no man saith.

The vision dies off in the stillness,
Once more the tables shine,
But the eyes of all in the banquet hall
Are lit with a light divine.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

*By permission of the Author and The
Musson Book Company, Limited,
Toronto*

PROSPICE

The ancient and the lovely land
Is sown with death; across the plain
Ungarnered now the orchards stand,
The Maxim nestles in the grain,
The shrapnel spreads a stinging hail
Where pallid nuns the cloister trod,
The airship spills her leaden hail;
But—after all the battles—God.

Athwart the vineyard's ordered banks,
Silent the red rent forms recline,
And from their stark and speechless ranks
There flows a richer, ruddier wine;
While down the lane and through the wall
The victors writhe upon the sod,
Nor heed the onward bugle call;
But—after all the bugles—God.

By night the blazing cities flare
 Like mushroom torches in the sky;
 The rocking ramparts tremble ere
 The sullen cannon boom reply.
 And shattered is the temple spire,
 The vestment trampled on the clod,
 And every altar black with fire;
 But—after all the altars—God.

And all the prizes we have won
 Are buried in a deadly dust;
 The things we set our hearts upon
 Beneath the stricken earth are thrust;
 Again the Savage greets the sun,
 Again his feet, with fury shod,
 Across a world in anguish run;
 But—after all the anguish—God.

The grim campaign, the gun, the sword,
 The quick volcano from the sea,
 The honour that reveres the word,
 The sacrifice, the agony—
 These be our heritage and pride,
 Till the last despot kiss the rod,
 And, with man's freedom purified,
 We mark—behind our triumph—God.

ALAN SULLIVAN
By permission of the Author

THE OUTER GUARD

Bold Watchers of the deeps,
Guards of the Greater Ways,
How shall our swelling hearts express
Our heights and depths of thankfulness
For these safe-guarded days!

Grim is your vigil there,
Black day and blacker night,—
Watching for life, while knavish death
Lurks all around, above, beneath,
Waiting his chance to smite.

Your hearts are stouter than
The worst that Death can do.
Our thoughts for you!—our prayers for you!
There's One aloft that cares for you,
And He will see you through.

Don't think we e'er forget
The debt we owe to you!
Never a night but we pray for you!
Never a day but we say for you,—
"God bless the gallant lads in blue!
With mighty strength their hearts renew!
Bless every ship and every crew!
Give every man his rightful due!
And bring them all safe through."

JOHN OXENHAM
By permission of the Author

SMALL CRAFT

When Drake sailed out from Devon to break King
Philip's pride,
He had great ships at his bidding and little ones
beside;
Revenge was there, and *Lion*, and others known to
fame,
And likewise he had small craft, which hadn't any
name.

Small craft—small craft, to harry and to flout 'em!
Small craft—small craft, you cannot do without 'em!
Their deeds are unrecorded, their names are never
seen,
But we know that there were small craft, because there
must have been.

When Nelson was blockading for three long years and
more,
With many a bluff first-rater and oaken seventy-four
To share the fun and fighting, the good chance and the
bad,
Oh, he had also small craft, because he must have had.

Upon the skirts of battle, from Sluys to Trafalgar,
We know that there were small craft, because there
always are;
Yacht, sweeper, sloop, and drifter, to-day as yesterday,
The big ships fight the battles, but the small craft
clear the way.

They scout before the squadrons when mighty fleets
engage;

They glean War's dreadful harvest when the fight has
ceased to rage;

Too great they count no hazard, no task beyond their
power,

And merchantmen bless small craft a hundred times
an hour.

In Admirals' dispatches their names are seldom heard;
They justify their being by more than written word;
In battle, toil, and tempest, and dangers manifold
The doughty deeds of small craft will never all be told.

Scant ease, and scantier leisure—they take no heed
of these,

For men lie hard in small craft when storm is on the
seas;

A long watch and a weary, from dawn to set of sun—
The men who serve in small craft, their work is never
done.

And if, as chance may have it, some bitter day they lie
Out-classed, out-gunned, out-numbered, with naught to
do but die,

When the last gun's out of action, good-bye to ship and
crew,

But men die hard in small craft, as they will always
do.

Oh, death comes once to each man, and the game it
 pays for all,
 And duty is but duty in great ship and in small,
 And it will not vex their slumbers or make less sweet
 their rest,
 Though there's never a big black headline for small
 craft going west.

Great ships and mighty captains—to these their need
 of praise
 For patience, skill, and daring, and loud victorious
 days;
 To every man his portion, as is both right and fair,
 But oh! forget not small craft, for they have done
 their share.

Small craft—small craft, from Scapa Flow to Dover,
 Small craft—small craft, all the wide world over,
 At risk of war and shipwreck, torpedo, mine, and shell,
 All honour be to small craft, for oh, they've earned it
 well!

C. FOX-SMITH

*Reprinted by special permission of
 London "Punch"*

EXTRACT FROM SPEECH OF
RT. HON. A. J. BALFOUR IN TORONTO

(May, 1917)

I come into Canada to a great free country, composed not only of friends, but of countrymen. We think the same thoughts, we live in the same civilization, we belong to the same Empire, and if anything could have cemented more closely the bonds of Empire, if anything could have made us feel that we were indeed of one flesh and one blood, with one common history behind us, if anything could have cemented these feelings, it is the consciousness that now for two years and a half we have been engaged in this great struggle, in which, I thank God, all North America is now at one. We have been engaged in this great struggle through these two years and a half, fighting together, when necessary making all our sacrifices in common, working together toward a common and victorious end, which I doubt not will crown our efforts.

May I, as a countryman of yours, though not a citizen of Toronto, may I say how profoundly the whole Empire feels the magnitude of the effort you have made, and how we value it for itself and for an example to all posterity, an evidence to the whole world of what the British Empire really means, not only for the whole of that civilized body of nations of which we form no inconsiderable part.

These are proud thoughts: they will some day be proud memories. We are associated together in a

struggle never equalled yet in the history of the world, and I rejoice to think that in that struggle on which posterity will look back as the greatest effort made for freedom and civilization, the British Empire in every one of its constituent parts, and surely not least in this great Dominion, in this proud Province, and in this city not least, has shown what the unity of the Empire really means, and how vain were the anticipations of those who thought that we were constituted but a fair-weather Empire, to be dissolved into thin atoms at the first storm that should burst upon it.

