

threatened than our kindred overseas were by our side, ready to stand or to fall with us.

Not because of our perfections. We know that, and they know it. We have made mistakes, we have done many wrongs, we have been foolish and faulty in our time, as fallible human creatures were bound to be. Our own sons in the homeland, 'who,' as Noel Hodgson says of his fallen comrades :

Who loving as none other
The land that is their mother,
Unflinching renounced her
Because they loved her so—

did no more, maybe, than the sons of any land might do, but they did it with an eagerness and a joy in the self-sacrifice that could not have been possible to them had they been dying for a land that was all unworthy of them. Nor was it solely because they were more or less distantly of our blood that Canada, Australasia,