

of high heaven, they feel called upon to right the great wrongs, to defend the helpless, lift up the poor, and establish prosperous peace, or know the reason why.

Sometimes this elevating work seems so slow and so long that men doubt whether the Anglo-Saxon is helping or robbing. But the Anglo-Saxon seldom, if ever, turns back, when once he has set himself at a task, no matter how poor or how dark the clay. If the poor fellow will live and not die, work and not faint, the Saxon will put him on his feet, strengthen his knees, lift up his chin, open his eyes, give him a family, a home, a castle, a flag, and a country for this world, and set him up in business for the next world with a faith, a soul, and a God.

Kipling caught the spirit when he wrote :

" Said England unto Pharaoh, 'I must make a man of you,
That will stand upon his feet and play the game;
That will Maxim his oppressor as a Christian ought to do;
And she sent old Pharaoh, Sergeant Whatisname.

" Said England unto Pharaoh, 'Though at present singing small,
You shall have a proper tune before it ends ;'
And she introduced old Pharaoh to the Sergeant once for all,
And left them in the desert making friends.

" It was not a crystal palace nor cathedral,
It was not a public-house of common fame ;
But a piece of red-hot sand, with a palm on either hand,
And a little hut for Sergeant Whatisname.

" It was wicked, bad campaigning (cheap and nasty from the first) ;
There was heat and dust and coolie work and sun ;
There were vipers, flies, and sand-storms, there was cholera and thirst ;
But Pharaoh done the best he ever done.

" Down the desert, down the railway, down the river,
Like the Israelites from bondage so he came,
'Tween the cloud o' dust and fire, to the land of his desire,
And his Moses, it was Sergeant Whatisname !"

The Anglo-Saxon integrity, which is stronger than Anglo-Saxon greed of land,

and the Anglo-Saxon moral sense, which is deeper than Anglo-Saxon passion for power, is the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, in which the God of Providence dwells, that is guiding the fugitives from all despotisms to the promised land.

UNDER THE UNION JACK.

Wandering over the far East, nothing comforted me more than the sight of the English flag. I felt the grip of Anglo-Saxon integrity. The flag represented the most stable Government and most varied administration ever yet tested by history. It represented that astute statesmanship that keeps the end sought always superior to the means used, and varies the fashion of the administration to fit down upon the human topography of every island and peninsula. It seems sometimes like a world-embracing octopus, with its head upon the cliffs of England, and its long arms reaching everywhere, drawing the peoples and races up out of heathenism and out of slavery and out of poverty, up into prosperity and into liberty and into civilization. I felt while under the Union Jack absolutely safe. If any one harmed a hair of my head, a British warship would push an interrogation mark under their eyes, and they must answer or do worse.

I am looking at you out of straight, honest American eyes, and talking out of a loyal American heart, uttering not one sentiment which I have not uttered at home. I would despise myself more for lying to you than for lying against you. The Stars and Stripes have never been much in the far East. Whatever we have done there in our mission fields has been chiefly because the Union Jack has made it possible. We have stayed in those Western waters, and expected to stay there forever. But the other day Spain exploded a magazine under our prow, and we were blown into the air, and we came down everywhere. I now hope for the time when the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, side by side, shall make every yard of water and every acre of land safe for prayer or for trade. That nation of assassins, of ship scuttlers, of poisoners of wells, and of murderers of women, and butchers of babes, call us "Yankee pigs" and you "English dogs." Maybe we will soon be all dogs. They may find us to be the watch-dogs of the world.

The soft, sleek, smiling races, who had rather lie than tell the truth, even when