

the moment the storm-cloud hangs black and menacing all around the sky. The thunders speak of death. The lightnings flash of hell. Europe is bleeding at every pore. North America, in all its nationalities and peoples, has learned the meaning of Gethsemane. The world itself is broken, its civilisation crossed by barbarism, its glory turned to shame. The sun is in eclipse.

But the night will not come back. Dawn will rise with day on its shoulders. The jungle, with its tangled fens, its fevers and its beasts of prey, will be driven further back. The neighbourhood of the English-speaking peoples will yet be an ensample to the world. The desert of the nations will rejoice and blossom like the rose: the seas will no longer divide: and deep in the hearts of all classes and races will stir the sense of human brotherhood in the abiding neighbourhood of all peoples.

We of to-day are on the edge of a great new time, a world-time. The nations of the English speech and of the Anglo-Saxon tradition when this world-war is over must face an unprecedented world-challenge: the challenge of all the world to the nations of the Anglo-Saxon impulse, that, after strife, have kept the peace for a hundred years in the Anglo-American unity.