

spread wreck and devastation all over the world, or else, in the form of balmy breezes, to bring blessing and health wherever they might attain. To-night I am in the cavern of the winds of the Empire. I do not pretend—God forbid that I should pretend—to be the King Aeolus who controls these powers. That would rather belong to my noble friend on my right in the chair. I may, at any rate, claim to be a humble, a timid—(A voice, "Derby Winner.") One does not feel like a Derby winner on these occasions. If the gentleman who interrupted me had ever been in the position of a Derby winner, he would conceive nothing so far remote from that feeling. I would rather claim, as I have said, to be an unworthy representative of King Aeolus. Well, I am quite sure when these winds go forth, when these powers are exerted over the Empire on your return from these islands they will be exerted for the benefit of the Empire.

"Welcome Home."

Now it is my duty, I suppose, to make a speech, and not immediately to sit down; but if I carried out my own sense of the occasion, if I carried out what I believe to be what is required on this occasion, I should confine myself to two words and then sit down. They would be only two words—and they are the simplest, and perhaps the sweetest, that can be heard by mortal ear—and yet they are the only two words in which I would sum up what I have to say to our guests from beyond the seas to-night. Those words are, "Welcome Home." Yes, gentlemen, that is the motto of this occasion, "Welcome to your Home." Some of you, many of you, have never seen your home, and you will see something in the course of

the next fortnight which I will not boast of, but which in its way is unmatched in the world. You will see an ancient and a stately civilization. You will see that embodied in our old abbeys and cathedrals, built in the age of fath and surviving to testify that that faith is not dead in Britain. You will see it in the ancient colleges of Oxford and Cambridge and St. Andrews and Aberdeen, shrines of learning which are venerable not only from their antiquity. As you pass about the country you will see the little villages clustering about the Heaven directed spires as they have clustered for centuries. You will see the ancient Mother of all Parliaments—the most venerable progenitor of free institutions—the House of Commons. I cannot promise you an even greater pleasure in seeing the House of Lords because that will not be sitting during the period of your visit. Throughout the country you will see those old manor houses where the squirearchy of Great Britain have lived for centuries, almost all of them inhabited long before the discovery of Australia, and some even before the discovery of America—a civilization, a country life which I advise you to see on your present visit, because when you next come it may not be here for you to see it. Speeding onwards from these more rural scenes, from all this which is embodied history and which represents the antiquity and tradition of a thousand years, go on to the teeming communities which represent the manufactures, the energy, the alertness of the commercial life of Great Britain, and last of all, surrounding all and guarding all, you will see a prodigious armada, a prodigious but always inadequate armada. All these are yours as much as ours. Your possession, your pride, and your home.