

THE EMPIRE AND THE COLONIES.

the New World. common gratitude makes it impossible I should forbear to do homage to those great men who the other day moved among you, whose inspiration was essentially British, who were among those who gave my young mind its earliest and noblest stimulus—Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell. (Cheers.) These are names which must not pass away. This great nation is justly proud of its democracy. Happy is the democracy which has an aristocracy of genius and knowledge, and happy is the city which can boast of giving humanity names like these. (Cheers.) Turning away from them and other great intellectual benefactors, which irresistibly present themselves, how striking—how illustrative of the humanizing influence of time the healer as well as avenger—that we should be assembled here under present conditions* for I am not quite as oblivious of the past as that English nobleman, who on approaching Boston and having Bunker Hill pointed out to him asked "Who was Bunker? and what did he do with his hill?" (Laughter.) Why, it requires only a small effort of the imagination to hear the first murmurs of the war of independence, the guns of Concord, the shouts of citizens rising against taxed tea; the cries of the embattled farmers who fired the shot heard round the world; and yet we are met in one of the foremost cities of the great republic which emerged full panoplied from the smoke and blood of a rebellion commenced thus and here—to do what? To honor the Diamond jubilee of the world Empire British Queen; and the grandsons of the hero-farmers join with us in drinking the health of the granddaughter of George III. (Cheers.)

This is a magnificent festival; but, contrary to rule, it is greater relatively than absolutely. Grand as it is, its grandeur is enhanced when we think that at this moment, not merely in London is the Empire Queen gathering her children around her, but that, in great cities and capitals under the southern cross, under northern auroral lights, torrid suns, within British limits, or in foreign lands wherever British energy has gone—or in a land like this which no British heart can heartily call for-

eign—for what is this great republic but one of the lion's whelps grown to lionhood, and for distinction sake growing a pair of wings and proclaiming himself a lion of the air—(Laughter and cheers)—everywhere in the civilized world, nay in its uncivilized corners also; wherever British pluck and endurance are found—and where are they not?—the same feast is held—in city and jungle, or mountain and plain, there is no clime so inhospitable there is no tract so dangerous, no isle so little, no sea so lone, but over tower and turret and dome, over scud and sand and palm tree, at this hour, the flag bearing the three crosses of the three great nations of the two heroic isles, rises with solemn splendour and sublime significance; where it is day the winds of heaven reverently caress its immortal folds, and where it is night the stars salute it as a fellow star. (Applause.)

The majority of the great empire or power displays of the past had no moral or spiritual significance. The most suggestive is that of Alexander with kings and satrapies bowing to Greek genius and generals from whose loins great dynasties were to spring waiting on the son of Philip. Alexander's was a military despotism, but his conquests carried the Greek language and Greek literature to the East; and although Greek civilization rested on a base of slavery it had yet for its central idea the importance of the individual and of individual culture. Still neither in power or splendour or in relation to the progress and happiness of mankind do the claims of Alexander on our interest approach what is taking place today.

Talk of Rome in her palmiest days, when the republic had reached its apex, when the car climbed the capitol, leading captive kings and princes from Syria; crowned chiefs of transmontine tribes, the fair haired Dacian, the turbaned priest from Egypt, the blue-eyed Gaul, followed the cortege of boastful conquest; when the wealth of the Ganges and the Euphrates, of the Nile and Persian seas, of the Loire and the Rhine, were poured into the lap of the Tiber; when the column rose wound round with tales of success in war; when laurelled conquerors triumphed over pontiff kings; when power