INTERNATIONAL

ויר אוו אווווו ו ווווו

(AIR-GOD SAVE THE KING-MY COUNTRY T'IE OF THEE.)

God hear our humble call. Baye us from elevery's threll. Heed us we pray. Our hope of liberty. Fredom by land and sea, All trust we place in Thee, Hasten the day.

Grant peace throughout the land, Stratch forth Thy mighty hand, Our guide and stay. By Thy eternal light, Lead us through darkest night, Show paths of truth and right. Our only way.

May Thy great love abound, Circling this world eround, From shore to shore. lord let our Allies be, United, loyal free, True to themselves and Thee, For evermore. Amen.

חדחוו חווווו ווווי

OUR HONORED UNKNOWN DEAD.

Somewhere acress the scean wide.
Brave Methers breathe a prayer;
Somewhere friends from comrades hide.
Thoughts of lost ones Over There?
Eayhap they sleep in shot-tern fields.
Where tens of thousands rost.
Or grandour of great Abbey shields.
Hands crossed on warrier's breast.

Sheeping there, with Kndghte of 116.
One Unknown Soldier lies. -- Awaiting God's one great command;
"Men. Sone Of Men Arice?
"Midst Laurel leaves and poppies red.
The Union Jack his pall;
Rest in peace, Cur Henored Dead,
Fear not the last great call.

200

Sleep on our honored namelece dead, In/aryph/et/then/then/fiel///
In crypt or grave-grown plain;
Thy battlee fought and nobly won,
Though 'Unknewn' amongst the elain.
No blazen on thy shield to tell,
Of honors or renown, --- Fef//
For King and Country fought and fell,
Laurel leaves thy earthly crown.

Time like an ever-running stream.

Bears human souls away;

Our deeds forgotten as a dream.

Though a part in each we play.

O God our help in agen part.

Cur here forevermore.

Guide our footsteps heme at last.

To Thy eternal shore.

DEASY, Thomas, 1857-1936. Masset, Victoria; Indian agent. Miscellaneous poetry [74-A-117, File V]

Per

Our Red Cross Nurse.

רירחוו חווווו ווווי

In Belguim's shot-torn, grieving land, Ten thousand helpless soldiers lay; The Red Cross banner flies o'erhead, Angels tending, night and day. Cliding through the filled up wards, Soothing every care and pain; Ne'er asking whether friend or foe, From mountain, sea and arid plain.

Out from the halls of high degree, To tend the suffering, banish care; Caste and rank, all cast aside. A woman s place is always there. None too high, annot too low, Where so rrow grim racks every heart; Nen may wound; but women, they, Forever fill the noble part.

In darkness of the early morn, A lantern lights the prison cell; What patriot marches out to doom; Who, flanked by monsters straight from hell? A Red Cross Nurse, 'midst firing squad, Flaced there with back to prison wall; What sight is this, for man, for God? Why should this woman swoon and fall?

Ten shots ring out upon the air, Inside those four closed prison walls; Uncanny sight, in lantern's glare, The guns point where the woman falls. Out steps a demon, pistol aimed, Points slowly at defenceless head; All there must take a common share, Another shot, the Nurse lies dead.

A woman's life for country's sake, A patriot dead, brave men to save; Mardered where alone she stood, In death the bravest of the brave. List; "Patriotism," it is not enough, "Duty called to save and die; "No bitterness and hatred now, "Glad in an unknown grave to lie."

Oh, God, the Judge of heaven and earth, Into Thy care this soul has passed; May her prophetic words come true, -Her soul Abide With Thee at last. Free from this weary world of pain, Death, where thy victory, where thy sting? In promise "We Shall Meet Again," Where God's bright angels sweetly sing.

Thomas Deasy

Queen Charlotte Islands, B.C.,

December 27th, 1915.

ווייחוו חווווו ו'ווווי

THAT ARE NO MORE. THE DAYS

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean. Tears from the depths of some divine despair Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes, In looking on the happy Autumn fields, And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail/. That brings our friends up from the underworld, Sad as the last which reddens over one That sinks with all we love below the verge; So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, and and strange as in dark Summer dawns, the earliest pipe of half-ewakened birds To dying ears, when into dying eyes The casement slowly grows a glimmering square; S So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death, And awest as those by hopeless fancy feigned On lips that are for others; deep as love, Deep as first love and wild with all regret; Oh death in life! the days that are no more.)) Tennyson.

The days of "Diamond Jubilees" are upon those who lived and aided in the development of this portion of the British Empire. Archives are being searched, while newspapers and books scanned , for records of hardy pioneers of the past century, whose lives were devoted to the upbuilding of the land over which untutored savages roamed, not unlike the fabled Robinson Cruso-The Monarche of all they surveyed.

Well may we, who shared in the hopes and life-work of the noble women and men who have gone before, still keep fresh, in the storehouse of memory, scenes depicting their presence and the deeds they performed for away from the busy haunts of civilization without thought of self, in their efforts to uplift humanity, in whatever walk of life they occupied under conditions that no longer exist where modern ways and means clear the path before their successor Truly, "the days that are no more" brings back "so sad so fresh," memories of the days that have gone . The alloted span of life was not permitted to a majority of those who pioneered in this country prior to Confederation. Our Colony Days were health filled with adventure, coupled with scenes that will never be duplicated by modern men and women.

When the tinkling Convent Pell called first, for scholars and worshippers, a wooden hut was the building considered sufficient to house the four devoted women and their schoolhouse was within the same small etructure relatives and friends attended the school of the pioneer Sistees of Charity in the early days. Before us is a copy of the first edition of The Victoria Daily Colonist, wheth newspaper will celebrate its Diamond Jubille later in the year 1933. Memory of the days that are no more brings one back to three years of employment, during the early seventies, on that newspaper, when our then Colony, became a Province in the Dominion of Canada. Time has removed from earth all of my fellow workers, excepting those who took up positions on the pioneer newspaper after the writer joined the staff of The Colonist. Employment under Municipal, Provincial, and Dominion governments followed, which afforded the opportunity to become acquainted with all of the pioneer legislators, governors and officials. The late Governor Sir James Douglas, with his son-in-law, Speaker J. S. Helmcken, were familiar figures met while cressing James Bay Bridge, the one whose figure will never be forgotten; the other, with his overcoat wrapped around his form, oftentimes met at might, speeding to the hedeide of some sick patient, no matter whether rish or poor, end always studying the welfam of the men, women and children of the community. Then the next picture appears when the late Bishop Demers stretches his hands over the heads of his youthful followers, in the Conformation service, at the first Church edifice, which is etall

MS-1182 DEASY, Thomas, 1857-1936. Masset, Victoria; Indian agent. Miscellaneous poetry [74-A-117, File V] Box 1

File 08

LIFE'S LITTLE SPAN.

ו זיחוו חוווווו ו וווו

Whose dith to size up the man of the hour?

By his wealth, by his strength, by his God-given power;

Shall we wait till we place him beneath the cold sod,

Or leave his life story to his soul and his God?

