

toba would ruin the vast Canadian Pacific system," and the Hon. Thomas White, Minister of the Interior, in addressing the people of Winnipeg last March, said, "There will be trade enough in Manitoba and the North-west to afford profitable returns for both the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk Railways, if the latter should find entrance here; and it would be no small advantage to the country as a whole to have the large interests connected with those two great corporations enlisted in the work of developing the great west, instead of—as there is too much reason to fear has been the case in the past—as to one of them, devoted rather to the prevention of that development." The Government is morally bound to obey the words and spirit of the Constitution. It is not morally bound to give further aid to the Canadian Pacific Railway under any circumstances, and certainly not, if the spirit of the Constitution has to be violated to assist a railway which is not in need.

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OUR WASTE MATERIAL.

It is a very common thing to hear successful, industrious people say, "No man need be idle in this country who is willing to work," to add, perhaps as a provisional afterthought, "if he will take any sort of work that he can get." Yet an observant visitor to our towns and villages will see quite a number of young men without occupations who are looking for situations. Asking what they can do, he is told that they know a little bookkeeping, would like to get into an office, and that a clerkship of some sort would be accepted with pleasure. Presently he discovers that the market is over-run with applicants for what may be called gentlemanly employments, while the country is going begging for farmers.

In all business matters the wise men make careful estimates of the probable demand for articles of commerce before laying in their supplies; but it would seem as if Canadians were forgetting this essential to success in the bringing up of their families, and that in the ever-increasing struggle for intellectual improvement among our people there is growing a fatal distaste for manual labour of all sorts. Parents work and strive to keep their children at school long after they have mastered the three necessary R's, without enquiring if these children give promise of deriving special benefit from studies they have little or no aptitude for. They dream great things for them, and urge them on to further effort by telling them that the greatest positions in the country are open to competition, and that if the paths seem crowded there is always plenty of room at the top, while their parental pride blinds them to the fact that their sons are unfitted for any lofty positions. They push them to cram heads that if not dull could be taught to be useful in a more practical way than in the usual course of study, and forgetting that while they struggle at the ungrateful tasks they are neglecting to develop their best endowment—good strong minds and healthy muscles.

And what does all this effort do? It is giving the country a surplus supply of lawyers, doctors, quasi-professional men, merchants, and young men seeking situations, not to count the numbers of incapables that will be thrown upon the world, struggling and pushing for a scanty living, with pens in hands that might be holding ploughs to their own and their country's very material advantage. With such a vast and rich land in our possession it seems a positive throwing away of our birthright that so many of our young men, turning from the cultivation of the soil, seek to make their living in paths where the competition is so keen and the rewards uncertain, where so many must inevitably fail. It seems as if for so young a country we are getting too luxurious ideas of living. Necessarily we must be a largely agricultural people for many years to come. Perhaps the growing feeling that to "live softly" is a necessity of existence accounts for the dislike to a farming life. That it has many hardships is undoubtedly true; also that the hardships are doubly felt by those who have been brought up to another life. It is not likely that a man who has never worked on a farm will take to the work kindly all at once, or that a girl who has employed her energies chiefly in running scales on the piano will be likely to be much of a help-mate to him, or be physically equal to the demands on the wife of a settler, but why not, in educating our boys and girls, teach them to use their hands as well as their heads, and inculcate the idea that the combined usefulness of both will be to their greatest advantage.

In suggesting the tilling of the soil to young men as a career, one is generally met with the objection that farming requires a certain amount of capital. If there were young men who were competent and reliable, and known to be determined to follow an agricultural life, there would be probably little difficulty in getting non-resident farmers to let them work their land for them, or others found willing to have them work under them. In other employments they would not become masters and proprietors at the outset of life; they would be obliged in any calling to work their way up step by step. What valid excuse can they give for expecting to be in possession of property, and their own masters, at the outset of life if they take to farming? The work on a farm must be learned. Like anything else, the young man who starts out on his own account, without previous experience, is likely to find that he will lose both money and time in experimental efforts. But to go no further into detail of that sort the fact remains that while there is an unlimited demand for farmers, other callings are fewer and more difficult to obtain, and that no small number of those knocking for admittance to elegant employments will be elbowed out of place by the stronger ones, and that only a few can hope to have

those doors opened to them in the way the wide prairie land invites the enterprise of the young, giving a promise of plenty to the persevering men of average ability that is not chimerical. Not only in our own land is there an over-supply of men seeking clerkships; in the United States the cities are filled with eager applicants for such positions, so great is the competition, though the remuneration is very small. An American writer has said that they are the only class of employees in that land of freedom "that dare not strike."

