

reformed. The *Nation*, amongst others, denounces this view as distinctly immoral, and quotes, not without force, some of the pledges which the Presbyterian minister, for example, makes at his ordination. The question is, it must be confessed, a difficult one. On the one hand there is an outcry against the absurdity of permitting the creed-makers of one age to bind the thinkers of the next, of subjecting the convictions of intelligent, scholarly and conscientious living men to the tyranny of the ecclesiastical dead-hand. "But," says the *Nation*, "the dead-hand system is a fact in ecclesiastical organization, whether we like it or not. Its legal sanctions are unquestionable; that is admitted. But its moral sanctions are just as unquestionable. It is the only way a denomination has of maintaining its integrity. It is its instinct of self preservation. And no man is called upon to submit himself to it with his eyes shut." To some of the statements in this rejoinder, the other party will not, we fancy, assent. He will affirm that it is not true that the cast-iron creed is essential to the self-preservation of the church. He may point to denominations which have maintained their integrity for centuries without any binding form of creed, or creed-subscription. He may go further and say that the church is a self-ruling and self-perpetuating organization, and hence the comparison with legal sanctions, imposed and enforced by a power without, does not hold. The analogy fails at a vital point. He may go still further and say that the fight is against the creed itself. It is the struggle of members of a self-governing society for a change in the constitution. The right to change cannot be denied, has in fact been admitted by the action of the very church taken as an example, the Presbyterian Church. But the right to modify to an unlimited extent implies the right to abolish. Suppose that nine tenths of the members of the Presbyterian Church should wish to repudiate or do away with certain articles of its creed, or with the whole of them. Would they not have the moral right to do so? We are not sure that the malcontents have not, after all, the best of the argument. The *Nation* goes on to say that all its sympathies are with the men in the various denominations "who are open-minded enough to see how the new wine of modern research is hopelessly bursting the old ecclesiastical wine-skins." There are on the statute-books of the British, and probably of other nations, many old laws which have never been repealed, but which no one thinks of observing. They have simply become obsolete. The *Nation's* admission suggests the question whether it is not probable that the abolition of creed-bonds may be brought about in the course of time by an analogous process.

WE are pleased to see the proposition to erect in this country a concrete memorial of the late Sir John A. Macdonald taking such definite shape. His influence upon the country was enormous, both within our own boundaries and beyond them. Canada now is thought of, spoken of, and written of as she never was before, and even political opponents of our late Premier must grant that had Canada not had a man of such ability at her head for so many years this might not have been as true as it is to-day. And when that great leader has gone, it is time for even political opponents to sink acrimonious criticism and to aid in perpetuating the memory of a great name. Whatever views are held in regard to particular political methods or achievements, at all events one and all can conscientiously contribute towards a national memorial to Sir John Macdonald. It would be idle to suppose that the Primrose League is the only body in which reposes a remembrance of the late Earl Beaconsfield; it would be as idle to imagine that when the time comes for the departure of the present great advocate of Home Rule only Gladstonians will cherish the memory of their leader. So it is pleasant to think that men of all shades of political thought can and will help to keep alive the name of Sir John A. Macdonald.

#### ANNEXATION AND BRITISH SENTIMENT.

THE article most interesting to Canadian readers in the *New England Magazine* for July is Mr. Walter Blackburn Harte's "A Brief for Continental Unity: a Consideration of the Sentimental Objections to Annexation." Many are in accord with the writer when he declares his disbelief in the possibility of a commercial union between Canada and the United States which would not also result in a political union, nay which would not necessarily imply, *pari passu*, a political union; but in his arguments in advocacy of that union, and in his

rebuttals of the objections urged by the opponents of a union in any form, on the ground of *pro*-British sentiment, we join issue with him. Even if we should with certain large qualifications grant a partial truth in the assertion that "the only really deep-rooted anti-American feeling in the country is the peculiar monopoly of those eccentric 'patriots' who fought against their kith and kin in the Revolutionary War, and who, through the fortunes of war, were compelled to emigrate into what was then the wilderness of Nova Scotia," is no consideration, we ask, to be paid to the "sentiments" of these "eccentric 'patriots'" as Mr. Harte is pleased to call them? The same question may be put in regard to them and their descendants as is now put in regard to Ulster in the Irish Home-Rule problem. Again, "it is ridiculous," says Mr. Harte, "to imagine that the Anglo-Saxon Race can build up and maintain two separate and aggressive nations on this continent." The adjective "ridiculous" is strong. Many quite seriously think the reverse, especially as the nations are (if regard is had to their highly composite character) hardly Anglo-Saxon, are not altogether separate (as Mr. Harte has himself been at much pains to point out), and are not at all aggressive. Indeed there are those who think that what really is ridiculous to imagine is the permanence of that curious conglomeration of peoples styled the United States. Were it ruled by a despot as is Russia, or were it surrounded by a ring of hostile neighbours as is Austro-Hungary, it might be impossible to prophesy the length or prosperity of its political and commercial career; but under a republican form of government, and with no including boundaries to its inherent centrifugal forces, there are those who think it might be quite possible to prophesy for it a very different future, a future of disintegration and dismemberment. But no doubt to Mr. Harte this seems as "ridiculous" as does the continuance in perpetuity of two related and contiguous countries. Besides, this British sentiment which Mr. Harte has not troubled himself to analyse is itself a compound factor in the problem. It has many sources and many aspects; it exists as well in those of British origin as in those of Canadian birth; its roots strike deep and wide, and draw nourishment not only from patriotism but from such diverse influences as self-respect, legitimate national ambition, and unwillingness to submit to national obliteration or to identification with a nation whose political ethics—whatever our own—are not unexcelled in purity. Above all can anyone say there is in either country anything approaching a consensus of opinion on what Mr. Harte calls "the topic of the hour"? However, we are not concerned to follow this facile writer through his many pages of assertions, assertions such as "the Canadian Pacific Railroad . . . is to all intents and purposes an American enterprise"—"the British Government does not expect to hold the colonies for very much longer"—"it would give them [British Statesmen] no greater concern to have Canada link her destinies with those of the United States than to have her begin her own national housekeeping in complete independence"—"the difficulties in the way of assimilation consist almost purely of tariff entanglements; and these, with an enlightened Government, are easily [!] disposed of." There is a sound as of base metal in these sentences: they hardly ring "true"; they do not impress us over-strongly with the idea that their composer is an ardent and assiduous student of all those highly complicated commercial, political, and social problems which group themselves in crowds about the relationships of the two New World scions of that old and great nation which a German writer thinks conspicuous for its "political sense." It is easy, few things are easier than to take a very general and by consequence a very superficial view of a deep and momentous question. First impressions are keen, and that very keenness makes possible their enunciation in smart and attractive phraseology—a phraseology heightened in its smartness by a not unpleasant adaptation of American glibness and American wit. We at all events shall not here attempt the task of answering the multifarious topics Mr. Harte has touched with so light a heart and so deft a hand.

