

pieces, that a Greek Empire could ever be resuscitated at Constantinople. Should Turkey fall, England herself with her mighty fleets might retain possession of the Golden Horn—a stream of Anglo-Saxon immigration might plant the English power and name along the Hellespont, and arts and Commerce might again flourish in Ionia.

But it appears most probable that the political life of Turkey will be indefinitely protracted—that protected from northern rapacity, and imbued with the European spirit of enterprize—gradually permeated by the influence of a purer Christianity than she has known since the days of St. John Chrysostom, her institutions liberalized—her rugged features rounded into form—her people swept onward with the current of progress—Turkey may yet take the stand among civilized nations to which her wondrous natural resources, if fully developed, and her unrivalled position, if improved, would entitle her. Nevertheless it may be the inscrutable purpose of the King of Kings to permit the northern Autocrat to triumph—to absorb Turkey—to overwhelm Persia—to drive the gallant troops of France and England into the sea—to sweep from the Ocean the mighty armaments of the Queen of the seas—to lead the northern serf, the rude Cossack, and the wild Tartar, to the shores of the Atlantic; while the despairing patriots of Continental Europe shall pine away in Siberian deserts or bleed beneath the laceration of the Russian knout,—all this may yet be, though I believe it not. But should these terrible calamities befall mankind, the sons of Britain will not stay long to weep useless tears over the dust of Alfred, of Hampden and Chatham—at the tombs of Nelson and Wellington and Napier—they will gather up their sacred relics and their immortal memories, and passing over the seas, will pour themselves into the boundless territories held by