

From a Lecture delivered by the Rev. Wm. ARTHUR, before the Young Men's Christian Association of London.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

[Concluded].

It was not till the first year of the eleventh century that Mahmood the Great, after a series of conquests, "turned his face towards India;" and it took eight different campaigns before he effected any permanent conquest; while, even at his death, though he had fought no less than twelve campaigns, he held only an unstable supremacy over the provinces of the north-west, leaving eastern, central, and peninsular India untouched. The conquest thus lately begun proceeded so tardily, that, when the Europeans arrived on the south-western shores of India, the whole of the south was enjoying independence of the Mussulman yoke. Our own success has been so rapid that we are in danger of forgetting that it was unique; and of assigning to the incompetency of the native armies, or the want of patriotism in the people generally, events which pass clean beyond the range of natural results, and force the judgment to find repose in ascribing them to the hand of Providence. A series of unaccountable successes, a chain of political miracles, has raised us within the memory of man from the timid posture of stranger merchants to the high bearing of universal lords. The empire that dazzled us once, as surrounding the Great Mogul, more astounds us now, as meekly bowing under our own hand: an empire, of which the revenue exceeds by one half that of "all the Russias," and of which the Governor-General has at his call an army (subsidiaries included) counting more than three hundred thousand men! Has there ever been in God's rule of nations one mystery so deep, as that this assemblage of kingdoms, with a population so multitudinous, and military resources so inexhaustible, should be held in still submission by a country lying half the globe away, a country of whose natives there are not, on all that region, above thirty thousand bearing arms? The garrison of Paris is often more numerous than the entire force of European soldiers in India!

Crossing the Bay of Bengal, we find, near the extremity of the Malay peninsula, a British colony of which we seldom hear—Malacca; and yet it is as large as the German state, Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Its climate is good, and its population, numbering above 30,000, a mixture of Malays and Chinese.

Close on the western shore of this peninsula we have Penang, an island of considerable population, and highly important commerce. Singapore, another island, twenty-seven miles long, stands just at the southern point of the peninsula. The summary of our Asiatic possessions is completed by Hong Kong, so lately obtained from His Celestial majesty; it is an island of some seventeen miles long, by eight broad, with a barren soil, but having one of the finest harbours in the world, and admirably situated for commercial purposes.

Turning now to Australia, the whole of that insular continent is ours. It is about three thousand miles by two thousand wide, and has a superficies of three million square miles. It is not correct to aver, as is usually done, that it is as large as all Europe: it would be about equal to it were the Spanish and Italian peninsulas taken away, but is perhaps more than equal in the capability of maintaining population, having no part, as is the case with Europe, lost in snow. The principal settlements are New South Wales, with its fast-growing and important capital, Sydney; Western Australia, or Swan River, with Perth for its capital, and some of its settlers located at King George's Sound; South Australia, of which the chief town, Adelaide, is large, populous, and beautiful; and Port Phillip (called also *Australia Felix*), of which the principal place is Melbourne, perhaps on the whole the most promising of these colonies. The native population is so scattered, and so little known, that it is difficult to form an estimate of its amount; it has been stated by Montgomery Martin as 150,000, but probably that is far below the reality.

The adjacent island of Van Diemen's Land is a lush and productive. Its principal places are Hobart Town, on the Derwent, and Launceston, on the Tamar, both rapidly growing. This colony is stained with one horrible wrong: the country was thickly peopled: the natives loved their own soil; they soon became embroiled with the settlers, who pressed them with relentless vengeance, till they were reduced to a scanty remnant; then, by a wholesale transportation, every individual of them was removed from their native place, and shut up in Flinders's Island, a miserable spot in Bass's Straits. This is one of the many ensanguined records in colonial history.

We pass, lastly, to New Zealand, which consists of two islands, measuring a thousand miles in length, and in breadth from one to two hundred. The country is mountainous, fertile, and extremely beautiful, with a climate milder than our own: it not being correct, as generally stated, that it is the exact antipodes of the British Isles, for the latitude corresponds with that of Spain and the southern half of France. The inhabitants, who are supposed not to exceed 100,000, are a strong, well-formed, and intelligent race.

