

viduals benefit by war, masses suffer. The time will surely come when the great European nations will appreciate the folly of maintaining enormous armaments, and will agree to keep no more soldiers on foot than are needed to maintain internal peace. When men of each race and language are all shaker in one bag the chief excuse offered for recent wars will be taken away. If Russia could secure an entrance to the Mediterranean she would probably cease to trouble the peace of Europe. She is making great strides forward in civilization, and in the future is more likely to become republican than some countries which now possess Parliamentary Government. If the world should become peaceful there would be no motive for Great Britain separating from the Colonies.

Speculation on these matters is utterly vain. Sensible men will deal with events as they occur, will neither anticipate evil nor rush into experiments which existing conditions do not demand. In a sense Imperial Federation exists now, but it is a union which admits independent action in all the more important departments of government, and does not prevent joint action by the Mother Country and the Colonies on any matter. The demand for closer union does not come from practical politicians, but from sanguine theorists. No one is able to suggest a scheme for the government of the Empire by one legislature which any man of sense would consider satisfactory. For Canadians there is no other reasonable course than to pursue the even tenor of their way; develop the resources of their magnificent country with enterprise, but yet with economy, trade with those who are willing to reciprocate; and discourage every attempt to divert them from the work of building up a great nationality, either independent or in connection with Great Britain, as the course of events may show to be advisable.

SAVILLE.

OTTAWA LETTER.

It is all over. The banquet and reception were over and forgotten a week ago; the banquet at which Lord Lansdowne made the speech of his whole gubernatorial term, the reception at which Ottawa society in all its best beauty underwent the tightest packing of the season for the privilege of a farewell pressure of their Excellencies' finger-tips. Prorogation is over, with the addresses which preceded it, when His Excellency, in making his simple and sincere reply, was distinctly affected, and Her Excellency, very pretty in pale blue pongee, with pompons in her little white bonnet, and pearls about her neck, looked nervously concerned.

The farewell demonstration is over, flags flying, cannon booming, public dignitaries in cabs, social eminences in their own traps, non-eminences trooping along the sidewalks and smiling in the street-corners, cheers for the Governor, cheers for the Honourable the First Minister, wide enthusiasm. Ottawa has given Lord Lansdowne such a send-off as never a Governor-General received from the Capital before, even the able and popular Dufferin, or the cultured and appreciative Lorne. There is no doubt that our departed Governor has been personally well liked here in spite of the limitations upon good fellowship that the Viceregal function imposes. Social conduct at Rideau is so official in its nature that it is not easy to detect the pure element of sympathetic intercourse, but there is no doubt that it existed between Lord Lansdowne and his Canadian friends, to an extent which they valued no more than he. His official course has inspired a universal respect. In his acquaintance with the affairs of the country he has been thorough and painstaking; in the discharge of his own special duties he has been admirably correct. Upon every occasion, and in every place, he has maintained the dignity of his office, which, if it has not been greatly magnified by his tenure has certainly lost none of its august proportions since he held it. All this was an excellent *fond* for a demonstration which several other circumstances combined to emphasize. One was the fact that Ottawa is fortunate enough to have an energetic and enthusiastic gentleman in her present Mayor, Mr. McLeod Stewart, who is also a warm personal friend of Lord Lansdowne's.

Another is of course the Anti-Land League feeling which the visit of Mr. William O'Brien did so much to develop in Canada, and which has ever since only waited further opportunity to make itself known. And another perhaps is the sentiment of attachment to England, touched and quickened as it has been during the last three months by the discussion of questions broadly affecting our relations with her. It cannot be unrecognized that all these influences worked together to give Lord Lansdowne a farewell such as he deserved, and such as any Governor-General who faithfully and honourably fills the position deserves. And it is pleasant to think that—far more important than the immediate personal gratification it must have afforded him—this token of Canadian appreciation cannot fail to assist him in further achieving that which it is every true English nobleman's dearest ambition to achieve, important service to his country and his Queen.