We have, on the contrary, shown that the more storms beat on the fabric of our Empire the more firmly it held together, and were so far from shaking it in any single part. Events that have recently occurred, that are occurring, and that will occur in the future, will join every part of it together for ever in memories which will remain with us, the actors in this great drama, until we die, and which we shall be able to hand to our children and our grandchildren as long as civilization exists.

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

(Seen from the train)

I saw the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The gray spires of Oxford
Against a pearl-gray sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay,
The hoary Colleges look down
On careless boys at play.
But when the bugle sounded war
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford
To seek a bloody sod—
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

W. M. LETTS

*By permission of the Author
From "Spires of Oxford"—
E. P. Dutton & Co., New
York*

EXTRACT FROM SPEECH OF
MONSIEUR VIVIANI IN OTTAWA

(May 12, 1917)

It must not be forgotten that in the month of February, 1915, at Ypres, in the north of France, near the Belgian frontier, in a country devastated by floods, after the terrific assault of the German soldiers by means of asphyxiating gases—Germany, the country that has caused science to swerve from its true ends, and, instead of pouring its benefits upon mankind, has visited humanity with manifold evils and crimes—that same Germany had to meet your Canadian soldiers. On that terrific day, your sons, rising in their might, saved the situation.

And throughout many battles, throughout numerous and recent victories the soldiers of Canada stood up heroically against their foe. Even at this moment, we have before our eyes your boys, so alert, so athletic, so brave, the first to storm, victoriously carrying their flag to those heights of Vimy which were reputed to be impregnable.

Hail to all these soldiers; let us bow our heads reverently before those who fight, those who suffer, and those who have laid down their lives for their country. They had a clear perception of what their action meant; when they left this country they were well aware that it was not only Great Britain that they were called upon to defend, that it was not only

France that they were going to protect against the attacks of invaders:—their clear vision upturned toward Heaven, detected the higher object; they were well aware that it was the sacred cause of humanity, of democracy, and of justice, that they were defending.

THE NAME OF FRANCE

Give us a name to fill the mind
 With the shining thoughts that lead mankind,
 The glory of learning, the glory of art,—
 A name that tells of a splendid part
 In the long, long toil and the strenuous fight
 Of the human race to win its way
 From the feudal darkness into the day
 Of Freedom, Brotherhood, Equal Right,—
 A name like a star, a name of light.
 I give you *France!*

Give us a name to stir the blood
 With a warmer glow and a swifter flood,—
 A name like the sound of a trumpet, clear,
 And silver-sweet, and iron-strong,
 That calls three million men to their feet,
 Ready to march, and steady to meet
 The foes who threaten that name with wrong,—
 A name that rings like a battle-song.
 I give you *France!*

Give us a name to move the heart
 With the strength that noble griefs impart,
 A name that speaks of the blood outpoured
 To save mankind from the sway of the sword,—
 A name that calls on the world to share
 In the burden of sacrificial strife
 Where the cause at stake is the world's free life
 And the rule of the people everywhere,—
 A name like a vow, a name like a prayer.
 I give you *France!*

HENRY VAN DYKE

*From "The Red Flower"—Copyright
 Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
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EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF
 MARSHAL JOFFRE IN MONTREAL

(May 12, 1917)

I thank you, with all my heart, for the warmth of the reception you have given me, and I can assure you that the acclamations with which you have greeted me will be heard in France. I know the services rendered by Canada in France. Your soldiers have fought beside our soldiers, and many have died in the fight we are waging. They have always shown indomitable courage, and in them Canada has done her duty.

.

Your Canadian soldiers have won the admiration of France. I have seen your men in action, they are courageous; they are indomitable and marvellous; they despise death; and their bravery is only equalled by that of the soldiers of France.

I thank you for the demonstration you have given me, and I am happy that I have been able, during my stay on this continent, to come up to this great city of Montreal for a few hours, to meet a people who show us so warmly that we in France have a place in their affections. All I can say is, and I say it with all my heart, "Vive la Canada!"

FOR THE MEN AT THE FRONT

Lord God of Hosts, whose mighty hand
Dominion holds on sea and land,
In Peace and War Thy Will we see
Shaping the larger liberty.

Nations may rise and nations fall,
Thy Changeless Purpose rules them all.

When Death flies swift on wave or field,
Be Thou a sure defence and shield!
Console and succour those who fall,
And help and hearten each and all!
O, hear a people's prayers for those
Who fearless face their country's foes!

For those who weak and broken lie,
 In weariess and agony—
 Great Healer, to their beds of pain
 Come, touch, and make them whole again!
 O, hear a people's prayers, and bless
 Thy servants in their hour of stress!

For those to whom the call shall come
 We pray Thy tender welcome home.
 The toil, the bitterness, all past,
 We trust them to Thy Love at last.
 O, hear a people's prayers for all
 Who, nobly striving, nobly fall!

To every stricken heart and home,
 O, come! In tenderest pity, come!
 To anxious souls who wait in fear,
 Be Thou most wonderfully near!
 And hear a people's prayers, for faith
 To quicken life and conquer death!

For those who minister and heal,
 And spend themselves, their skill, their zeal—
 Renew their hearts with Christ-like faith,
 And guard them from disease and death.
 And in Thine own good time, Lord, send
 Thy Peace on earth till Time shall end!

JOHN OXENHAM

By permission of the Author

WHAT HAS BRITAIN DONE?

What has Britain done?

Kept the faith and fought the fight
For the everlasting right:
Chivalrously couched her lance
In defence of Belgium, France—
This has Britain done.

What has Britain done?

Given every seventh son,
Met the challenge of the Hun:
Placed her men on every field,
Proud to die, too proud to yield—
This has Britain done.

What has Britain done?

Answers every far-flung breeze
Blown across the seven seas:
“ Watch and ward secure she keeps,
With vigilance that never sleeps ”—
This has Britain done.

What has Britain done?

On every front, her flag unfurled,
Fought a world-war round the world:
Then, when all is said and done,
Ask her Allies, ask the Hun,
“ What has Britain done ? ”

What has Britain done?

For her slain Britannia weeps—
She might boast who silence keeps.
But, when all is done and said,
Call the roll and count her dead,
And know what she has done.