In educating their children parents would do well to study the ulterior advantages for them in the training they are giving them, and strive as far as possible to fit them for positions that will suit their capability; that being fitted for them such positions will be ready for the taking, but after infinite pains and endeavours they become so much waste material on their hands, and then fall into the mistake of thinking that having received one sort of an education their sons can take up another mode of life at a moment's notice, and that muscles and sinews not called into use until full-grown manhood can be used to their original capability. J. M. LOES.

LYRICS OF FREEDOM, LOVE, AND DEATH.*

It is refreshing, in this verse-making age, to turn from the trivial inanities and languid affections of the "songs without sense" that abound in our modern magazines, to a volume of genuine poetry like this—a volume which we may be proud to welcome as a "noble contribution to Canadian literature." Here we find, not pretty conceits dressed in archaic phraseology, or long-drawn-out descriptions lighted up with a faint twilight of human interest, but an ardent, passionate young soul, singing out the music that was in it because it was there and he could not help singing it even if there had been none to listen. These poems were not written "for the press." Indeed, the author published but little during his life, and that little was placed, with a noble carelessness, where it could bring small reward—either in fame or gold. In the corner of a college journal, or a local newspaper, poems infinitely superior to at least half of our current magazine poetry first saw the light. But few of the poems in this volume, however, have appeared in print before. His own reason for being in no haste to court public recognition he gives in one of the shorter lyrics:

You ask me why I write, yet print not? I
Have heard there lived far back in the past ages
A mighty sage, amid the mighty sages
Of earth, and one whose name may never die,
Who thus was questioned, and did thus reply:

"I cannot practise that I preach, and so
I must not preach the thing I cannot do;
But it is meet for self to take a view
Of inner and of outward things, although
These thoughts or things be neither nice nor new."

And when these musings into verse will flow
I hold it right to keep them to myself,
Nor lumber up my neighbour's groaning shelf.

It has been happily already said of this volume by a friend-critic, who knew his subjects well, that to it are specially applicable the words of Walt Whitman:

Comrades, this is no book;
Who touches this touches a man!

This poetry is so intensely subjective that having begun to read, one can scarcely stop till one has read to the end, becoming so interested in the poet that one almost forgets the poetry, for it is the unveiling of a heart and soul. Every poem throbs with human life, love, passion, and with those earnest questionings that beset every thoughtful mind. This poet is obviously not thinking of "art for art's sake," or of any other theory of verse-making. He has something to say that will "flow into verse," and he says it without any straining after effect, and with a directness quite compatible with the most poetic imagery and musical versification. Indeed his command of the latter is wonderful when we remember that all these poems were written before his thirtieth year, in which he died, and that many of the best were written before his *twentieth*.

The larger portion of the lyrics come under the head of "Freedom and Love." Living at the most susceptible period of his life in Boston, so linked with noble associations of liberty, his boyish pulses seemed to throb with intense sympathy with every struggling nationality, fighting for its rights and liberties. This made him what he calls himself in the "proem,"

I am of that forlorn hope
That is the only hope of man—
From corner-stone to curve and cope—
I am a cosmopolitan,

in that true sense so well expressed, once for all, in the words, "*Humanus sum et nihil humani alienum a me puto.*" Gallant, bleeding Cuba is one of the first subjects of his Muse, and several of the poems on this theme were written between his fourteenth and nineteenth years. Let this serve as a specimen of the passionate enthusiasm of the boy, who feels how little words can do, yet gives them, having nothing more:

What can I give but words--no more;
Not now, to day; yet words being wed
With Truth that quickens even the dead
Have shaken thrones and things before—
Have moulded men who moulded lead.

* By the late George Frederick Cameron. Edited by his brother, Charles J. Cameron. Kingston: Lewis Shannon.