

But we were perhaps more grateful to Mr. Davin for introducing us to "Elaine" than for introducing us to any other fact connected with Regina. "Elaine's" real name I am not yet at liberty to disclose, only as she appeared in our eye a very poetical fact, as a poetical fact I would speak of her till she shall speak for herself. Mr. Davin read us some pretty bits of pathetic verse, some charmingly humorous rhymes, and a quaint prairie sketch; we were therefore quite prepared to find a very literary lady indeed when we accepted her hospitable invitation to dine in the evening. We found a literary lady, but I hardly know which I enjoyed most, her coffee or her conversation; which I most admired, her verses or the coquettish way she had transmogrified her log cabin. That men should be their own doctors and joiners is comprehensible, but have we not treble reason to call this the land of promise where a lady can compose a distich with as much facility as she can a pudding; where carpentering and cantos go hand in hand.

LOUIS LLOYD.

A PHOTOGRAPH.

A TINY scrap of card-board—nothing more—
Some five or six small inches long, in width
Scarce more than two—upon the open desk
Before me lies—a simple thing in sooth
To turn the thoughts to wand'ring fantasy—
And yet—I muse awhile, and dreaming watch
The pale blue ringlets of my cigarette
In scented fragrance vanish, ere again
A second look I take—a second word
Upon the page before me dare to write!

A child's sweet face. Upon the graceful head,
Scarce sixteen summers—lightly come and gone—
Their tender touch have laid—a face
To dream of sleeping, and awaking dream
Again—a beauty rare, replete
With guileless innocence, of purity
The incarnation, and of love—Ah! well,
Such wayward musings needs must have an end,
Scarce sixteen summers, said I! I forget!

And yet the face I love! In the dark eyes,
Where just methinks the faintest little shade
Of winsome coquetry lies hid, I see
Strange portents mirrored, of the soul within
The outward symbols. O'er the childish brow
The softly-curling waves of dark-brown hair
Break heavy, and upon those faultless lips
(What bow of Cupid could more perfect be?)
Plays a half-smile.

Where the white clinging robe
Meets o'er the snowy bosom, nestling close
A fresh culled posy lies—two fragrant flowers
Of purity and grace together blent!

What shall the future bring? Ah! who can tell?
Who first within the next few fleeting years
Shall pluck that blossom fair, to those dark eyes
The love-light bring, and from the rosy lips
Draw the first music of th' awakened soul's
Sweet passion?

Stay! I do again forget
Scarce sixteen summers! What have love and I,
And idle musings such as these to do
With this fair childish face? And yet—and yet,
Ah! such a subtle sense of sorrow steals
Upon me as I gaze, I have no words
For utterance—I wis not whence it springs
Nor wherefore—

Hold! enough! Before me lies
The open drawer—there let it rest again—
One little kiss, 'tis all I ask—light-pressed
Upon those sweet curved lips—aye! that at least
Is my dear privilege—stay, I am mad
Indeed! Scarce sixteen summers! Well—Goodnight!

J. CARLOW.

IMPERIAL CONFEDERATION.

THE vitality that seems to be inherent in the question of Imperial Federation is a phenomenon not easily explained, especially in face of the fact that nearly every proposal favouring the taking of practical steps towards its realization has been set aside as Utopian, if not worthy of ridicule. The father of the movement, when driven from the activities of practical statesmanship by the irresoluteness of his colleagues, sought retreat from the vexations of party intrigue in the highest sphere of living statesmanship, in the realm of theory, where the patriotism that seeketh not its own but the good of all seems alone to have freedom. From such a retreat, as we know, he gave to the world his marvellous dream of a political unity for the empire, wittingly setting it afloat upon that sentiment of loyalty which is the birthright of every true British subject, be he resident of the British Isles, or of the colonies; and ever since the sentiment seems to

