

Canada, would not only be conveying an idea which every one who has any knowledge of Canadian history, or any faith in Canadian spirit, must know to be the very opposite of the truth, but would be taking the readiest means to work great and possibly irreparable mischief to both countries. The danger, as well as the lack of patriotism, in such a course is so great that we refuse, in the absence of the fullest confirmation, to believe it possible on the part of any Canadian citizen. It is bad enough to be forced to believe it of one who was formerly not only a Canadian citizen, but a member of the Canadian Parliament, Mr. F. W. Glen. We are persuaded that Canada is neither to be coaxed to forget her national aspirations by blandishments, nor forced to do so by commercial hostilities. Canadians might, perhaps, pardon Mr. Wiman for assuring the Committee that the only hope of future annexation lies in the direction of the freest commercial and social intercourse. Such hope would be a harmless delusion. But to persuade that committee that Canada is to be forced into the Union by hostile legislation would be both unpardonable and criminal.

MUCH speculation has been indulged in with regard to the effect the tremendous and ever-increasing costliness of modern armaments must eventually have in prolonging peace or precipitating war. On the one hand it has often been demonstrated during the past few years, that the inevitable great war must come very soon, inasmuch as the preparations for it would soon bankrupt some of the least wealthy but most belligerent nations. On the other hand it is argued, and it seems to us with greater force, that the thought of the uncertain issues and dreadful possibilities of a conflict between two great nations under present conditions must have a powerful influence in deterring even the boldest statesmen from crossing the Rubicon, except under pressure of extraordinary inducement or provocation. The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* takes the latter view, and maintains in a telegram of nearly two columns that a European war is now morally impossible. The prospect of prolonged peace has, in his opinion, not for fifteen years been so tangible. "From one end of Europe to the other the necessity of such a peace seems to be apparent to those controlling the fate of nations, and everywhere, after weighing the immediate and inevitable consequence of a war, rulers seem to have shrunk with terror from it." The rapid mobilization of the French, German and Russian armies would, he says, cost £20,000,000, and the maintenance of these armies in the field £40,000,000 per month. In seven months £300,000,000 would be lost by these three powers alone, to say nothing of other nations which would be certain to chime in. He detects, moreover, or thinks he does, indications of an increasing appreciation on the part of the Princes and national rulers of the value of peace, and a keener sense of the cost of war, and the extent to which it would arrest all modern industry. The *Spectator* is disposed to make light of these arguments. "All that," it says, "is quite true; and it is also true that whenever a fire breaks out in London there will be a loss of property. Still, there will be fires, and that in spite of the entire willingness of the Lord Mayor, the Chairman of the County Council, and Captain Shaw, that fires should be prevented." The comparison lacks fitness, since a war is not, like a fire, the result of accident or carelessness. Moreover, if the fires of London were as much under the control of the Lord Mayor, the Chairman of the County Council and Captain Shaw, as a European war is under the control of the Czar, the Emperor William and the French Ministry, the occupation of the fire insurance companies of the city would soon be gone. And yet, if this first movement in the direction of assured peace has been made involuntarily, it should not be long until the logical second step is taken voluntarily, in a concurrent reduction of armaments.

NO distinct advance seems to have been made towards the settlement of the dispute with Portugal. English statesmen, not of the Government, regard the affair as a small diplomatic cloud which will soon blow over. No doubt they are right. The disparity in the strength of the two nations is such that the idea of a serious conflict is absurd. We are glad to have full confidence that the British Government will insist on nothing which it does not believe to be perfectly just and right. The general policy of Portugal in Africa, especially in relation to the slave trade, has been such that the sympathies of the civilized world will be pretty generally with England. We have before expressed the hope that Lord Salisbury would give the world a proof of British magnanimity, and Portugal a taste of British fair play, by offering to submit

the questions at issue to arbitration. We are sorry to see that this is not likely to be done. The English newspapers are, not very magnanimously, urging prompt and stern measures, and declaring, some of them which are thought to know the mind of the Government, that neither a conference nor an arbitration will be accepted. Canadians can hardly fail to note the contrast in tone with that adopted towards the United States in the case of the Behring Sea dispute. Lord Salisbury cannot possibly be surer that he is in the right in the African than in the American matter. What is the cause of the difference? Probably the true explanation is to be found in the disparity to English eyes of the interests involved in the two cases, though the magnitude of the material interests does not really affect the question of right and wrong, or of national honour. We are glad, however, to believe this the true explanation, since any other which suggests itself is either very uncomplimentary to England or very unflattering to Canada.

