

Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

In the reign of the great and glorious Queen Bess forced military service was not required. Britons then belonged to a nation of volunteers, and, thank God, throughout the greater and more glorious reign of our own Victoria, the well-beloved, our strength has lain in the voluntary service, in time of need, of Britain's sons, wherever they may be scattered over Imperial territory; and her august son, our liege lord, Edward VII, will find the same spirit stir his subjects. Let France talk of her conscription, and Germany vaunt itself as a nation of soldiers; let all nations sneer at the commercial instincts of the British; let them boast of their huge armies whilst press and people play fearfully with the sleeping lion's tail. If he but shake his shaggy shoulders and utter the roar that has held the world in beneficial thrall for centuries, they will find that, at that sound, the small