

## Our Contributors.

### REMOVE THE CAUSES.

BY KNONONIAN.

It goes unsaid that there is a good deal of unrest in this country at the present time.

Of annexation sentiment pure and simple—that is, annexation for the sake of annexation—there is almost none.

There may be an American citizen here and there who prefers his own form of government, but that is the most natural thing in the world. There are thousands of foreigners in England for business and other reasons, who prefer their own flag.

There may be an occasional Fenian in the country who hates England on general principles, and who would like to see this country annexed just to annoy John Bull, but the number is so small that it is not worth considering.

For every man in Canada that desires continental union in any way other than by the consent of our beloved Queen, there are a hundred under the very shadow of the throne who would wreck the Empire and overturn the throne if they could. London alone has more discontented people than can be found in Canada.

For every man in Canada who would annex the country even peaceably there are dozens of men in New York or Chicago who would tear these cities to pieces in one day if they dare.

We are a law-abiding people in this country. The number of Communists, Anarchists, Socialists, or revolutionists of any kind may be counted on one's fingers. We are a peaceable people. Rarely indeed does a mob gather in any part of Canada that half a dozen able-bodied policemen cannot disperse in five minutes. A row that an average Tipperary boy would consider mere "diversion" would send any Canadian town into hysterics for a week.

We have our faults, as all the sons of Adam have, but let it be said again that we are a peaceable, quiet people. And still it must be admitted that there is a good deal of unrest in political circles. There must be some cause for this unrest.

Now we frankly say that in our opinion some citizens strongly opposed to annexation have contributed quite as much to the unrest as Goldwin Smith or Elgin Myers, Q.C., or Mr. Sol. White, M.P.P. Imperial Federationists have done their full share, and the Independence men are well up in the procession. When you find eminent citizens declaring that "we cannot go on as we are" how can you feel restless? That is not a restful kind of text. The Federationist orator begins his oration with "We cannot go on as we are." Then the Independence orator shouts "We cannot go on as we are." The advocate of political union joins the chorus, "We cannot go on as we are." To all of which it might be quietly answered: The fact that we are going on as we are shows clearly that

WE CAN GO ON AS WE ARE,

at least for the present, and perhaps for generations to come.

It would be manifestly unfair, however, to say that homilies on "We cannot go on as we are" are solely or even mainly responsible for the unrest that leads people to think and speak of political changes. When the matter is probed to the bottom we think several causes of unrest will be found at work. We shall allow representatives of these causes to tell their story.

Here is a man—often a good man, too—who has grown weary of racial and sectarian strife. He says the first thing he ever read in a newspaper was a violent article on "Papal Domination," and the last thing a double-barrelled threat to destroy confederation, no matter how the Manitoba School question is settled. One party will blow up the country if no remedial legislation is given, and the other if the Catholics are helped out of the hole in any way whatever.

Now it must be admitted that sectarian strife is very annoying to people who wish to live at peace, but it should be remembered that a good deal of what looks like strife in this country is mere wind, intended for nothing more than to help some political party or person. There is far more real hate between the North and South across the line than there would be between Catholics and Protestants in this country if demagogues would allow them to live at peace. There are no people in this country that stand in the same relation to each other as that in which the coloured and white people of the South stand. Annexation would be no cure for strife, for there are as many burning questions and noisy demagogues to the acre over there as here. Independence would make the trouble a thousand times worse, for the strong restraining hand of John Bull would then be removed.

When the Jesuit agitation was on a few years ago, a considerable number of people began to whisper about annexation as a remedy. Would any sane, truthful man now deny that the remedy would have been heroic out of all proportion to the danger of the disease. Anyway Jesuits can work over there as well as here.

Another representative man tells you that the parties do not fight fair here. Ask him what he means, and he at once tells you about the Gerrymander, stuffed voters' lists, and a number of other unsavoury things. Well, a Gerrymander is the most cowardly and vile of all modern political devices. To tie a man's hands, and then strike him and ask him with a sneer what he is going to do about it is a manly thing com-

pared with a gerrymander. It is a vile, cowardly crime, because it deprives the person wronged of the power of redress. But where did the Gerrymander come from, pray? From the very country that it is said we should unite with to purify our politics!

