

THE ROMANCE OF EMPIRE.

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SOME years ago a few Colorado beetles were washed upon the shores of Prince Edward Island, and immediately went up to possess the land. It is needless to say the country was soon filled with these representatives of a foreign soil. By blundering chance and persistent effort, through many defeats, they traversed the wastes of land and sea, reaching at last this remote region. Moreover, they came to stay.

There is, of course, a vast gulf between these pestiferous insects and God's noblest creature—man, and, yet, when we think of the history of human migrations, the blindness which has characterized them, the accidents which have furthered them, the persistence with which they have been pursued, and the completeness with which the earth has been occupied, we are reminded that they have much in common, and that, humanly speaking, both have, to a large extent, been the creatures of circumstances—the flotsam and jetsam of the sea. But here the comparison ends.

This restless migratory spirit has characterized the various races of men since Abram betook himself from Ur of the Chaldees, until the present time. From a tiny rill it has become a surging sea. This is a divinely implanted instinct, an essential law, though fraught with tragedy, yet working for the good of mankind at large. The conquest of Canaan, with its clashing interests and bitter strife, has been repeated a thousand times in the course of human history. In the

working out of this law, according to the will of God, the false gives place to the true. On the foundations of past greatness is built the greater greatness of to-day, as ever upward the higher altitudes of human development move. This is as essential a law as gravitation and, perhaps, as inexorable.

"We build like corals, grave on grave,
But pave a pathway sunward,
Or like the ocean, wave on wave,
We're ever pressing onward.
Though beaten back in many a fray,
Yet, ever strength we borrow,
And where the vanguard halts to-day,
The rear shall rest to-morrow."

To the Anglo-Saxon race, perhaps, more than to any other of modern times, has been given this instinct of conquest, colonization and empire. And, in all humility, let us believe that the Supreme Ruler of the Universe is using this marked racial characteristic for the working out of His purposes for the good of man.

The story of British colonization for over three hundred years is, to say the least, one of thrilling romance, and one which would require volumes to tell. When Sir Humphrey Gilbert, in the name of Britain, raised the meteor flag of England on the bleak and rocky shores of Newfoundland in 1583, Britain started on the stormy sea of empire, on her maiden voyage. The three hundred and twenty-five years that have passed is not a very long period in the life of a people, but between these dates mighty achievements have been wrought. Within these periods the Imperial Mother has given birth to the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, In-