

have mourned the effects of that separation, which after all is but as of yesterday compared with the centuries of glory and pride which we have in common. Almost has passed away all feeling of that political separation, which is but skin deep, compared with that which is within, our fundamental and essential unity. And so we, Canada, your sister, and daughter of the great mother across the sea, holds out one hand to you and the other hand to her across the sea, and beckons the other free British nations to witness and rejoice in the reconciliation of mother with daughter. Verily the days are at hand when "they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE

But let us not forget our God-given task in that great future. My soul tells me as yours must tell you, that the future of this world depends upon the English speaking nations. But in that great future there will be another Germany; a Germany that has got rid of her paramount folly, a democratic Germany that has got rid of her "Kultur" rubbish; Germany will come back to the old, kindly, loving, simple hearted Germany; the indomitable perseverance, the strong sense of duty, the willingness to labor and faithfully, whole heartedly to serve the nation will make a new Germany, a greater and a nobler Germany, a Germany which will be loved and esteemed, and not hated and despised by the other nations of the earth. While we must strain every nerve to win the peace the terms of which we shall determine, while we must strain every nerve to see that it is an English speaking peace which is declared, let us not forget that there is good in Germany, and that Germany may in the future be a sister, instead of an outcast.

With a world-wide democracy, a world-wide brotherhood, the dream of the poet will come true for there will be seen on earth, the like of what he saw in the heavens, there will be seen living what he saw dead.

THE ARMY OF THE DEAD

I dreamt that overhead  
I saw in twilight grey  
The Army of the Dead  
Marching upon its way,  
So still and passionless,  
With faces so serene,  
That scarcely could one guess  
Such men in war had been.