Essay-writers sometimes rush in where statesmen fear to tread. By the former the thing called British sentiment can of course be treated as of little moment in the ultimate solution of a difficult international problem; by the latter its deep significance can never be deliberately ignored, for, as we have said, it itself is a complex thing and perhaps includes deeper and more significant influences than the somewhat unhappy term "sentiment" implies.

#### SHAKSPERE'S HEROINES.

BEYOND the student's cloister, far away  
From earth's dull fancies, lies a land Elysian—  
The haunted land where Shakspeare's women stray  
Through shadowy groves and golden glades of vision;  
There he has wander'd oft, as well he may,  
Cooling the fever of a hot ambition,  
'Midst ghostly shades of palaces divine,  
To pray at Shakspeare's Soul as at a shrine!

Fair are those fan'd dames all, some pure as foam,  
And sadder some than dames that earth-born are;  
From Juliet, calm and beautiful as home,  
Whose love was whiter than the morning star,  
To Egypt, where the rebel lord of Rome  
Loll'd at her knee and watch'd the world from far—  
Selling his manhood for a woman's kiss,  
And fretting in the heyday of his bliss.

There Portia argues love against the Jew  
With quips and quiddities of azure eyes;  
Fidele mourns for Posthumus untrue,  
And wanders homeless under angry skies;  
There pale Ophelia moans her ditties new,  
Sad as the swan's weird music when it dies;  
There roaming hand in hand, as free as wind,  
Walk little Celia and tall Rosalind.

And slender Julia, mask'd in man's attire,  
Praising her own sweet face which Proteus wrongs;  
Miranda, uncaress'd, strikes soft the lyre  
Of her own wishes into fairy songs;  
And stainless Hero, flashing into fire,  
Chides with her death the lie her love prolongs;  
With buxom Beatrice, whose heart denies  
The jest she still endorses with her eyes!

Shipwreck'd Marina wanders through the night,  
Blushing at sound and trembling for the morn,  
While blue-eyed Constance rises up full height  
To fortify her heart with words of scorn;  
The lass of Florizel in tearful plight  
Still seeks her hope in labyrinths forlorn;  
And high upon a pinnacle we see  
Cordelia weeping at the wild King's knee!

There in the darkest corner of the land  
Strides one with blacker brows and looks of pain,  
Heart-haunted by the shade of past command—  
The pale-faced Queen who sinned beside the Thane;  
And still she moans, and eyes a bloody hand  
That once was lily-white, without a stain;  
Robb'd of the strength which help'd the Thane to climb  
When growing with the majesty of crime.

See in the centre of a little hall,  
Roof'd by a patch of sky with stars and moon,  
Titania sighs a love-sick madrigal,  
Thron'd in the red heart of a rose of June;  
And round about the fairies rise and fall  
Like daisies' shadows to an elfin tune;  
Behind them, plaining through a citron grove,  
Moves gentle Hermia, chasing hope and love.

He dreams in this delicious land, where Song  
Epitomiz'd all beauty and all love,  
Familiar as his mother's face, the throng  
Of those who through its shady vistas move;  
Time listens to the sorrow they prolong,  
And Fancy weeps beside them, and above  
Broods Music, wearing on her golden wings  
The darkness of sublime imaginings.

O let him, dreaming on in this sweet place,  
Draw near to Shakspeare's Soul with reverent eyes,  
Let him dream on, forgetting time and space,  
Pavilion'd in a golden Paradise,  
Where smiles are conjured on the stately face,  
And true-love kisses mix with tears and sighs;  
Where each immortal heroine prolongs  
The life our Shakspeare calenur'd in songs.

Woodside, Berlin.

JOHN KING.

#### THE NEW EMPIRE.\*

"THE New Empire" is well worthy to be called the book of the year, so far as Canada is concerned. It appears, too, at the right time, for it was in 1791 that the Imperial Act was passed which divided the old Province of Quebec into two distinct colonies, set apart the new colony of Upper Canada to be a home for British emigration, and embodied a constitution that was, in the words of Governor Simcoe to his first Parliament, "no mutilated constitution, but an image and transcript of that of Great Britain." This great Constitutional Act, which created the first of the modern colonies, as distinguished from all the former colonies or from the present Crown Colonies, took effect by proclamation on the 26th December, 1791, though it was not till the 17th September, 1792, that Governor Simcoe was able to meet the first Parliament of Upper Canada. If any dates are worthy of being remembered by Canadians these should,

\* "The New Empire." By O. A. Howland. Toronto: Hart and Company.