

curiously indented, sleeping safely beneath the guns of Valetta. But from Southampton to Gibraltar is for a steamship an easy six days' sail; from Gibraltar to Malta not more than five days; and from Malta to the extreme eastern coast of the sea and back again, hardly ten days' sail.

"Take the grand highway of nations to India. England has her places of refreshment scattered all along it with as much regularity as depots on a railroad. From England to Gibraltar is six days' sail; thence to Sierra Leone twelve days; to Ascension six days; to St. Helena three days; to Cape Colony eight days; to Mauritius not more; to Ceylon about the same; and thence to Calcutta three or four days. Going farther east, a few days' sail will bring you to Singapore, and a few more to Hong Kong, and then you are at the gates of Canton. Mark now that in this immense girdle of some twelve or fifteen thousand miles there is no distance which a well appointed steamer may not easily accomplish with such a store of coal as she can carry. She may not, indeed, stop at all these ports. It may be more convenient and economical to use sails a part of the distance, rather than steam. But, if an exigency required it, she could stop and find everywhere a safe harbor.

"What is true of the East Indies is true of the West Indies. England has as much power as we have to control the waters of the Western Atlantic and of the Gulf of Mexico. If we have Boston and New York and Pensacola and New Orleans and Key West, she has Halifax and the Bermudas and Balize and Jamaica and Nassau and a score more of island-harbors stretching in an unbroken line from the Florida Reefs to the mouth of the Orinoco. And if our civil war were ended to-day, and we were in peaceable possession of all our ports, she could keep a strong fleet in the Gulf and along our coast quite as easily as we could.

"But it is not simply the number of the British Colonies, or the evenness with which they are distributed, that challenges our highest admiration. The positions which these colonies occupy, and their natural military strength, are quite as important facts. There is not a sea or gulf in the world, which has any real commercial importance, that England has not a stronghold in the throat of it. And wherever the continents tending southward come to points around which the commerce of nations must sweep, there, upon every one of them, is a British settlement, and the cross of St. George salutes you as you are wafted by. There is hardly a little desolate, rocky island or peninsula, formed apparently by Nature for a fortress, and formed for nothing else, but the British lion has it secure beneath his paw.

"This is a literal fact. Take, for example, the great overland route from Europe to Asia. Despite its name, its real highway is on the waters of the Mediterranean and Red Seas. It has three gates—three alone. They are the narrow strait of Gibraltar, fifteen miles wide, that place where the Mediterranean narrows between Sicily and Africa to less than a hundred miles wide, and the straits of Bab-el-man-del, seventeen miles wide. England holds the keys to every one of these gates. Count them—Gibraltar, Malta, and at the mouth of the Red Sea, not one, but many keys. There, midway in the narrow strait, is the black, bare rock of Perim, sterile, precipitous, a perfect counterpart of Gibraltar; and on either side, between it and the mainland, are the ship-channels which connect the Red Sea with the great Indian Ocean. This England seized in 1857. A little farther out is the peninsula of Aden, another Gibraltar, as rocky, as sterile, as precipitous, connected with the mainland by a narrow strait, and having at its base a populous little town, a harbor safe in all winds, and a central coal depot. This England bought, after her fashion of buying, in 1839. And to complete her security, we are now told that she has purchased of some petty Sultan the neighbouring islands of Socotra and Kouri, giving, as it were, a retaining fee, that, though she does not need them herself, no rival power shall ever possess them.

