

is quite another matter from openly exercising the privileges of free speech, and by fair argument and honest reason seeking to convince the judgment of their fellow-countrymen. The advocate of political union with the United States has as good a right to present his case to the Canadian people as the imperialist, and the people who desire to reach a right conclusion are bound to hear and weigh everything that can be offered upon the question—the momentous question of Canada's destiny. The supreme point, as I conceive it, is which alternative stands for the best interests of Canada? How can I decide without hearing all sides? Is imperialism the true solution? Then let the advocates of imperialism take the platform and demonstrate their case. Is continentalism wrong and unsound? Then what is the difficulty of so demonstrating to the intelligent thinking people of Canada? If there is anything that will throw doubt and discredit upon a cause, it is the fear to challenge the crucial test of fair, open and manly discussion.

"Because I have put in a plea for fair discussion, I have no doubt I shall be charged, as has often been done before, with being an advocate of political union with the States. This will be entirely without foundation. I never advocated political union, and if I were compelled to make a choice of the alternatives to-day, I would not vote for political union. But I do wish the question intelligently threshed out. Let the discussion go on and let it be fair. Let there be no gag law. Let there be no attempt to dragoon a free people into a detestable hypocrisy and a mean concealment. If there be any men in Canada who believe in political union with the United States, let them speak their minds freely. If they are wrong the imperialist will have the grateful task of exposing their fallacies. One end and one only should be kept in view on this subject—a full and honest discussion and a sober and wise decision by the Canadian people upon the question of the destiny of the Canadian people."

Your space will not permit more than one other extract from the numerous contributions of Mr. Longley to Canadian literature. The following extract from an article entitled "The Drama of Life," which recently appeared in the Canadian Magazine will serve to show that he can write philosophically and gracefully:

"The process of life is so strange, so moulded by necessity and so much the result of development that it is fortunate the reality does not appear until the play is about over. Tell the dreaming child that his visions are all moonshine, that he shall presently find himself confronted by a cold world from which nothing is got except by force and by eternal conflict; that in the race are men swifter, and in the battle are men stouter, and that when the record comes to be made up it is simply the story of a man who has jogged along with the others for a short time and then lain down to rest—and who would face the struggle? But it all follows as naturally. The dreaming boy is soon at school, and there he begins to learn that something has to be done sometime or other to keep him in existence, and that youth is the time to prepare for the emergency. By contact and competition with his fellows he finds that there is always a better than he can do. And yet he has only reached the initial stage. Hope still shines like a fadeless star. Soon the tiresome and fruitless days of apprenticeship will be over. Education completed, profession gained—then will come the realization. Manfully he buckles down to the struggle. While yet on the brink of his career love creeps in and takes masterful possession of his heart. A woman's lot is linked with his. With the beginning of real life commenced so earnestly, so hopefully, so ardently, comes marriage, and the chivalrous sense that others are dependent upon his care. The struggle means while is going on bravely. Then comes the first-born and all this suggests of love, pride and protecting care. In this way fly the years. Forty is reached and then with wisdom comes reflection. Only thirty years at most remain. What is there after all in this thing we call

human life? The best of it is past. Where is the realization of the fair dreams? Has there been success as the world goes? What will it all amount to in the end? Has there been failure and the humdrum of the struggle for actual existence? Gone are the dreams. And yet withal the romance remains. Hope still sheds its mild ray. It is not possible to stop in the race. The duties of the hour press. There is no escape from the round of duty. We jog along hoping that brighter days will come. We have not the time, the courage, nor the philosophy to look the whole situation squarely in the face. Forty passes to fifty. Quickly enough sixty is reached, then seventy. Then comes the close. Success is pleasant, but the greatest triumphs of ambition seem small when preparing to leave the scene for the unknown, and though the reckoning gives failure as the result, the hand of destiny is upon you and there is nothing to do but to turn back to the dreams of youth and mockingly compare the results. What can be done? The tale is told. What remains? The awful drama of life."