He lived as we live, he worked as we work.

The world owed him mothing, no duty to shirk;

Fating drinking and merry, like all of his kind,

Brought nothing along, leaves nothing behind.

In a moment he comes, in a twinkling he goes,

For a time, through his veins, the red life-blood fast flows;

we crawls, then he walks, then he stands there alone,

In the full pride of manhood, like a flower full blown.

Up the hillside of life, climbing on day by day,

Star of hope for his guide, light of faith for his stay;

Onward, still onward, as the years roll along,

Doing and daring, with a voice filled with song.

Over the top, with a heart filled with vim,
Into entanglements, voice and eyes growing dim;
Down the steep precipice, into swift running streams,
Hopes dashed into fragments, brain crowded with dreams.
Blindly he gropes for the haven of rest,
With a prayer on his tongue, with a sigh in his breatt;
Along moves the world, others come others go,
From the green fields of youth, to the mountains of snow.

We judge him, we-pass him, in life's weary climb,

Forgetful of fate, heedless of life's evening time;

Knowing each minute, each month, e'en each year,

Souls pass into shadows o'er lifetaxthis world's mountain drear.

Have we thoughts of the future, of this wierd shortened span,

Where man knows not the moment, though we scheme, plot and plan;

Where the God of the just and oppressed has the power,

Alone to judge rightly the man of the hour.

Homeland, mother of forbears all,
Land of shemrock, thistle and rose;
Sons are fleeting to answer thy call,
From tropics to North Arctic floes.
Help of the helpless, Scourge of the vile,
Just in your battle for right;
Mother a place for me, either by land or sea,
In the war to keep love's armour bright.

ויחוו חוווון ו וווו

Kotherland, despots traduce thee,

Seeking to shield dire disgrace;

Calling our God, on bended knee,

To grant in the sun a place.

the injured ones, Mother of nations,
Aid of thankaipineexxx zapprzezzac;

Struggling to keep all man free;

we high,
Though mixxeheniminafall and die, keep honor s banner

Truly our hope is in this.

Motherland, queen of sea, our trust and guide, Surxtrustxendxguide;
Endditrexendxetters
Azzloyal sons honour thee, what'er betide;
Country who kindness showsPity all e'en our fors
Ettyzektzzzzenzttzttzzzzzzzz

Justice our emblem and guide.

High the royal ensign flies,
Prayers ascend to you skies,

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INDIAN AGENT'S OFFICE,

IN YOUR REPLY REFER TO TO DATE OF THIS LETTER.

191_

Sir,-

יחוו חווווו ו

Tanyere as cond to you share, High she reyal enoign climes, instipatons suppemble Tayga: Płowowie przywie przecie piece przy garbigali rayer gransiseve square iq ili eqy e Top corn quite paralogual topu former chas, chastin basica; intalness mar eddin engliceri cole in the cipe. MIGHT THE MERMINING WAS CITY TO BE ONCE IN A CHOICE permits the compact with a material The of then hand himself coopeanset injurat cras, Kather of rectare, deline our cad, on bended have, constitut on this the wire electron: propertions, cacher propose that, In the war to boun love's armout bright. into in Acre purcha for affig:

Sound on the Connection of the Connection of the

We love our little island home,
Far o'er the trackless sea;
Let others prate how they may roam,
From France to Bonnie Dee.
Our warrior forbearsroamed at will,
On island, rock and shore;
Haidas then, and Haidas still,
As in the days of yore.

וייחוו חווווו ווווי

Thirty thousand of our race, Sleeping'neath the sod; Scarce six hundred now to trace, The Mystery Ways of God. Thirty thousand fought and died, For home and native land; Scarce six hundred now beside, Queen Charlotte's esergreen strand.

Legends tell of mighty deeds,
Poth on land and main;
How enemies were bent, like reeds,
O'er sea coast and on plain.
How our forbears wandered forth,
Seeking slaves and pelts;
How the terrors of the North,
made their presence felt.

The fittest lived, the weakling died, Tach Chief knew but his own; Paddling forth in all their pride, Or midst his slain alone.

Hand to hand, and eye to eye, Tach warrior fought and bled; The slogan "conquerror die", With Hed Man against Red.

British laws, What knew they then of Exitainxexfing, Of God and nystic ways?

INDIAN AGENT'S OFFICE,

INDIAN AGENT'S OFFICE,

IN YOUR REPLY REVER TO ALSO TO DATE OF THIS LETTER.

THE RULL FOR THE

191

Sir,-

Thet know they then of Ezhandahusking, of God and mythic payes Erition laws, ended to mand, and ale to ale; lear restrict fourth of miled; the bidges fourthered ate; Tith fee the effection for; Exities The Division Lived, the restrict died, see for the remaining the continuous; sequence to the remaining the restriction of the remaining the re withe thair presence feit. desking elevate and paits; for the forth, que our torosers yangaran forth, .ageands could of mirely deads, cold on land and easin; 'aw and miner rays bene, like reads, o'at rea comet and on plain.' Marky thousend of the race, the service, the service of t in the space of the procest in the second of The same of the same and the same and s

IIII I IIIIII IIA'IG

THE SOLDIER BOY'S FAREWELL.

(By Thomas Deasy, Queen Charlotte Islands, B.C.)

I'm leaving you, my colleen dear,
Brave heart so kind and true,
All Britain's sons must answer "here."
'Neath the red, the white and blue.
Calla lillies you I'll bring,
From France and Belguim too;
With a little yellow golden ring,
When I come to marry you.

Chorus.

We go to same the Union Jack, Our Eduntry, King and you; To fight with men from every clime, For the red, the white and blue. Farewell, Allana, kiss your boy, Though parting gives you pain; Cod be with you, darling, Until we meet again.

Mother calls, we must obey, Bound in honour, all; From Enowy Klondike far away, To the fields of Donegal. My heart is in thy keeping love, Take this bunch of shamrocks too; On fighting line, with stars above, My thoughts will be of you.

Dry your teers, my colleen dear,
My Molly Bawn Asthore;
Right must win oh never fear,
And when the war is o'erKing and country will us bless,
Peace will come with hopes galore;
Your soldier boy fond lips will press,
And never leave thee more.

TWINING FLAGS OF FREEDOM.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,
The red, the white and blue;
Starry flag of freedom,
Britain's emblem true.
Twine them, twine them, twine them,
Raise their folds on high;
The Union Jack, the Stars and Stripes,
Victory is nigh.

Chorus.

יווו חווווו ווווי

The Stars and Stripes, forever, Britain's crosses, three; Hurrah for Merry England, My Country, T'is of Thee.

Twine them, twine them, twine them, Guard them with your might; Across the stormy ocean, where camp fires burn at night. Twine them, twine them, twine them, Forever we'll be true; The Stars and Stripes, the Union Jack, The Red, the white and blue.