Such is the list of British possessions, embracing an enormous sweep of territory, and an almost incomprehensible multitude of men. Besides our own tongue, which is rapidly spreading in every quarter of the earth, our fellow-subjects are using the French in the Channel Islands, Canada, and the Mauritius; Dutch in British Guiana, and the Cape of Good Hope; Spanish at Gibraltar and Honduras; Italian at Malta; German at Heligoland; Portuguese in Ceylon; Danish at Serampore;

Greek in the Ionian Isles; Chinese in Malacca, Singapore, and Hong Kong; Arabic at Aden; and Sanscrit, with twenty other Asiatic tongues, in India. It is a wondrous empire, broad, polished, and mighty. It is twice as large as the Continent of Europe; and includes one out of every six acres of dry land on the face of the globe, with one out of every five men that live. It spreads under every sky, and embraces the freest, wealthiest, and most enterprising people of Europe; the largest territory in America; the happiest and most improving population in Africa; the most civilized and renowned nations of Asia; and nearly the entire of European dominion in the South Seas. Our empire includes a sixth of the world, with a fifth of its people—AND THERE IS NOT A SLAVE IN IT ALL!

The number of square miles of the British empire is about eight millions, the population being under 240,000,000. In territory it is the first empire in the world, that of Russia being less by at least a million square miles, and even more of it than of ours lost in snow; in population it is the second, China exceeding it by more than 100,000,000; and, in revenue, commerce, and enterprise, it is without a rival. It should always be remembered, that no revenue is derived by the parent State from any of the colonies, the only advantages being those accruing from commerce, and a field for emigration.

A review of the religious state of our widely extended empire is as well calculated to humble us, as that of its political power is to elate. If the sceptre of our queen stretches over every clime, awes every people, and announces its mandates, or receives its homage, in almost every tongue, it also shadows every folly that degrades man, or affronts the Eternal. No superstition is so dark, no cruelty so unnatural, no altar so gory, but it finds a votary among our fellow-subjects. Freedom of person, and the protection of law, are extended to every individual in our marchless dominions; but freedom of thought, the light of Scripture, and the hopes of the children of God, to comparatively few. If we ask, "What is the religion of the British Empire?" judging by numbers, the unhesitating reply must be, Paganism. It contains more Mahomedans than Christians of both names; and more Pagans than Mahomedans and Christians together. The numerical order of the four great religious distinctions prevailing in the empire is, Paganism; second, Mahomedanism; third, Protestantism; fourth, Romanism.

It is impossible to revolve the preceding facts, without receiving a deep impression, that the moral state of England is of immeasurable importance to the whole human race. God has placed her in a position to advance or retard the highest interests of our species, such as a nation never occupied before—such as involves a high and unappreciable trust. It depends on England whether the unmeasured realms of America and Australia shall be filled up by a rapacious and irreligious population, or by one that will carry with it the feelings, the habits, and the institutions which spring up with true religion. It depends on England, whether the "sublime mountains and luxuriant plains," as they have been styled, of New Zealand, shall see their noble aborigines expire, as did the Caribs, the Mexicans, and the Peruvians, on the altar of European vengeance; or whether Englishmen and natives shall dwell together in peace, kneeling in the same temple, and tilling, with neighborly emulation, the same soil. It depends on England, whether Africa shall continue to writhe under the multiplied afflictions that scourge her now, or whether her people shall be raised to a state of Christian civilization, in which, amidst the nurture of domestic affections, agriculture shall yield her sustenance, commerce bring her refinements, genius emit her flashes, and piety suffuse over all her pure un fading light. It depends on England, whether the world of souls in India shall continue the grand Basile of the destroyer, or whether, every bolt undone, and every letter struck off, the whole people shall walk forth "in the glorious liberty of the children of God."

England! thou dost stand in the midst of the nations, and voices from afar urge thee to be holy! Hepe has her eye on thee! The soul of the red man, held in misty doubt between the voice of the Great Spirit and that of dark goblins, is looking for light to thee! The soul of the negro, gloomed with a thousand errors, terrified with gory rites, trembling at the suspicion of his immortality, bleeding before his Fetish, is looking for balm to thee! The soul of the Hindu, reduced to craven equality with irrational things, expecting endless wanderings or sudden extinction, calling each reptile "brother," each monster "god," is looking for truth to thee! Mercy longing for the millennium, heaven waiting for a fuller population, immortality craving for countless heirs, all fix their gaze on thee! Thy responsibility rises far above the high, to the very terrible!

