

or wealth, for as yet they had none. But they could have helped and encouraged them, and they did not. They could not see in those far-distant shores—in the forests of New Zealand and the snow-capped peaks of Canada—the home of a powerful nation and the cradle of a new and far-reaching dominion. They did not see the mighty future stretching vast and illimitable before them. An Empire was springing up, and they did not perceive it. Their power was growing greater and greater, their lands wider and wider, and their ambitions nobler and nobler; but they did not know it. They desired to lop off these useless appendages, and free themselves from what seemed to them to be shackles binding them. Even as late as 1896, Mr. Gladstone showed his want of faith in the Colonies. In that year, he said, "I have always maintained that we are bound by ties of honour and conscience to our Colonies. But the idea that Colonies add to the strength of the Mother-country appears to me to be as dark a superstition as any that existed in the Middle Ages." This was the cry. They were a burden continually—a nuisance to protect and a bugbear to help. Canada was not then famed for her golden crops nor Australia for her golden streams. On New Zealand's plains were not as yet the flocks of sheep which later dotted its green fields.

When Mr. Chamberlain stepped into his position at the Colonial office he had no desire to carry on his work in the same manner as his predecessors. He did it in his own way, and devoted all his energies to the task just as he had done in his business life. He brought the same untiring spirit to bear on his public work. The Colonies received that encouragement and that loyal sympathy and help which in later days they proved only too willing to reciprocate. For has not every colonist alike a never-dying love for his birth-place? Does he not think tenderly of the far-distant "Home"? What memories does that word re-

call! What sweet scenes of childhood! Whether from the rugged Orkneys, the green fields of Kent, or the smiling lakes of Killarney there is still within each heart, beneath each rugged exterior, a love, a longing for and an allegiance to the Mother-country which Time cannot decay nor the procession of the ages destroy. Mr. Chamberlain was not the first to perceive this, but he certainly was the first to see what was the logical conclusion to this reasoning. He himself said that the world was not ruled by interest but by sentiment, and he understood how much better it was to be ruled by sentiment than by ties of interest. He saw that the ties of sentiment even more than the ties of interest demanded imperatively the closer attachment of the Colonies to the Mother-land. He saw that the earth was now commanded not by aggregations of territory but by fellowship, by kinship, and by mutual ties which hold fast, unbreakable, come calm, come storm. Therefore he set out on his mighty work of combining the children of Britain. With friendly help, with kind encouragement and indomitable perseverance he bound the colonies together, and soon the Downing Street, that a few years before had been either hated or despised, began to be looked to with more respect and hope. These were the first fruits of his work.

Link by link the chain was forged, and slowly but steadily the colonies grew in wealth and strength. Gradually but surely they developed their resources, and soon the World with startled gaze saw a new Empire—a new dominion springing up. They saw with shame and inward dismay the increasing strength of the British race. Their shores were spreading, their power growing. They had pluck, perseverance, and devoutness. Here was a nation marked out by the hand of God for supremacy. "Beneath whose flag the trader of every land could uncord his bales un hindered, and the devout of all creeds pray in their