Referring to the idea of a future life, he says:

"Those great impulses of the soul—faith, hope, love—triumphant over the baser and less worthy passions, take hold of the conscious self with such overwhelming force and power that it would give the lie to every instinct, every mental conception upon which judgment is formed, to say that these were for a day and after 'life's fitful fever' is ended they should die with the mere framework which formed their tabernacle. All that constitutes the majesty of a soul, all that prompts to heroic action, all that inspires to lofty aims, all that sheds beauty and sweetness upon human exertion, is found in a sense of relationship to another unseen and profoundly mysterious life, in which the higher impulses can have a sphere commensurate with the intense yearnings which could find no adequate fruition within the compass of this life. The subtle judgments of the brain and the changeless promptings of the soul alike establish the conviction that the supreme condition of that other life is virtue, because in this it is the only condition of permanent happiness or indeed of permanence itself. Whatever is not right, just and true passes away. All triumphs except those of virtue are but mockery. Shallow, indeed, is the philosopher that does not perceive that nothing but virtue survives the test of even the span of this life."

A man of Mr. Longley's talent and progressive spirit is dwarfed by the narrow limitations of provincial politics, and it is natural to suppose that within a few years the Attorney-General of Nova Scotia will enter the federal arena, where his ability and ceaseless energy would certainly soon win for him a commanding position.

ACADIA.

Halifax, Sept. 20th, 1893.

### PARIS LETTER.

"Still harping on my daughter." For the moment the French have only eyes and ears for the Russians. No one doubts but the alliance between the two nations is an accomplished fact, and to proclaim it officially is all that is desired. The flirtation between the two Governments seems to have then ended in matrimony, but the Muscovite expects to touch a portion of the bride's fortune, of her *dot*, in the shape of a loan to set up the new housekeeping. As to the national rejoicings, the French ought not to be grudged their catch. For a quarter of a century almost they have been on the lookout for an eligible partner. The triple has now its *vis-a-vis* in the dual alliance. People may descant on that situation till Doomsday; but it is England that now holds the key of the position.

She has not a few questions to settle with Russia. For those in the far East, she will rely upon China and Australia—the latter's fleet is commencing to "advance." In Europe she has only to select her allies and to tell Russia where she must not go. With France England has to clear up her strained and foggy relations respecting Newfoundland, Siam, Madagascar and Egypt. Not many count upon these Gordian knots being untied. The counter-blast to the Franco-Russian high jinks at Toulon is the Anglo-Italian squadron parade. Simultaneous events. The latter is a kind of damper on the first; why it should be, dependent knoweth not. France, as well as England, have both the right to make for themselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness. In any continental collision, the side that the English take will be as the sword of Brennus in the scales, and with her will be Sweden, who desires to re-possess her Finland. It is not at all likely that the five allies, ready to fight like devils to uphold European peace, etc., etc., etc., will permit the British to remain an impartial looker on at their Homeric struggles, and allow her to enjoy the chestnuts. In the meantime opinion concludes she has only one thing to do—put her trust in God like all the combatants, keep her powder dry and double her Mediterranean squadrons, if necessary.

France too has her big coal strike, and considering the relative inferiority of her collieries it is just as grave in point of ultimate results as that in England. The aim is the same—higher wages, tempered with shorter hours. Public opinion is not blindly against the miners; some years ago the very idea of a strike called forth indignant protests. But the gospel of the new political economy, called Socialism, has introduced humanity—Christianity some would add—into the determination of the wage-sliding scale. The miner has a right to a fair remuneration, as have the companies to fair dividends. We are assisting, then, as the working out of the solution of the vexed question by evolution; despite misery, suffering and death, the labor classes are rehearsing their strength and demonstrating that, when organized and united, they can command attention. Unhappily these recurring breakings off of diplomatic relations between employers and employed only widen the gulf which separates them.

Benoit Malon, the philosopher socialist, was, as he directed, duly cremated on Sunday last. As he had been in his earlier days a burning and shining light among the Communists, there was a fair gathering of the *francs*. The only novelty was the employment of a "red case" for their red flag. In France the display of the red, black or white flag is prohibited in public as seditious. The red flag can be carried in a funeral procession, provided it be not unfurled; but the mourners can display it once inside the cemetery—the dead alone never return. Many dodges have been resorted to in order to trick the authorities, such as rolling it up, so that it might resemble the red part of the tricolor; however, the police insisted the flag should be covered with a case, and this has been followed; but as the law does not lay down the color of the case, the Reds have adopted a red one. The President-Secretary of the Cabmen's Syndicate, one Carrière, a Communist, was also interred the same day as Malon. He succumbed