The morality of Holland affects Holland, the morality of Belgium affects Belgium, the morality of France may affect Europe; but the morality of England affects the world. Think then of the relation which any one English youth bears to the character of the world. He is a mysterious being. His lot is wrapped up with innumerable probabilities. Here he is now; but who can tell where he shall be found in after-days? Will he drink the waters of the Thames, or the Saint Lawrence; of the Columbia, or the Keskama; of the Essequibo, or the Ganges; of the Derwent of England or of the Derwent of the southern world? What sun will light his avocation, what language will express his wants, what soil will afford his grave? That youth may form the man in whose character some Indian chief will study the problem whether Christianity and civilization are better than the chase, the scalping-

knife, and idolatry. Or he may be the example by whose principles and conduct some African king will decide the question whether he and his people would gain or lose by introducing—instead of barbarism, the Fetish, and the slave trade—English education, English free-trade and the Christian faith. Or he may be the index from which some Brahmin will endeavour to gather whether the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, with its spiritual worship and universal brotherhood, is better than the service of idols, and the fetters of caste. These things are frequently occurring; and there is not a youth in the land of whom we can pronounce it impossible that they should occur to him. But even should none of these take place, his probable importance is no way lessened. Should he die in the village where he was born, should the stone that covered his fathers cover him; yet even then, ten thousand miles from that grave, his principles may be moulding a hundred characters and his thoughts be reproduced under brows of various complexion. A son, whose habits he formed, may be giving the tone to a new colony, or leading some ancient tribe in the first stage of civilization. A good Englishman is a blessing far and near; an immoral Englishman is a curse on the creation of God. As you are human beings; as you love your kind; as you wish that there should be pure hearts and joyful homes under the sun; to your knees—to your Saviour; seek make your own, foster, and exemplify that regenerating grace which comes alone through the Lord Jesus Christ! Be patriots; but let your patriotism be Christian. Have more ambition that England should be good, than that England should be strong; that her virtue should be unimpeachable, than her sword resistless; that she should win conquests over men's judgments by her principles, than over their will by force of arms, that she should have victories by her Bible, than by her articles of war. Let it be the cherished hope of your heart, that, in ages to come, that people of other lands will refer to the English, not as the invaders who crushed their ancient dynasty to introduce a foreign yoke, but as the benefactors who, bringing the light of truth, shed a radiance on the path of their benighted fathers, by which they discovered first of all the way to God, and then to the arts, laws, and institutions of civilization—to the interchanges of friendship, and the endearments of home. God grant that never again may any land do homage to ours, kneeling in the blood of her children; but may many celebrate her beneficent progress with the joyful voices of a humanised and regenerated population! This object is one fit to cherish—one on which reason can look, conscience can smile, and which philanthropy will warm in her bosom. By it patriotism, transformed from a meagre spectre, with jealous eye, wrathful step, and bloody hand, becomes an angel of light, happy, and giving happiness. The highest purpose the patriot can entertain is, to make his country the light of the nations; and for this we must all cultivate the worship and the love of our fathers' God, striving, as much as his grace may enable us, to imbue the national character with faith in His word, and veneration for His will.

From the People's Journal. THE CHOLERA. By F. W. N. BAILEY.

Wake for the coming of the scourge
That sweeps the eastern sky!
The plagues that, with a prophet voice,
Cries out, "Prepare to die!"
That dineth at the rich man's house,
That calleth for the poor,
And spreadeth out the cloth of Death
To feast at every door!

It cometh over lands and seas
With solemn stride and slow;
It summoneth the human soul
To keep watch for its woe!
Take, take its mighty warning,
Which is mercifully given,
And call around for mortal help,
And pray the help of heaven!

Be sure it cometh! Do not sleep
With lazy hearts of stone,
Until your homes are stirred to weep
For good and dear ones gone!
Forewarn'd should be forewarn'd,—and
now
The whisper of God's breath
Calls trusting men to work and hope
Against the siege of death!

Be ready in the palace!
Be ready in the cot!
Be ready with the grateful hymn
Where'er it cometh not!
Prepare to meet the slayer
With good courage and calm sense;
But, people!—trifle not with signs
That burn from Providence.

THE FRENCHMAN AT HIS STUDIES.

Frenchman.—Ha, my good friend, I have met with one difficulty—one very strange word. How do you call H-o-u-g-h?
Tutor.—Huff.
Fr.—Tres bien, Huff; and Snuff you spell S-n-o-u-g-h; ha!
T.—Oh no, no, Snuff is S-n-u-double-f. The fact is, words ending in ough are a little irregular.
Fr.—Ah! very good. 'Tis beautiful language.—H-o-u-g-h is Huff. I will remember; and C-o-u-g-h is Cuff, I have one bad Cuff, ha?
T.—No, that is wrong. We say Kauf, not Cuff.

Fr.—Kauf, eh bien. Huff and Kauf, and pardonnez-moi, how you call D-o-u-g-h—Duff, ha?

T.—No, not Duff.
Fr.—Not Duff? Ah! oui: I understand—it is Duff, hey?

