

may lie indolently back and read his paper, or even take his meals, and sleep, yet all the time hurled on by forces which mock the eagle's flight, and covering thirty, yes, even sixty miles per hour.

The modern newspaper is a sign of progress fully as great as any we have glanced at. A meagre sheet was all the people had at the beginning of the nineteenth century, but the eagerness with which even this was read, no doubt accounts for the great importance of the newspaper at the present day, and its immense circulation. To-day we read not accounts of our own provinces alone, but events happening all over the habitable globe. In this age continents are but next door neighbours, oceans merely the boundary line between their premises. A speech of Mr. Gladstone's, delivered at midnight is read in our papers on the following morning, a disturbance in India is known to us within the hour—by means of two little clicking instruments we can send a message across the Atlantic in ten minutes, or say good-day to New York in even less time. We can engage in conversation with a friend, though miles away, almost as easily as if we were talking in each other's company.

When we try to consider this age in its immensity and greatness we are overcome. We almost fancy that the days of fable have returned, and Prometheus again calls down the fire from heaven. Now the lightning of the clouds is man's servant, a ring of glowing fire encircles the earth—the ocean is its pathway—the terrible jungle and lonely desert are but handy places to plant telegraph poles, and string wires on which living thoughts may run. The heavens may be read by us as an open book, the recesses of the earth have been explored, the interior has even been attempted, commerce has clasped her golden hands around our globe.

With England settlement and civilization go hand in hand, she first plants colonies and then rears them.

Canada has taken stride after stride Westward—a Baby England with resources greater than the mother.

Mines whose vast wealth seems as some fairy tale from the "Arabian Nights"—forests whose timber might supply the world—rivers whose sands are as rich as those of the Golden Pactolus—fisheries the envy of nations—rolling fertile prairies from which a score of Manitobas can be carved—oceans, lakes, mountains—these are the attributes of a country,

which in half a century has become one of the powers of the world. Africa, the last great stronghold of ignorance and superstition has been assailed; both North and South have signalled the march of English conquest. The Suez Canal was the only link wanting in the chain of British enterprise and to-day India is but a pleasant sail from England. Burmah has thrown in her destiny with a greater nation against whom artifice or conflict were alike in vain. Hong Kong and Shanghai are English outposts to watch her interest in the China seas, where the very air breathes of fragrance and luxury, and the seas are thronged with ships from every nation on the earth—stately barques and rich Indiamen mingled in beautiful confusion with the swift canoes of the treacherous Malay and the clumsy junk of the Chinaman. Away in the untracked Pacific, under the glittering Southern Cross, new mushroom worlds have sprung up almost in a single night. Australia is but a greater Britain, Sydney and Melbourne but modern Londons.

The extent of England's colonies is hardly more wonderful than their advantageous positions. There is hardly a sea or gulf in the world, where England has not a strong-hold. There is scarcely an island however small, if formed by nature for a fortress from which the Union Jack does not proudly float. But though England's possessions are scattered broad-cast from the Tropics to the Poles yet they are bound into one great Kingdom by the common feeling of national love, and of loyalty to our Queen. And when we remember our ancient history, when we know our mighty present, when we dream of our golden future, we will raise our voices with the multitudes and shout—

"God Save The Queen."

Incessant labor conquers everything.—*Ibid.*

Extend our fame by our deeds.—*Virgil.*

Cultivation to the mind is as necessary as food to the body.—*Cicero.*

Honors achieved far exceed those that are created.—*Solon.*

He loses character who puts himself on a level with the undeserving.—*Æsop.*

Nothing is more precious than time, and those who mispend it are the greatest of all prodigals.—*Theophrastus.*