REV. F. B. HODGINS

By permission of the Author

EXTRACT FROM SPEECH OF
RT. HON. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

*(Delivered at Queen's Hall on the Third Anniversary of the
Declaration of War, August 4, 1917)*

While the Army is fighting so valiantly, let the nation behind it be patient, be strong, and, above all, united. The strain is great on nations and on individuals, and when men get over-strained tempers get ragged, and small grievances are exaggerated, and small misunderstandings and mistakes swell into mountains. Long wars, like long voyages and long journeys, are very trying to the temper, and wise men keep watch on it and make allowances for it. There are some who are more concerned about ending the war than about winning it; and plans which lead to victory, if they prolong the conflict, have their disapproval, and the people who are responsible for such plans have their condemnation. Let us keep our eye steadily on the winning of the war. May I say let us

keep both eyes? Some have a cast in their eye, and while one eye is fixed truly on victory, the other is wandering around to other issues or staring stonily at some pet or partisan project of their own. Beware of becoming cross-eyed! Keep both eyes on victory. Look neither to the right nor to the left. That is the way we shall win. If any one promotes national distrust or disunion at this hour, he is helping the enemy and hurting his native land. And it makes no difference whether he is for or against the war. As a matter of fact, the hurt is deeper if he is for the war, because whatever the pure pacifist says is discounted, and, as far as the war is concerned, discredited.

Let there be one thought in every head. If you sow distrust, discontent, disunion in the nation we shall reap defeat. If, on the other hand, we sow the seeds of patience, confidence, and unity, we shall garner in victory and its fruits. The last ridges of a climb are always the most trying to the nerves and to the heart, but the real test of great endurance and courage is the last few hundreds or scores of feet in a climb upwards. The climber who turns back when he is almost there never becomes a great mountaineer, and the nation that turns back and falters before it reaches its purpose never becomes a great people. You have all had experience in climbing, no doubt—perhaps in Wales. Any mountaineer can start; any sort of mountaineer can go part of the way; and very often the poorer the mountaineer, the greater is his ardour when he does start; but fatigue and danger wear out all but the stoniest hearts, and even the

most stout-hearted sometimes fail when they come to the last slippery precipice. But if they do turn back and afterward's look up and see how near they had got to the top, how they curse the faint-heartedness which bade them give up when they were so near the goal!

WHAT HAS ENGLAND DONE?

(This is the reply of an American poet to a question often heard in the United States.)

Strange, that in this great hour, when Righteousness
Has won her war upon Hypocrisy,
That some there be who, lost in littleness,
And mindful of an ancient grudge, can ask:
"Now, what has England done to win this war?"
We think we see her smile that English smile,
And shrug a lazy shoulder and—just smile.
It were so little worth her while to pause
In her stupendous task to make reply.

What has she done? When with her great, gray ships,
The lean destroyers, grim, invincible,
She swept the prowling Prussian from the seas;
And, heedless of the slinking submarine,
The hidden mine, the Hun-made treacheries,
Her transports plied the waters ceaselessly!
You ask what she has done? Have you forgot
That 'neath the burning suns of Palestine
She fought and bled, nor wearied of the fight
Till from that land where walked the Nazarene
She drove the foul and pestilential Turk?

Ah, what has England done? No need to ask!
Upon the fields of Flanders and of France
A million crosses mark a million graves;
Upon each cross a well-loved English name,
And, ah, her women! On that peaceful isle,
Where in the hawthorn hedges thrushes sang,
And meadow-larks made gay the scented air,
Now blackened chimneys rear their grimy heads,
Smoke-belching, and the frightened birds have fled
Before the thunder of the whirring wheels.
Behind unlovely walls, amid the din,
Seven times a million noble women toil—
With tender, unaccustomed fingers toil,
Nor dream that they have played a hero's part.

Great hearted England, we have fought the fight
Together, and our mingled blood has flowed.
Full well we know that underneath that mask
Of cool indifference there beats a heart,
Grim as your own gaunt ships when duty calls,
Yet warm and gentle as your summer skies:
A Nation's heart that beats throughout a land
Where Kings may be beloved, and Monarchy
Can teach Republics how they may be free.
Ah! What has England do? When came the call,
She counted not the cost, but gave her all!

VILDA SAUVAGE OWENS

By permission of the Author

IN THE MORNING

Back from battle, torn and rent,
Listing bridge and stanchions bent
 By the angry sea.
By Thy guiding mercy sent,
Fruitful was the road we went—
 Back from battle we.

If Thou hadst not been, O Lord, behind our feeble arm,
 If Thy hand had not been there to slam the lyddite
 home,
When against us men uprose and sought to work us
 harm,
We had gone to death, O Lord, in spouting rings of
 foam.

Heaving sea and cloudy sky
Saw the battle flashing by,
 As Thy foemen ran.
By Thy grace, that made them fly,
We have seen two hundred die
 Since the fight began.

If our cause had not been Thine, for Thy eternal Right,
 If the foe in place of us had fought for Thee, O Lord!
If Thou hadst not guided us and drawn us there to
 fight
We never should have closed with them—Thy seas
 are dark and broad.

Through the iron rain they fled,
 Bearing home the tale of dead,
 Flying from Thy sword,
 After-hatch to fo'e's'le head,
 We have turned their decks to red,
 By Thy help, O Lord!

It was not by our feeble sword that they were over-
 thrown,

 But Thy right hand that dashed them down, the
 servants of the proud;

It was not arm of ours that saved, but Thine, O Lord,
 alone,

 When down the line the guns began, and sang Thy
 praise aloud.

Sixty miles of running fight,
 Finished at the dawning light,
 Off the Zuider Zee.

Thou that helped throughout the night

Weary hand and aching sight,

 Praise, O Lord, to Thee.

KLAXON

*By permission of Wm. Blackwood & Sons,
 Edinburgh*

ORDER TO THE CANADIAN ARMY CORPS

(March 27, 1918)

Looking back with pride on the unbroken record of your glorious achievements, asking you to realize that to-day the fate of the British Empire hangs in the balance, I place my trust in the Canadian Corps, knowing that where Canadians are engaged, there can be no giving way. Under the orders of your devoted officers in the coming battle, you will advance, or fall where you stand, facing the enemy.

To those who fall, I say: "You will not die, but step into immortality. Your mothers will not lament your fate, but will be proud to have borne such sons. Your names will be revered for ever by your grateful country, and God will take you unto Himself."

Canadians, in this fateful hour, I command you and I trust you to fight as you have ever fought, with all your strength, with all your determination, with all your tranquil courage. On many a hard-fought field of battle you have overcome this enemy, and with God's help you shall achieve victory once more.

