

American brethren of like tongue, like intellectual and moral life; and like ultimate aspiration for highest attainment in the progress of man.

We know—for they have proved it in various ways, peaceful and otherwise—that the leading minds in the United States have a high appreciation of our whilome, much-despised “few acres of snow”; certainly more so than the insular mind of the “Tight Little Isle,” “Our Home,” has ever evinced. To American (United States) enterprise Canada owes much—if not most—for the development of its natural resources, especially in lumbering and mining, and largely also in agricultural and marine resources—the latter in both the Atlantic and Pacific.

Time was—and that until within the last twenty years or so—that Britain had no appreciation of the value—immense economic resources—of her North American possessions. All beyond the valley of the St. Lawrence—the great North-West and the whole Pacific slope, from the Arctic to the Golden Gates of California—regions first touched, traversed and possessed by fur traders of Canada and England’s Hudson Bay Company, was regarded by her as an utterly valueless region—worth, nominally, only the two tribute beaver skins, annually, under the charter of Charles II. (1670); and, as to the Pacific slope, not worth the swing of a constable’s baton, in defence, when demanded—rightly or wrongly—by the United States, under threat of an “Oregon War.” As to the North-West of Canada—the greatest wheat and pasture field of the Empire—it was regarded, sincerely though ignorantly, as utterly valueless to the fiscal policy of the nation, and was left to the lordship of the old English fur traders of London until, by accident, the British Government was alarmed into concession to the higher claims of the Canadian people to such heritage.

All this time the United States people and Government were not slow in their knowledge and better estimate of the high value of that Greater Canada. Amongst themselves they enquired into and intelligently discussed the exceptional and vast economic values of that wild; came to know of it as the natural field for cattle raising and “the best combing wool” in the world. As to cereals, they were not so sure, for the secret had been too jealously kept by the fur traders in possession.

The knowledge of that came forth in its time; and in that the writer as one to the manor born claims some credit.

Beyond that, to the world of wealth in the slumbering Pacific, it was American enterprise, in its first transcontinental railway broaching it to Eastern commerce, that led the van of progress in that direction. Canada, in her obvious interest, quickly followed in the wake. The effort at first Canadian entirely, without the slightest aid, but, on the contrary, opposition from British capitalists and leading railway interests in Britain and Canada herself seemed, as expressed in hall and field in public by a leading statesman of the day, to the world in general, “the mad scheme of a mad Government.” The jest of the day—the scheme seemed hopeless for years, viz., from 1871 to 1880, when at last, by the infusion of American enterprise, American brains, heart and money, it started on its wondrous path. Essentially it is a Canadian work; but it is never to be forgotten *how* it was accomplished.

I thus refer to these facts and incidents not as the sole, nor even chief, reasons for Canadian amity to the people of the United States, but because they are not of general cognizance, or, at least, recognition amongst the people thus obligated. It is easy to pass on “golden bridges,” ready made; it is less so (or should be) to conscientiously discard the vicarious framers.

In this strain it would be pleasant for me to enlarge in argument for grateful comity, but the subject—as already observed—is too large for this writing. However, the press generally, of both countries, and public discussions on both sides are thoroughly ventilating this great question of our day.

A word, more particularly, as to the relative positions of the United States and Canada! Much of late, and back as far as the Montreal Manifesto for Annexation to the United States of October 15, 1849—a grave document signed by most of the leading citizens of that capital—political as well as commercial, of Canada of that day—much, I say, has been advanced in alternative of remedy of evils from British connection of Canada. The “Manchester School” of British fiscal policy as to the colonies, with its contemptuous “Cast them adrift,” had then, naturally, estranged them. The act of protest was its logical result. Its lesson told: told home, and deeply into the heart of the—for the moment—misguided “Mother of Nations.”

The condition of things—material and political—has much changed since for the better for both Britain and Canada. There is now less of attrition with Britain from the colonial *neeris*. Practically Canada is a Dominion, *per se*, in the measure of her particular interests; is, in fact, the freest country in the world, where the form and principle of government (the British Constitution) is but *agis* of the most perfect civic liberty, so far as known to man; where, more truly and effectively than elsewhere in this world of many nations and peoples, the motto: “*Vox populi, vox Dei*” applies fitly and effectively in beneficial governance. In a sense, she is more republican than any republic; more democratic than any democracy; and still she is so under the power and protection of the greatest monarchy—so called—of all time, past and present. The “anomaly” is there: in its mystery! We enjoy it; desire not to disturb it, save, possibly, in the direction of its con-

solidation in perfect national unity. To this attainment no other people, claiming to a separate national entity, ought to object in word or deed. International obstructive interference is simply international war, in degree. Needless to say more on this head.

