

is the demon we must exorcise; this the disease, the canker-worm of corruption, bred in the indolent securities of peace, that must be burned from us in the pure fire of an Imperial patriotism, that is no theory but a passion. This is our need, our supreme need of the Empire—not for its ships and guns, but for the greatness of it, the soul of it, aye for the very danger of it.

Of our spirit, then, it is not well. Nor is it well with the spirit of those in England in their thoughts of us. Jangling are they these twenty years over little Ireland that makes and unmakes ministries, and never a thought of Canada; jangling now over their Pantaloon Suffragettes and their Swaddled Bishops, wondering whether they shall still represent their self-willed Lords nose for nose in the councils of the Empire or whether they may venture now to scale them down, putting one nose for ten. One or ten, what does it matter, so there is never a voice to speak for Canada? Can they not see, these people of England that the supreme English Question now is the question of Canada: that this Conference of the year of grace 1907 might, if it would, make for us the future of the Empire? Or will they still regard us, poor outlying sheltered people of Canada, as something alien and apart, sending us ever of their youngest and silliest to prate in easy arrogance of 'home,' earning the livelihood their island cannot give, still snapping at the hand that feeds them?

And what then can this Colonial Conference effect after all, it is asked? Granting, for argument's sake, the spirit of the people that might prove it, our willingness to pay, their willingness to give us place and power, what can be done? Hard indeed is the question. Hard even to the Ready Man in the Street with his glib solution of difficulties; harder still to the thoughtful; hardest of all to those who will not think. For if we pay for this our Navy that even now defends us, and yet speak not in the councils at Westminster, then is that Taxation without Representation; straightway the soul of the Anglo-Saxon stands aghast; the grim death's-head of King John grins in the grave, while the stout ghost of old Ben