

Added to the hardships of a tedious and dangerous ocean voyage there were the difficulties of making a new home in the forest. The land had to be cleared of trees. Few of the early Scottish settlers were expert with the axe. The extreme heat of summer and the severity of winter taxed their endurance. But being inured to hardships in their native land, they persisted and by dint of hard work they planted their crops and built homes, schools and churches for themselves. Their religious life and industrious character reflected honour on the land of their birth.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

ARTHUR S. BOURINOT

I hear the planes in outward flight
Their engines fading roar,
My boy flies far into the night,
O God be with him in the fight
And bring him back once more.

My boy flies far into the night
On valiant wings to soar,
Clouds keep the secret of his flight,
O God protect him in the height
And bring him back once more.

I hear the planes in homing flight
Their engines deepening roar,
O God who watches in the night
Guard him and keep him in thy sight
And bring him back once more.