Twine them, twine them, twine them, Stand firm beneath their folds; They mean freedom for our country, For all that manhood holds:
Twine them, twine them, twine them, Once more boys, three times three; The Union Jack, the Starry flag, Entwined for liberty.

Queen Charlotte Islands, B.C.

Thomas a

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MS-1182 DEASY, Thomas, 1857-1936. Masset, Victoria; Indian agent. Box 1 Miscellaneous poetry [74-A-117, File V]

File 08

DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

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CA.

וייחוו חווווו ווווי

"The Day.

"Only a scrap of paper,"
Setting a world afire;
Emperor holding the taper,
Chancellor starting the pyre.
Burning up all men cherish,
Honor, glory and fame;
What careathey who perish to
While diplomacy plays the game.

"Only a scrap of paper,"
Britain's promise is there;
Sealed with crowned wafer,
Signed by men who do and dare.
Plighted our word to nations,
Matters not what betide;
Untrammeled by despot's gyrations,
Faith in God on our side.

"Only a scrap of paper,"
Covers a million of graves;
"Only a scrap of paper,"
Honoured dead; but never slaves.
Radient in all men cherish,
Though sleeping 'neath the sod;
Mortal may may fall and perish,

**Propressional Control of Cod.

T. D.

MS-1182 DEASY, Thomas, 1857-1936. Masset, Victoria; Indian agent. Box 1 Miscellaneous poetry [74-A-117, File V]

File 08

THE RULL FOR THE

Duty Nobly Done.

... (Dedicated to the late Rev. William Hogan.)

"Lay me by the seaside,
Close beside my Haida Braves;
Where Beacon Lights shine forth and guide,
There I aid them down to rest,
Among the would I lie;
Hush, dear one, do not weep,
T'is God's will that man must die."

"Sure, I preached and prayed among them, In the happy days of yore; Baptized and praised their children, Married those who fealty swore. Sat with them in festive hall, lach Sunday all I blessed; And when God sent the parting call, Laid them down to rest."

"Help me read the psalm of praise,
"God's mighty will be done?
Hear the voice, O Lord I raise,
Ber life's hard race is run.
Balanna! Lord, the life line throw,
Bless Thy Holy Name;
Save the souls left here below,
With love their hearts inflame!

Bless them, Lord, my Haida braves,
My children one and all;
Those resting in the sand-blown graves,
Those who wait thy deathless call.
This thy will, I go before,
To Thy eternal rest;
Duty done, O lord what more?
A home among the blest.

Massett, Queen Charlotte Islands, March 1st 1914. Homes De any

THE SOLDIER BOY'S FAREWELL.

מחוו חווווו בווני

I'm leaving you my colleen dear,
Brave heart so kind and true;
All British sons must answer "here,"
'Neath the red, the white and blue.
Calla lillies you I'll bring,
From France and Belguim too;
With a little yellow golden ring,
When I come home to marry you.

Chorus.
We'll fight for freedom night and day,
For England, home and you;
Long live our King and Country,
'Neath the red, the white and blue.
Farewell my own sweet colleen;
My Molly Bawn Asthore;
British arms and British hearts,
Strong as in the days of yore.

Mother calls, we must obey,
Bound in honour, all;
From snowy Klondike far away,
To fields of Donegal.
My heart is in thy keeping love,
Take this bunch of shamrocks too;
On fighting line, with stars above,
My thoughts will be with you.

Dry your teeks my colleen dear,
My Molly Bawn Asthore;
Right will win, oh never fesr,
And when the war is o'erKing and country will us bless,
Peace will come with hopes galore;
Your soldier boy fond lips will press,
I'll never leave you more.

MS-1182 DEASY, Thomas, 1857-1936. Masset, Victoria; Indian agent. Box 1 Miscellaneous poetry [74-A-117, File V]
File 08

INDIAN AGENT'S OFFICE,

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ביחוו חווווו ווווו

Motherland, home of forbears all,
Land of thistle, shamrock and rose;
Sons are fleeting to answer the call,
From tropics to Aretic's icy floes.
Help of helpless, scourge of vile,
Just in battling for the right;
Mother a place for me, either by land or sea,
In the struggle to keep love's armour bright.

Motherland, despots traduce thee,
Seeking to shield dire disgrace;
Grovelling there, on bended knee,
Craving in Cod's sun a place,
Aid of wife and child,
Refuge of homeless ones,
Struggling to keep the world free;
Though all should fall and die,
Keep honour's banner high,Truly our hope is in thee.

Motherland, trust and guide, queen of the sea;
High the royal ensign flies,
Though dire distress betide, one, all with thee.
Seeking no eartly prize,

INDIAN AGIMT S OTHOR.

INDIAN AGENT'S OFFICE,

IN YOUR REPLY REFER TO

HILL BUILLE FULL

191_

TO DATE OF THIS LETTER.



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יוחוו חוווווו וחוזיי,

TO

"Qu'Appolle? Qu'Appelle"? No answer, and the night Seemed stiller for the sound, till round we fell The far-off echoes from the far-off height-"Qu'Appelle?" my voice came back, "Qu'Appelle? "CU'Appelle?"

This and no more: I called aloud until I shuddered as the gloom of night increased. And, like a pallid spectre wan and chill, The moon arose in silence in the East.

I dure not linger on the moment when My boat I beached beside her topoc door; I heard the wail of women and of mon .-I saw the deathfires lighted on the shore Ro language tells the torture or the pain. The bitterness that flooded all my life,-Whon I was led to look on her again, That queen of women pledged to be my wife. To look upon the beauty of her face, The still closed eyes, the lips that know no breath; To look, to learn, to realize my place Had been usurped by my one rival - Death. A storm of wrecking sorrow beat and broke About my heart, and life shut out its light Till through my anguish some one gently spoke. and said " Twice did she call for thee last night." I started up - and bending o'er my dead. asked when did hor sweet lips in silence close. " She called they name- then passed away", the said.

" Just on the hour whereat the moon arose."

IIII I IIIIII IIIISS

Among the lonely lakes I go no more,

For she who made their beauty is not there;

The paleface rears his tepes on the shore

And says the vale is fairest of the fair.

Full many years have vanished since, but still

The voyageurs beside the campfires tell

How, when the moonrise tips the distant hill,

They hear strange voices through the silence swell.

The paleface loves the haunted lakes they say,

And journeys far to watch their beauty spread

Before his vision; but to me the day,

The night, the hour, the seasons are all dead.

I listen heartsick, while the hunters tell

Why white men named the valley The Qu'Appelle.

ויים חוו חווווו וווווי

UI.

"Lay my body by the seaside, Close beside my Haida braves; Where beacon lights the ships do guide, O'er harbor bar and ruthless waves, There I laid them down to sleep, Among them would I lie; Hush, Mother, do not weep, T'is God's will that man must die.

"Shure, I preached and prayed among them, In the happy days of yore;
Baptized their little children,
Married those who fealty swore.
Sat beside them in the festive hall,
Mach Sunday all I blessed;
And When God sent the parting call,
I placed them there to rest.

