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FROM the city of the Loyalists and from the province they founded under the agis of the flag for which they sacrificed so much, there went out yesterday* a soldier band. The flag their fathers planted on these shores in years ago is their flag. It beckons them now across the seas, where loyalists on another continent are called to arms in its defence. We give of our best, and they go to fight if need be in the battles of the Empire. Our hearts and hopes go with them, and we are assured that whether in war or peace the honor and traditions of their native land will bravely be upheld.

And so they went—the sons of Greater Britain and soldiers of the Queen. They went, these lads that we have known and loved, with a little sinking of the heart, it may be, at the moment of severing the ties of home and friendship; but animated by the same stern spirit that has tracked the wilderness and bridged the seas, toiling upward through the centuries and outward through the regions of the earth, upbuilding that imperial fabric whose strength is freedom, and into whose texture time for a thousand years has woven the imperishable fibre of a Briton's loyalty.

And so they went—and some at home will count the cost, and some will weep and pray. But over the sea and over the veldt, with these lads that go a-soldiering, will go the message to our kindred that, whether beneath the Southern Cross or beside the northern sea, in the hour of need heart answers heart in Britain's realms throughout the wide, wide world.

*October 26th, 1899.

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