

the master by the hand and asking how he was getting on, and how he could assist him? If they had shown some sympathy, if they had done something they would have earned the gratitude of the Canadian people and their opponents. If the National Policy had done no good to the country, which could be shown by facts and figures, which the advocates of it can show that it has, I say that if this Government had done no more than for the hon. Finance Minister, and the hon. Premier, and the hon. Minister of Railways and Canals, and the efficient and able Minister of Public Works, and the Postmaster General, and the hon. Minister of Customs, and the whole Government to visit the different factories and industries of Canada—yes, all of them have sometime or other, not just before an election, Mr. Speaker, to catch the people's votes; but after they had been entrusted with power, they immediately showed the faith that was in them and went to the factories and saw these people and did their best to help them—I say the hope they inspired in the breasts of those managers of the different factories who were hardly and sorely pressed, the hope they inspired in the breasts of the workmen that their wages would not be discontinued and they would not be out of employment; if they had done no more than make the enquiries they made and show the sympathy unto our struggling industries that they showed, they would receive and deserve the gratitude of the people of Canada. I say that these men, having attempted to repair the walls—and I will use the walls again for a simile, and for fearsome of my hon. friends opposite may think this is in Shakespeare, I tell them it is not in Shakespeare; and while they are building and repairing the walls of this great British Confederation they are opposed by the men within who should help them. Our foes indeed are those of our own household. Has it come to this, that, with a sparse population comparatively to the great area that is ours, ours by heritage—is it come to this: that we are driven by party politics to enter Parliament, and, from the moment that the Speaker takes his Chair down to the moment of Prorogation in the spring, it is one continual bitter party strife, decrying the interest of the country, because somebody else happens to be sitting on the Treasury benches? While I believe that the system of party is the best that can be devised, with all its imperfections, yet I say that we cannot afford, in the infant history of our country, to have as much politics as we have got, and to have men, merely for office—for it can be in no other interest, merely for the purpose of turning the ins out, to have them on a great national question like this sinking their patriotism, doing discredit to themselves, and injuring the country as they must and are doing. Suppose the hon. members opposite—the hon. member for West Durham, and the hon. member for East York—had risen in their places in 1880, when the contract was placed upon the Table of the House, and, in answer to the eloquent, fervent and heart-burning appeal of the hon. the Minister of Railways, had sunk all party politics in the presence of this great question, as he had done in Opposition, and had said: "We will help you, we will watch the Company, and we will help to build the road as best we can, and fight out, on party lines, the rest of the question belonging to the region of politics," these men would have risen and would have stood 100 per cent. better in the estimation of their own friends and the people of the country. Their supporters are not so much to blame. Party politics have whipped them into line, but they should not forget that we are Canadians first and politicians after that. You find in the House of Commons in England, when a great question is brought before that House, you often find the Conservatives and the Liberals—not the Radicals, but the true Liberals—working hand in hand. They do not take a party advantage when they can, because it might be disadvantageous to England and to the Empire, and the statesman there who

forgets the voice of patriotism and seeks only a party advantage sinks into insignificance, whoever he may be, in the estimation of the people. But I repeat this again, that during this Session I am afraid you will find the same tactics revived; I fear, they have commenced now. I will close by saying the lines—I will not go to the reading room and copy them—they are not Mr. Smith's—but lines which I know my hon. friends, or some of them, have read when they were but schoolboys, and learned, and that are applicable to the state of things I would wish, and that we all would wish, to see. I will quote the lines of the old dead poet, Longfellow, on the building of the Ship of State, as it occurs to me at the moment, and in the line of thought that I have followed for the last few moments. The building of this great ship, this great Confederation, was the work not of party, but of patriotic Canadians of both sides of politics; but, having had it built, as I have said before, they should seek to be Canadians first and politicians afterwards. Without any more preface I will here recite those lines—

Some hon. MEMBERS. Hear, hear.

"Thou, too, sail on, O, ship of state!
Sail on! O union strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears—"

An hon. MEMBER. Louder.

Mr. WOODWORTH. What does the hon. gentleman say?

Some hon. MEMBERS. Louder.

Mr. WOODWORTH. That reminds me of a short story. It is said that John Randolph, of Roanoke, who was a very witty man, and a very plain, blunt man, was interrupted, as I have been interrupted, while he was speaking as loudly as it was necessary to speak, and he stopped in his speech, and looked at the man in the crowd who had done it purposely for interruption, as of course I have not had it done to me, and he said: "When the archangel Gabriel shall place one foot on the sea and one on the land, and, with his silver trumpet, shall proclaim to the living and the resurrected dead, that time shall be no longer, there will be some long eared, long-nosed, wizen-faced, saffron-hued, sallow, lanky-shaped, knock-kneed, contemptible, sunken-eyed, son of a nobody, singing out 'louder.'" This is all in a parliamentary sense—and in a very parliamentary way I hope:

"Thou, too, sail on, O, ship of state!
Sail on! O union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel;
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel;
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock!
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale.
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea,
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee! Are all with thee!

I believe, Sir, that these lines are applicable now, and if we would fain hush our party strife but for a moment, and let the strong tide of Canadian patriotism call out the best feelings of our political hearts, we would respond in the words of the dead, great American poet, that—

"Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,"

are all with this great Ship of State, no matter who is at the helm of it. I thank you, Mr. Speaker,