Save them Lord, my Haida braves,
My children, one and all;
ThemaxSixapingxmaerxikexmakara
Those resting in their sand-blown graves
With those who wait Thy call.

MS-1182 DEASY, Thomas, 1857-1936. Masset, Victoria; Indian agent. Box 1 Miscellaneous poetry [74-A-117, File V]

File 08

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the Prevince. Amer DeCosmes; J. F. McCreight; Ceerge Anthony Walken C.
Rebert Dunsmuir; Jehn Rebsen; A. Ø. Elliett; Themas Humphreys; A. R.
Rebertsen; all of the past pelitical "giants" have gene to their
reward, and the words of the post, xxpxnxxxx may well be applied to
them;

If there is one thing that can be said for the early legislators, it is that they were true, vigorous and forceful. Henor, with them meant more than "capital," or any other consideration. Behind them was no strong party, to belster them xmxx up in office, and to provide campaign funds. The leader depended on his strength of character, to hold his following, and it was men, not measures, that brought out the value of the highest office the people could bestow. When the people objected to any measure, they showed their disapproval by burning the leader of the government, in effigy, on the public streets, or in storming the legislative hall.

ניטטנו טנונונו ונונו

WHICRE THE RIVER SHANNON FLOWS.

There's a pretty spot in I reland,
I always claim for my land;
Where the fairies and the blarney,
Will never, never, die.
It's the land of the shillslalsh,
My heart goes back there daily;
To the girl I left behind me,
When we kissed and said good-bye.

Where dear old Shannon's flowing,

Where the three leaved shamrock grows;

Where my heart is I am going,

To my little Irish rose.

And the moment that I meet her,

With a hug and kiss I(ll greet her;

For there's not a colleen sweeter,

Where the river Shannon flows.

Shure no letter I'll be mailing,

For soon will I be sailing;

And I'll bless the ship that takes me

To my dear old Erin's shore.

There I'll settle down forever,

I'll leave the old sod never;

And I'll whisper to my sweetheart,

Come and take my name asthore.

Motherland, home of forbears all,

Land of shamrock, thistle and rose;

Sons are fleeting to answer thy call,

From tropics to where the cold North arctic flows.

Help of the helpless, scourge of the vile,

Just in the battle for right;

Mother a place for me, either by land or sea,

In the war to keep love's armour bright.

ព្រះ ព្រះព្រះ ព្រះសព្

Motherland, despots traduce thee,

Seeking to shield dare disgrace;

Grovelling there on bended knee,

Craving in God's sun a place.

Aid of wife and child, refuge of homeless,

Struggling to keep all men free;

Though men should fall and die,keep honor's banner high,

Truly our hope is in thee.

high the royal standard flies, Notherland, trust and guide, queen of the sea, Trust and guide, queen of the sea; High the royal standard flies;

Though dire distress betide, one all with thee.

DEASY, Thomas, 1857-1936. Masset, Victoria; Indian agent.

MODINE MORNEY OFFICE

Miscellaneous poetry [74-A-117, File V]

Box 1 File 08

MS-1182

INDIAN AGENT'S OFFICE,

IN YOUR REPLY REFER TO

191___

OBJA TO DATE OF THIS LETTER.

Sir,-

IIII I IIIIIA DAG I

Though size dictions waite, one all with thee.

Matherland, truck and Guide, quant at the part, runs and guide, queen of the part, this to the band that the result of the part. . Tith the inyel abunder filter,

winth our hope to in thee,

Absorb mer should fall and dis, kien tones,'s ha mar high,

commercial control real ril won theat.

Aid of wate and child, refuge of lornings.

CANADA IN COCIN AND A MACO.

Proveilling there on bended knee,

continuo co chicle dire direct;

Mother Band, dorpost traduce thee,

the ble war to keep love a mircur bright.

tother a place for me, elther by land or eas,

disc in the battle for right;

will at the helpless, recourge of the Wille,

light worpler to where the cold-forth smotic flows,

nound the clearing to minest the call,

time of themeda, biletic and tough

האחוו חווווו ו וווי

Twining Flags of Freedom.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,
The red, the while and blue;
Our Starry Flag of Freedom,
Our British emblem true.
Twine them, twine them, twine them,
Place on God's altar high;
They stand for home and country,
Ne'er will their glory die.

Chorus.

The Stars and Stripes, forever,
Britain's crosses three;
Hurrah for Merry England,
My Country T(is of Thee.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,

Guard them with your might;—

Across the stormy ocean,

Where the camp fires gleam at night.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,

Forever we'll be true,

To Stars and Stripes and Union Jack,

The Red, the white and blue.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,
Stand firm beneath their folds;
Means freedom for our nation,
For all that manhood holds.
Twine them, twine them, twine them,
Hurrah boys, thee times three;
The Starry Flag, the Union Jack,
Entwined for liberty.

(Rights reserved.)

Homas Dease

ו אחנו חנונונו בנוניי

The Mill of Life.

(Wm. Alexander Caruth.)

So this is the night you go over it all, Through it from first to last-This is the night of the wormwood f and gall, Black with the shrouds of the past, When you sit in the gloom and watch the ghost Of the futures that should nt have died, As they come and go with the shadowy hosts Of the chances you tossed aside.

Well, here's to what's done-The Mill will runAnd here's to all that's been missed!
And there's nothing to it but grist, my son,
Nothing to it but grist!

To-night the spirit is broken and sore For the fight it should'nt have lost, For the right that spent its worth in war, The victory that cost, For the friends it should have held for aye, The foes it should'nt have found-And the mad remorse of the wasted day Revives its torturing round.

> But lost or won, 'Tis over and done, So tighten your jaw and fist-For there's nothing to it but grist, my son, Nothing to it but grist!

To-night the smile of the woman-to-be Makes recollection grave With the thought of what one did not see When the blood was hot and brave, To-night the songs that once were sung haugh with the girld that were; Small comfort that youth is known to be young When the mind would hold but her.

> Well, remember or shun, Here's to all that was done, And the lips one should'nt have kissed! Oh, there's nothing to it but grist, my son, Nothing to it but grist.

This is the night you are sick at heart, And weak of stomach too. Thank God for the mill that can do its part To grind the grist in you! Pity the soul whose surface bears On a memory smooth and clean The life that only races and wears With never a grain between.

All said and done, Were it lost or won, 'Tis little indeed you've missed. There's nothing to it but grist, my son, Nothing to it but grist!

OUR HONORED DEAD

Somewhere across the ocean wide,

A fond mother breathes a prayer;

Some where one from her bairns hide,

Fears of kindred "Over There."

Mayhap asleep on shot-torn fields,

rest,
Where countless thousands/####/

Shields,

Or splendor of wast abbey grangs

Hands crossed on warrior's breast.

Sleepin g there in Abbey grand,
Our honored hero lies;
Awaiting one more dread command,"Men, sons of men, arise."

