

stones at each other. Like elder brothers in the federation of states we must furnish an example in character and citizenship.

The Anglo-Saxons of North America must present a noble ideal in all that pertains to a surviving civilization to the Latin republics of South America. By international sympathy and noble self-control we must lead the way to all that is best in manly character and splendid nationhood. Our sympathies must be broad, our motives pure, our actions above suspicion, and our ultimate design prophetic with the thought of achieving a universal race, which shall pulse warm with a blood enriched by contributions from every tribe, race, and nation. To do this our thoughts must be world-wide in their proportions.

It is time to think in continents. God has given us vast mountains, great oceans, broad prairies, enormous rivers, splendid inland seas; can we match these by great continental and international thoughts?

God is looking for a race; a race which shall lead the nations of the earth. That race must have a world-religion, a world language, a world-policy and a world-program. There are world problems which must be solved. There is coming on the scene of action a new race, an imperial race; in the physiognomy of which the features of every great nation will be reflected. The Anglo-Saxon with the face of Shakespeare, the Englishman with the face of Gladstone, the Russian with the face of Tolstoi, the Frenchman with the face of Victor Hugo, the German with the face of Bismarck, the Scotchman with the face of Knox, the Welshman with the face of Christmas Evans, the Irishman with the face of Daniel O'Connell, the Bohemian with the face of Huss, the Jew with the face of Disraeli, and the Italian with the face of Michael Angelo. A race imperial in the quality of its brotherhood, wearing the garland of a universal sympathy. A race which shall write the first lines of the world's anthem and prepare the fabric of a universal ensign.

These things shall be! A loftier race  
Than ere the world hath known  
shall rise

With flame of freedom their souls  
And light of knowledge in their  
eyes.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould  
And mightier music thrill the skies;  
And every life shall be a song,  
And all the earth a paradise!

The world which produced a Plato, a Shakespeare, and a Jesus, will yet be one world. History will yet fulfil the dream of Walt. Whitman. "What whispers are these, oh land, running ahead of you and passing under the seas? Are all nations communing? Is there going to be but one heart to the globe?"

What is the greatest need in Mexi-