

the methods have altered. It is only now that there is being contested the vital issues of right against wrong, and we as a nation can say that we are engaged from high moral standpoint and that the end will be or when, we have no idea or conception, But in the ruling of the Universe, the Great Creator has his plan, and in some mysterious way, and in His own good time, "the crooked places will be straightened out and the rough places made plain".

When we consider the attitude of various nations we must I think recognize that at one period in our Empire's history, we did much of the same tactics and practices & we must not say that our country has always been right, but I suppose we must judge according to the times and in some mysterious way, our actions have been over ruled for good, & now now the world at large (on our side, our present enemies) look with favour upon us & pray that in the contest, that victory will be ours. I am proud of my citizenship.

"There's a Land that bears a world known name,
Though 'tis but a little spot;
'Tis the first on the blazing scroll of fame;
And who shall ever it is not.

Of the deathless ones who shine and live, in arm
in art and song; The brightest the whole wide world
can give, to that little Land below.

never I
think the
German way
was always
Chivalry

'Tis the star of the earth deny it who can,
In the Island home of an Englishman.

There's a flag that floats over every sea,
No matter when or where?

And to treat that flag as ought but the free,
Is more than the strongest dare;
For the lion spirit that walks the deck, has carried the palm
of the brave; And that flag may sink with a shot from wreck,
But never float over a slave.

Its honour is stainless, deny it who can, The flag of a true born
Englishman

There's a heart that beats with a burning glow, the wronged and
the weak to defend?

And it strikes as soon for a trampled foe, As it does
for a soul bound friend;

It nurtures a deep and honest love, the fashion of faith and
pride, And yearns with the fondness of a dove, to the light of its
own fire side.

'Tis a rich rough gem, deny it who can, the heart of a true born Englishman.

The Briton may traverse the pole, or the zone,
And boldly claim his right;

For he calls such a vast domain his own, that the sun never
sets on his right

Let the haughty stranger seek to know the place of his home and birth
And a flush will pour from cheek to brow, while he tells of his native
earth. 'Tis a glorious Charter, deny it who can, that breathes
in the words: "I'm an Englishman".