(Sgd.) A. W. CURRIE, Lieut.-Gen.
Commanding Canadian Corps

THE SOUL OF A NATION

(March 28, 1918)

The little things of which we lately chattered—
The dearth of taxis or the dawn of spring;
Themes we discussed as though they really mattered,
Like rationed meat or raiders on the wing;—

How thin it seems to-day, this vacant prattle,
Drowned by the thunder rolling in the West,
Voice of the great arbitrament of battle
That puts our temper to the final test.

Thither our eyes are turned, our hearts are straining,
Where those we love, whose courage laughs at fear,
Amid the storm of steel around them raining
Go to their death for all we hold most dear.

New born of this supremest hour of trial,
In quiet confidence shall be our strength,
Fixed on a faith that will not take denial
Nor doubt that we have found our soul at length.

O England, staunch of nerve and strong of sinew,
Best when you face the odds and stand at bay,
Now show a watching world what stuff is in you;
Now make your soldiers proud of you to-day!

SIR OWEN SEAMAN

Reprinted by permission of London "Punch"

THE LIVING LINE

(March, 1918)

As long as faith and freedom last,
And earth goes round the sun,
This stands--The British line held fast
And so the fight was won.

The greatest fight that ever yet
Brought all the world to dearth;
A fight of two great nations set
To battle for the earth.

And one was there with blood aflame
To make the earth his tool;
And one was there in freedom's name
That mercy still should rule.

It was a line, a living line
Of Britain's gallant youth
That fought the Prussian one to nine
And saved the world for ruth.

That bleeding line, that falling fence,
That stubborn ebbing wave,
That string of suffering human sense,
Shuddered, but never gave.

A living line of human flesh,
It quivered like a brain;
Swarm after swarm came on afresh
And crashed, but crashed in vain.

Outnumbered by the mightiest foe
That ever sought to put
The world in chains, they met the blow
And fought him foot by foot.

They fought his masses, falling back,
They poured their blood like wine,
And never once the vast attack
Smashed through that living line.

It held, it held, while all the world
Looked on with strangled breath;
It held; again, again it hurl'd
Man's memory to death.

Bleeding and sleepless, dazed and spent,
And bending like a bow,
Backward the lads of Britain went,
Their faces to the blow.

And day went by, and night came in,
And when the moon was gone
Murder burst out with fiercer din,
And still the fight went on.

THE GREAT WAR IN VERSE AND PROSE

Day after day, night after night,
Outnumbered nine to one,
In agony that none may write
Those young men held the Hun.

And this is their abiding praise
No future shall undo:
Not once in all those staggering days
The avalanche broke thro'.

Retreat, retreat, yea, still retreat,
But fighting one to nine,
Just knowing there was no defeat
If they but held the line.

Ah, never yet did men more true
Or souls more finely wrought
From Cressy down to Waterloo
Fight as these young men fought;

On whose great hearts the fate of all
Mankind was poised that hour
Which saw the Prussian War God fall
And Christ restored to pow'r.

The world shall tell how they stood fast,
And how the fight was won,
As long as faith and freedom last
And earth goes round the sun.

HAROLD BEGBIE

By permission of the Author

AN HISTORIC ORDER

(Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, April 12, 1918)

Three weeks ago to-day the enemy began his terrific attacks against us on a fifty-mile front. His objects were to separate us from the French, to take the Channel Ports, and to destroy the British Army.

In spite of throwing already one hundred and six divisions into the battle, and enduring the most reckless sacrifice of human life, he has yet made little progress toward his goals.

We owe this to the determined fighting and self-sacrifice of our troops. Words fail me to express the admiration which I feel for the splendid resistance offered by all ranks of our army under the most trying circumstances.

Many among us now are tired. To those I would say that victory will belong to the side which holds out the longest. The French Army is moving rapidly and in great force to our support. There is no other course open to us but to fight it out.

Every position must be held to the last man. There must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight to the end. The safety of our homes and the freedom of mankind depend alike upon the conduct of each one of us at this critical moment.

THE GUNS IN SUSSEX

Light green of grass and richer green of bush
Slope upwards to the darkest green of fir:
How still! How deathly still! And yet the hush
Shivers and trembles with some subtle stir,
Some far-off throbbing, like a muffled drum,
Beaten in broken rhythm oversea,
To play the last funereal march of some
Who die to-day that Europe may be free.

The deep-blue heaven, curving from the green,
Spans with its shimmering arch the flowery zone;
In all God's earth there is no gentler scene,
And yet I hear that awesome monotone;
Above the circling midge's piping thrill,
And the long droning of the questing bee,
Above all sultry summer sounds it still
Mutters its ceaseless menaces to me.

And as I listen all the garden fair
Darkens to plains of misery and death,
And looking past the roses I see there
Those sordid furrows, with the rising breath
Of all things foul and black. My heart is hot
Within me as I view it, and I cry,
"Better the misery of these men's lot
Than all the peace that comes to such as I!"

And strange that in the pauses of the sound
I hear the children's laughter as they roam,
And then their mother calls, and all around
Rise up the gentle murmurs of a home.
But still I gaze afar, and at the sight
My whole soul softens to its heartfelt prayer:
" Spirit of Justice, Thou for whom they fight,
Ah, turn in mercy, to our lads out there!

" The froward peoples have deserved Thy wrath,
And on them is the Judgment as of old.
But if they wandered from the hallowed path,
Yet is their retribution manifold.
Behold all Europe writhing on the rack,
The sins of fathers grinding down the sons,
How long, O Lord?" He sends no answer back,
But still I hear the mutter of the guns.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

By permission of the Author

TO A SOLDIER IN HOSPITAL

Courage came to you with your boyhood's grace
Of ardent life and limb.
Each day new dangers steeled you to the test,
To ride, to climb, to swim.
Your hot blood taught you carelessness of death
With every breath.

So when you went to play another game
You could not but be brave:
An Empire's team, a rougher football field,
The end—perhaps your grave.
What matter? On the winning of a goal
You staked your soul.

Yes, you wore courage as you wore your youth
With carelessness and joy.
But in what Spartan school of discipline
Did you get patience, boy?
How did you learn to bear this long-drawn pain
And not complain?

Restless with throbbing hopes, with thwarted aims,
Impulsive as a colt,
How do you lie here month by weary month
Helpless and not revolt?
What joy can these monotonous days afford
Here in a ward?

Yet you are merry as the birds in spring,
Or feign the gaiety,
Lest those who dress and tend your wound each day
Should guess the agony.
Lest they should suffer—this the only fear
You let draw near.

