

the world's leaders in the coming years. United the Empire stands, divided it falls. The Belgian motto, "Union is Strength," may be a platitude, but it is a truth that the various branches on the British trunk realize keenly to-day. May it ever be so! Britain, without the love and support of her colonies, is as the trunk of a giant oak destitute of its branches, awaiting the woodman's axe. The colonies—the young republican giants—without the protecting ægis of the Motherland, are as the branches lopped from the parent stem awaiting the sacrificial flames.

The present justifies confidence in the future. From the British nation of to-day will spring a federation of nations united under one imperial head, stronger, lustier and more resourceful, victors on the world's great field of battle, heirs of the wealth and wisdom of the ages.

In the hope that the stirring memories of a thousand years may encourage us to emulate the deeds of our sires in spirit, if