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Editorial.

THE ANGLO-SAXON FUTURE.

The rise of the Anglo Saxon race is one of the most striking phenomena of modern times. A century ago,—just two years before the declaration of independence in the United States,—Britain was a great power. But it was no more than on an equality with several others. At that time its whole population, at home and abroad, did not exceed *eighteen millions*. In that respect it was about equal to Spain, and considerably less than either France or Austria. Its colonies were multiplying; but, with the exception of the American States, few were of any great importance. Its dominion in India was then circumscribed within very narrow limits. And at that time the commerce of Britain was not very greatly ahead of some of its rivals.

Now, when we contrast that time with the present day, the most startling results appear. From *eighteen millions*, the number of the people has increased to over *eighty millions*. Spain, France, and Austria combined, do not now equal the number of those who speak our own tongue. And with the increase in mere numbers, there has been a far greater proportionate increase in all the elements of national wealth, power, and greatness. Our tongue is heard in every land. Our ships visit every shore. The great bulk of the commerce of the whole earth is now in our hands. Colonies, which are fast

assuming the character of great, imperial communities, are posted in every position of advantage all the world over,—like the links of a great chain compassing the earth. And in India, we are now giving our language and laws to one of the greatest empires the world ever saw. There is not another instance of the rise and growth of any people so rapid, on so large a scale, and resting on foundations so firm and vast.

We have all heard of Macauley's famous New Zealander, who, in some future age, is to visit the banks of the Thames, and to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's from a broken arch of London bridge. All that is left of present greatness is a memory. Those streets which teemed with a nation's life, are still and silent. The marsh fowl makes its nest where the world's merchant princes used to congregate. The power and splendour of imperial Britain have passed away like the shadows of a dream. It is fascinating for men full of old historic lore to generalize from past experience. And so, like the old empires which have come and gone, Britain is to rise, reach its height, and then decay, and pass away. But these speculations are not to be fully trusted. They are misleading, and tend to blind the mind to elements in a nation's life which may greatly modify, or even entirely prevent such a result. The life of a nation is not like that of a plant, or a tree, the laws of whose