

The little Poem which follows was first published 25 years ago. It is of more than transient interest to-day ; the half-prophecy of its closing lines is being very literally fulfilled. Every fresh Recruit is an answer to that call

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ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES

She stands a thousand-wintered tree,
By countless morns imperaled ;
Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,
Her branches sweep the world ;
Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed,
Clothe the remotest strand
With forests from her scatterings made,
New nations fostered in her shade,
And linking land with land.

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O ye by wandering tempest sown
'Neath every alien star,
Forget not whence the breath was blown
That wafted you afar !
For ye are still her ancient seed
On younger soil let fall—
Children of Britain's island-breed,
To whom the Mother in her need
Perchance may one day call.