

rate, it is evident that the expenditure would prove sufficient to maintain a force only one-tenth that of the Union, and consequently utterly insufficient; but were we to become members of a Pan-Britannic Federation, in which taxation for Federal expenditure should be proportionate to property, it seems probable that the total *increase* could not exceed \$1 per head. Thus Federation would bring us all the possible benefits of Nationality, and some others in addition, while enabling us to avoid all its chances, perils, and difficulties; and this at a much smaller pecuniary loss. Are not such facts decisive in its favour?

Whether they will or will not prove to be so is problematical. The question at issue vies in importance with any in the history of man, for on its decision depends the destiny of the race which has spread itself most widely in modern times. It is not one of those "burning questions," which "will not brook delay," and in which "the voices of indignant millions cry aloud for justice;" but it is a deeply intricate question, because there are different solutions open and dif-

ferent interests to be served, some by one policy and others by another. There is, consequently, ground to hope that it may be settled according to the dictates of reason rather than those of passion; but there is also ground for apprehension that it may be left to settle itself according to the policy of drift. To avert this catastrophe it is essential that our statesmen and thinkers should apply themselves earnestly to the task of inquiry; facing facts unflinchingly; exacting from the advocates of any policy a clear definition of the ends at which they aim; discussing rival theories in a spirit of patriotic good-will, and forming conclusions cautiously. This done, it seems probable that we may be able to secure for our country a future worthy of herself, by establishing her as one of the noblest members of a Pan-Britannic Federation which would, undoubtedly, constitute the Empire State of the world, in comparison with either the contemporaries by which it would be surrounded or the great nations by which it had been preceded in the long line of history.

VIVE LA COMMUNE!

BY GRANT ALLEN.

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A LONE, amid the solemn heathy desert
 Whose bleak brown side o'erhangs Braemar,
 I sit, this sombre, Scottish August Sabbath,
 High up the slopes of Lochnagar.

Beneath my seat the gusty autumn breezes
 Drive on grey wreaths of swirling cloud;
 Above, a lowering mass of leaden vapour
 Wraps round the peak its misty shroud.

Far in the distance stands a ruined hamlet,
 Girt round with walls of fir or birch,
 Where looms the stunted solitary steeple,
 That marks some sober granite church.

Around, a bushy wilderness replaces
 The ancient tilth or meads of sheep,
 With forest growth where roam high-antlered figures,
 And purple moors where grey grouse creep.