The observation is suggested by the fact that in the fulness of that freedom of thought, speech and action which obtains in Canada, there is, and long has been, a propagandism from the great Republic across the way for change of flag by Canada—rebellion, or, at least, change of nationality—at the instance of an ideal majority of the Colonists concerned. On this subject there has been—especially of late—much misapprehension amongst certain public men in the United States. It is very doubtful whether the mass of the people, or even any cognizable portion of them apart from a few prominent agitators in that direction—who may or may not be sincere in such prelection—share in the mistake or give a thought to the matter. The inspiration—shame to say!—comes largely, if not chiefly, from Canadians themselves—only a very few, however, it must be said—but still, voices finding ready echo from quarters too receptive of such falsity. I say falsity, for it is an obvious fact, unanimously formally asserted in the Parliament of Canada, that the loyalty of the people of Canada to the British Crown *id est* to their present condition of national being, is integral and thorough.

True there are divisions, in political sentiment, amongst the people of various national origin in Canada—such as that, at present somewhat abnormally exhibited, between French and British, Roman Catholics and Protestants; but they are of no stability nor force against that power of elastic British rule, with all its benignity in administration, which ever soothes while it conquers. In all sincerity and truth, the French of Canada have oft, and, whenever put to the test, loyally, acknowledged their obligation and gratitude to the British Government for their singularly perfect civil and religious liberty, and admit that neither under France nor the United States of America could they look for such freedom and assurance. Under either Republic (French or American) they know well their Church and special institutions and laws—somewhat unsuited to modern thought and action in national life—and their very language in social intercourse, would at once be things of the past in the march of a more progressive civilization. In the shifting game of party politics amongst a people such as the French of Canada—a people of highest moral qualities, and ever essentially loyal to the power that protects them—it is possible, by subtle and false appeals to their natural patriotism, to rouse them—in fancied wrong—to take a false and futile position. But such evil will undoubtedly quickly find its cure. The broad, strong, stern loyalty to the British Crown of such Norman stock is too solid and sound for rebellion. They may err under a deception, for a while; but surely, when undeceived, they will stand to their guns to the last for their flag.

Amongst the rest of the people of Canada, there are no elements of discord in national life. Voluntarily they have come under the folds of the British flag, and are content: Grit and Conservative alike, and of every political sentiment. Finally, once for all, let it be said that Canada is an integral part of the British Empire, and is likely to remain so for all human time.

This, however, is no reason why the utmost Commercial Union, Reciprocity, or other fiscal policy between her and the United States, should not be adopted and exist, provided these be not incompatible with her own and British interests generally.

In the abstract the theory of Free Trade is the true one of the human race; but as the nations (apart from the British), in their self-isolation, repugn it, there is left to them as next best the principle of “Reciprocity,” “Fair Trade,” or whatever name political economists may give the alternative. What, precisely, is meant by the term “Unrestricted Reciprocity,” I do not quite understand. To my ears it sounds as a catchword or “paltering in a double sense”—“making promise to the ear, but breaking it to the hope.”

In the relative position of such national interests as those in question, national morality, national intelligence and national comity in every regard call for utmost candour in dealing. The fiduciary character of State government, of course, restricts action in some measure to the procrustean bed of national policy, but it does not exclude the principle of mutual concession for “peace’s sake” and mutual good. Be it ever so with us! In fact, it may be said to have ever been so—with rare exception—between these two cognate nations. Needless to state historical facts in this bearing. Three quarters of a century of unbroken peace, while intermingling in largest and closest commercial and social relations, has but consecrated the natal tie between them; and in the boundless purview of incidents and contingencies in this relation, it is impossible to conceive that the bond—unwritten, but founded on vital national behest—shall ever be broken.

Britain’s capital, its “talents five” of Providence, has been largely invested in the United States; and is being so in geometric increase—entering even the arcana of municipal life in every State of the American Union, incorporating itself in the very hearthstones of the great American people. The treasure there, the heart is there also!

