

Dr. Beers concluded by reciting the following poem, written by a friend, now resident in Montreal. It has a Kipling ring in it, and is well worthy of presentation :

### A SONG OF EMPIRE.

English we ! and you deem it shame,  
Sharing our speech to share our name !  
English we, and we draw from you all,  
Briton and Teuton and Dane and Gaul,  
The blood that our fathers blended up  
As a priceless wine in a golden cup,  
Feeding upon it, and gathering strength,  
Childhood, boyhood and youth, till at length  
They rose in the might of the man and hurled  
A girdle of empire about the world.

English we ! and the race is young,  
Years we were silent and gave no tongue ;  
Calm in our strength, till you hemmed us in,  
With a ring of steel and the ceaseless din  
Of threatening war. 'Tis for you to say  
If the brood of the mastiff forced a way.

English we ! Can you blame us now,  
You who have taught us the when and how,  
If we learned the lesson of ancient Rome—  
To stretch our borders and make our home  
On each foot of earth that our arms had won  
From the dawning east to the setting sun ?  
English we ! and we hold our own by right of  
the blood we have shed ;  
English we ! and shall hold it, were it but for  
the graves of our dead.  
English we ! and we ask you, you who are  
swift to condemn,  
Would you yield but a foot of our conquests  
if you were the lords of them ?  
What do you say, oh, Russia ? What do  
you answer, France ?  
When might is right with the one, and the  
cry of the other—Advance !

English we ! Shall we hand it on,  
The heritage fair that we entered on,  
Broad and firm and just as of yore,  
Breathing the spirit that formed its core,  
For our sons to fulfil their destiny :  
That the rolling deep where our fathers sleep,  
All the earth their feet have trod,  
In the breadth of our children's rule shall be  
But as corner-stones to their memory,  
Raised by the hand of God ?

—J. ROSS-WETHERMAN.