*Midst laurel leaves and flowers red,
The Union Jack his pall;
Rest in peace, our Glorious Dead,
Fear not the last great call.

Sleep on, our martyred nameless dead, plain;
In crypt or grass grown ***

A battle fought and nobly won,
Though "tinknown" amongst the ***

No blazon on thy shield to tell,
Of lineage or renown;
For King and Country fought and fell,
Laurel red thy earthly crown.

Time like an ever running stream,

Bears all its sons away;

They fly forgotten as a dream,

Does at the opening day.

O God our help in ages past,

Our hope for years to come;

Be Thou our guard while troubles last,

And our eternal home.

WHERE HONORED HEROES SLEEP.

Somewhere actoss the ocean wide,

אחוו חוווווו ווווי

A mother breathes a prayer; Somewhere a wife from beithe hide, Fears of kindred, "over There."

Mayhap asleed in shot-torn fields, Where countless thousands reat; Or splendor of vast Abbey shields, Hands crossed on warrbor's breast.

Sleeping there in Abbey grand, Our "unkbown" hero lies; Awaiting one more dread command, -"wen, sons of men, arise; 'Midst laurel leaves and flowers red, The Uulon Jack his pall; Rest in peace, Our Glorious Dead, Fear not the last great call.

Sleep on, our martyred nameless dead, In crypt or grass-grown plain; A battle fought and nobly won, Though "unknown" amongst the slain. No blazon on thy shield to tell, of lineage or renown; For King and Country fought and fell, Laurel leaves thy earthly crown.

"Tomelike an ever running stream, Bears all its sons away; They fly forgotten as a dream, Does at the opening day. O God our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Be Thou our guard while troubles last, And our eternal Home.

אאחנו חווווו וחוגו.

ONLY A FIREMAN.

"Only a-Fireman," tied to a bell, A here they called him last night; When he rushed through a fire, hotter than h--1, And saved a dear little sprite. The newspapers say, he a medal should get-Some advise a raise in his pay; T'is so with the people, they fume and they fret, Then forget all about it next day.

"Only a Fireman," watching the clock, On the hour he goes to his home; Mary and little ones live in next block,. Waiting for daddy to come. "The time is quite short, I spend with you dears, "Little Jenny come sit on my knee-"Last night, when they called for volunteers, "Your voice said; 'Papa, suppose it were me?'"

" Only a Fireman," back of that door, "Waiting for duty's call; Ready to aid the rich or the poor, Be his reward a medal or pall. Mary and Jenny may never again, Gaze on those bright, fearless eyes; The clock and the bell, bring sorrow and pain, Where the "Fireman Conquers or dies.

Duty First.

Answer Britons, one and all,

Shall flag of freedom float on high?

What your response to country's call,

Shall best and bravest do or die?

Each answer means another man,

Within the ranks, or lagging low;

With fart xin fac xmix back taxable.

'IIII I IIIIIA IIAK'I

Though life br dear, this but a span, Don't be a "slacker," join and go.

See the husband leave his wife,

Offering up his hamayxwixxxxi; child his home;

Manfully gone, to risk his life,

To keep the flag oe er land and foam.

"etter far an honored grave,

In the smoke-grimed foreign land;
Than a slacker and a slave,

Unfit to grasp a Briton shand.

Keep the flag of freedom high,

Show your worth and be "a man;"

Prove you do not fear to die,

Etankxfexxxxxxxxxxxx

Do your best, that a all man can.

The greatest test that e'er was known,

You're passing through, don't shirk it now,
This day you have to manhood grown,

Hold up your head, for freedom vow.

THE SOLDIER BOY'S FAREWELL.

I'm leaving you, my colleen dear,
Brave heart so kind and true;
All British sons must answer "here,"
'Neath the red, the white and blue.
Calla Lillies you I'll bring,
From France and Belguim too;
With a little yellow wedding ring,
When I come home to you.

and annua naga

Mother calls, we must obey,

Bound in honour, all;

From snowy Klondike far away,

To the fields of Donegal.

My heart is in your keeping love,

Take this bunch of shamrocks too;

On fighting line, with stars above,

My thoughts will be with you.

Dry your eyes, my colleen dear,

My Molly Bawn Asthore;

Right will win, oh never fear,

And when the war is 0'er;
King and country will you bleas,

Peace will come with hopes galore;

Your soldier boy fond lips will press,

Faith, I'll never leave you more.

GC AGGIC SEPARE GUAGO DE

Thomas Deasy

1337

INDIAN AGENT'S OFFICE

INDIAN AGENT'S OFFICE,

191___

(9.0)

IN YOUR REPLY REFER TO

ALSO

Sir,-

Pasth, I'll never larve you note. Your coldier out find lips will grees, Marca Mill dome with hober Erlore! Time and country will be you blame, You aven my her ye Great mint sign sin' ch mase usen' et polyk namu yazhazu: jink tann thua' sheet jaar - gaar'

"Да смонимся жуту он мурк хон. on the confidence, the constraint above, Take this bumble of absorbets too; ignitions in in your knaping tore, To the fight of Tone gai. inon enoug Ricedike for evel, home in benear, salt Mother mulie, we much obey,

Than I come home to you. With a disting allow wedding ring, From France and Selguan too; Calle miditar jou fill bring, though the rad, the white the blue. all trivial come must snever "Mare," Coaso Duale et Lino em cina! The Leaving your my action in the court STATE OF STA

MS-1182 DEASY, Thomas, 1857-1936. Masset, Victoria; Indian agent. Miscellaneous poetry [74-A-117, File V]

Box 1 File 08 OUR LOYAL FARMER BOY.

ווריתון חווווו בוווו

A maple leaf on should strap,
Wears the boy we sent to war;
Little we thought our husky chap,
Would fight like sires of yore.
Forgotten is the creek and mill,
The schoolhouse near the farm;
God be with you, Our Boy Bill,
And save you from all harm.

Proud are we of our Farmer Boy,
And the Maple "eaf he wears;
Markadawithather displace tanks."

Kind hearts will overfadw with joy,
Though hemay not come for years.

Our pride is that we had to give,
Each night we humbly pray,Dear Lord let our boy "Bill" out live,
Thy Will be done each day.

BRITAIN'S SONG OF FREDOM.

(Written by Thomas Deasy.)

ו ריחוו חווווו ו ווו

See the flag of freedom flying,
Crosses three, red, white and blue;
In the right and still undying,
In blem of the brave and true.
Look! Our ships on every ocean,
Swords unsheathed to right the wrong;
Kindred, sons inspired with loyal devotion,
Voice again the good old song:Chorus.

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves, Britans never, never, shall be slaves.

Standard of our largetxianations homes, our honor,
In all climes where Britons dwell;
Ne'er brought down with dire dishonor,
Battling at the gates of hell.
Britain's might guards every sea, boys,
Hearts of oak make answer plain;
Victory, freedom's pledge must come, boys,
Sing once more the grand refrain:Chorus.

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves, Britans never, never, shall be glaves.

Millions of our best are marching.

