

pedal organ, seventeen stops, three octave-couplers, three combination pedals, and the tremulant. Dr. Davies of St. Alban's inaugurated the new instrument, and Mr. Coulson with his choir, charmed the congregation by vocal accompaniments.

The slightest of rifts within the lute has been created in St. Alban's Church by a new departure in the Sunday ritual. The Litany is left out from the morning service, and is replaced by the prayers which are omitted when it is read. In the afternoon the Litany is chanted, and the choir enters and retires to processional hymns. The position of the rector during the Litany is the rift. The people forget that the Litany is a series of prayers and intercessions offered up to Deity and not to an Ottawa audience, and that the natural attitude of the priest is towards the Deity that he, in common with his people, is addressing.

A series of Saturday evening receptions are being held in the Grand Union Hotel, attended by ladies and gentlemen, the leaders of the forlorn hope, who solace themselves in song and dance, and lay the basis of future electioneering. The venerable Alex. Mackenzie is Patron-in-chief, and is supported by the kindly grey eyes of his lady, and the charming affability of Madame Laurier. It is rapidly becoming evident that if the renowned Knight of Earncliffe had allowed Mr. Choquette to teach him, as well as he has taught Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition, to sing "La Marseillaise," he might have disallowed the Jesuit's Bill, conciliated the Orangemen, and appeased the French Canadians, in one happy chorus.

The A.D.C. in waiting is compelled to announce that owing to the disappearance of Jack Frost the Saturday afternoon skating parties which have been the popular attraction at Rideau Hall, must be discontinued for the season.

The Government House Operetta was so brilliantly successful that a repetition was a necessity, and the amateur actors have since been feasting each other at the Ottawa Club.

The want of early snow in the autumn and the want of late snow at present will shorten the lumbering winter so much that the prospects of the trade are being appreciably influenced thereby. Nevertheless active preparations are going on for the opening of the mills on the Chaudière, an event which, if the mild weather continue, is expected to take place shortly.

Ottawa possesses a full-fledged lady doctor. Dr. Annie Sawyer, M.D., C.M., a graduate of Queen's University, has commenced practice as specialist for women and children.

It is proposed to extend the Street Railway System.

In one of the series of Missionary Services being conducted by the Rev. Father Drummond, the prayers of the congregation were requested on behalf of the soul of the Rev. J. J. Roy, of Winnipeg, who had made a brave and stout defence of the Disallowance Movement.

RAMBLER.

THE FATHERHOOD OF IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

ELEVEN years before the American Revolution, in 1765, at a time, be it observed, when the colonies bore something like the same ratio to the Three Kingdoms in wealth and importance which they do at present, Thomas Pownall, formerly Governor of Massachusetts Bay and South Carolina, and Lieutenant-Governor of New Jersey, published in London the second edition of his *Administration of the Colonies*. In this work (pp. 9-10) he uses these remarkable words:—

"It is, therefore, the duty of those who govern us to carry forward this lead into our system, that Great Britain may be no more considered as the kingdom of this isle only, with many appendages of provinces, colonies, settlements, and other extraneous parts, but as a grand marine dominion, consisting of our possessions in the Atlantic and in America united into a one empire, in a one center, where the seat of government is."

To effect this he claims "is the precise duty of government at this crisis."

To the British objection to give "the rights and privileges of subjects living within the realm" to persons remote from it, whose interests are rival and contrary, Pownall answers: "But the scheme of giving representatives to the colonies annexes them to and incorporates them with the realm. Their interest is contrary to that of Great Britain only so long as they are continued in the unnatural artificial state of being considered as external provinces; and they can become rivals only by continuing to increase in their separate state; but their being united to the realm is the very remedy proposed."

The American objection that this union would involve a share in the burden of the taxes he meets by saying that "the like objection can never be made with propriety, reason or justice by colonies and provinces which are constituent parts of a trading nation protected by the British marine. . . . However, if the colonies could . . . show any inequality or even inexpediency in their paying any part of the taxes, which have a retrospect to times before they were admitted to a share in the legislature, there is no doubt but that the same moderation and justice which the kingdom of England showed towards Scotland in giving it an equivalent would be extended to the colonies, by the kingdom of Great Britain."

