

from the mainland to the "rosy little circuit" as foreigners. Why the assimilation process should have been so slow is an inquiry we need not press upon our politicians, for these gentlemen will at once tell us, biased by the narrow vision and phraseology of partyism, that such is not the case. The people of Canada are not one, it is true, they will inform us; but they are at least two in one, Grits and Tories; and if any one desires to have a corroboration of the statement he has only to read the history of the Manitoba School Question, or any other question that comes to be discussed in the House of Commons and the daily press. While one political party rushes at the throat of the other political party, partyism becomes the watchword, while the maturing of a true national opinion, and the furthering of a true national interest, may be left to a few, a very few, of our literary men. And to such an extent has this become a prevailing programme in our public discussions, that Canadians are even yet saying to themselves, thirty years after Confederation, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Have we a national sentiment? Have we a Canadian literature? Have we a true patriotism amongst us?

The Manitoba School Question in itself shows how far we are from the realization of this national spirit. "To be or not to be" in this instance is not to be decided, it seems, by what is best for Canada, but by what is best for a prejudice. A writer lately pointed out that the settlement of this question was not for Canada as a whole, but for the Education Department at Winnipeg. The whole question, he said, was one of administration in which there ought to be no politics. But a politician, one of the prime ministers, of our multi-prime ministered country, sat

down upon the suggestion and dismissed the man who made it from office. The prime minister's trade was politics, and all were fish that came into his net, and as the Manitoba School Question had come into his net, or rather, as he expected to come into higher emoluments and honors through it, he was intent on making the most of it. And is there not in this instance something that should force all Canadians to ask themselves in ordinary parlance: What does our so-called Canadian nationality amount to? Have all our interests been hidden away in our party politics? Is there a national right or wrong in Canada, or is it only a party right or wrong? This journal knows no party politics as its own, nor ever will, as it looks forward to its widening field of usefulness in helping to consolidate a slowly consolidating national sentiment among Canadians. The educational organization of each province of the confederation was left in the hands of each province when the constitution of the country was written in black and white by the Fathers of Confederation; and, as it seems now, with our longing for a closer consolidation, there never was a greater mistake made. But the mistake was the outcome, not of halting wisdom, but of necessity. Confederation was what was wanted in 1867, *coûte que coûte*, and the politicians of the time were ready to sacrifice every interest in order to inaugurate its birthday, wreathed as it was with their own prospective honors; and it can hardly be expected that their successors would ever come to see the mistake that had been made, unless they should happen to be brought face to face with necessity, pressing around their own political aggrandizement. As has been said, that necessity now presses upon both parties. They do not know which way to turn. The Mani-