Ships in battle sweep the main;

Mothers, wives and loved ones praying.

Shall the struggle be in vain?

Answer comes from out the trenches.

High in air, on land, on sea;

Where our heroes life blood drenches.

King and Country All For Thee.

Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves.

Britons never, never, never, shall be slaves.

ויחלו חווווו ו וווויי.

Rough Copy was

Motherland, home of forbears all. Land of the shamrock, thistle and rose; Sons are fleeting to answer thy call, From tropis to North Arctic floes. Help of the helpless, Scourge of the vile, Just in the battle for right; Mother a phace for me, Either on land or sea, In war to keep love's armour bright.

Motherland, despots traduce thee, Sceking to sheield fire disgrace; Kneeling there on bended knee, Craving in sunlight a place. Aid of the wife and child, Refuge of homeless ones, -Struggling to keep all men free; Though we should fall and die, Keep honour's banner high,-Truly our hope is in thee.

Ws. Motherland, trust and guide queen of the sea, High the royal ensign flice Queenzofzthezeen; Though dire distress betide, one all with thee; Practical about the property of the property o

Britons can conquer-or dies.

Country who kindness shows, just in your might, Safely in God place your trust; Pity all e'nn our foes; dare to do right Though sword in its scabbard may rust. Through good and ill, keep honour still None can AMANAXXARIAMAXXalter God's simple decree.

TO DISTAL VOSALLE SELECT

San Branch vir care co-

INDIAN AGENT'S OFFICE,

IN YOUR REPLY REPER TO TO DATE OF THIS LETTER.

Sir,-

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191

Country who armanose shows, has not started the first of the class of Bulcons esh ocoquer-or didu. . . Consultation of the contract o Contained that and section described the Truly car teer to in thes. April transit to bunca Atta, -Though he should real and die, timestand to keep but have them; infuse of landing of .-THE BENCHE DEED SECRETED. The Creater inscentight whitee. r v florilingstmart dnebonded knee; . which we wished addition of afficient et saminime, disperse argues than, it 12 May 20 May 10 May be samour lead ha. Athler on lend of cre. Coming processor may - lating in the backly for thirt; Schutte et al 1277. the Mann of Warn alphane, se d'anomittoble temberen aletta flegs, -7. AND ARTHUR TENETHER OF BURKET WASCOMY. S the above the configurable textures granter and

Beneath The Lighthouse Shade.

Late (Dedicated to The/Rev. William Hogan.)

By the sad sea-waves we laid him down.

Deneath the lighthouse shade;

Where rippling waters obb and flow.

Hallowed ground, where oft he prayed.

'Midst countless sands mixarin mong Haida raves.

Awaiting God's last trumpet call.
When time shall be no more.

רוניטוו טווווו ויוווו

Lowing eyes forever closed.

Heart of oak at rest;

Never more the clasp of hands.

Folded o'er great warrior's breast.

Stentorian voice, dumb to the world,

Tongue stilled in death's embrace;

Majestic form, filled with God's love,

Foremost in life's fitful race.

Though voiceless sheeping near the sea, Beneath the lighthouse shade; = Though sands of earth are heaped above, N'er will thy glory fade;

Though grief and sorrow fills the heart. Hope's banner floats on high; We'll meet again at God's White Throne, Where loved ones never die.

Brave Irish heart, we love thee still, As in the days of yore; Our Christian hero is not dead.-Not dead but gone before. Wet are the sands with tears of love, Bright flowers strew thy tomb; Stars of earth, their fragrance sweet, Dispelling friendship's gloom.

Sleep on, beneath the lighthouse shade,
Brave soldier of the Cross;
Let sea-birds sing thy requiem,
Your gain, our Country's loss.
In realms on high, free from all pain,
At peace for evermore;
Pray for your loved ones till we meet,
when time shall be no more.

FORGET. WE

LEST

ירחוו חווווו ווווו,

Whose duty to "size up" the man of the cour, Making light of his weakness, extolling his power; Seldom waiting to place him beneath the cold sod, "Ere we mark him an outcast, or a saint sent by God. He lives as we live, workslas we work, The world owed him nothing, no duty to shirk; Mourn&das we mourn, kin of all of his kind, Brange nothing along, leaves nothing behind.

In a moment he comes, in a twinkling he goes, Through his veins the red life-blood ebbs and just flows; Crawls as a biped, walks, and then stands, there alone, In the full flush of manhood, like a flower full blown. Up the hillside of life, he climbedday by day, Star of hope for his guide; light of faith for his stay; Onward he rushes, as years roll along, Doing and daring, -voice filled with song.

Ower the top of life's mountain he goes, Seeking etermity's sunshine or snows; Hopes dashed in fragments, heart stilled in breast, Body laid low in a haven of rest. Along moves the world, others come, others go, From the fountain of youth to earth, earthy, below; No heed of the moment, the day or the hour, When eternal life wakens to judgment-our dower.

Throng we don't meger not our neighbor, we are all of one clan, Hastening along under God's unknown plan;

XXXXXXXXXX BRESKARSSKATSKE

"Blazing the trail" for the oncoming throng, -In the valleys below filled with praise and with song; mountain of life, Soon to struggle along over the samexmannanaxiaxers Islanding in footprints by faith freed from strife. Marching

TOUR RUNN FRANCE

INTERNATIONAL ARTHUM.

AND THE RESERVE THE SE

(Air-Cod Dave The King-My Country T'is Of Thee.)

God hear our humble call. Cave us from slavery's thrall-Heed us we pray. Our hope of liberty. Freedom by land and ses, All trust we place in Thee. Haston the day.

Grant peace throughout the land, Stretch forth Thy mighty hand. Our guide and stay. By Thy eternal light. Load us through darkest night. Show paths of truth and right. Our only way.

May Thy great love abound. Circling the world around. Prom shore to shore. Lord let our Allies be. United, loyal, free, True to themselves and Thee, For evermore, Amen.

Loyal! Where is the Briton,
Who will not stand for right?
Facing Turk and Tueton,
Striking with Gdd-given might.
Staking his life for freedom,
At home or on foreign shore;
Knitting together the kingdom,
Like his forbears in days of yore.

ויויחוו חווווו וווווי

Ships line up you ocean,
Manmed by our noble sons;
Gallant troops are in motion,
Silencing the German guns.
Out of the mine and forest,
Shouting King and country, for thee;
Where Ser a heart beats in British breast,
We strive to keep men free.

forever,
God and the rightxiexenrxslegen, onxeexseedexdx
Inxieexsexxiexxiexxiexxiexxix
In face of the "Noch" and "hack,"
Britons slaves; no never;
Teuton and Turk fall back.

Slavish host,
Fire a world with your hametadxkordaex
Trample yourtword in dust;
Slaughter of innocents be your boast,
In Our God we humbly trust.

