

from her ambition? She has torn Gibraltar from Spain, Malta and Canada from France, Heligoland from Denmark, the Cape of Good Hope from the Dutch, the Gold Coast from the Portuguese, and Hong Kong from China. She has built up by the sword a military power in Asia, which secures her Government over two hundred millions in India. At Aden she holds the gate of the Red Sea. At Singapore she commands the road to China. From Fiji she dominates the Pacific. Her territory is vaster than that of Russia, and greater in extent than all Europe without Russia. Russia annexes no population, except Slavs and a few tribes in Asia, while of two hundred and fifty millions of Britain's subjects only twenty millions are Englishmen. What nationality has not some of its members under British rule? Italians at Malta, Spaniards at Gibraltar, Arabs at Aden, Germans at Heligoland, Dutch at the Cape, Chinese at Hong Kong, Malays at Malacca, Hindoos in India, Kaffirs in South Africa, Maories in New Zealand, and French and Indians in Canada."

A French writer of similar tendencies thus groups the facts for us :

"Are there any other seas, any other continents; seek an inhabited or an uninhabited spot where Britain has not planted her flag? All newly discovered lands she unhesitatingly annexes to herself. When will this insolent usurpation cease? What balance of power can exist in the world in the face of such ambition, which increases with conquest and becomes extravagant by dint of impunity? It is not one nation, but every nation which should open their eyes. It is essential not for one people, but for every people to know whether the ocean itself is free, and if the whole universe is to fall back in the presence of the dominion of the shop-keeping Caesars."

Victor Hugo speaks more kindly :

"Over that sea, in calm majesty, lies the proud island whose existence consoles me for a thousand continental crimes, and vindicates for me the goodness of Providence. Yes, yes, proud England, thou art justly proud of thy colossal strength—more justly of thy godlike repose. Stretched upon the rock, but not like Prometheus, and with no evil bird to rend thy side, rests the genius of England."

"He waits his hour, but counts not the hours between. He knows that it is rolling up through the misty gloom of ages, and that the chariot is guided by the iron hand of destiny. Dare I murmur that the mists will clear for me, that I shall not hear the rumbling wheels of the chariot of the hour of England. It will come—it is coming—it has come. The whole world, aroused as by some mighty galvanism, suddenly raises a wild cry of love and admiration, and throws itself into the bounteous bosom of England."

"Henceforth there are no nations, no peoples, but one and indivisible will be the world, and the world will be one England. Her