Graybeard philosophy has sought in books
And argument this truth,
That man is greater than his pain, but you
Have learnt it in your youth,
You know the wisdom taught by Calvary
At twenty-three.

Death would have found you brave, but braver still
You face each lagging day,
A merry Stoic, patient, chivalrous,
Divinely kind and gay,
You bear your knowledge lightly, graduate
Of unkind Fate.

Careless philosopher, the first to laugh,
The latest to complain,
Unmindful that you teach, you taught me this
In your long fight with pain:
Since God made man so good—here stands my creed—
God's good indeed.

W. M. LETTS

*By permission of the Author
From "Hallow E'en and Other Verses"
—John Murray, London*

SPEECH DELIVERED BY LIEUT.-GEN. SIR A. W.
CURRIE IN LONDON BEFORE AUGUST
OFFENSIVE, 1918

Just before the Canadian entrance into the great offensive of August, 1918, General Sir Arthur W. Currie, during a short visit to London, delivered the following message from the Canadian Army Corps under his command:

The situation is a serious one, and it is better for all peoples to know the fact. Germany has struck four mighty blows with success on each occasion, and it is just a question of how many of these blows we can stand. Personally, I think that the factor that can be turned in our favour is this: If we stop and fight the Boche, we will kill a sufficient number to make him silly, while America develops enough strength to turn the man power in our favour. The British soldier realizes that he is a better man than the Boche, and he believes that the German army can be beaten. Our men do not regard the Boche as a superman; and, remembering the crimes they have committed, we shall never take such delight in killing them as when we next meet them. Germany is simply a mad dog that must be killed, a cancerous growth that must be removed.

I suppose that I am the proudest man in the British Isles to-night, but I am not the happiest. I am the proudest man because I command the finest fighting force in all the Allied armies. An officer of Canadian birth, who has spent the whole of his military career with the British Army, and married an

English wife, told me the other day that he was proud to be a Canadian, for everywhere he went men spoke of the deeds of the Canadian Army Corps. When the women with their children and the old men were fleeing before enemy forces on the Western Front on a not very distant occasion, and learned that the troops meeting them were Canadians, they turned round and went back home. On another occasion, when visiting a British Headquarters, I saw a Brigadier sitting by the roadside, tired, and dirty, and wan. He called out, "Who's that coming along?" When the reply was, "General Currie", he said, "Are the Canadians coming down here?" Told that they were, he threw his hat in the air and declared, "Then we are all right now".

When we came to England first, we were not regarded as the finest fighting soldiers. We had many things said about us unjustly; and suggestions were put about that it was improbable we should ever become good soldiers. Everywhere to-day, at General Headquarters and all other places, it is recognized that Canadian soldiers are fit to take their place beside the veteran soldiers of the British Army, with whom we are proud to serve.

I know that it has been said that Canadians and other Overseas troops are placed in the hottest parts of the war area. The greatest fighting of the war has been this year, and we have not taken any particular part in it. The Boche has not attacked the Canadian Front. He knows that he has never yet met the troops from Canada without suffering severely.

The turn of the Canadian Corps must come. The temper of the Canadian soldier is that there is no position he is asked to take that he will not take; and I know that the Boche will not take any part of our line, except over the dead bodies of your Canadian fellow-citizens. That is why I am not the happiest man in the British Isles to-night. The Canadian Corps is going to die. It is simply a question of who can stand killing the longer.

I have never seen the Corps in finer fighting fettle than it is to-day. The Canadians are now more efficient than ever; and we could not be in that position unless we were backed up by General Sir Richard Turner and his staff in England. There is a feeling of co-operation now that never existed before; and the better the liaison we have between France, England, and Canada, the better it is for the fighting forces.

And so we stand in a great cause, on the eve of great events. We have to preserve the British Empire. It would be a terrible calamity if anything should happen that would make the peoples of the British Empire hesitate at such a juncture. The British Empire must be saved.

THE AIR MEN

(This poem was written before 1911, but it so well portrays the conditions which prevailed in the last year of the Great War that it is here reproduced.)

We brought great ships to birth
 We builded towns and towers—
 Lords of the sea and earth,
 Soon shall the sky be ours.

Soon shall our navies drift
 Like swallows down the wind,
 Shall wheel and swoop and lift,
 Leaving the clouds behind.

The stars our keels shall know.
 The eagle, as it flies,
 Shall scream to see us go
 Swift moving through the skies.

High o'er the mountain-steep
 Our wingèd fleets shall sail.
 The serried squadrons sweep,
 White-pinioned down the gale.

We are the lords of the land,
 We built us towns and towers.
 The sea has felt our hand—
 Soon shall the sky be ours.

NORAH HOLLAND

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EXTRACTS FROM SPEECH

(September, 1918)

Canada's war record is made, though not completed. Nothing she can do in the future will detract from her great past in this world struggle. She has shown herself a true daughter of Great Britain. She has spared neither sons nor treasure to help her Alma Mater to save the world.

Well done, Canadians, you are a great people, and you may proudly stand among the nations who are saving the world.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

KING GEORGE'S MESSAGE TO THE NAVY

(November 11, 1918)

THE NAVY

To the Right Hon. Sir Eric Geddes, G.B.E., K.C.B.,
M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty

Now that the last and most formidable of our enemies has acknowledged the triumph of the Allied arms on behalf of right and justice, I wish to express my praise and thankfulness to the officers, men, and women of the Royal Navy and Marines, with their comrades of the Fleet auxiliaries and mercantile

marine, who for more than four years have kept open the sea, protected our shores, and given us safety.

Ever since that fateful Fourth of August, 1914, I have remained steadfast in my confidence that, whether fortune frowned or smiled, the Royal Navy would once more prove the sure shield of the British Empire in the hour of trial.

Never in its history has the Royal Navy, with God's help, done greater things for us, nor better sustained its old glories and the chivalry of the seas.

With full and grateful hearts the peoples of the British Empire salute the White, the Red, and the Blue Ensigns, and those who have given their lives for the Flag.

I am proud to have served in the Navy. I am prouder still to be its head on this memorable day.

GEORGE R.I.

SKY SIGNS

When all the guns are sponged and cleaned, and fuses
go to store,

When all the wireless stations cry—"COME HOME, YOU
SHIPS OF WAR"—

"COME HOME AGAIN AND LEAVE PATROL, NO MATTER
WHERE YOU'BE".

We'll see the lights of England shine,

Flashing again on the steaming line,

As out of the dark the long gray hulls come rolling in
from sea.