4 (150) Free

TO DATE OF THIS LETTER Sir,in and coe so propyl senes: offere for the court of femolecusts by from the cut. Simulya Completed of the goar! Mas in an the case of the voir lands are ensured by enough most. dancon and this tail book. introduc of damage adopted! and these of the "took" the "test," KNAKAMAKAKAMAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAKAKA Sold and the Fights invanishing, once all a such and TOTOTOT' to bestack of pool man into. Marradar a fragin besse in Bellie, brook, the return hand may be acted to out of the mane and torobb, eri anatabante kannar hara s wall was exacted and insuration, piral elder and the free first Sique Tine in Jon coeur! Tile pipelatheant in days of your. This bish together the kingdom, We prome on on toney the eyers! Ctaming his life fer Treaten, perakting with odd-fillow withit. Feature lunk and Ducton,

the will has usual territors

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רוריחוו חווווו ויווויי

International Hymn.

(Air-God Save the King-My Country T'is of Thee.)

God hear our humble call,

Save us from slavery's thrall,
Hear us we pray.

Our hope of liberty,

Freedom by land and sea;
All trust we place in Thee,

Hasten the day.

Grant peace throughout the land,
Stretch forth Thy mighty hand,
Our guide and stay.
By Thy eternal light,
Lead us through darkest night,
Show paths of truth and light,
Our only way.

May Thy great love abound,
Circling the world around,From shore to shore.
Lerd may our allies be,
United, loyal, free,
True to themselves and Thee,
Foe evermore.

Amen.

Queen Charlotte Islands, B. C.

Beneath The Lighthouse Shade.

(Dedicated to the late Rev. William Hogen.)

By the sad sea waves we laid him down.
Beneath the Lighthouse shade;
Where rippling waters ebb and flow
Hallowed ground where oft he prayed.
'Midst countless sands of Sentinel Isles.
Bright plumed sea-birds hovering o'er;
Awaiting God's last trumpet call,
When time shall be no more.

יווחחנו חוווות ווחחוו

Loving eyes forever closed,
Heart of oak at rest;
Never more the clasp of hands,
Folded Warx o'er brave warrier's breast.
Stentorian voice, dumb to this world,
Tongue stilled in death's embrace;
Majestic form filled with God's love,
Foremost in life's fitful race.

Though voiceless sleeping near the sea.

Beneath the lighthouse shade;
Though sands of earth now heaped above,
N'er will thy glory fade.
Though grief and sorrow fills the heart,
Hope's banner floats on high;
We (Il meet again at God's White Thome,
Where loved ones never die.

Brave Irish heart we love thee still,
As in the days of yore;
Our Christian hero is not dead,...
Not dead but gone before.
Vet are the sands with tears of love,
Bright flowers strew thy tomb;...
Stars of earth their fragrance sweet,
Dispelling friendship's gloom.

Drave soldier of the Cross;
Let sea-birds sing thy requium,
Thy gain our Country's loss.
On realmss on high, freed from all pain,
At peace forevermore;
Pray for your loved ones till we meet,
When time shall be no more.

OUR HONOURED DEAD.

ו חחוו חווווו ו לוווי

Somewhere across the ocean wide,

A mother breathes a prayer;

Somewhere a wife from bairns hide,

Fears of one lost "Over There."

Mahap he sleeps on shot-torn fields,

Where countless thousands rest;

Or grandeur of vast Abbey shields,

Hands crossed on warrior's breast.

Sleeping therein Abbey grand,
Our honoured here lies;
Awaiting one more dread command,
"Men, sons of men arise."
"Midst laurel leaves and flowers red,
The Union Jack his pall;
Rest in Peace, our Glorious Dead,
Fear not the last great call.

Sleep on our martyred nameless dead, plain;
In crapt or grass-grown - ******

A battle fought and nobly won,
Though "unknown " amidst the slain.
No blazon on thy shield to tell,
Of lineage or renown;
For King and Country, fought and fell,
Laurel leaves thy earthly crown.

"Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten as a dream,
Does at the opening day.

O God our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home."

ישטוו שווווו ו ווווי

TWINING FLAGS OF FREEDOM.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,
The red, the white and blue;

Starry flag of freedem,

Britain's emblem true.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,

Raise their folds on high,

Cheer beys cheer-new, ence again,

Victory is nigh.

Cherus.

The Stars and Stripes forever,

Britain's cresses three:

Hurran for Merry England,

My Country T'is of Thee.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,

Guard them with your might;

Across the stormy ecean,

Where camp fires burn at night.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,

Forever we'll be true;

The Union Jack, the Stars and Stripes,

The red, the white and blue.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,

Stand firm beneath their folds;

Means freedem for our country,

For all that manhood holds.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,

Once more boys, three time sthree;

The Starry Flag, the Union Jack,

Entwined for liberty.

Thomas Doney

Twining Flags of Freedom.

BBBB

Twine them, twins them, twine them, the Red, the White and Blie; Starry Flag of Freedom, Britain's emblesh true. Twine them, twine them, twine them, Rouse their folds on high; -Cheer boys bleer-now, once again, Victory is nigh.

The Stores and Stripes Jonever, Britain's crosses three; Hurroth for Marry England, My bountry J'is Of Thee

Twine them, twine them, twine them, Grand them with your might; Deross the stormy ocean,
Where camp fires burn at night.
Twine them, twine them, twine them,
Forever we'll be true; -The Union Jack, the Stars and Stripes. The Red the White Fand Blue. Chouse.

Turne them, twine them, twine them, Stand firm beneath their folds, Means freedom for the nation, For all that manhood holds. Twins them, twine them, twine them, Once more boys, three times three-The Stovey Thay the Union Jack

, [] [] |

!!!!!!!

TWINING FLACE OF FREEDOM.

Trive them, Twins them, twine them,

The Red, the White and Biue-

Starry flag of freedom,

Britain's emblem too.

ייחחוו חווווו ו ווווי

Twine them, twine them, twine them,

Reise their folds on high,

Cherr boys cherrinew once again,

Vistory is wigh.

OMORUS.

The Stars and Stripes forever,

Britain's erosses three;

Hurrah for Merry England,

My Country T'is of Thee.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,

Guard them with your might;

Acress the stormy eccan,

Where the samp fires burn at night.

Twine them, twime them, twine them,

Ferever we'll be true;"

To the Union Jack, the Stars and Stripes,

The Red, the White and Blue.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,

Stand firmly 'meath their folds;

Means freedom for our sountry,

For all that manhood holds.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,

Again bove, three times three;

Its the Starry Flag and Union Jack,

Butwined for biberty.

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THINING FLACE OF FRREDOM.

Twine them, Twine them, twine them, The Red, the White and Bivey Starry flag of freedom, Britain's emblem too. Twine them, twine them, twine them, Raise their felds on high, a Cherr beys cherrises once again, Victory is with.

The S are and Stripes forever, Britain's ereces three; Hurrah for Merry England, My Country, T'is of Thee.

OHORUS.

Twine them, twine them, twine them, Guard them with your might; Acress the stormy seems, Where the camp fires burn at might. Twine them, twine them, twine them, Ferever we'll be true; To the Union Jack, the Stars and Stripes, The Red, the White and Blue.

