

pete with land that has been homesteaded. The suffering is incident to a world-wide movement, and will be gradually lessened, and it does not amount to a tithe of the suffering of the former epoch.

What of the United States, under the system of protection? It began by abandoning to British trade all the rest of the world, but its own market. In consequence, its flag has almost disappeared from the ocean, and there remain only the memories of the enterprise of colonial and subsequent days, when it proved that it came from an adventurous, sea-faring stock, and every one expected from it a commercial development greater than the world had ever seen before. In the next place, British capital overflowed into its home market, and now every increase in the tariff really protects British capital invested in the United States! Some industries in Britain are checked for the moment, but investors as a whole are not ill-pleased, though they would be still better pleased if their investments were on a natural instead of an artificial basis. So extraordinary is the amount of British capital thus invested, that the withdrawal of a little of it, a fortnight ago, caused a panic in New York, Philadelphia, and New Orleans; and so uncertain is the financial outlook, in a land whose sources of wealth are boundless, that cautious investors are actually beginning to class it with Brazil!

Look on this picture and on that! If we are not stirred by the fight that Britain is making against the world, for the establishment of that mutuality of interest which will in the end make war impossible, surely we might be stirred by the hope of sharing in the profit. It is God's decree that insight into His laws and resolute obedience to them shall bring prosperity in the long run, and that clever dodging of His laws can end only in the opposite issue. Besides, trade deals with every man's every-day life. War may come once or twice in fifty years, but all the time every man has to get three meals a day, pretty good clothes and a thousand things, not one of which he makes himself, and for every one of which he is dependent on commerce. Therefore, the more we trade with another people, the more independent the two peoples become, until commerce leads to social and political unity. "The flag follows trade." Is it any wonder, then, that Canadians shrank back from commercial union with the United States as long as that union did not include the Mother Country? It meant their plunder by vast protected rings, as the free-trader could not come in and cut under; and it meant their eventual absorption into a political system inferior to their own, and for which they are unsuited, simply because it was made by others and not by themselves. I do not believe that one-tenth of those who supported the scheme saw what it involved. They were driven to it by the isolated position of Canada, outside of the British system, and outside of their own continent, and it seemed, at any rate, a great extension of the home market. Canadians were not prepared for free trade, as it is in Britain, and the next best thing seemed to be conventionalism. But all see now what it involved, save those who do not desire to see, and it will never be proposed again, even as an election kite.

What, then, is the commercial duty and interest of Canada? Surely to adopt the British system as speedily and as wisely as we can. A nation has not attained to true unity till it has a tariff common to all its members, whether that tariff is low or high, on few or on many articles, on the basis of absolute free trade, or on the basis of a tariff for revenue, or for specified Imperial purposes.

How shall we begin? By the method indicated in the motion of Mr. Davies in Parliament two or three years ago, that we should at once reduce the duties on articles which, as a matter of fact, are imported from England, and also suggested more recently by the Hon. Mr. Foster in a speech which indicated that, in his opinion, the time had come to meet favour with favour, and therefore to give an open preference to the products of Britain, or by what other method?

The method is of less consequence than the aim? The signs are numerous that our National Policy is no longer a phrase to conjure with, and that to make it truly national it must be modified in such a way that it would not be recognized by its best friends. The aim is to get to free trade as they have it in Britain, but the number of half-way houses that it may be necessary to occupy till we reach the goal, depends on the intelligence of the Canadian people,

as well as on their nerve and patriotism. For, protection will die hard. The arguments in its favour are plausible. Nothing shows that more clearly than the terrific struggle in Britain before the Corn Laws were overthrown, and also the fact that no other great nation has yet followed the example of Britain. You show the average man the tall chimney of a protected factory, and say, "Remove the protection and that will be destroyed," and he has no answer. You might as well surround the city with a huge brick wall and allowing no one enter save by well-guarded sally-ports or by means of ladders attached to the angles, say to those who urged the levelling of the fortifications, "Why, are you mad? What would become of the brick-making industry, then; of the carpenters who make the ladders; of the black-smiths who make the hinges and locks of the gates; of the numerous officials who guard those beautifully designed sally-ports; and if you take away all those industries what would become of our fair city?"

Recent events have shown the heart of Canada. A war was threatened, with which we had no more to do than the man in the moon, and an incident in it was to be the invasion of our country. That meant fearful odds and incalculable loss, but no man trembled, and, better still, no man blustered. Well, if we are ready to be British and Canadian in the stress of war, let us intertwine our interests in peace, instead of playing a selfish game. We are all anxious for Reciprocity with the States. Would it not be well to arrange a half-way house to free trade, by reciprocating with the only country that gives us an absolutely free market for both our raw products and our manufactures?

G. M. GRANT.

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### Lady Aberdeen in the West.

HUMANLY speaking the cruelest pathos of the universe is waste. This seems to be inevitable everywhere from heaven to pandemonium; souls and seeds fail of their apparently designed and divine purpose and go off into rottenness and extinction—absolute or relative death. Naturally what strikes us here and pains the Christian mind is the abounding failure of human effort, though the Christian has the consolation that the effort weighs with Him who knows the heart. If not a sparrow falls without His notice we may be sure every bud of noble purpose which the frost strikes or the storm destroys is counted as fruit. Yet fruit is best, and fruit is what is heart-satisfying. With the narrow souls who carp at the endeavours of those trying to do good, with the barren sneerer who is always ready with his *cui bono*?—his "pretty but is it art?"—who can misjudge off hand the artist, the philanthropist, the writer, the politician, the social reformer, no generous mind can have the least sympathy. But seeing that so many movements fail like cloud-lands that melt away into mist, disappointing as they are dispersive, leaving eye and heart empty, we may fairly demand of any movement standing out as a candidate for mental endorsement and heart-support, above all for co-active operation to justify itself, to answer to how? And to whither? Col. Prout tells, in a most interesting mid-African reminiscence, of people on the Upper Nile who have ears so enormous that they spread them out to sleep on. Such people might be excused for receiving the wild rumours of social Jacobinism, borne on a transcontinental aura of folly, which attributed to the mistress of Haddo House, doctrines inculcating chronic "high life below stairs." But the ladies of British Columbia and Lady Aberdeen herself have effectually dispersed the absurd slanders that an English lady, weighted with the responsibilities of the consort of a man called to vice-regal rule, wished to create a race of domestics insurgent and to plant the standard of revolution by the kitchen range. But is her work practical? Is it not too vague? In the beautiful essay to which I have referred there is an account of the Nile, and the description brings out the vast and touching pathos, the baffled fluvial ambition, the balked purpose, the dread and despairful destiny of the mighty unhappy stream. From Khartoum, where the White Nile is joined by the Blue, the river plunges forward bound for the sea. Alas! what difficulties are in its path! And how confident it seems! One hundred miles north of Khartoum the Albara comes in. Henceforward—no assistance. Forward