THE LONG-FORGOTTEN LIGHTS WILL SHINE, AND GILD THE
CLOUDS AHEAD,

OVER THE DARK HORIZON-LINE, ACROSS THE DREAMING
DEAD

THAT WENT TO SEA WITH THE DARK BEHIND AND THE
SPIN OF A COIN BEFORE.

Mark the gleam of Orfordness,
Showing a road we used to guess,
From the Shetland Isles to Dover Cliffs—the shaded
lane of war.

UP THE CHANNEL WITH GLEAMING PORTS WILL HOMING
SQUADRONS GO,

AND SEE THE ENGLISH COAST ALIGHT WITH HEADLANDS
ALL AGLOW

WITH THIRTY THOUSAND CANDLE-POWER FLUNG UP FROM
FAR GRIS-NEZ.

Portland Bill and the Needles' Light,
Tompions back in the guns to-night—
For English lights are meeting French across the
Soldiers' Way.

WHEN WE COME BACK TO ENGLAND THEN, WITH ALL THE
WARRING DONE,

AND PAINT AND POLISH COME UP THE SIDE TO RULE ON
TUBE AND GUN,

WE'LL KNOW BEFORE THE ANCHOR'S DOWN, THE TIDINGS
WON'T BE NEW.

Lizard along to the Isle of Wight,
Every lamp was burning bright,
Northern Lights or Trinity House—we had the news
from you!

KLAXON

By permission of Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh

ORDER TO THE CANADIANS
AFTER THE CAPTURE OF MONS

(November, 1918)

Some of you have already commenced, while others are about to march on the Rhine, liberating Belgium in your advance. In a few days you will enter Germany and hold certain parts, in order to secure the fulfilment of the terms of the armistice preliminary to the peace treaty. The rulers of Germany, humiliated and demoralized, have fled. That unscrupulous nation, who in 1914 set at naught every treaty and violated every moral obligation, who has since perpetrated the most ferocious atrocities on land as well as on sea, is beaten, famished, and at our mercy. Justice has come. Retribution commences. During four long years, conscious of the righteousness of your cause, you have fought many battles and endured cruel hardships, and now your mighty efforts are rewarded. Your fallen comrades are avenged. You have demonstrated on the battle-field your superior courage and unfaltering energy. By the will of God you have won, won, won, marching triumphantly through Belgium. You will be received everywhere as liberators, but the kindness and generosity of the population must not cause any relaxation of your discipline or alertness. Your task is not yet completed, and you must remain what you are—a close-knitted army in grim, deadly earnest. German agents scattered throughout the country must not be able to report to their German

masters any weakness or evidence of disintegration of your fighting power. It is essential that on the march and at the halt discipline must be of the highest standard. Every possible protection should be taken at all times to guard against hostile acts by organized bodies, and to lessen the possibilities, always present, of isolated murders or desperate guerilla acts by factions of the enemy. Above all, it is of capital importance to establish in Germany the sense of your overwhelming moral and physical standing, so as to complete by the presence of your potential strength the victories you have won on the battle-field. All external signs of discipline must be insisted upon, and the example in this, as in all instances, must come from the leaders.

Clothing and equipment must be, if possible, spotless, well kept, and well put on. Badges and distinguishing marks must be complete, while the transport should be as clean as the circumstances will allow. In short, you must continue to be, and appear to be, that powerful-hitting force which has won the fear and respect of your foes and the admiration of the world.

It is not necessary to say that the population and private property will be respected. You will always remember that you fought for justice, right, and decency, and that you cannot afford to fall short of these essentials, even in the country against which you have every right to feel bitter.

Rest assured that the crimes of Germany will receive adequate punishment. Attempts will be made,

by insidious propaganda, to undermine the source of your strength; but you, the soldier citizens of the finest and most advanced democracy in the world, will treat such attempts with the contempt they deserve. You know that self-imposed, stern discipline has made you the hardest, most successful, and cleanest fighters of this war. Beginning by the immortal stand at the second battle of Ypres, you befittingly closed by the capture of Mons your fighting record, in which every battle you fought is a resplendent page of glory. I trust you, and the people at home trust you, while the memory of your dead comrades demands of you to bring back that glorious record, pure and unsullied, to Canada.

ARTHUR W. CURRIE,
Lieut.-Gen. Commanding Canadian Corps

TRIBUTE

They need no dirge, for Springtime fills
All things with tribute unto them:
The music of the daffodils
Shall be a soldier's requiem
Among a thousand hills.

Blow, golden trumpets, mournfully,
For all the golden youth that's fled,
For all the shattered dreams that lie
Where God has laid the quiet dead
Under an alien sky.

But blow triumphant music, too,
Across the world from sea to sea,
Because the heart of youth was true,
Because our England proved to be
Even greater than we knew.

MILDRED HUXLEY

By permission of the Author

ON THE NAVY

(December, 1918)

Our safety from invasion, our daily bread, every means whereby we maintain our existence as an independent people, our unity as an Empire, or federation of commonwealths and dependencies—all these float from hour to hour upon our naval defence.

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If that defence is neglected, weakened, or fettered, we should be in continual danger of subjugation or starvation. We should be forced to live in continued anxiety. If that naval defence were overthrown or outmatched by any other Navy or probably by a combination of navies, we should hold, not merely our possessions, but our lives and liberties only on sufferance.

Where else in the whole world can such conditions be paralleled? We have the right to demand from all other nations, friends and foes alike, full recognition of these facts. We are also entitled to point

out that this naval strength that we require, and which we are determined to preserve, has never been used in modern history in a selfish and aggressive manner, and that it has, on four separate occasions, in four separate centuries—against Philip the Second of Spain, Louis the Fourteenth, Napoleon, and the Kaiser—successfully defended civilization from military tyranny, and particularly, preserved the independence of the Low Countries.

In this greatest of all wars, the British Navy shielded mighty America from all menace of serious danger; and, when she resolved to act, it was the British Navy that transported and escorted the greater proportion of her armies to the rescue and deliverance of France.

Our record in a hundred years of unquestioned naval sway since Trafalgar, proves the sobriety of our policy and the righteousness of our intentions. Almost the only ports in the world open freely to the commerce of all nations were those of our Island. Its possessions and our coaling-stations were used freely and fully by ships of all nations. We suppressed the slave trade. We put down piracy. We put it down again the other day. Even our coastwise traffic, so jealously guarded by every Power in the world, was thrown open to all comers on even terms, by that ancient people in whose keeping the world has been wisely ready to intrust the freedom of the seas.

