

by the action of Parliament itself; that the new Parliament had not met and declared its preference; and that until it did so Lord Aberdeen was bound to assent to the recommendations of the Ministers who had enjoyed the confidence of the late House of Commons. His Excellency, having made up his mind to refuse the advice of one set of Ministers, would have acted wisely if he had left his defence entirely to those who were to take their places. If, as the theory of responsible government enacts, the advisers of the Governor are to be his defenders, they should be left entirely free to adopt their own line of defence. Anything he can say under such circumstances must hamper them and so far injure him. The people of Canada do not look to Lord Aberdeen for an explanation; they look to his Premier, whoever he may happen to be. The common verdict in this crisis seems to be that the Governor acted with good sense and moderation in refusing to make certain appointments, and especially to fill vacancies in the Senate, but that he acted indiscreetly in giving his reasons for refusing.

On the other hand, it is the merest trifling with the principle of responsible government itself to assume that the Governor-General cannot officially know what is passing until he learns it from his Ministers. No man of spirit or ability would consent to play such a *role* as this implies, and Canadians should not, and as a matter of fact they do not, expect from the representative of the Crown such utter self-abnegation. In all matters of domestic policy the relation of the Governor to his Ministers is precisely analogous to the relation of the British Sovereign to hers. This relation has never been so deftly and lucidly explained anywhere else as it is in Mr. Gladstone's great essay entitled, "*Kin Beyond Sea*," written almost twenty years ago. Speaking from long experience and actual observation, he says:

"Ministerial responsibility comes between the Monarch and every public trial and necessity, like armor between the flesh and the spear that would seek to pierce it. . . . The scheme aims at associating in the work of government with the head of the State the persons best adapted to meet the wants and wishes of the people, under the conditions that the several aspects of the supreme power shall be severally allotted; dignity and visible authority shall be wholly with the wearer of the crown, but labour mainly, and responsibility wholly, with its servants. . . . There is, indeed, one great and critical act, the responsibility for which falls momentarily and provisionally upon the Sovereign; it is the dismissal of an existing Ministry, and the appointment of a new one. This act is usually performed with the aid drawn from authentic manifestations of public opinion, mostly such as are obtained through the votes or conduct of the House of Commons."

This does not preclude resort to other "authentic manifestations," though their use must always be accompanied by a certain amount of risk. An attempt has been made to show that the appointment of Senators by a moribund Ministry in Canada is analogous to the creation of Peers by a moribund Ministry in Britain. There is no such analogy. The House of Lords is unlimited in membership, while the number of Senators is limited by law. The Governor-General may affect not to know, but he cannot reasonably be expected to ignore, the actual composition of the Senate, and Lord Aberdeen was quite right in refusing to aggravate the present inequality of the two parties in the Upper Chamber. No retiring Premier should ask a Governor to make such appointments, and probably no one will ever again make such a recommendation. If seats in the Senate are to be regarded as mere rewards for party services, then the sooner the Senate itself is reformed the better for the Constitution.

Insomnia.

I cannot weep—I cannot sleep,
I close my tired lids in vain;
All night my eyeballs seem to keep
A searing vigil in my brain.
And all day long there seems to beat
Within my burning brow, a deep
And crucial voice that doth repeat:
To-night again thou shalt not sleep!

No welcome hath my couch for me!
Procrustes' bed held not its pain.
A thing of torture mine must be
Where I must lie all night in vain.
Where I must toss all night, until
The ruby sun doth leering peep:
And hear the breathing, that doth fill
My maddened ears, of those who sleep!

I stare into the shadows black,
Where ghosts of friends, who long since died,
Glide glimmering down an endless track,
And mock my vision stony-eyed!
And all the objects in the room
Take horrid shapes, that gloating keep
A fevered eye upon my doom,
To wake me should I fall asleep!

But far more dread, a constant fear
On bloody wings above my head
Doth croak: Lo! those thou holdest dear
To-morrow shall be dumb and dead:
The victims of thy past neglect,
Thy mother—nay, thou canst not weep!
Thy wife, thy sister, friend—reflect!
Now canst thou sleep? Now canst thou sleep!

My tears are locked in frozen wells,
That will not flow nor give relief.
My eyeballs burn, but in them dwells
No heat to melt my tears to grief.
My waking dreams are things of dread—
Vast, sullen, shoreless seas, and deep,
Where float white faces of the dead—
O God! that I might drown and sleep!

A little child, whose breathing fair
Doth kiss the curl upon his cheek,
And health's wild roses gathered there,
Now in his slumber seems to speak;
And smiles as his bright vision shows
Some joy that he with morn will reap,
Or cunning, laughs as one who knows,
The while he dreams, he is asleep!

O for an endless night of rest!
To close mine eyes eternally;
Or lie on some pacific breast
And only wake to things to be!
To drift upon the Nile of dreams
That hold for care oblivion deep,
Along the shores of lilled streams
Of all the lotus land of sleep!

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

The power of the press in England might become even dangerously autocratic but for a lack of cohesion. If there existed among newspapers any organization akin to trades union the British newspapers might rule the roost. Unfortunately (perhaps fortunately), every paper, whether daily or weekly, stands aloof from its contemporaries, or comes in contact with them only for the purposes of a scolding match. The idea in every British newspaper office, small or large, is that the sheet it turns out is, if not literally the only one printed that morning, the only one worthy of notice. This curious delusion is carried to such lengths that, for fear of breaking the spell, no well-regulated morning paper will mention another by name. If temptation to show how foolish or unreliable a neighbour has been prove irresistible, it is loftily alluded to as "a contemporary." Possibly it is, on the whole, well that the British press should not be united after the fashion of ancient guilds. If it were, its power in the land might more nearly approach that of the House of Commons than is already achieved.—*North American Review*.