T.—No, D-o-u-g-h spells Doe.
Fr.—Doe! It is very fine; wonderful language! 'tis Doe, and T-o-u-g-h is Toe, certainment. My beef-steak was very Toe.

T.—Oh no, no, you should say Tuff.
Fr.—Tuff? Le Diable! and the thing the farmer uses how call you him, P-l-o-u-g-h Pluff? ha! you smile. I see I am wrong; it is Pluff! No! ah, then it is ploe like Doe; it is beautiful language, ver' fine Ploe!

T.—You are still wrong, my friend. It is plow.

Fr.—Plow! Wonderful language. I shall understand ver' soon. Plow, Doe, Kuff; and one more—R-o-u-g-h, what you call General Taylor, Rauf and Ready? No? certainment it is Row and Ready?

T.—No! R-o-u-g-h spells Ruff.

Fr.—Ruff, ha! let me not forget. R-o-u-g-h is Ruff, and B-o-u-g-h is Buff, ha!

T.—No, Bow.

Fr.—Ah! 'tis ver' simple, wonderful language, but I have what you call E-n-o-u-g-h, ha, what you call him?

SELF-MADE MEN.

The poor man of the western forest—he who has encountered the troubles and toils of an early settlement; and struggled for a humble home—who has trained his children to learning, and inspired them with reflection, may yet behold the blooming son that follows him to the plough field, shining in the temples of learning, or adorning the halls of Legislation.

The world is filled with bright examples of unaided genius, who have arisen from the dust of indigence, and, in the vigour of their native strength, unbound the shackles that environed them, and burst the bands that fettered them. What else took the daring Columbus from his loom, and made him the navigator of seas and the discoverer of Continents? What else raised Sir Cloudesley Shovel from the tattered bench of a village shoemaker, and made him Rear Admiral of England? What else unlocked the chains of bondage and slavery from a Terence, and distinguished him as a scholar and a poet? What else elevated Pridcaux from the humble condition of a college cook, to the high honours of a religious prelate and teacher? What else called forth the inventive powers of a Hogarth, the most scientific artist of his time, and made him exchange the workshop of the mechanic for the cloister of the author? That gave the celebrated Dr. Mountain, the son of a beggar, ecclesiastical honours—that diverted the inquiring mind of the illustrious astronomer, Ferguson, to a contemplation of the mighty heavens—to gaze upon the stars, and to allot them their stations?—that made an unrivalled philosopher and statesman of Benjamin Franklin, the roving Boston printer,—and converted the imitable Burns, the poor ploughboy of Ayrshire, into the sweetest Bard that ever played or sung?

THE WIFE.

How ready she is to adapt herself to all his ways; and with whims, sometimes as numerous as the stars, yet for every one has she her own sweet spell. And then the thousand capacities never called out before. And how well pleased she is to find that as the task is so sent so is the strength sent with it. How ready is she to unlearn courtship, and to learn content, perhaps the hardest and least ready of her tasks—but she does learn it. And the work-day of life comes, which, cling to it as she will, must make her give up the angel and take to the woman. She has to "box the compass" of domestic cares—"Nor-nor-east, and Nor-nor-west," and God speed her conscientiously. No point must be passed—the drawing room, the nursery, and good luck, the larder—all must, as by magic, be the result of her own clear and steady rule. She knows that, unless she manages, all will go wrong—and she knows as surely, that, if she seems to manage, all will go right.

THE CORAL BUILDINGS.

The great extent of some of the coral reefs is very remarkable. One on the east coast of New Holland is known to be nearly one thousand miles in length, and unbroken for a distance of three hundred & fifty miles. Some groups in the Pacific are eleven hundred to twelve hundred miles in length, by three hundred and fifty to four hundred in breadth, and these are not formed in an expanse of deep and tranquil waters, but in the midst of an ocean which is ever breaking upon the barrier, while the little architects are silently building in the midst of its uproar.

THE PACKET SHIP.

The packet ship is a curious improvement of modern times. We are domiciliated upon the ocean. I hear the notes of a piano, the lowing of a cow, the cackle of hens, indeed all the noises of a barn-yard. We have fresh meat and milk, warm bread, &c. Sea travelling however, is capable of being yet more improved upon. Warm baths might be introduced stoves to destroy the effluvia of bilgewater, Cabins might be constructed as to admit the air through a small side window to each. The berths, sofas, and dinner tables, with their seats might be hammock-swung.—Fay.

DANGER OF WEeping.

However poetical tears may be in themselves, the act of weeping is undoubtedly at-