

claim a share in all its triumphs, and to render a willing homage to the Representative of the Crown.

Whatever our aspirations may be, it is surely no mean privilege which we share, in our relations to the world-wide empire of Britain; to her who has been the exemplar of the nations in the freedom of self-government: to have thus far solved, for her and with her, the problem of colonial relationship in a free state. We thus present to the world a social and po-

litical achievement such as, till now, the wisest of ancient and modern nations had alike failed even to aim at; and so have wrought out, on a true basis, a system whereby the colonies and dependencies of Britain, scattered as they are on every continent, and in farthest oceans, may perpetuate their relations with the Mother Country, while partaking of all the blessings of her well-regulated freedom; or may be trained to emulate her example as independent States.

## A YEAR IN ENGLAND: WHAT I SAW, WHAT I HEARD, AND WHAT I THOUGHT.

BY A CANADIAN.

*(Continued from page 271.)*

LONDON AND THE LONDONERS.

DEAR SAMMY,—

MY first walk towards the Bank of England, about nine o'clock one morning, impressed me as I shall never forget, though I was not altogether unacquainted with the appearance of the streets of our busiest Canadian and some of our American cities. Crowds of people there were, then and always, whenever I passed that way; they evidently had business in hand, and meant to be about it. But that agitated, eager, driven look, so familiar to me on this side of the water, was conspicuous by its absence; and my astonishment was great at the comparative coolness of the people about me. They looked as if they felt that life was long enough for what they were meant to do, and as if the world would find men to do its work when they were gone. They seemed to have time to bow a recognition to

each other quietly, and pass without jostling each other off the rather narrow thoroughfares; and, Sammy, as I told you before, all this is contagious. I felt that I lived at lower pressure and just as happy, if not more so. It has occurred to me that the climate there may have something to do with calming that excitement that, it would seem, inseparably belongs to our modern life. But your English crowd is an orderly one. There stands that policeman before the Exchange, where in five minutes I have counted fifty vehicles slowly passing and seen a throng of countless human beings, and with the quiet motion of his finger he regulates matters to the general satisfaction. No one gets run over, and yet you must wonder why not. Well, this is why. From childhood the London lad is taught to recognize law, authority, rank and order, and by the time he reaches manhood he is so trained that he never