Twine then, twine then, twine them, Stand firmly 'meath their folds; Fears freeden for our dountry, For all that wanhood holds. Twime them, twime them, twins them, Again boys, three times three; Stis the Starry Flag and Union Jack, Butwined for biberty.

FLAGS OF FREEDOM. Twine them, twine them, twine them, The red, the white and blue; Freedom's starry banner, Britain's emblem too. Twine them, twine them, twine them, Raise them up on high, Cheer beys cheer, new ence again, Victory is nigh. Cherus. The stars and stripes ferever, Britain s cresses three; Hurrah for Merry England, wine them, twine them, twine them, Guard them with your might; Acress the stermy eccan, ... Where the camp fires burn at night; Twine them, twine them, twine them, Fereyer we'll be true; To the stars and Stripes To the red, the white and blue.

Twine them, thine them, twine them,

Firmly stand beneath their felds;

They mean freedem for the nation,

For all our manheed helds.

Twine them, twine them, twine them,

Hurrah beys, three times three;

The Starry Flag and Union Jack,

Entwined for liberty.

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LEST WE FORGET.

Whose duty to "size up" the man of the gour,

Naking light of his weakness, extolling his power;

Seldom waiting to place him beneath the cold sod,

"Ere we mark him an outcast, or a saint sent by God;

He lives as we live, works as we work,

The world owes him nothing, no duty to shirk;

Hourns as we mourn, kin of all of his kind,

Brings nothing along, leaves nothing behind.

In a moment he comes, in a twinkling he goes,
Through his veins the red life-blood ebbs and just flows;
Crawle as a biped, walks, and then stands, there alone,
In the full flush of manhood, like a flower full blown.
Up the hillside of life, he climbs day by day,
Star of hope for his guide; light of faith for his stay;
Onward he rushes, as years roll along,
Doing and daring, -voice filled with song.

Seeking eternity's sunshine or snows;
Hopos dashed in fragments, heart stilled in breast,
Body laid low in a haven of rest.

Along moves the world, others come, others go,
From the fountain of youth to earth, earthy, below;
When evernal life wakens to judgment-our dower.

Judge notiour neighbor, we are all of one clan,
Hast ning along under God's unknown plan;
ExxPackettobingxhasxasuntsinxefxlifexenthasxas,

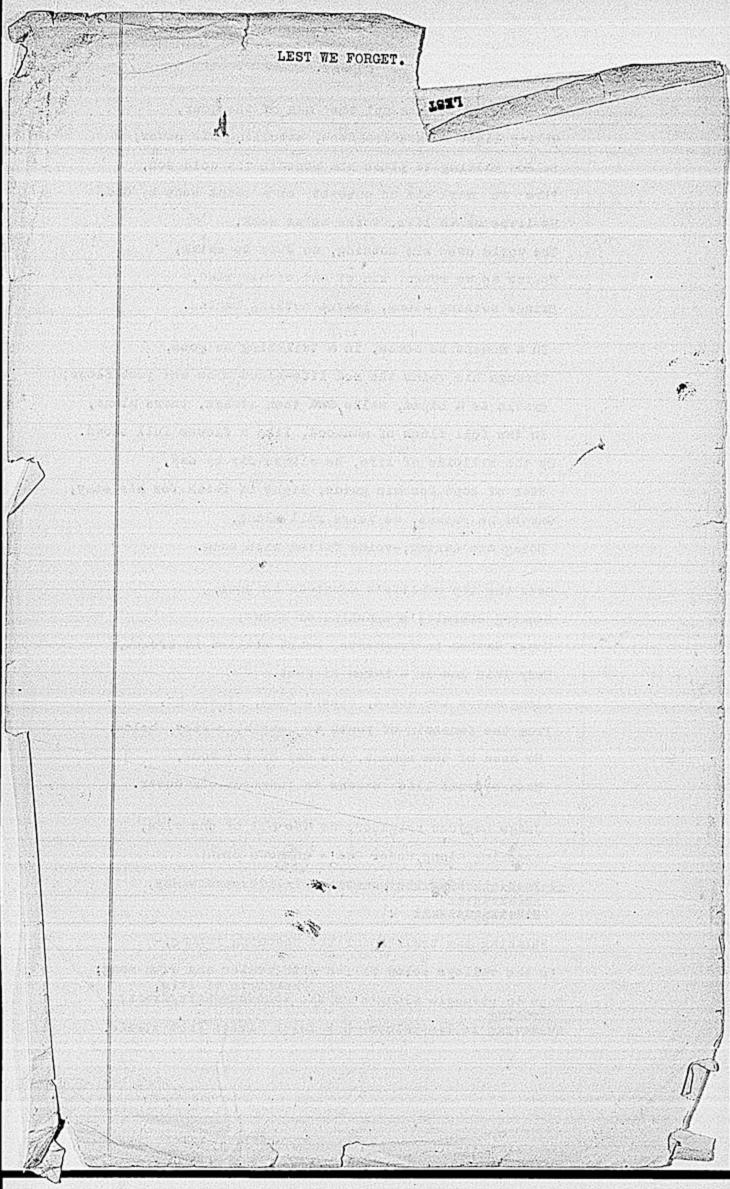
zBinatagzaz B**Binatagg**etzetk

In the valleys below filled with praise and with song;
mountain of life,
Soon to struggle along o'er the samexusustainxissus;
Harching
Tailsuing in footprints by faith freed from strife.

MS-1182 DEASY, Thomas, 1857-1936. Masset, Victoria; Indian agent. Box 1 Miscellaneous poetry [74-A-117, File V] File 08

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Box 1 Miscellaneous poetry [74-A-117, File V]
File 08

The Soldier's Fond Faregell.

THAN THEFT ! THEFT

18m leaving you my colleen dear, Brave heart so kind and true: All British sons must enswer "here," 'Neath the red, the white and blue. Calla lillies you I'll bring, From France and Belguim too; With a little yellow golden ring, When I return to marry you.

Mother calls, we must obey, Bound in honour, all; From snowy Klondike, far away, To the fields of Donegal; Shure my heart is in thy keeping love, Take this bunch of shemrocks too; On fighting line, with stars above, My thoughts will be with you.

Dry your eyes my colleen deer, My Molly Bawn Asthore; Right will win, oh never feer, And when the war is o'er;-King and country will you bless, Peace will come with hopes galore, Your soldier boy fond lips will press, Shure, I'll nover leave youmore.

OUR FARMER BOY.

חדימת מתוחו בחוני

A Maple Leaf on shoulder strap, Wesrs the boy we sent to war; Little we thought our husky chap, Would fight like sires of yore. Forgotten is the the creek and mill, The schoolhouse and the farm; God be with you, our boy "Bill," And shield you from all harm.

King and Country need "Bill," With a hundred thousand more; They've changed his name to "Jack Kanuck," Since he crossed to England shore.