

As we again embarked and saw the receding cliffs of Albion, and thought of our heritage of liberty and culture, I could but repeat,
 "Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land."

As I have settled in my new home in this dark, pagan country, I have thanked God for my citizenship in a Christian land, and again for the privilege of co-working with Christ for the evangelization of the world.

"Where'er a human heart doth wear
 Joy's myrtle wreath or sorrow's gyves,
 Where're a human spirit strives
 After a life more true and fair,
 Where'er a single slave doth pine,
 Where'er one man may help another,
 Thank God for such a birthright, brother,
 That spot of earth is thine and mine :
 That is the true man's birthplace grand,
 His is a world-wide fatherland."

M. HELENA BLACKADAR, '94.

Mission House, Vizianagram, India, Feb. 12, 1900.

The True Basis of Empire.

The bold dash of a Canadian regiment has sounded the death-knell of a seventeenth century despotism, masked in the form of a republic. But it has taught the world anew that the real basis of an Empire, rests upon the affections of its subjects. No matter how much money or how many ships, guns or shells, a nation may have for the protection of its dominions, they will be of no avail, unless they are in hands of strong men, inspired with loyal hearts. It is true that in ancient times, kings and rulers frequently employed alien soldiers to fight their battles for dominion, but it is equally true that such conduct has contributed little to the permanent happiness of mankind. And why? Because an adventurous and mercenary spirit is absolutely opposed to the growth and perpetuation of high and holy achievements. The two things cannot permanently exist together.

The recent contributions of the colonies to the army of Great Britain, have not only disclosed the wonderful resources of the Empire but they have astonished the non-Brittanic world. They have established beyond peradventure, that the strength of the British Empire lies, not in solemn agreements or written facts, but in the golden chord of love, which has entwined itself about the hearts of grateful peoples, and belted the earth with its beauty. More than this,