

THE EMPIRE AND THE COLONIES.

round her brow. (Cheers.)

The Queen's reign has been compared to that of Louis XIV. But Louis XIV, old and wearied, went painfully to the tomb in the midst of reverses of fortune and overawed by a formidable coalition. Queen Victoria sees her immense empire increase every day and casting her eyes towards every compass and scanning the world's map she meets only with subjects to excite satisfaction and inspire hope. Louis XIV's system laid the foundation of the decadence of France, and led on by sure steps to Sedan. A comparison has been made with the Roman, but Roman power died in the extremities and the provinces in time had either to be abandoned or rose, subdued against subduer, and overwhelmed the centre from which heart and faith and valor had fled. Everything is different with the British empire. The heart is as sound as in days of yore, and for the extremities—the imperial offshoots—the nation colonies turn not to rend but to defend and strengthen. Under the Southern cross is an island a quarter the size of Europe with great and splendid cities which did not exist when Her Majesty ascended the throne. There is British Africa: there is the confederated half of this continent, whence I come—all saying to the ocean Queen, "our pride and glory is to serve under you and stand by your side." Macaulay, led away by a love for effect, pictured a traveller from New Zealand sitting on a broken arch of London bridge, sketching the ruins of St. Paul's, and the great Daniel Webster in one of his addresses reflected that if England should pass into decay the great Republic which was her child, born in storm and bitterness and fated to greatness, would preserve her memory, her arts, her language, her love of freedom. England's time cannot come unless her empire's time should come. Where is the nation, or combination of nations, which could meet this world

wide empire united to fight? Instead of the New Zealander sketching the ruins of St. Paul's we should have the Maori swelling the imperial army. The men living in the two heroic isles show no decay, and as for their colonial children and brethren our Toronto Highlanders beat the regulars the other day. In earlier hours of danger we sent the 100th regiment. We guided the Imperial troops up the Nile. Australia sent her sons to fight and has arranged for her own naval contingent. South Africa has followed suit. What I see is more and fuller life everywhere. It may be that we shall see despotism and tyranny and barbarism civilized only in the art of war, combined against this empire with its 50,000,000 of English-speaking men and millions of loyal subject races. It may be we may have to face an Armageddon in which the oceans and seas of the round world will be purple with blood and flame, and it may be, that is, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility—it may be we should succumb. If so we would to use language which my gallant friend and his marines and blue jackets will understand, we would fall as they fall and die as our fathers died with the jack still floating nailed to the mast, leaving a name without a parallel and which never could have a parallel. Much more likely we would send tyranny skulking to its hold cooped up in narrower bounds and make the three-crossed flag still more the world's flag of freedom. All the signs are signs of life; of expanding material, moral and spiritual power. This empire will go forward becoming greater in power and a still greater blessing to mankind. A federation of free nations. The centuries will make millenniums, and yet it is my belief and hope and fervent prayer that beauty's ensign will be purple on those imperial lips and the day beyond the forecast of man when death's pale flag will be advanced on that imperial brow. (Loud and prolonged cheers.)