

standing army will assume gigantic dimensions,—militia, reserves, yeomanry, volunteers and unattached vieing with each other as to who shall be first in the field for the honor of the Empire and the service of King and country. No idle boast is this, but a fact proven again and again during the progress of the South African war. Britain is no longer a little island of the sea. She was great in the days of Waterloo ; greater when on Crimean battlefields the Muscovite was driven to his lair ; but greatest to-day, when from Australia to Canada, from the Shetlands to the Cape, Britain's sons have risen to defend the wronged, maintain the supremacy of the Empire, and uphold the right.

Then a cheer, my lads, a cheer,
For the British volunteer;
For the Queen he'll like a hero bear the brunt.
Ne'er shall wane our England's might,
When we've sons like him to fight
Side by side with British soldiers at the front.

That most mysterious, most honoured
of British poets, William Shakespeare,
the immortal bard of Avon, flourished in