

Dominion? Has not Australia, with each acre of her boundless lands, each wave of her sky-girt seas, lifted her voice in loyalty and passed on the Fiery Cross to India's time-touched plains and cities, to China's seas, to Western waters, to each nook and cranny of the earth, where a child of the Great White Mother perchance is bearing manfully the white man's burden and adding one more grain of sand, one more drop of water to the territorial wealth of Britain? And has not the echo returned, in the sound of hurrying mail-clad feet, the ring of hammer on steel, the clash of sword and ring of spur, as from the four quarters of the hemispheres the children of the Little Isle, rally round the Throne. The answer of the Colonies has indeed pointed a good moral wherewith the other European Powers may adorn the tale of the Second Boer War. Aggression on the part of France or Russia will land them in a hornets' nest, which they have hitherto little dreamed of. Their own colonial policy is either so much a minus quantity or so utterly rotten in principle and administration that it is difficult for them to realise the conditions existent in such an appenage of the Crown as British Columbia, let us say, or New South Wales. While all runs smoothly at home, little or nothing is seen of these distant sons of the Empire, but let the Eagle scream once, the Bear lift his paw in overt act against Great Britain, and the stage bristles with citizen-soldiers, ready and willing to lay down their lives for the Red, White and Blue, and no whit behind their elder brothers in the British Isles.

And of all the ready ones, in their myriads, let us hope that none shall be found with sword more quick to the hand, shield to the shoulder, than the Pythian Knight. True he fights first beneath the banner of Friendship, Benevolence and Charity—but where those great principles must be upheld by dint of hard knocks and shedding of good, red blood, he will not be backward in the fray. He will fight the good fight, and win the guerdon of the faithful servant.

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#### THE LAW OF LOVE AND LIFE.

Among the many subjects of interest in this, our world, during our brief stay herein, I do not suppose there are any two more closely related and more thoroughly misunderstood, maybe misapplied, than science and religion. And why? Where is the answer to be found—that searched-after, longed-for "reason why," but in man himself, who, in his pig-headed obstinacy has so long rendered himself incapable of understanding, nay more than that, incapable of caring about religion and science in its truest, highest, noblest sense? Wisdom which comes from God, and which, in a sense, is God, comprehends both religion and science. Since the foundation of the world, since the creation of man, since man first went wrong, there have been but few, and they a self-chosen few, who have seen the mysteries of God, who even in but a small measure have grasped God's plan. Man is of Divine origin. Moulded in his Maker's image, he has blurred and marred that

image so that it is nigh being blotted out, yet in spite thereof, has the decree gone forth—"We shall be what we were." The day has passed when science and religion were opposed. Man now sees that the one does not negative the other, but rather this—one cannot exist without its fellow. Aye, the day has dawned and already does the sun appear, heralded by upward-pointing shafts of light, the day of peace and love. Love! Love! Love! The love of man for man, of man for woman, of the mother for her child, is but the stepping-stone whereby we climb to the throne of God, of that God Who is Love, Who is Life, and of Whom our Universe is but a manifestation, a Mirage. Picture of "Our Father's Heart," wherein palpitate and throb His Love, His Spirit and His Power, could we but see beyond our worldly sphere. We laugh and mock, we scorn, we scoff at religion; we scrutinize and criticize, and pretend to show all about science, and why, save because our religion is but a sham, our science but the merest tinkering with the wisdom so freely spread before us in the tiniest leaf of flower? Even they know how to look up. Foolish we, who feed ourselves on husks, giving our money for chaff, chasing the soap-bubbles of riches, fame and worldly honor, toadying to rank and title, when we can have all we ask, even the gift of being "Sons of God," holding dominion over the world and all that therein is, not for selfish end, and only by learning how to rule as kings in the kingdom of our souls.

What say you, brothers, are you now prepared to make the choice? Will you still live but in to-day? Will you still blind yourself to the future? What saith the Law? You know it well. There is no standing still. Forward or backward; progress or retrogression? How long halt ye between two opinions?

Science! What say you to a science cognisant of the laws of Nature and its forces, which has waiked beyond the realms of death, which being at one with the Supreme One, both could and did divide the sea, command the sun to stand still, and was obeyed?

Religion! What say you to a religion which so layed hold of, so imbued those practising it, so emboldened, so empowered them as to enable its devotees to stand without the sepulchre and oild the grave yield up its dead, and were obeyed?

What count riches, power and pomp, which are left behind, alongside the power of "doing good," of uplifting one's fellow man? Would you become a son of God? Then love Him well. Fear Him. Fear offending Him. Wisdom's beginning is the fear of God. Love Him with all your heart; love your neighbor as yourself, deny yourself of pleasure rather than leave some lonely brother sick in body or in soul, to be alone; linger by his bedside and show in your daily walk, your daily life, that love which is of God and in God. Help the fallen up again, and first condemn yourself for evil done. Remember—"Wise were the kings who never chose a friend until they had seen the bottom of his deepest thought." So search to know thyself, so learn to govern and control thine own kingdom, then canst thou forward go.