

whose is the blame but those misguided people who, at the bidding of the enemies of the State, are in sympathy, not with law and order, but with sedition and crime? The resort to these extreme measures need not be alarming to those who have scruples about their use by a Party—and that a Conservative—Government. The duty is a stern one, for a grave peril confronts the nation; and only by the exercise of powers which the magnitude of the peril invokes can the desired ends be attained. In the last utterances of Lord Salisbury, we see the promise foreshadowed of a resort to these powers, anticipatory, however, if effective, of remedial measures of a far-reaching character to follow. But law, the Prime Minister courageously affirms, must first be master, or no remedial measures will be regarded.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH's letter on Irish affairs to Lord Randolph Churchill, which a contributor elsewhere deals with in the present number of THE WEEK, opens with questionable adulation of a man who in the hour of his country's peril proved himself shamelessly recreant to public duty. The distinguished prelate pays the distinguished politician the compliment of saying that he foresaw that he would become a great statesman, though "by the twinkling of his (Lord Randolph's) brilliant eyes" he was prepared to find his lordship for a few years "a little restive." Passing from these personal compliments, the Archbishop, if his letter is genuine, urges Lord Churchill to make a study of the Irish Question and to join Mr. Gladstone in bringing peace and prosperity to Ireland, and in effecting a more stable union between England and the sister isle. From this counselling the Archbishop proceeds to ask, "When will England begin to have some regard for the honest opinion of the world, which is horrified at the inhuman spectacle of wholesale evictions," over which, he affirms, English journals "gloat with hypocritical zeal!" Is not this, however, a little inconsistent on the part of the worthy Archbishop? With one breath he urges Lord Churchill to take steps to effect a more stable union between England and Ireland, and with the next he covers England and English journals with contumely for doing things from which the civilised world, he affirms, recoils with horror. But how does the Archbishop propose to remedy matters? Will it be believed that *his* solution of the difficulty is a threat? He reminds England and Lord Churchill of the strength of the Irish element in the United States, and of the weakness of Canada, "distant from English forces," and lying invitingly open to attack, should Irish hostility wish thus to wreak its vengeance on the mother land! "Should any misunderstanding arise," writes the Archbishop, "between England and the United States, Canada would in a few days be overrun by American troops," and his Grace adds, that it would cost the Republic little to do that, "as it would be largely and readily supplied by Irish-American military organisations!" Such are the views set forth in this patriotic letter, and such the sentiments of the most distinguished member of our local Roman hierarchy! The letter needs no further comment. Before dismissing it, however, let us ask Archbishop Lynch, what, in the contingency of "Canada being overrun by American troops," would become of him and his Church?

In the discussion which has arisen over the future of Upper Canada College we seem to be threatened with as much talk and disputation as were let loose over the once exciting subject of the Clergy Reserves. For this we have to thank the connection of politics with education, and the necessity forced upon Government, as the spoils of Party, of dragging before the Legislature everything into which the element of money enters. As if these facts, in themselves, were not sufficiently humiliating, we are called upon further to humble ourselves while the Legislature proceeds to root up Upper Canada College, or to pare away its endowment that it may wither and die. If patriotism, in these days, is a spurious sentiment, and the dictates of honour are for no man's observance, is no consideration to be paid to vested interests and legal rights? Has the reign of Henry Georgeism really begun? and are we so close upon the anarchic era of general confiscation? But if spoliation is to be the rule, why stop at Upper Canada College? why not lay violent hands on all wealthy corporate institutions and private trusts? Carry the principle out to its full extent, and we may have a redistribution among all the sects of the Province of the Clergy Reserves property; the University Permanent Fund may be cut up piecemeal into denominational endowments; the wealth of the Law Society may be scrambled for by every local Bar Association; and the accumulations of every corporate or private institution, company, or individual may become public plunder.