We are sincere advocates of a league of nations. Every influence Britain can bring to bear will be used

to make such a league a powerful reality. This fine conception of President Wilson has been warmly welcomed by British democracies all over the world. We shall strive faithfully and loyally to carry it into being, and keep it in active benefit and existence. But we must state quite frankly that a league of nations cannot be for us a substitute for the British Navy in any period that we can foresee.

RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL

THE DEBT UNPAYABLE

What have I given,
 Bold sailor on the sea,
 In earth or heaven,
 That you should die for me?

What can I give,
 O soldier, leal and brave,
 Long as I live,
 To pay the life you gave?

What title or part
 Can I return to thee,
 O stricken heart,
 That thou shouldst break for me?

The wind of Death
 For you has slain life's flowers,
 It withereth
 (God grant) all weeds in ours.

F. W. BOYRDILLON

By permission of the Author

KING GEORGE IN PARIS

(November 28, 1918)

In proposing the health of President Poincaré, the King said:

It is difficult for me adequately to express the great pleasure that I feel in being your guest here to-night in this fair city of Paris, and in the midst of the great nation with which during past years I and my people have mingled our sorrows and our joys, and are now triumphantly crowned by overwhelming victory over the common enemy.

We can all remember the repeated and desperate efforts made by the German armies to reach and capture this great capital; but, thanks to the bravery of the splendid French Army and the loyal co-operation of the Allies, the aims of the enemy have been defeated; and by the skilful direction and the strategy of the distinguished Marshal Foch, the troops of the invader have been hurled across the frontier and compelled to sue for peace.

Mr. President, I congratulate you and the noble French nation upon the great victory that has been achieved, in which my generals and armies are proud to have taken part. In the life and death conflict in which our nations have been together engaged for civilization and for right against the methods of barbarism and the forces of destruction, the French and British peoples have learned in unity of purpose to appreciate each other and their respective ideals.

They have created a union of hearts and an identity of interests that, I trust, will ever grow closer, and contribute materially to the consolidation of peace and the advancement of civilization.

Lastly, let me add one word of sympathy for those heroic Frenchmen and French women who have suffered at the hands of the invader such as few have suffered, except in Belgium. And let us not forget the immortal dead, whose names will ever be enshrined in one of the most glorious pages of the history of the world.

My soldiers have fought during all these years of relentless war side by side with the soldiers of France, whose valiant deeds have added fresh lustre to their immortal traditions. The sailors of our two navies have, together, kept these as in a comradeship and mutual trust which the length of the war itself has only served more and more to foster and strengthen.

With all my heart I thank you for your friendly feelings and the terms in which you have proposed my health. Accept also my cordial thanks for your generous hospitality and for the opportunity which you have afforded me in these ever memorable days of victory to pay my respectful homage to the French nation.

BRITAIN'S DAY

(December 7, 1918)

(This message was cabled to the United States on the day set apart for publicly acknowledging the achievements of the British Empire in the Great War.)

The achievements of the British Empire for humanity are too manifold to enumerate in a short message. Entering the war to defend the rights of nations, she has unhesitatingly given her sons and her wealth. Gathered from her loyal dominions, the men of the British Empire have carried their victorious eagles over many a bloody field. Steadfast in adversity, wounded with a thousand wounds, Britain's hammer blows have never weakened or faltered. But for the tenacity of her people the war would have been lost.

To those of us who have been associated with them and who have fought beside their gallant troops, words of praise seem inadequate to express our admiration. These things our kinsmen have done, and these things have brought an inseparable union between them and ourselves. To the British people, we extend our thanks for the powerful aid her navy has given, and offer our great respect for the resolute Anglo-Saxon determination with which she has held on, and we offer our right hand of friendship that our two nations may be more firmly linked together to insure the future peace of the world.

GEN. J. J. PERSHING

GIFTS FROM THE DEAD

Ye who in Sorrow's tents abide,
Mourning your dead with hidden tears,
Bethink you what a wealth of pride
They've won you for the coming years.

Grievous the pain; but, in the day
When all the cost is counted o'er,
Would it be best that you should say:
"We lost no loved ones in the war"?

Who knows? But proud then shall ye stand
That best, most honoured boast to make:
"My lover died for his dear land",
Or, "My son fell for England's sake".

Christlike they died that we might live;
And our redeemed lives would we bring,
With aught that gratitude may give
To serve you in your sorrowing.

And never a pathway shall ye tread,
No foot of seashore, hill, or lea,
But ye may think: "The dead, *my* dead,
Gave this, a sacred gift, to me".

P. HABBERTON LULHAM
By permission of the Author

THE WOMAN'S TOLL.

O Mother, mourning for the son who keeps
 His last dread watch by unfamiliar streams,
 Or for that other, gay of heart, who sleeps
 Where the great waters guard his secret dreams,
 Amid your tears take comfort for a space,
 They showed them worthy of their island race.

O Wife, who heard across the wintry sea
 Death's trumpet shrill for him who goes no more
 Riding at dawn with that brave company
 Whose fellowship no morning shall restore,
 In whose dark heart your bitterest hour shall
 bring
 scents from the scattered petals of the spring.

O Wife, with wondering eyes untouched of grief,
 Whose dreadful shadow spares your innocent years,
 Whom you deem the ways of sunshine brief,
 How long hence your toll of hidden tears
 For love that perished ere the web was spun,
 And children that shall never see the sun.

RUTH DUFFIN

*Joint Author, with Celia Duffin,
 of "The Secret Hill"
 By permission of the Author*

PILGRIMS

For oh! when the war will be over,
We'll go and we'll look for our dead;
We'll go when the bee's on the clover,
And the plume of the poppy is red;
We'll go when the year's at its gayest,
When meadows are laughing with flowers;
And there where the crosses are grayest.
We'll seek for the cross that is ours.

For they cry to us: *Friends, we are lonely,
A-weary the night and the day;
But come in the blossom-time only,
Come when our graves will be gay:
When daffodils all are a-blowing,
And larks are a-thrilling the skies,
Oh, come with the hearts of you glowing,
And the joy of the Spring in your eyes.*

*But never, oh! never come sighing,
For ours was the Splendid Release;
And oh! but 'twas joy in the dying
To know we were winning you Peace.
So come when the valleys are sheening,
And fledged with the promise of grain;
And here where our graves will be greening,
Just smile and be happy again.*

And so when the war will be over,
 We'll seek for the Wonderful One;
 And maiden will look for her lover,
 And mother will look for her son;
 And there will be end to our grieving,
 And gladness will gleam over loss,
 As—glory beyond all believing!—
 We point . . . to a name on a cross.

