

British Columbia while the Liquor Law situation is an open farce.

Bowser proved John Oliver a failure but at what cost? Did he not forget that whether John Oliver had virility enough to make him appear and give full evidence, or not, he owed it to the People of British Columbia to tell them what he knew of transactions in which their money had been spent, largely because of the acts of a Government of which he was a member—a duty, by the way, not yet discharged. Was it not his duty to forget political advantage and discharge this duty to the electorate? For this error he has suffered much in the loss of confidence of the public at large and caused many Conservatives to seek better leadership in another Party. That they have not found it is his good fortune, not his merit.

Again his waste of time in continual attacks on Oliver and his followers, sometimes succeeding, sometimes failing, occasionally of value but, in the main, useless tributes to his fighting instincts, have seriously handicapped him. People have tired of the constant bickerings, and have hoped to hear more of what he and his party could do to offset the inefficiency of his opponents in power. Policies, not politicians, is what people wish discussed. Even Oliver's strongest supporters must admit that, for months, the Government has been so weak among the electorate that only the Provincial Party's errors combined with the division in the Conservative ranks gave it any real chance of succeeding itself in Legislative life.

Yet Bowser promises at this date, most to the political life of the Province. He is clean, able, energetic, clean-cut and decisive. His strongest opponent must admit that as Attorney-General he left a record for law enforcement never since approached—much less equalled. Macdonald, Farris, Manson, the first two, at any rate, men of ability have proven failures, when compared to him, in their administration of this office. His business ability is of no mean order and his political knowledge exceptional.

The Provincial Party having, so gratefully to him, eliminated itself and, in doing so, given to Bowser the means of convincing some thousands of Conservatives that they had been most unwise in listening to the many insidious rumours by which Bowser's authority in the Party was sought to be undermined, has greatly enhanced Bowser's already good chances of becoming our next Premier. To this must be added the increased effectiveness of a solidly united—if smaller—party. To this must be, again added a "better than usual" offering of good men as supporting Candidates. Let Bowser drop his tactics of baiting the Liberals and devote all his attention to proposed Legislative reforms and policies, and he will find himself securely seated in power with a majority whose size may be only too great.

"Canada to England"

An interested reader of this Magazine has brought under our attention verses written sixty years ago, but held to be appropriate now as well as then.

The verses, by "J. C. Patterson, Ottawa," were re-published last year in the "Ottawa Citizen." In an accompanying note it is stated that: "The sentiment certainly holds good. The local references at the time were to the death of the Prince Consort; the agitation by the Manchester school of politicians 'Let the Colonies Go,' and the Trent affair, when the Federals seized the Confederate ambassadors, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, on board the English steamer, but subsequently surrendered them on the demand of Lord Palmerston, the then Prime Minister of England."

In re-publishing the verses in this British Columbia Monthly, we need hardly point out that it might, then as now, have been better to use the name "Britain" instead of England, though we recognize that there is a sense in which "England"

is used, not merely for the British Isles, but to represent the supreme power of the British Empire.

(Ed. B. C.M.)

Mother of many prosperous lands,
Thy daughter in this bounteous West
Hath learnt that vague and undefined
A cloud comes up to mar thy rest;
That Little Englanders have arisen
Who call thine Empire's folds a prison,
And fain would lop with felon stroke
Live branches from Old England's Oak.
We are not builded thus—she stands
With loving heart and outstretched hands
To greet thee leal and kind.

Though many thousand stormy miles
Of boisterous waters wildly flow
Between us and the favored Isles,
The "Inviolable Isles" that boast thy sway,
No time or distance can divide
What gentlest links have firmest tied,
And this we would the world should know
That come what may of weal or woe
Our hearts are one this day.

Thus late when Death's white wings were spread,
And when the nation's eyes were dim,
We also bowed the reverent head
And echoed back that funeral hymn,
Responsive o'er the untimely "dead,"
We seeing clearer from afar,
Apprized his value while he stayed,
Needing not loss to teach his worth.
So seeing that another star
Was quenched we checked our Christmas mirth,
Bethought us of our Queen and prayed.
A people's heart was in our prayer,
That He who brings the widow aid
Might comfort her despair.

When recent danger threatened near
We nerved each heart to play our part
Nor making boast, nor feeling fear,
Were none to dally or to lag,
For all the grand old Island Spirit
Which Britain's chivalrous sons inherit
Was roused, and with one head, one heart,
We rallied 'round the Flag.
But Grandsire Palmerston awoke,
Part seriously and part in joke,
He showed our cousins the where and when
Our England draws the line—and then
Sagacious, practical Uncle Sam
Just doffed his cap to "Plucky Pam."

And now, as then, unchanged the same,
Though filling each our separate spheres,
Thy joys, thy griefs and thy good name
Are ours, and, or in good, or ill,
Our pride of race we have not lost,
And hence it is our loftiest boast
That we are Britons still.
And in the gradual lapse of years
We look that 'neath these Western skies
Another Britain should arise,
A worthy scion of the old.
Still to herself and lineage true
And prizing honor more than gold,
This is our hope,

And as for you,
Be just as you are, generous Mother,
And let not those who rashly speak
Things that they know not, render weak
The ties that bind us to each other.