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The BUSY EAST OF CANADA

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TO THE SHIRKER

In a little churchyard back of the line,
One more to rest we've laid,
And soon another widow will pine,
For the one who the price has paid.

The price of freedom, for those he loved,
His duty to them and you,
His duty to King and God above
Has been done. Now what about you.

Aren't you coming to help fill up the space
He's left in the long, long line?
To do your share and take his place
In the struggle to reach the Rhine.

Ask of yourself and clench your fist
Decide and get you a gun,
Would you like to see your sister
kissed,
By a dirty, drunken Hun?

Would you like, tomorrow, to see your home,
Burning like many more
Would you like to see your mother
roam,
Homeless, forlorn, footsore?

It's happened too often already, alas,
And if all were the same to you,
It would have happened in England,
but let that pass.
Say, what are you going to do?

A FRIEND.

Just now, within this perfect hour
When twilight takes the place of
light,
And peeping stars replace the glow
The sun once shed, now lost to
sight;
E'er nests are sought by tired birds,
Returning from their last, swift
flight,
And all of Nature seeks her rest,
Soft cradled in the arms of night:
Oh God,
I thank Thee for a friend.

A friend, dear Lord, who in the hour
When sorrow pressed my heart so
sore,
When grief seemed more than I
could bear,
And all my path lay dark before:
Came with his sympathetic heart,
And by his comfort seemed to
pour
A healing balm in mine, and shed
A ray of light my pathway o'er;
Oh God,
I'm rich to call him friend.

He, too, has drunk the bitter
dregs
Of sorrow's cup, and known the
burn
Of joy's sweet nectar turned to tears.
And yet through all has come to
learn,
Bending subdued, beneath Thy will,
To give to other hearts that yearn
For rosier paths than Thou dost
give;
And now I ask that in return,
O God,
Let me be such a friend.

—Maude Broomhall.

THE SACRIFICE.

O child of all my joy and all my
longing—
The love that wraps you now so safe,
so warm—
Must struggle bravely in my heart's
still haven—
Because—I hear the call across the
storm.

O child of all my hope and aspira-
tion—
The love that pillowed you with
fancies sweet,
Dare send you from within my
heart's still haven—
Nor set a barrier 'gainst your willing
feet.

O child of all my tenderest com-
passion—
That moves my heart with grief and
secret pain—
Dare send you forth—nor hold, as one
befriending
The manhood of the world, — and
smile again.

The price we pay is not confined to
weeping—
When duty calls the springtime of
mankind.
O country mine! O child of all my
being!
I dare to give you to the fierce War-
wind
—Charlotte Carson Talcott.
Bloomfield, Ont.

SUMMER HER LITTLE CANOE

(Lee Carver Kitson)

When Summer goes out in her little
canoe,
And Winter comes in with her winds
chilling through;
Vacated are mountains, likewise ev-
ery shore,
Lonesomeville's plenty, fond memories
galore.
Many little gray roads lead to valley
and hill,
And at the end of each road there's
a Lonesomeville;
But those places we cherish are now
lost to view,
When Summer goes out in her little
canoe.
Open trails are forgotten, only mem-
ories remain,
We are back in the city from country
and plain,
Lonesomeville's yes, there are thous-
ands and more
All over the country when vacations
are o'er.

Lonesomeville Maine and Florida,
too;
Lonesomeville Canada, yearning for
you;
Put them together, surprising its
true,
But we'll all welcome back Summer
in her little canoe.



LT. HEBER R. LARGE, PILOT ROYAL FLYING CORPS NOW HOME ON FURLOUGH.

THE VIGIL

New York Times

Like some young squire who watched
his armour bright,
Kneeling upon the chapel floor all
night—
Where glimmering candles on the al-
tar glowed,
And moonlight through the Gothic
windows flowed—
And prayed, with folded hands, that
God would bless
His world, and keep him pure, and
give success—
So, kneeling, Lord, beneath Thine al-
tar light,
The nation asks for help before the
fight.
Grant up the prayer of that boy
knight of old—
Faith to be steadfast, courage to be
bold,
Such passionate love toward the dear
flag we fly
That each who serves it holds its hon-
or high—
Simple, large gifts that soldiers need,
O Lord,
Grant the young nation for its un-
sheathed sword.
And for our captains in the perilous
way,
A vision widened to an unknown day,
We keep our vigil; send tomorrow
glorious;
Let not God's will go down; bring
right victorious.
Kneeling in prayer before Thine altar
light,
The nation asks Thy help to fight Thy
fight.

—Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.