A third man tells you that the venal vote is so hopelessly large in Canada that fair elections are impossible. The proportion is not any larger than in the United States, and the price of votes is about the same. Recent writers tell us that the average price of votes over there runs from one to five dollars. Our election courts tell the same story. What would be gained by putting the venal voters of both countries together?

A fourth man tells us that this country is practically under the control of a great railway, and gives evidence that cannot be easily set aside. Well, until a few days ago the country to the south was practically under a number of combines. The people rose in their might the other day and set themselves free. If our people are in bondage they may free themselves some day, too. If they are the kind of people that can be kept in bonds, they would have a hard time in partnership with Uncle Sam.

It is alleged by a fifth man that our legislators are in capable of doing the kind of constitutional work that builds a nation. To this it may be replied that the legislators are appointed by the people, and if they are incapable or corrupt men the people are to blame. There are not many men even in our parliament that the people did not send there.

The great trade question remains. Let it be granted that freer trade relations would be a benefit. In all human probability these can soon be had, if the people really want them and go about getting them in a rational way, without the payment of any such price as our national existence. We want to trade badly enough, but the great majority of us do not want to trade away our country, and perhaps get little or nothing in return.

If the new Premier is half as wise as he looks he will do two things as quickly as possible. The one is to remove all causes of unrest that can be removed by legislation, or at least honestly try to do so. The other is to instruct his friends to stop using vulgar and violent threats against every citizen who may happen to say that annexation would improve business. Men with British blood in their veins never take kindly to threats. The man who says "My sentiments are in favour of British connection but annexation would improve my business" is not necessarily a rebel, or a traitor, or even an annexationist. Bullying, however, may make him an annexationist, and the bully who did the damage may go over to the United States and take the oath of allegiance within a month of the time that the damage was done.

These are times in which every real lover of British connection will use mild words and strong arguments. There is no unrest that may not be removed. Sir John Rose, Sir George Cartier, Sir Alexander Galt, Sir Leonard Tilley and Sir John Abbott and dozens of others were once avowed annexationists.

Sir John Thompson has a great opportunity. No colonial Premier ever had a greater. The best thing Principal Grant can do for this country at the present juncture is to give his old Halifax neighbour a few lectures on suavity in the treatment of discontented citizens.

### MEMORIES OF A CANADIAN MANSE.

BY KIMO.

(Continued.)

Let those who will, scoff and argue that preaching alone is the pastor's work (strange contradiction even in words), and that if he preaches well he cannot visit or take a lively interest in individual members of his church. But the memory of that pastor with his membership roll of about 400 scattered over ten miles square, of his loving intercourse with an interest in each of them, of his literary work as an author, and of the position held by him in the Church, together with the growing beauty of his life, argues more forcibly that the work of the pastor and that of the preacher are not only not antagonistic but are, in reality, inseparable. Our Lord preached, and none more powerfully, yet we find Him amongst His children in all circumstances; at the altar, by the grave, in the busy market-place, and in the quiet home, breaking in upon them while busy at their work, weary and discouraged, tenderly questioning, "Children have ye any meat?" patiently sitting in the quiet home at Bethany, stilling into peace the bustling, worried heart of his handmaiden by his gentle reproof, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful." Suddenly greeting the busy house wife at the well by the request, "give Me to drink," and giving to her to drink. In all places at all times He knew them, and taught them to know Him, so that at the close of His short pastorate of three years he was able to say, "I am the good Shepherd and know Mine own, and Mine own know Me." Not mere superficial knowledge this, knowledge simply of their names and occupations, but intimate and true knowledge of association, "even as the Father knoweth Me and I know the Father."

This is knowledge not to be gained in the dim light of the sanctuary or the darker shadows of the sick room, but only from personal contact in all places at all times.

How many of our saddest records of broken faith, of fearful falls were unrecorded, had the strong loving voice of the

pastor rung through the office above the voice of the tempter, the strong, firm hand-clasp telling of a fellow-feeling, and pointing to the great Shepherd of the flock?

How many weary, troubled mothers, sick at heart with care and woe, might be lifted to a higher realm of love and duty, by the timely visit of the pastor? The knowledge thus gained each of each, the sympathy awakened and received, forms surely a firm foundation upon which to build by maxim and precept.

