

the nineteenth century, in haste to be filled up and become rich. Let it have patience. Its time will come; for Lord Dufferin was not too enthusiastic when he called it a "glorious Province." There is other wealth than that which comes from the labour of the farmer. A vein of gold-bearing quartz or argentiferous galena will draw men with pick and shovel from the ends of the earth, and build up a town in a month. An acre of water on the lower Fraser, or on one of the innumerable inlets that cut deep into island and mainland, will yield more than the richest prairie farm. These pastures of the sea are exhaustless, for as fast as they are cropped the Pacific contributes fresh supplies, and the fisherman does not need to till and feed the soil from which he expects to reap. A spar of Douglas pine is worth more than a field of wheat. And the coal of Nanaimo is the best on the Pacific coast. All that British Columbia needs for its full development is labour. Therefore, let it welcome every kind of labour that offers to cultivate its soil, work in its canneries, dig in its mines, or build its roads. All such labour enriches a country, no matter who the labourers may be, no matter whether they eat pork and rice or beef and potatoes, no matter whether they smoke opium or drink whiskey. Make laws against all kinds of immorality and uncleanness that law can reach; prohibit both opium and whiskey, but encourage labour. Labour is capital, the only capital that can be depended on and that needs the least regulation by politicians. Therefore, not only because God loves the world, not only because all men are free—free to sell their labour and enjoy its fruits—but because the common weal is most promoted when the rights of the meanest are respected, British Columbia should scorn to imitate the anti-social legislation of California. Looking at the Chinaman in no other light than a piece of machinery, welcome him. Machinery is just what such a Province needs. It can never be developed except by the use of all kinds of labour-saving machines. Of course every new machine, and even every improvement in machinery, displaces labour to some extent. Hardships may have to be suffered by a class for a time; but in the end all will be benefited. Never did four millions of people make greater sacrifices to bind themselves into material unity than Canadians are now making. What is the sentiment that animates us? A faith that the British name and British institutions are worth making sacrifices for. Our flag symbolizes a wonderful past, and the chief glory of that past from the days of Alfred, the Barons of Runnymede, Hampden, or Sydney, is the memory of ancestors who have willingly died for the good old cause of human freedom. We cannot live where men are treated as anything less than men.

THE END.