On the other hand Britain, in her vast material needs, is the best market for the natural products of the United States. The vast material interests involved in such

relation are solid and permanent warranty of continuous peace and comity between such powers. That relation, moreover, is singularly strong from the fact that it is wholly independent of other national relations or complications. It is, in a sense and in effect, an alliance of mutual defence in so far as any injury to one from foreign attack would be injury to the other. Add to that, and such like considerations, the ever-potential elements of traditional unity in origin, in moral and intellectual life, a common tongue, a common Bible, and, in that, a common charter of highest national life. In these alone we have that bond of unity and comity which, humanly speaking, no power can break. In this great objective fact I see, methinks, in the far offing of the sea of fate, or chance, the mingling under Providence of these and other Christian nations in utmost peace and mutual good-will; when, truly, the “Sword shall be laid aside” and “Men shall war no more”!

M. M.

Ottawa, February 1, 1892.

KEATS.

IMMORTAL exile from the Grecian shore,
Thou who didst lay thine heart at Nature’s shrine,
Breathing a noble praise in song divine,
Making melodious rhymes that sweetly pour
Enchantment like the Lesbian isle of yore
And dreams of dryads, amber honey, wine,
And flowery wreaths, the white-limbed nymphs did twine;
These sadly thou didst leave, and sing no more.

In crumbling Rome, beneath Italian skies,
Where memories of Virgil haunt the spot,
Thou sleep’st alone, and Time’s great ruin lies
About thy grave. Young dreamer, who once sought
Parnassian heights and bore a precious prize,
Thy golden reed of promise lies forgot.

—From “Poems” by Phillips Stewart.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

THAT a poet has no honour in his own country is a hard saying; that he has little recognition in his own country is a harder one. Honour is a cheap sentiment, bestowed alike on the just and unjust, evolved as often by a great name as by a great nature. But recognition—the ability to rightly gauge and appreciate the capacity of individual power—is as rare as those who having eyes are willing to see.

Nevertheless recognition is what genius has a right to expect of its country. It is the only atmosphere favourable to development; it is as essential as June winds to a June flower. Perhaps it is the prevailing impression that there is no such thing as Canadian literature that has so easily persuaded us that in Canada there is no genuine poetic power or creative imagination. The phlegmatic calm of this conclusion has been faintly stirred by the frequent appearance in the best American magazines of Mr. Campbell’s incomparable poems, by the enthusiastic praise which they have elicited, not only in the States but in England, by the inclusion in Mr. Lighthall’s anthology of no less than twelve of them among the representative “Songs of the Great Dominion,” and by the publication of “Lake Lyrics,” the most poetic interpretation of Canadian lakes and rivers and winters ever given to the public.

Mr. Campbell’s melodious and lucid descriptions of nature are unfailingly quotable. The “Lyrics” are marked by an evenness of excellence that makes choice difficult, but the poems in it which have commanded the highest admiration are undoubtedly “The Winter Lakes” and “Lazarus.” Surely no Canadian needs to be reminded of how true-sighted are the poet’s eyes in the former poem, and how masterly his imagination in the latter. One or two stanzas from “The Winter Lakes” must be quoted by way of reminder:—

Crags that are black and wet out of the gray lake looming,
Under the sunset’s flush and the pallid faint glimmer of dawn;
Shadowy ghost-like shores where midnight surfs are booming
Thunders of wintry woe over the spaces wan.

Lands that loom like spectres, whited regions of winter,
Wastes of desolate woods, deserts of water and shore;
A world of winter and death, within these regions who enter,
Lost to summer and life go to return no more.

Here is trueness of sight and something more—something that makes a vivid and definite impression of what to the average beholder would be a merely monotonous winter scene. In surroundings apparently the most lifeless in nature this poet has the happiness to discover a hidden heart of life. His “ceaseless waters ebb and lift,”

And under ever-changing skies,
Swell throb and break on kindling beach;
When fires of dawn responsive rise,
In answer to their mystic speech.

In Autumn this great lake

Beats and moans, a prisoned thing,
Rock-manacled beneath the night.

And in summer it has

A glad harmonious motion,
Like happiness caught at rest.

At dawn—

This mighty swayed bough of the lake
Rocks cool where the morning hath smiled.

Or the “lone stretches of water” are “flame-bathed by the incoming light.” Always in the poet’s treatment