During the interim the society of the Capital is without its official head. As a body it is patiently waiting recapitulation, individually it is wondering how things will go when the new king shall arise who knows not Joseph. I speak of course of the very frivolous, of the gilded ambitious of the comparatively new and uncertain. The steady-going old civil servant, whose mutton-chop whiskers have been whitening over his desk these many years, who got his military title in Her Majesty's service "at home," and has experienced criticisms for you of every gubernatorial wine-cellar since Confederation, does not give himself much trouble about it. He and his wife will go to Rideau to dinner two or three times a year as a matter of course; it is almost a perquisite, it is certainly a slight amelioration to life in a colonial capital, which is provided in the unwritten order of things prevailing wherever the British flag floats over an enlightened people. But these are the exceptions, and the exceptions are growing fewer, as they must in any democratic country entertaining the democratic idea of self-government and spoils. There are a great many others who are not deeply exercised—the households of the Cabinet, whose claim to consideration is at least temporarily assured, the residents of wealth and influence who have ever with them an *aide* or two in the red brick resplendence of their West-End dinners or the white brick resplendence of their Sandy Hill teas, the very large number of people whose incomes will not allow them to entertain the Household, and who therefore very sensibly keep out of the official round of gayety altogether. But the rest, from the newly-gilt matron, not yet quite accustomed to her own *bric-à-brac*, to the appointee of this Session, who has already furtively invested a portion of his first month's salary in a book of etiquette, the rest are agitated.

The social system of Ottawa is peculiar. Comparison with that of London, where laws are fixed by a classification which time and temperament have made a stratification, is out of the question. One might allowably turn to Washington, the official centre of a kindred democracy for certain parallels however, and one does not find them. The Americans, with their simple and direct settlement of social forms during Congress, by official precedence, might teach us a valuable lesson. Our ideas are more complicated, and the result is a social procedure which suggests by turns St. James's, a democratic seat of government, and a country town.

The newly arrived member's first duty is to pay his respects at Government House; and as it consists merely in walking, driving, or "tramping" out past the mills and over the Rideau Bridge and up the curving birch-bordered way to the hall, and writing his name in a registry book, this is not an onerous one. Then he and his wife, if he be so blessed, are informed that they are at liberty to call upon the speakers' wives on their reception days, as that is a formality which custom sanctions in Ottawa. Naturally enough the unsophisticated pair, fresh perhaps from the wilds of—but that would be invidious—look to see precedence further governing the action of the Parliamentary population of Ottawa. They might reasonably expect to be required to pay the visit of deference to the wives of the Supreme Court Judges, as the Americans say, to "the ladies of the Cabinet," and to the Senatorial better halves. But this is not the custom, in fact there is no custom visible to the naked eye. The new member's wife is a stranger, and as a stranger she must languish behind her third story hotel window until she is taken notice of according to the usage of Montreal, or Toronto, or Cainsville, or Medicine Hat. Doubtless the lady in question finding that though life is short and the Session shorter, the attractions of Ottawa are soon exhausted therein, wishes that a less provincial system prevailed. Certainly the present one imposes much trouble and responsibility upon ladies whose position gives them an unqualified right to reverse it during the Parliamentary term. Society, moreover, being thus made more accessible, would also be made more interesting.

SARA J. DUNCAN.

SWINBURNE, who is now nearly fifty years old, is living in retirement in Fulham, in the house of his friend, Theodore Watts. The once extremely radical poet is said to have become quite conservative under the influence of this same friend. The portrait of the poet, as a young man, with which so many of his readers have become familiar, has little resemblance to the Mr. Swinburne of to-day. The high forehead has become still higher, and the bushy, reddish hair has become quite thin and white.

ALL goes to show that the soul in man is not an organ, but animates and exercises all organs; is not a function like the power of memory, of calculation, of comparison, but uses these as hands and feet; is not a faculty, but a light; is not the intellect or the will, but the master of the intellect and the will; is the background of our being in which they lie; an immensity not possessed, and that cannot be possessed. From within or from behind, a light shines through us upon things, and makes us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all.—Emerson.