Oh! our much loved pastors, remember that for us are the thorny steeps, the rough places of business life as well as the still waters of the Sabbath rest, that there are dark valleys of the shadow of death other than those in the sick-room, and come to us with a cheering word and helping hand, as we climb these steeps and thread these shadows; but few speak to us of nobler things than dollars and cents, of meat and clothing, and ere the Sabbath comes again, we are anxious about many things. The knowledge of your heart and mind, gained thus through personal contact, will interpret much of your preaching which is at present not quite plain. Oh! Shepherd, your sheep are now in the midst of wolves.

But drives—we were dreaming of drives. Again we are out in the "cutter" on a clear frosty day and Nellie is dancing along the well-beaten road, shaking out merry laughing songs from her bells as she speeds to our favourite farmhouse. How brightly the sun shines, how brilliant the sparkles, how merry the music, how happy is all! The heart seems all too small to hold the pulsing, throbbing joy of living to-day.

Soon we reach the gate. Yes, Archie is at home; he is coming "to take the horse," and struggling to our feet from out wraps innumerable we go towards the house.

A low-built log house it is, in the midst of a large orchard, some of the trees of which have gathered round it, as if to screen it from the cold, critical gaze of the careless passer by.

Vain hope; to-day, in the cold autumn wind, it stands all dismantled, the bare branches of the trees but enhancing the desolation. To a stranger 'tis but an old, log-house, to us, now as ever, a palace, the dwelling of a "king among men."

Already the door is opened, and the smiling face of the youngest daughter, already happy and sweet, comes to welcome us, followed by the older one, always so fussy with all her little kindnesses.

Again through the mists of all those years, we see the large room with its huge brown beams, its wooden partitions, so picturesquely papered; the bright rag carpet, the huge box-stove in the centre, near which sits our "king," the pensioner.

His sightless eyes turned to us as we enter, as if he would pierce the shade, would burst the bands of darkness which wrap him around; he tremblingly rises as he hears his pastor's voice. What a greeting, so healthful and quiet, as courteous and tender! Once more seated, he calls for his "horns," and with amaze we see adjusted the ear trumpets, which to this day are haunted with memories of the grand old soldier.

As we sit, dimly listening to the talk, we think long, deep thoughts of the battles he has fought, of the awfulness he has seen, and stealing to our father's side we whisper, "Will he tell us a story." With that wonderful knowledge of human nature which he possessed, the pastor started the story by the question, "How old are you now, father?" Clear and finely cut comes the answer "Ninety-seven," and after a long pause, during which we watched nervously the empty sleeve by his side, he continued, "Aye, it's sixty years now since my arm parted company with me. It was at the sad time of Corunna, when we buried our hero so quietly. I was a young man then and a smart one, and took delight in frightsome work. I was scaling a wall, when the ball came whizzing along and took away my best friend. But it's wonderful how I've managed through it all. A few years afterwards, I came out here, right into the heart of the woods. With my iron arm I went to work and felled the trees that are in this house, aye, and I helped with the building of it too, and proud we were of it. It has been a happy home in spite of the roughness; and she was aye contented and cheery, and she's got home first. Aye, the Lord has been good; it will take all of eternity to praise Him."

So they two talked so sweetly of the Master, while we watched that armless sleeve, moving uneasily as the sightless balls rolled round and seemed fixedly gazing at us, feeling certain they must see a little, and that that steady gaze was one of displeasure at us for being so small, and for having fought no battles.

Soon we gathered round the table and our king rolled in his chair to his place at the head. The snowy cloth, the crimson fruit, the golden butter, but chief of all the willow pattern plates, with the pagoda and bridge and the two doves, so eloquent of a story in a strange language. How well we see them! Then the bustling leave-taking, the moonlight, the bells, and the swift, smooth motion, all the sweetest of lullabies, singing to the heart of peace and love.

What a revelation in after years to learn that those eyes had shed tears, those hearts had throbbed in anguish over bitter wrong; that our princess had buried in her heart a sorrow more bitter than death, our king had moaned over the sins of a wayward son. If sorrow could enter our palace, could touch our king, alas for the world! what could