ROBERT W. SERVICE

From "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man"
 —By permission of William Briggs,
 Toronto

EPITAPHS FOR THE SLAIN

(For a British graveyard in France)

When you go home, tell them of us and say:
 For your to-morrow, these gave their to-day.

(For those who fell in the first Battle of Ypres)

When Might in scornful millions came arrayed,
 Here a few English stood, and he was stayed.

(For a War Memorial)

These in the glorious morning of their days
 For England's sake lost all but England's praise.

(For a general grave on Vimy Ridge)

You come from England? Is she England still?
Yes, thanks to you who died upon this hill.

J. M. EDMONDS
in "The Times"

EXTRACT FROM
FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG'S
OFFICIAL REPORT

(January, 1919)

(Too great an emphasis cannot be placed on the following paragraph from Sir Douglas Haig's official report of January, 1919, on the operations along the British front during the last days of the Great War. That the German army was thoroughly beaten when the armistice was declared, is here put beyond doubt by this laconic summary of the military situation, when the order to cease firing was proclaimed.)

The military situation on the British front on the morning of the 11th November can be stated very shortly. In the fighting since November 1st, our troops had broken the enemy's resistance beyond possibility of recovery, and had forced on him a disorderly retreat along the whole front of the British armies. Thereafter, the enemy was capable neither of accepting nor refusing battle. The utter confusion of his troops, the state of his railways, congested with abandoned trains, the capture of huge quantities of rolling stock and material, all showed that our attack had been decisive.

PRESIDENT POINCARÉ AT THE OPENING OF
THE PARIS PEACE CONFERENCE

(January 18, 1919)

Gentlemen: France greets and thanks you for having chosen as the seat of your labours the city which for more than four years the enemy has made his principal military objective and which the valour of the allied armies has victoriously defended against unceasingly renewed offensives.

Permit me to see in your decision the homage of all the nations that you represent toward a country which more than any other has endured the sufferings of war, of which entire provinces have been transformed into a vast battle-field and have been systematically laid waste by the invader, and which has paid the human tribute in death. France has borne these enormous sacrifices although she had not the slightest responsibility for the frightful catastrophe which has overwhelmed the universe, and at the moment when the cycle of horror is ending, all the powers whose delegates are assembled here may acquit themselves of any share in the crime which has resulted in such an unprecedented disaster. What gives you the authority to establish a peace of justice is the fact that none of the peoples of whom you are the delegates has had any part in the injustice. Humanity can place confidence in you because you are not among those who have outraged the rights of humanity.

There is no need for further information or for special inquiries into the origin of the drama which has just shaken the world. The truth, bathed in blood, has already escaped from the Imperial archives. The premeditated character of the trap is to-day clearly proved.

In the hope of conquering, first, the hegemony of Europe, and next, the mastery of the world, the Central Empires, bound together by a secret plot, found the most abominable of pretexts for trying to crush Serbia and force their way to the East. At the same time they disowned the most solemn undertakings in order to crush Belgium and force their way into the heart of France.

These are the two unforgettable outrages which opened the way to aggression. The combined efforts of Great Britain, France, and Russia were exerted against that man-made arrogance.

Your nations entered the war successively, but came one and all to the help of threatened right. Like Germany, Great Britain had guaranteed the independence of Belgium. Germany sought to crush Belgium. Great Britain and France both swore to save her. Thus from the very beginning of hostilities there came into conflict the two ideas which for fifty months were to struggle for the domination of the world—the idea of sovereign force, which accepts neither control nor check, and the idea of justice, which depends on the sword only to prevent or repress the abuse of strength.

Faithfully supported by her dominions and colonies,

Great Britain decided that she could not remain aloof from a struggle in which the fate of every country was involved. She has made, and her dominions and colonies have made with her, prodigious efforts to prevent the war from ending in a triumph for the spirit of conquest and destruction of right.

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The intervention of the United States was something more, something greater, than a great political and military event. It was a supreme judgment passed at the bar of history by the lofty conscience of a free people, and their chief magistrate, on the enormous responsibilities incurred in the frightful conduct which was lacerating humanity. It was not only to protect themselves from the audacious aims of German megalomania that the United States equipped fleets and created immense armies, but also, and above all, to defend an ideal of liberty over which they saw the huge shadow of the Imperial eagle encroaching further every day.

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While the conflict was gradually extending over the entire surface of the earth, the clanking of chains was heard here and there, and captive nationalities from the depths of their age-long jails, cried out to us for help. Yet more, they escaped to come to our aid. Poland came to life again; sent us troops. The Czecho-Slovaks won their rights to independence in Siberia, in France, in Italy. The Jugo-Slavs, the

Armenians, the Syrians, and the Lebanese, the Arabs, all oppressed peoples, all the victims long helpless or resigned of great historic deeds of injustice, all the martyrs of the past, all the outraged consciences, all the strangled liberties, reviewed the clash of arms and turned toward us as their natural defenders.

War gradually attained the fulness of its first significance and became, in the fullest sense of the term, a crusade of humanity for right; and if anything can console us, in part at least, for the losses we have suffered, it is assuredly the thought that our victory is also the victory of right. This victory is complete, for the enemy only asked for the armistice to escape from an irretrievable military disaster. In the interests of justice and peace, it now rests with you to reap from this victory its full fruits.

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By establishing this new order of things, you will meet the aspirations of humanity, which, after the frightful conclusions of the blood-stained years, ardently wishes to free itself, protected by a union of free peoples, against every possible revival of primitive savagery. An immortal glory will attach to the names of the nations and the men who have desired to co-operate in this grand work of faith and brotherhood, and who have taken the pains to eliminate from the future peace causes of disturbance and instability.

This very day, forty-eight years ago—on the 18th of January, 1871—the German Empire was proclaimed by an army of invasion in the chateau at Versailles.

It was consecrated by the fate of two French provinces. It was thus a violation from its origin and, by the fault of its founders, it was born in injustice. It has ended in oblivion.

You are assembled in order to repair the evil that has been done, and to prevent a recurrence of it. You hold in your hands the future of the world. I leave you, gentlemen, to your grave deliberations, and declare the Conference of Paris open.

NATIONAL ANTHEM

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.

Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.



