

French collision is threatened, in Corea, in China, in Japan, where sleeping and active volcanoes abound, in Trinidad and near the mouths of the Orinoco, where Venezuela is attempting to play high jinks, in India, in Burmah, in Africa, and I do not know where not; and our people are beginning to travel for pleasure, for gain or for investigation. Now, if we determined to play a lone hand, what would it cost us? In these days of huge Empires and huge enterprises of every kind, more than we could afford. To propose it simply shows that a man is afflicted with softness of brain or swelled head.

The only road open to us is the one on which we have walked since 1763. We have evolved, during the last 132 years, successfully, from lower to higher stages of political life, till we are at length within measurable distance of full freedom. "Oh, you mean Imperial Federation! Some papers call that a fad." Well, I am not concerned about names. Let us stick to things. You admit that we cannot remain "a dependency." What then do *you* propose, if not to share the responsibilities and privileges of full nationhood? It is clear that we are shut up to one road, and that being so, it is our duty to walk along it firmly, taking one step at a time, persuaded that in that way we shall eventually get to the goal. This, for us is a supreme question of duty. It is important to Britain, but not indispensable. Britain would be great without Canada. Canada would be little without Britain. The question, too, will never be solved by men unable to rise above personal or local selfishness. There is something pitiful in any Canadian paper collaring the first Colonial Secretary, who has had the nerve to face the problem, with a cry for immediate cash, on penalty of denouncing him as insincere. "If you mean business give us preferential treatment in your markets, or direct the current of British immigration away from the States and into Canada," is the substance of two or three editorials I have seen. Depend upon it, gentlemen, Mr. Chamberlain will comply with neither the one nor the other demand. Your outcries inspire us with less respect than we would like to feel for the anonymous guides of public opinion. They misrepresent and degrade the country. To suppose that the British people will disorganize the mightiest trade structure the world has ever seen, and disgust 97 of their customers simply to put money in the pockets of the other 3 is to suppose that they are lunatics. Or, does anyone suppose that intending immigrants consult Mr. Chamberlain as to where they should go? They inquire for themselves where they are likely to do best. Few of them consult immigration agents. They have heard about our North-West, and they know that a great deal of the soil is first-class, but they know also that as the winters are long and terribly severe, it costs to live comfortably. They must buy a great deal of coal, of coal oil, of woollens, of cottons, of crockery, of hardware, of agricultural implements, of blacksmith's work, and scores of other things, and while these are "protected," even though produced in Britain, they get no protection in any market in the world for what they raise. It is no comfort to them to be told that the United States are protectionist. The winters there are not so severe, and free trade is secured among sixty or seventy millions of people. That is "a home market" worth the name. In a word, Canada can do something to divert British immigration to itself, but Mr. Chamberlain can do nothing, and to cry to him is a waste of breath. If we have not learned yet the lesson of the last census, we—unlike Maryland—must be blind and deaf and dumb.

As to Mr. Chamberlain's attitude, it is just what might have been expected from his whole career. He is the legitimate successor of John Bright, in the Midlands, as an exponent of the sense of fair play and other deep instincts of the British Democracy, while—partly because of his organizing power—he is more of a political force than Mr. Bright ever was or could have been. He is ready to give local Home Rule to any extent, but he has too much hard, common sense to consent to break up the United Kingdom, and too much healthy Imperialism to contemplate with pleasure the downfall of the British Empire. He recognizes, however, that the unity of the Empire is in the hands of the great self-governing Colonies more than in Britain's, just because much was done before his days to induce them to, or at any rate, in the hope that they would, set up house for themselves. Coercion is, therefore, now out of the question, should one of them resolve to separate. But, "as the possibility of separation had become greater, the wish for separation had become less."

It depends on themselves, then, whether their wish shall harden into will, or be evanescent as a dream. He does not even say that he believes in Imperial Federation. It is too nebulous as yet, and has been too often called a dream, for a practical statesman to say that. All he allows himself to say is that it is the kind of dream which lays such a hold upon the imagination that it has a fair chance of realizing itself. In the meanwhile he will give his best attention to any proposal, the object of which is to bind the different parts of the Empire more closely together. Were we Englishmen, we would say no more. Being Canadians, we must do more.

As citizens, we cannot consent to occupy permanently an inferior position to our fellow-citizens in England, Scotland and Ireland. We save dollars by our present position, but if we lose moral fibre, our loss infinitely outweighs our gain. For no nation was ever destroyed by poverty, handships, or external enemies of any kind. Its deadliest foes are always internal. It is lost when it loses its soul, just as a man or woman is lost. We can survive, in spite of defeats or sins, but the loss of self respect is fatal.

What then is needed to put us in right relations to our fellow-citizens, and to entitle us to demand a reasonable share in determining the supreme questions, from which no free people can divest themselves without acknowledging that they are in a condition of pupillage, and so forfeiting the respect of others as well as self-respect? In the first place, an effective militia. A recent article in the London Spectator puts this necessity in a nut shell, while it has the additional merit of referring to Britain itself without a thought of reflecting on Canada. "We are not going to dictate to our great self-governing Colonies what they shall do," it says distinctly. "We are only going to concert as far as possible a working alliance with them. But an ally is of no use who is not strong in his own home." Precisely so; and I have yet to meet with an authority who will venture to allege that our militia is in an effective state. I do not argue with people who take the position that we should have no militia at all, and that the million we spend on it is so much money wasted. They are amiable people and have a perfect right to their opinion. Some of them may go so far as to allege that cities should have no policemen, and orchards no watch-dogs, or, at any rate, that the policemen should on no account be allowed to shoot or the dogs to bite. But the common sense of Christendom is on the other side, always excepting Tolstoi and the Quakers, who, in interpreting Scripture, forget that "the letter killeth." Every State has its defensive force, and a militia has "Defence, not defiance" as its motto. It cannot be marched out of the country, even to repel anticipated invasion, save with its own consent. But, so warmly attached to the Mother Country are Canadians that *if she were in great peril*, our militia would volunteer for foreign service. Why, in 1878, when Britain had on hand a little war, about 10,000 of them forwarded to Ottawa applications to be sent to the front, and these applications were sent to the war office, by order of the Hon. A. G. Jones, then Minister of Militia. What a blessing that the offers were not accepted! I made enquiries as to the condition of some of the regiments that applied, and—though, or just because, the spirit of the men was all that could be desired—it would be unfair to describe their utter and absolute inefficiency. They were about on a par with Falstaff's regiment. But I must reserve for another communication what even a bystander can see to be needed under this head. It is necessary to enter a little into detail here, and I am desirous that my readers should digest my preface, and then follow me intelligently, step by step.

G. M. GRANT.

### A Thought of Death.

A sleep—and yet a sleep that hath an end,  
An end that rest o'ertaking;  
(Though bone and fibre with our earth-bed blend,  
The dormant soul forsaking.)

A sleep,—yet through the sleep a sense of fear,  
An awful half-life making;  
A dread, increasing countless year by year,  
The dread of an awaking.

REGINALD GOURLAY.