Pownall further argued that the distance of the colonies from England, even then, was not an insuperable obstacle.

In this he differed from Burke, who some years later

declared that "nature forbade" the union; but Burke lived before science had vanquished nature, or steam and electricity had annihilated space. Americans "might flatter themselves, with some appearance of reason, too," said Adam Smith, "that the distance of America from the seat of government could not be of very long continuance. . . . In the course of a little more than a century perhaps the produce of American might exceed that of the British taxation. The seat of empire would then naturally remove itself to that part of the empire which contributed most to the general defence and support of the whole." This was during the revolt of the colonies; and the great political economist proposed that representation with taxation should be offered to each colony detaching itself from the confederacy. "The assembly which deliberates and decides concerning the affairs of every part of the empire," he said, "in order to be properly informed, ought certainly to have representatives from every part of it."

Perhaps the credit of publicly advocating the federation of the empire for the first time in British America is due to David Chisholme, a journalist of Lower Canada, who, in 1832, published at Three-Rivers a book entitled *Observations on the Rights of British Colonies to Representation in the British Parliament*. I must content myself with two extracts from this most creditable contribution to Canadian literature:—

"We have been brought up at the knees of that most patriarchal power: we have largely partaken of its bounty, and are, I hope, grateful for it; we have rejoiced in its strength, participated in its glory, and been proud of its dignity. Yet perpetual pupillage, enduring servitude, are alike unworthy of child and parent, of minor and guardian. It would forever stunt the moral and intellectual growth of the one, and degrade the other, in the estimation of all reflecting men, as a proud and haughty tyrant, both unwilling to allow others to participate in his privileges, and incapable of entertaining one generous sentiment. Nor, indeed, is our ambition very great. The boon which we seek is not entire emancipation. It is not uncontrolled liberty to do for ourselves as we best can, like other members of the family who have gone out from us to return no more. It is not the wild freedom of the reckless and abandoned profligate. We do not, like the prodigal, ask the portion of goods that falleth to us, with the view of taking our journey into a far country, and there wasting our substance with riotous living. Our desire, on the contrary, is only to continue members of the happy family in which we have been born and brought up; to draw both the paternal and fraternal bonds tighter and tighter around us; and to strengthen the chains of the family communion."

"But we desire at the same time to enjoy equal rights and equal privileges. We desire to be put on the same footing with the other members of the family. Being persons of some little means, we desire, because we think it is our right, to have some voice in the management of it. Being joint-heirs of the inheritance of our forefathers, we desire to be consulted in its management. Being heirs-at-law to the patrimony of the British Constitution, we desire to participate in the benefits arising from it. Being of age and of sound mind and judgment, we desire to be acknowledged as men capable of filling our station at the council board, particularly when our own immediate goods and chattels are to be disposed of. Being now of mature age, we desire that our leading-strings may be cut away from us, and that we may be permitted to pursue the course which right and nature alike dictate. We desire that the emblems of manhood, the *toga virilis*, may be delivered to us."

"The children of the same national family," says Mr. Chisholme in another part of his book "the subjects of the same Crown—the heirs of the same constitution—the objects of the equal protection of our laws—the inheritors of British freedom—and the undistinguished claimants of British justice—stretch to us, ere it be too late, the right hand of fellowship; introduce us into your councils; admit us into your confidence, especially when all we possess on earth is endangered, and all will yet be well. We shall then indeed be one people, with common rights, common privileges, common laws, and common interests. 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God!'"

The germs of the idea of Imperial Federation may, however, be traced much farther back than Chisholme or Adam Smith or Pownall. The great thinker, Francis Bacon, approved of the cardinal principle of Imperial Federation, that benefits, responsibilities and obligations should be reciprocal between the constituent parts of an empire. In his letter to King James "On the True Greatness of the Kingdom of Britain," he lays down four conditions under which alone "greatness of territory addeth strength;" and the fourth condition is "that no part or province of the state be utterly unprofitable, but do confer some use or service to the state." In the same letter he observes: "Concerning the proportion between the principal region and those which are but secondary, there must evermore distinction be made between the *body* or *stem* of the tree and the *boughs* and *branches*. For if the top be overgreat and the stalk too slender, there can be no strength. . . . And therefore we see that when the state of Rome grew great, they were enforced to naturalize the Latins or Italians, because the Roman *stem* could not bear the provinces and Italy both as *branches*: and the like they were content after to do to most of the Gauls."

