

and with it our little lives and tiny hopes and fears, into the melting-pot, had come, with what hissing of fury and seething of agony we hardly yet realise. And when and into what fantastic variety of mould, heroic, beautiful, trivial or base, the fused metal will run in its outpouring, and what length of Dark Ages may follow, or what slow and baffled and lovely beginnings of golden days may be, who shall say? In the meantime, let us honour great men, and pray for wit discern and choose them, remembering that nations are ved and made glorious, not by the weight of numbers, but by the redeeming remnant, the best few.

THE END