

there is no motive for lying, who lie even to themselves for the fun of being deceived, say that these Anglo-Saxon, English-speaking people are bad neighbours. They say the Anglo-Saxon is the robber of the races; the Anglo-Saxon is the butcher of mankind. True, our blood has a rough, hard record on the surface. The first clear vision of the Saxon as he sails into the light of modern history is yonder on the North Sea, standing on a slippery deck and waving a bloody cutlass. He was a pirate. Somebody gave him a New Testament. He got religion and was baptized, and ever since then he has been a baptized pirate.

It matters not which branch of the family you study, this great branch on the islands and on the sea, or that other equally great branch on yonder continent, and in the act of going to sea; the record is about equally rough. Take this branch. No, you know your own record better than I do. Take our branch. We have met three races, and what have we done with them? We met the Indian, and he would not work for us, so we killed him and took his pony and his scalp and his land. Then we sung the long-metre Doxology. When we landed on Plymouth Rock, first we dropped on our knees, and second we dropped on the aborigines. Next we met the African, and he would work for us, and we enslaved him. Now we have met the Chinaman, and we do not know what to do with him. He will work for us, so we do not want to kill him. But he will not become our slave, so we do not want to not kill him. We tried it—that is, our blood tried it yonder in the islands. All this seems to be a hard record. But this ought, in all fairness, also to be said. We have never robbed a people without making them richer than they were before we robbed them. We have never subjugated a people without making them nobler than they were before we subjugated them; and we have never enslaved a people without making them freer than they were before we enslaved them. For, taking the ages through, and the world around, there can be found nowhere else such liberties as are found under the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack.

Brothers I see more in this

FEDERATION OF ENGLISH-SPEAKING PEOPLES

than the strutting of our proud police of the seas, and the barking of our war-dogs. I see rather the better chance for per-

petual peace, and the growth of the gentler virtues. I hate war. When war makes murder and arson and theft and lying virtues, then the common virtues, such as forgiveness, honesty, mercy, and integrity, do not thrive. War is tolerable only as a peace measure. I once asked General Grant, "On what do you depend most for your kindly remembrance among men, for your fame?" I was wondering which of his campaigns or battles he thought greatest. He had the longest list of great battles and uninterrupted victories, with the greatest armies, and greatest hosts of prisoners of the best fighting race known to history to choose from. I wondered whether he would mention the Vicksburg campaign, or the Chattanooga campaign, or the Virginia campaign. This most successful warrior took the breath out of me by answering promptly: "The Treaty of Washington, by which we settled by arbitration the Alabama claims with Great Britain without an appeal to the sword." Then he added: "Already England and the United States are sufficiently advanced to settle their disputes by arbitration; soon two or three of the other great powers will come up to the same level. Then these great nations will not allow the others to fight." He had so much of the ken of the statesman and of the vision of the prophet, that he saw approaching that time when wars and warriors would be forgotten, and the Treaty of Washington would stand as the first great arbitration treaty settling most difficult and aggravated claims. I see in such a federation of English-speaking people a run into the sunrise of the future.

The time is coming when these two flags, floating over a sea, or over a continent, will make it impossible for a gun to throw a bullet beyond its muzzle, or for a soldier to lift his foot, unless the order is given in the English tongue.

There may be some dark hours before that sunrise. We may have to illustrate what we can do together. We have shown our motion running singly. But you know sometimes two fast horses running together bite each other's necks or kick over the pole. Bismarck prophesied we will do that. Maybe the wish is father of the prophecy. But if the other nations give us something else to do, we will soon run together like twins, and will show them a speed that will make "all the world wonder."

In the old strife against the slave-trade in your own country, for a time Wilberforce was alone. He had but one friend, Dr. Lushington. One day he said to Dr.