

shall register finally the decrees which may seek to bind free men all over the Empire.

Wherefore—wherefore we are at the parting of the ways, and men in high places will do wisely to wait a little on events, before they make their declarations in the short and sharp accent of Sir George Perley. To him a discreet silence. To us, whose will shall finally decide the matter, to us let utterance be given, so soon as reflection shall have brought forth reflection after its kind.

To begin with, the positive redistribution of power while the war is in its first year, is only so much recreation. One is reminded of the reporter's wife who, as he grabbed his hat, when the fire engine went by, asked, "What time will you be back?"

Two British Empires.

Nobody can predict when the war will be over or what the exhaustion of the combatants will be, or what unexpected factors will come into play in dictating peace. All you can do is to follow the certain trend of events, estimate the inevitable play of human nature when it is in control of certain situations, and prepare for eventualities that will surely have to be reckoned with in the mass, and in the ultimate.

There are two Empires—the one as it really is; the other as you suppose it to be. The first is the more important to the world, though the second be all the world to you. The life work of an Imperialist is to bring his own perspective and action into harmony with the facts. So to do involves jettisoning quite a few notions, and a healthy revision of one's lists of essentials and non-essentials. In the vital sense, that is what thinking imperially means.

The Empire is a collection of free peoples none of whom are compelled to pay tribute to a distant autocrat. The distant rulership is a spiritual fiction more than it is a military fact. The case of India, which has five times as many people as there are in the self-governing countries of the Emperor of

India, is not largely thought of by the Imperialists who flourish on this western theatre of the English-speaking subjects of the king. Of it we shall have to speak more freely when some things about the rest of the Empire have been said.

The best illustration of the difference between the real Empire and the imaginary Empire is afforded by a certain type of Englishman who appears in Canada less frequently than he was wont to do. I can speak the more candidly about him because, having lived in my native country for nearly thirty years and my experience of Canada having begun nearly thirty years ago, I may, perhaps, be said to be a man of two countries.

Notion Which Dies Hard.

The old notion died hard—that a colony existed to be financially exploited by the country from which the colonists went forth. The people who stayed in the old land supposed, through some mental peculiarity which no psychologist has dissected, that the mere fact of staying at home, and permitting some more courageous spirit to tame the wilderness, and create a community, and establish trade, constituted an unmistakable superiority.

That notion developed the natural delusion that the Empire had been made by those who had not stirred from the safe environs of Westminster. It is kin to the delusion that sometimes assails the ten-dollar-a-week clerk in a head office—that, because he is in the head office he is a loftier man than the drummer out on the Western plains whose orders give the clerk his salary. It belongs to the same category as the notion of the man who keeps the door of Westminster that he is the Abbey and that you see it by his sufferance.

It is part of that article of imperial faith, which we now know to have been a more harmful delusion than that the earth was flat; that British people, nurtured in British traditions, and filled with reverence for all that Britain has achieved, and tried in the furnace of founding law-abiding com-