

build or establish in the Pacific a powerful Canadian fleet, joining with Australia, New Zealand, the Malay Straits and Hong Kong and India in keeping the entire Pacific absolutely safe for the British Empire; make the Pacific, what the Atlantic has long been, a British lake and ensure absolute safety for the transportation of our trade and our people across that great ocean; make certain, so far as we can, and for all time to come, close and intimate relations with the great nations that are growing up in Australasia and with the peoples that are developing elsewhere in the Empire.

Finally, Sir, let me thank you for your very kind attention. One feels sometimes these issues, perhaps, more strongly than they can be expressed and I have at times thought it a pity that people who own the proud possession that you hold, as descendants of the men and women who first founded this nation, have not retained a greater pride and a greater regard for the past, that they have not done more to develop and accentuate the feeling of British loyalty in this country, and that some of them, even, are renegade to the faith of their fathers and look forward to a future which involves separation from the British Empire. I hope that the good work you are carrying on will be spread yet more widely, and that you will live to see embodied in the history of the world a condition which will involve partnership between these great young nations and the great old nation which has so long sheltered them in the folds of its flag and has done so much for their development and their greatness; and that in doing so you will get away from a position which has been described in language of power by a Western poet (R. J. C. Stead)—away from what I think a good many Canadians feel at the present time, but that I hope the Canadian of the future will never have cause to feel:

Many the winds that rise and fall to the flag that ye call your own,  
And ye walk secure to the ends of earth wherever that flag is flown,  
Safe as a child in its mother's arms ye come and ye go at will,  
And ye take it all for granted—and your Mother pays the bill.

Truly ye come of a nation, shred of an unwhipped breed,  
Girding yourself with vigour, virile in thought and deed,  
Tracking the trackless future—making its hopes your own,  
As ye reap the fruit—the peace and power—the Motherland hath sown.

Truly ye love your Mother—never more loyal word  
Than boast ye make of Britain by British ears was heard—  
Vallant are ye, and haughty, mighty in speech and song,  
But ye turn your eyes to heaven when the hat is passed along.