PUBLIC agitation on the above subject, we notice with pleasure, has brought forth an able editorial on "The Sacredness of Endowments" from

our excellent contemporary, the *Monetary Times*. The writer takes for his text Mr. Justice Cameron's weighty utterance at the recent meeting of the "old boys" and friends of the College, to the effect that the endowments of the Crown, for specific objects honourably carried out, should be held as sacred as the grants of the Crown to an individual. In this opinion the *Monetary Times* heartily concurs, and adds that as the grant to Upper Canada College was made by the Crown at a time when the public lands had not been made over to the Province, it is a question whether such a grant is revocable by local authority. The point is well taken, as is the opinion expressed in another quarter, that the Province holds the endowment, not absolutely, but in trust for the purposes of the College, as set forth by an Act of the united Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada in 1853; hence, that an Act disendowing the College would be *ultra vires* of the Ontario Legislature. Whatever force there may be in these contentions—and we should be glad to think them valid against spoliation,—it may be, however, that the Legislature has the constitutional right to deal as it pleases with the endowment. But this need not necessarily be disastrous to the College; neither need it seriously interfere with its usefulness nor impair its efficiency. It would be unfortunate indeed if the power exists to imperil the future of an institution which is so closely bound up with all that one venerates in the past and that makes for patriotism in the present and in the future. In any case, we need hardly point out, that it is a dangerous thing to tamper with these old-time State endowments; and as there is no moral warrant for doing this, we trust that the legal sanction to such a course will be withheld by Government, and that its decision in this direction will be sustained by the sober sense and right feeling of the people.

A READER of THE WEEK writes us from London (Ont.) to inquire "Who is the greatest living Canadian poet?" and asks us to answer the delicate question in our columns. Our first, and possibly wisest, thought was to decline, for obvious reasons, to commit ourselves and THE WEEK to any judgment on the subject. On reflection, however, it seemed to us that the opportunity might be taken, not to settle a momentous question, or rashly to anticipate the verdict of Time and that of our better-informed readers, but to direct the thoughts of Canadians to a few native writers of verse who, it is to be feared, are little known to the mass of our people, and whose work entitles them to more general and favourable recognition. Of living writers of verse amongst us there are three men whose names instantly occur to one as occupying the first position among our native English-speaking poets. These are C. G. D. Roberts (Windsor, N.S.), John Reade (Montreal), and Charles Sangster (Ottawa). Sangster, the oldest and, perhaps, best known of these names, has long and rightly held a conspicuous position amongst the writers who have laid the foundation-stone of the poetical edifice of Canadian literature. Of the three men he is the most distinctively Canadian, and has written, perhaps, the greatest amount of glowing verse on purely Canadian themes. His patriotism, his grand descriptive powers, and his fine ear for melody, make his verse very generally acceptable to Canadians. Reade and Roberts, though they have written no inconsiderable amount of verse on Canadian subjects, are representatives of the classical school, and their work, though of a higher character than Sangster's, does not appeal so readily to the popular ear. They are men of fine scholarly tastes, fervid imagination, and delicate fancy; and their work has an artistic finish most creditable to their poetic instincts and their educational training. Of the two we should say that Roberts is most entitled to claim the first place in the ranks of living Canadian poets, for he has shown—in a greater degree, perhaps, than has Reade—that he has in him, not only the faculty of versifying on Canadian subjects, but the power of giving poetic expression to acute thought on a wide range of subjects, and of giving it an artistic and scholarly setting, which would win him an audience in any land. Reade, though his senior, might yet easily contest supremacy with Roberts, had his Muse the opportunity for its play, which a busy journalistic life denies to it. The line that divides the native poets of the first from those in the second rank seems to be almost bridged by Charles Mair, the author of "Tecumseh," etc.; but highly as we appreciate much of his work, in our humble opinion it does not entitle him to more than lead the throng of writers of admirable verse who belong to the second classification. We had intended, but space forbids, to have said a word of the many graduates of Toronto and other Universities, as well as of some other writers of native verse, who have done something for song in Canada, and much of whose work, even if fitful, bears the marks of inspiration as well as of fine thought and a cultivated taste. Of the songsters of the other sex, now a large and tuneful brood, we should have liked also to have said a word, and more than a word, had we not understood that the still current use of that