

Norsemen, whose home was on the deep, have made ourselves the fifth maritime nation in the world. We own great ocean-going steam fleets, and have constructed canals and railroads as wonderful as any to be found on the planet. All this work, done most of it from "pure unvexed instinct of duty," is good. The man who has spent a lifetime clearing a hundred acres of solid brush on the wooded hillsides of Cape Breton, or along the shores of Erie or Huron, is of the same kin as the northern farmer who "stubb'd the Thornaby waste." From such an industrious, duty-doing stock, heroes are apt to spring. But the heroes must come, or we shall have only a community of beavers, not a nation. "We have something to be proud of," remarked a venerable gentleman to me not many years ago, "we have the best oarsman in the world, and my son owns a cow that gives thirty quarts of milk a day, and he has refused ten thousand dollars for her." Very good. We have not a word against Hanlan or the cow. But we cannot live on them.

What must be done? We must rise higher than the cow. We must make up our minds with regard to the future. Drifting is unworthy of grown men. Drifting means unbelief in ourselves, and abandonment to chance or to the momentary exigencies of party leaders. It means almost certain disaster. We must become a nation in reality, with all the responsibilities and privileges of nationhood. There are only three directions that can be taken, and the mind of the people has not yet laid hold of the question, with the determination to settle it, which is the right direction. We have before us: First, a closer political and commercial union with the mother colonies, and the rest of the Empire. This has been called Imperial