

dence has done in this hallowed, beloved land of ours, rich as it is in the stirring memories of a thousand years; here freemen fighting fell—there a martyr gave forth his soul to God in the glory of the flames! This village has a story of its hero, and that village has a story of its martyr; while every field is rich with honored dust; the memories of the past are stirring in the breeze, and the children of the land learn to be heroic, because heroism is in the very air they breathe. Were a pyramid grave, forty centuries old to give forth its tenant and reveal the chrysalis like mummy; a live Egyptian!—Were the spirit of life again to breathe upon some valley of dry bones, clothe with warm flesh and blood the skeletons which the rains of thirty centuries had bleached, and send the Hebrew wandering after his kin over all the earth! Were some classic Greek again to emerge from his last battle field, twenty-five centuries older than when in the battle's dust and carnage he fell asleep! Were some mail-clad Roman again to crush the grassy plain beneath his iron heel of power as he was wont to do in Cæsar's van full nineteen hundred years ago! were some student of Luther's to appear on the scene of earth's wrangling and debate once again in the schools; a representative group; the men of the hoary past come to look at the moderns from their respective standpoints. And where think ye shall they find the representative men of the Nineteenth Century?—In those who use this hard English speech of ours whether in this Dominion, or in these great States, or in the mother land, or on every shore beneath the sun where they are working out the grand problem of Anglo-Saxon civilization; and certainly this representative group would see in that little bit of land lying away to the north of that little Island, in the north-west of Europe, no mean part of this chosen race, no insignificant beginning of this great result. We glory in our fathers, first of all, because they were but a handful in that little Island. In this broad and fair heritage of ours, we are used to such magnificent distances and immense spaces, that we have some difficulty in realizing how very small the Mother Land is.

There is something majestic in this subduing of a great wilderness and trackless forest; there is something noble in the contemplation of men going forth to make the wilderness blossom as the rose; but in the old Island Home our land was circumscribed, and we, while proud of our Dominion and of our domains, should bear in mind that we have given to us by God a new problem to solve, and the problem is, how an immense territory, an almost illimitable expanse, unbounded comfort in the present, for compared with other parts of the world, our material comforts are unbounded, and almost illimitable capabilities of the future, how they are to be combined with practical godliness and the development of great principles and the bettering of the race. All the problems that we have been solving amid blood and tears and toil in the past have been solved in limited areas; Palestine is a little land, and modern railway trains, supposing that they had an iron way to run upon, would go from the extreme North to the extreme South, from Dan to Beersheba, in four hours; Rome, and Carthage, and Venice were all huge cities with huge suburbs; the old Greek Empire, with its philosophy and its poetry, was a little bit of land; in all these