"As we sail a little further on, we come to the Chinese Sea. What a beaten track of commerce is this! What wealth of comfort and luxury are wafted over it by every breeze! The teas of China! The silks of farther India! The spices of the East! What ships of every clime and nation swarm on its waters! The stately barks of England, France, and Holland! Our own swift ships! And mingled with them, in picturesque confusion, the clumsy junk of the Chinaman, the Malay prahu, and the slender, darting bangkong of the Sea Dyak! Has England neglected to secure on a permanent basis her mercantile interests in the Chinese Sea? At the lower end of that sea, where it narrows and bends into Malacca Strait, she holds Singapore, a little island, mostly covered with jungles, and infested by tigers, which to this day destroy annually from two to three hundred lives—a spot of no use to her whatever, except as a commercial depot, but of inestimable value for that, and which, under her fostering care, is growing up to take its place among the great emporiums of the world. Half way up this sea is the island of Labuan, whose chief worth is this, that beneath its surface and that of the neighbouring mainland are hidden inexhaustible treasures of

coal, which are likely soon to be developed, and to yield wealth and power to the hand that controls them. At the upper end of the sea is Hong Kong, a hot, unhealthy and disagreeable island, but which gives her what she wants, a depot, and a base from which to threaten and control the neighbouring waters. Clearly the Chinese Sea, the artery of Oriental commerce, belongs far more to England than to the races which border it.

"Even in the broad and as yet comparatively untracked Pacific she is making silent advances toward dominion. The continent of Australia, which she has monopolized, forms its south-western boundary. And pushed out from this, six hundred miles eastward, like a strong outpost, is New Zealand; its shores so scooped and torn by the waves that it must be a very paradise of commodious bays and safe havens for the mariner; and lifted up, as if to relieve it from island tameness, are great mountains and dumb volcanoes, worthy of a continent, and which hide in their bosoms deep, broad lakes. Yet the soil of the low lands is of extraordinary fertility, and the climate, though humid, deals kindly with the Saxon constitution. Nor is this all; for, advanced from it for north and south, like picket stations, are Norfolk isle and the Auckland group, which if they have no other attractions, certainly have this great one, good harbors. And it requires no prophet's eye to see that, when England needs posts farther eastward, she will find them among the innumerable green coral islets which stud the Pacific.

"Turn now your steps homeward, and pause a moment at the Bermudas, 'the still vexed Bermoothes.' Beautiful isles, with their fresh verdure, green gems in the ocean, with airs soft and balmy as Eden's were! They have their homely uses too. They furnish arrow-root for the sick, and ample supplies of vegetables earlier than sterner climates will grant. Is this all that can be said? Reflect a little more deeply. Here is a military and naval depot, and here a splendid harbor, landlocked, amply fortified, difficult of access to strangers—and all this as near to the whole Southern coast as Boston and New York are, all this within three or four days' sail of any one of the Atlantic ports North or South. England keeps this, no doubt, as a sort of half-way house on the road to her West Indian possessions; but should we go to war with her, she would use it none the less as a base of offensive operations, where she might gather and hurl upon any unprotected port all her gigantic naval power.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

THE SEA IS ENGLAND'S GLORY.

BY J. W. LAKE.

The sea is England's glory,
The bounding wave her throne,
For ages bright in story,
The ocean is her own.
In war the first, the fearless,
Her banner leads the brave:
In peace she reigns as peerless,
The Empress of the wave.

The sea is England's splendour,
Her wealth the mighty main;
She is the world's defender,
The feeble to sustain.
Her gallant sons in story,
Shine bravest of the brave,
Oh, England's strength and glory,
Are on her ocean wave.

Thou loveliest land of beauty,
Where dwells domestic worth,
Where loyalty and duty
Entwine each heart and hearth,
Thy rock is freedom's pillow,
The rampart of the brave,
Oh, long as rolls the billow,
Shall England rule the wave.

3. LORD BROUGHAM ON THE RELATION OF COLONIES.

Lord Brougham delivered an exceedingly able address at the opening of the Social Science Congress at Edinburgh on the 7th ult. In it he referred to many subjects of great interest, handling them in that masterly manner which has ever characterized this industrious, energetic and talented nobleman. We extract from the address some remarks upon the relations between the colonies and the parent State:—Some distinguished men in the literary as well as political world have lately maintained the opinion that our colonies are only a burden, and that they give us no benefits worth the expense they entail. This is a great error, and it is not now for the first time that I so describe it. Sixty years ago, while residing here, I published a work in which the whole subject was fully ex-