



WHEN Serbia had a vision of the men who had made her great — Vladimir, who first showed that union is strength; Michael, her earliest King, and Stephen Nemanya, who gave her a real kingdom, and Stephen Dushan, whose dreams of a Serb Empire had given her glory; then Lazar Grebelyanovitch, her brave and generous defender at Kossovo. Again, after her long sleep, Karageorges, heroic and just, grandsire of King Peter; and last, Milos Obrenovitch, whose cleverness had laid the foundation for much of her present good.

Had she changed too quickly from the old patriarchal system before she could rightly replace it? All this time, she now realized too well, she had been only half-educated. It was easy enough for the great Nations to criticize her, forgetful of the long past years when they were in her condition, yet none of them could deny her her heroic past.

Then Serbia looked toward the sea. She no longer felt the pain of her grief and her bruises; she was no longer alone. Friendly hands reached out to her on every side, and beyond the sea lay noble England, and strong Canada, and heroic France — Allies fighting for her, for her who