have been its only support. The fact is, there are few colonists who are not Federationists at heart, though in being such they may not know what Federation means in the sense in which Mr. Forster understood it, nor have the slightest intention of joining any of the Federation Leagues which are said to exist in every part of the empire. If the end to be gained by the Federationists be political amity, then must there be antagonisms at the present moment, or else they are crying for something which has already been realized. That there are no present antagonisms having a tendency towards ultimate estrangement between the colonies and the motherland, or between one colony and another, goes without saying, if the words of our more prominent politicians mean anything. Hardly a day passes without the declaration on the part of our Macdonalds, Langevins, and Macarthies, that the feeling of loyalty towards the mother country was never stronger in Canada than it is at the present time. And if such be the case with the other colonies, as their representatives are ever likewise declaring in the hearing of London hospitalities, there must be something in the wind among the Federationists than mere national amity among the various elements of the empire. And yet, what is of such importance as the permanency of this feeling of national brotherly kindness? Is there anything in the world of more importance? Is there anything in the world so easily broken, or which, when once broken, is so difficult to restore? If the Federationists would read aright the history of the events which led to the American War of Independence, or the events which have brought about the present unhappy condition of Ireland, they would be less anxious to assume the responsibility of endangering the present friendly relationship between Great Britain and her colonies by tightening the ties of a political partnership in which so many of the interests at stake are anything but identical. Ever since Confederation the development of a Canadian national spirit has been a theme on every Canadian's lips. But a national spirit with political tendencies within a wider nationality is an impossibility where peace is to be preserved, and Scotland was shrewd enough to recognize this after the union when she sought to preserve her national spirit in the social, and not in the political. But Scotland was a nation before union came, while the nation promised by Confederation has been so far little better than a make believe; and all the fine things which have been uttered in fostering the idea of Canada's becoming a nation have been thrown away if our Canada-First men become Federationists. Indeed, as it appears to many of us who have had little opportunity of expressing ourselves on the subject, were we to have, in actual fact, all that the members of the Federation League claim we would have under the new Imperial Constitution, of which, by the way, they never speak but in a faltering manner, we of the colonies would, in all probability, lose the bracing sentiment of loyalty we possess towards the motherland, under the straining of a fiscal or defence policy which, in the nature of things, could not be satisfactory to all of us.

That there are two very different ways of looking at this subject has been specially brought to my notice by reading the report of a Federation meeting lately held in my native town. Sir Frederick Young, who takes rank with Lord Rosebery as an enthusiastic Federationist, has been visiting Scotland during the month of September on a lecturing tour, and if his address at Johnstone is to be taken as an enunciation of what Federation really portends, it would appear that very little progress has been made in the development of the original idea. In his whole address he advanced no argument which would have drawn from a Canadian audience the rounds of applause which greeted nearly everything he said at Johnstone. Everything he said seemed to gratify his Scottish hearers. For example, taking his stand upon Adam Smith's maxim that national solidity or national wealth rested upon the tripod of "Land, Labour, and Capital," he maintained that as the first was superabundant in the colonies, and the second and third in the mother country, there was nothing for it but to bring all into closer political union, were national solidity to be secured. Sir Frederick, however, forgot that the aim of the colonies for the past twenty years has been to establish a nationality of their own upon the self-same tripod, and with the land and labour of their own they have succeeded fairly well in obtaining all the capital they want, and more, perhaps, than they should wish for, even under the political relationship of the present time. It is all very well for Sir Frederick to excite the laird of Castlesemple, to declare, while moving a vote of thanks, that Great Britain without the colonies was no power at all, and that the colonies without Great Britain were not worth a fig; but it will cost Sir Frederick and Mr. Shand-Harvey many years of missionary enterprise in the colonies to convince us of this, or to induce us to give up our hopes of a future of our own, through the coaxings of capital when seeking an investment. In a word the colonies are very well satisfied with the connection as it is at present, with the prestige of Great Britain behind us in our budding national enterprises, as a sort of protection *in posse*; and should the people of Great Britain ever come to think that we have the best of the bargain or come to say that Federation or Separation is our alternative, the reply which Sir John A. Macdonald has made in face of the Retaliation proposal may be taken as a hint of what Canada may say under such a threat.

Another of Sir Frederick Young's pet axioms and one which seemed to tickle the ears of his audience as an infallible assurance, has come to be looked upon on this side of the Atlantic as mere Federation cant. "Trade follows the flag," said Sir Frederick, at Johnstone, and we have heard the same from a Federationist in Canada, but only to be greeted with ridicule. Trade may have done so when Great Britain was, beyond all competitors, the manufacturing centre of the world, with the commerce of the world very much in her own hands. But times have changed since then, and probably the fact that they have changed has had something to do with the vitality in this question of Federation, a suspicion which is by no means weakened when we hear of one of Sir Frederick's audience declaring after