

civilization, fond of adventure and courting danger, yet feel themselves isolated and alone, and look back with a kind of terror at the awful spaces of plain and mountain that separated them from their eastern homes. But the whole vast area is soon bound together and made one, held by the inseparable bonds of a federated statehood, sealed by the blood of the whole land, the terrible price of national union; and the great transcontinental railroads which presently thread the prairies and pierce the mountains, prove that the nation has at last mastered its domain, and clasped it together with bands of steel from ocean to ocean.

Each citizen becomes intent upon his private task, and no one is conscious of the change which time and toil have wrought, while still farther westward, along the track of the sinking sun, far out into the Pacific, Americans continue to wander, building their homes where eternal summer smiles on the islands that float between the ocean and the stars. The nation is startled by the voice of kindred beyond the sea demanding the protection of the United States for the fragile republic of Hawaii, brought into being in a night, and asking to share the flag and the destinies of the American people.

It is an impressive moment, and the government hesitates with indecision at the thought of extending national responsibility over a spot of earth so remote from its continental heritage, thereby advancing the frontiers of the nation two thousand miles into the western ocean. It has not dreamed of overleaping its continental boundaries, and has no thought concerning far-distant islands, except that they would be a burden and a care. But a series of grievances becomes intol-

erable, a strong impulse of chivalrous feeling long repressed, an inexplicable incident interpreted as an insult and a challenge, drive the United States into a war with Spain; and the new, untried navy is bidden to do its work. The Atlantic coast towns shudder at the thought of the sudden appearance of some destructive armada, looming out of the mysterious mists of the sea to lay them waste, and peaceful cottagers dream of exposure on the unprotected shore of New England; when suddenly in the early hours of a May morning, a squadron of American ships quietly steams into Manila Bay, and before the sun has set the world understands that the front of civilization has changed once more, and the Pacific Ocean has become the centre of the world.

I have said the centre of the world, for that is always the centre where the new work calls, where the unsolved problems rise, and where the energies of civilization gather to complete their unfinished task. And this vast ocean, around whose borders nearly one-half of the earth's inhabitants are distributed, and toward which their converging lines of interest are directed, the outlet of their commerce and the common medium of their intercourse, is destined to be the most magnificent meeting place of nations which history has known. More than a hundred lines of railroad, bearing the products of every zone, now run toward the Pacific; and when the trans-Siberian line is completed, the journey from Paris to Japan, including the sea passage, can be made in fifteen days. Across this great ocean, whose waters for centuries were traversed by only one small sailing ship each year between Manila and Acapulco, a dozen lines of steamships, some of them operating nearly a hundred vessels, now