

Have we forgotten the traditions of that rugged old land in the northern sea—the land of our fathers, the land of liberty, glory, and renown? Shall we be found faithless in the fulfilment of that sacred trust—the trust of hand ing down intact to our children that great heritage given to us by the great men of the past—men who fought at Trafalgar, or who shed their life-blood on a field of Waterloo, or who raised their voices within those sacred walls at Westminster that we may be free? Are we by our cold indifference to the spirit of imperialism suffering our great empire to decay? Or do we realize that the power and protection of the motherland is the wing under whose shadow we should rest; that the victorious sweep of her progress is the march in which we should all join; and that the united strength of Great Britain and her colonies is our surest bulwark against every foe? To all these let us echo and re-echo the stirring lines of Wordsworth:

"It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom, which to the open sea
Of the world's praise from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, 'with pomp of waters un withstood,'
"Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the cheek of salutary bands,
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost forever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old;
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held—In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold."