It is true, nevertheless, that Judge Haliburton looked on the question more nearly from the standpoint of a

modern federationist than any of these earlier thinkers. If he was not the first of the prophets, we may not unreasonably claim that he was the John the Baptist of the new political evangel—unless indeed this title be more justly due to another eminent Nova Scotian, Hon. Joseph Howe, who in 1866, in a pamphlet printed in London, formulated what was very probably the first published scheme of Imperial Federation.

Halifax, N.S.

F. BLAKE CROFTON.

HEARTH GLOW.

I LOVE to sit and gaze
At the ruddy sea-coal blaze,
While the solemn clock its tale of time forthtells;

And the silence of the room
And the outer night's dark gloom
Are broken by the passing street car bells.

On my knee there rests a book,
But the charming ingle-nook
Has wooed me from its pages far away;

And the measured stroke of time
Beats responsive to my rhyme,
As in fancies' fields a wanderer I stray.

How the pictures come and go
In the red flame's fitful glow,
As the pages of my life are there outspread!

And again the tale is told
In the molten yellow gold
Of the coal that gleams like hope before 'tis dead.

As some voyager afloat
Calmly rests within the boat
Which bears him down the river to the sea,

While he looks behind, before,
At the nigh and farther shore,
And bethinks him of his life its mystery;

So 'tis ever thus in life
'Mid the toiling and the strife,
And the longing for the better things to come,

That our thoughts will often turn
While the fires of life still burn
To the magic web time weaves about our home.

Toronto, March 8, 1889.

T. E. MOBERLY.

MONTREAL LETTER.

TO the stranger possessed of average susceptibility few things can be more distressing than a walk along the streets of Montreal. On a summer's morning his path is rudely interrupted by knocks on his shins from vagrant blocks of ice waiting till the cook may kill two birds with one stone when the baker rings. At the next corner he stumbles on barrels from the back yards in all stages of reptation and dilapidation. A step further brings him into unsuspecting conflict with discarded culinary utensils, or an unclaimed deceased domestic pet. Seeking refuge in our square he will run against an array of patent, foldable, self-adjusting, ever-replenishable newspaper boards, the ruins of wooden fences which we maintain for the exclusive use of the ordinary advertiser not being obstructive enough for the press interest. He will discover that in Montreal, trees are not so much for beauty and shade as for relieving the lamp-posts of their accumulation of rocking-horses and toy-perambulators. In a self-protective effort to keep out of a barrel of oysters at one shop-door, he drops into a box of fish at the next; and if Providence should protect him from jockey butcher-boys at one corner, it is that he may be reserved for a worse fate from competitive cabbies at the next.

Let our friend come in winter and he will find himself out of the frying pan into the fire. From above, from below, on the right of him, on the left of him, there lurk dangers in whose presence fish-boxes and oyster barrels may hide their considerate heads. As he, unwary, seeks to doff his hat in gallantry, his feet simultaneously tobogan at a tangent off the hog's back, and he is saved from careering through twelve feet of plate glass only by interviewing and conflicting hogs' backs, of a resentful, if not distinctly retaliative disposition. His equilibrium shortly returning, he discovers that the fates are not yet reconciled. Shopman A, more from obstinacy than duty, has cleared his snow to the flags. His neighbour B, busily polishing his window-panes looks down upon A from a two-foot solid platform, leaving it to the imaginative invention of the pedestrian to hoist himself in his own fashion. Next door Bookseller C, owning perhaps a pick, but not a shovel, has indulged in a series of interesting and original experiments between the two-feet high and the flag level, resulting in a quarry of indefinitely sized boulders; and, dinner being ready, or some one in urgent need of a postage-stamp, permits nature leisurely to complete the erratic process. As the stranger pauses to reflect upon the varied ingenuity and individuality of mankind, the question receives a stimulating aspect by an avalanche from the roof on his innocent head, or is