

agement and persecution, this grand character fought his way up to the high pinnacle of one of the world's greatest benefactors.

Fellow Students: Such men are almost more than human. Providence, working out its own great scheme of human affairs, chooses men as its instruments, imbues them with ideas—ambitions, and then sends them forth as master-workmen in the great laboratory of human history. Such a master-workman was Columbus.

Born of humble parents and in early life a sea rover, the vague tales of a land beyond the seas crystallized in his mind into that great idea which was to burst asunder the bonds of mediævalism and open a way for the long pent up waters of human progress. At first a dream, then an ambition, then his very life's essence, his idea became, "Beyond the Alps lies Italy." Beyond the Atlantic lay his Indies.

To-night as we look back along the years, we seem to see re-enacted before us his long life struggle. Now, we see him at Genoa. Now, he is at Lisbon, waiting while King John perfidiously attempts to rob him of his idea. Now, we see him at the convent gate begging a morsel for his homeless boy. Now, he is in Venice, pleading with her merchant princes.

Later on, he appears in Spain, following the footsteps of the victorious Ferdinand, hoping against hope that his request will be granted. And, at last, we see him, pleading his cause in the marble courts of the Alhambra before the successful monarch and his queen. His hair, now gray, is brushed back from his massive forehead, his blue eyes scintillate with excitement, and his whole kindly face is lit up with the fervor of his ambition.

And then, we see him turning away, a broken man, aged in a few hours, as he slowly picks his way down the avenues and out through the glorious gate of the old Moorish fortress, never again to trouble Spain with his ambition. But, suddenly he hears horse-hoofs in hot pursuit. Noble

knights from the palace have been sent to call him back:—Queen Isabella will pledge her jewels to the success of the undertaking:—and joyfully the old man climbs the hill again, a conqueror at last. Then comes his memorable voyage, and at day break on the morning of the 12th of October, 1492, there stretches before, the green coast line of San Salvador, the jeweled outpost of the great continent; his Indies, the world's America.

But how was the hero rewarded? Chains and a pauper's deathbed were the rich returns Spain made to the man who had presented her with two continents. Yet, who will say, that, in this very ingratitude, was not shown the great central purpose of history? Did not Spain's ingratitude, cruelty and avarice cause her to lose her hold on the double world beyond the seas? Was not her greed the very reason why she did not plant her withering footsteps on this great natural seat of empire, and dispute for its possession with that great race which was destined from the beginning to take possession of it?

Yes, ages ago, in the cradle of the nations, to the east of the Caspian, the great Anglo Saxon race began its march. Slowly, surely, irresistibly, like some great glacier, gradually flowing down the side of a mountain peak, it passed the Urals, and spread on through Russia, assimilating, extinguishing and scattering before it the races that stood in its path. Then across Russia and into Germany it marched, dreaded even by Rome. Reaching the channel, it passed over into Britain, a stone cut out by itself from the mainland to be a home and a resting place. There, under the restraint of the dark ages, it remained waiting and gathering strength, ready to leap across to its future home when some one should point the way.

Though not of this great race, Columbus was akin to it, and he and the Spaniards cleared the path. Then just as slowly and majestically, as ever, and as irresistibly, the great people began passing over. Those of the Indians, French and Spanish, it did not assimilate, were driven before it. Past the Alleghenies, down the valley of