

THE EMPIRE AND THE COLONIES.

and fear drew the leaders of a hundred tongues to the mistress of mankind and bent their necks in servile obeisance. A greater—a more gorgeous—above all, a nobler spectacle claims our attention on the banks of the Thames than ever dazzled the Euphrates or the Tiber. We have in London today the rulers of free communities, of nascent nations, wherein education is diffused among the poorest, where no slave can breathe, proffering proud voluntary allegiance, the rulers of free peoples, whose meanest citizen feels that he is the fractional part of a sovereign; representatives of colonial governments; representatives of colonial armies, militia, volunteers; swarthy princes and rajahs from India's three hundred millions, pleiaded with diamonds and belted like Orion; dusky warriors from Guinea; the dyak from Borneo; the Maori from New Zealand; all the jewelled pomp and splendour of the East, all the enlightenment of the West: India, Africa, Australasia, Canada, the islands of the sea spontaneously met in grateful tribute and willing homage. (Loud cheers.)

Never has there been a pageant so supremely moral, so superb in power and at the same time in intellectual, moral and spiritual interest—so inspiring with the loftiest hopes for human destiny. No department of state, no function of peace, no arm of war, no dependency is unrepresented in that imposing throng swelled by princes and ambassadors from empires and kingdoms and republics. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the special ambassador of this republic, great fabricant of eternal democratic thunder, bears aloft the stars and stripes of this great free nation, side by side with the insignia of the Czar, and the flag of Switzerland gleams near the eagle of France.

All the genius and power and glory of the empire converges in the imperial city, where the Abbey of Edward the Confessor consecrates the dust of men whose names are filed on fame's eternal head roll, where the mighty dome of St. Paul's canopies all that is mortal of the heroes of Trafalgar and Waterloo. This pageant more splendid in its moral aspect than in those of wealth or pomp, or dominion, or power is held un-

der the overwhelming splendour of memories in which saints and sages, warriors and kings and poets and statesmen loom large and luminous; the great ancestors and forerunners of the Queen, the Edwards and Henrys; mailed barons and armed crusaders; Shakespeare and his brethren; Chaucer and Milton; Marlborough and Sidney; Clarendon and Burke; Chatham and his greater son—an army of immortals rise from their tombs to salute this day; the cope of the crowning cycle; the fruit of centuries of great thought and sage deed, of patience and valor and will, of heroic life and heroic death. The English Harold smiles from remote centuries on the latest, greatest and most fortunate of English rulers, and the British Arthur, the purpose of whose life a frail queen and erring woman spoiled, sees that purpose fulfilled beyond his fondest dreams by a blameless woman and a British queen; and Victoria stainless, dutiful, realizes the ideal shattered by the beautiful and passionate Guinevere. (Loud and prolonged cheers.) And while all this is taking pace in London and echoed in ten thousand centers of free life—echoed in Melbourne, in Winnipeg, in Calcutta, Vancouver; in Cape Town and Halifax, and here in this great city of another country, though not another race, look seaward! Around Spithead there moves a fleet of warships. Sea dragons—Argosies of steel clad terror—a spectacle such as the world never saw before—and this practically only the Channel fleet. I need not tell an enlightened audience like this what has been the amazing growth of the British empire in the past sixty years. A few days ago the New York Tribune in an article did justice to "the British Golden Age," and pointed out that while other reigns had been more sensational, none had been so truly glorious, none had been so great progress in the expansion of the empire, in political development, in the industrial, social, intellectual and spiritual advancement of the people; the bounds of freedom have been enlarged. In every field of science and every walk of art renowns have

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