TENNYSON'S NEW VOLUME.*

HARDLY has public attention been fully drawn to "Asolando," the last fruit of the vigorous Browning tree, than it is called away to admire and criticize a somewhat similar production, Lord Tennyson's "Demeter." With what loving, abundant devotion will the Laureate's pupils and friends, the members of his family, the world for which he has interpreted its sorrows and joys, hopes and desires, regard this latest emanation from the grave and gentle spirit which has, like the reverent mind enshrined in his predecessor, William Wordsworth, surely "uttered nothing base!" With what painful, yet chastened, pleasure will that world and those friends perceive a clear and heroic egoistic vein in these poems that tell of work done and rest longed for! The superb altruism of other days is over. He no longer can give us the matchless King, ardently pure in soliloquy and prayer. No more Marianas, nor Elaines, nor Galahads float before the enraptured vision. The mighty conception is dulled and dimmed, whereby the whole thought of a century was bound within the simple quatrains of "In Memoriam." Without haste, without rest, without vaunting and without impatience, all the conceptions of the past were given to us, but they are over, contained within those priceless volumes which we glibly call "Tennyson."

And yet in the little sheaf of poems issued under the name of "Demeter," there is much of the old strength, the old lucidity and the old humour, along with something that is new to our ears, the egoistic tone already alluded to. If he gives us no more Arthurs, he gives us what of all we would most desire, something more of himself than as yet we know. The concluding poem in this volume is one of the most beautiful, rhythmically speaking, the poet has ever written, while embodying, as we are forced regretfully to recognize, his calm and trustful valedictory.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea;

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have cross'd the bar.

It would be, indeed, difficult to surpass the dignity of such a lyric as this.

"By An Evolutionist" is one of the strongest poems in the book.

The Lord let the house of a brute to the soul of a man,
And the man said, "Am I your debtor?"
And the Lord—"Not yet; but make it as clean as you can,
And then I will let you a better."

(The man speaks)—
What hast thou done for me, grim Old Age, save breaking my bones
on the rack?
Would I had past in the morning that looks so bright from afar!

(Old Age)—
Done for thee? Starved the wild beast that was linkt with thee
eighty years back.
Less weight now for the ladder-of-heaven that hangs on a star.

I have climbed to the snows of Age, and I gaze at a field in the Past,
Where I sank with the body at times in the sloughs of a low desire,
But I hear no yelp of the beast, and the Man is quiet at last,
As he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height
that is higher.

Can any younger poet be found to produce verse of more singularly direct and modern force than this? We believe not. In "The Progress of Spring," a sequence of nine thirteen-lined stanzas, which at first sight look like some kind of variation of the sonnet, this same unalterable

*"Demeter, and other Poems." By Alfred, Lord Tennyson D.C.L., P.L. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

faith in the after life and ultimate goal of our planet and its suffering race is displayed. The poet's older manner, that of apparent simplicity intensified by minute and intricate imagery, is revealed to us again in such disconnected lines as the following:—

Across my garden! and the thicket stirs,
The fountain pulses high in summer jets,
The blackcap warbles, and the turtle purrs,
The starling claps his tiny castanets.

Once more a downy drift against the brakes,
Self-darken'd in the sky, descending slow!
But gladly see I thro' the wavering flakes
Yon blanching apricot like snow in snow.

"To Ulysses" is a short poem in the well-known "In Memoriam" metre suggested by the perusal of W. G. Palgrave's essays upon Oriental scenery and folk-lore. The author died at Monte Video before the volume appeared and without having seen the poem. The following stanza will, of course, recall certain passages in "Locksley Hall."

I, once half-crazed for larger light
On broader zones beyond the foam,
But chaining fancy now at home,
Among the quarried downs of Wight.

Not less would yield full thanks to you
For your rich gift.

"Happy," the song of a leper's bride, seems singularly timely just at present, when Sir Morell Mackenzie and others are seeking to revive the languid interest of Europe in the afflicted people who are, nevertheless, human under their suffering. The ever-enduring love of pure woman for her chosen mate was never more sweetly or powerfully sung than by the Laureate in this forcible strain. Passing by a narrative poem in blank verse, dedicated to the Hon. J. Russell Lowell, and entitled "The Ring," in which only echoes of the virility of "Aylmer's Field" and "Enoch Arden" are heard, we light upon "Vastness," cast in the immortal mould of imperishable "Locksley Hall," and signalized by an impetuous pessimism only tardily gathered at the very last into something like trust and repose.

Is it not the lover in "Locksley Hall" and the embittered adorer of "Maud," who declaims these magnificent lines?—

Faith at her zenith, and all but lost in the gloom of doubts that darken
the schools;
Craft with a bunch of all-heal in her hand, followed up by her vassal
legion of fools,

Star of the morning, Hope in the sunrise; gloom of the evening, Life
at a close;
Pleasure who flaunts on her wide down-way with her flying robe and
her poison'd rose;

Pain, that has crawled from the corpse of Pleasure, a worm which
writhes all day, and at night
Stirs up again in the heart of the sleeper, and stings him back to the
curse of the light;

He that has lived for the lust of the minute, and died in the doing it,
flesh without mind;
He that has nail'd all flesh to the Cross, till Self died out in the love
of his kind.

Spring and Summer, and Autumn and Winter, are all these old
revolutions of earth?
All new-old revolutions of Empire—change of the tide—what is all of
it worth?

What the philosophies, all the sciences, poetry, varying voices of
prayer?
All that is noblest, all that is basest, all that is filthy with all that is
fair?

What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins
at last,
Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence, drown'd in the deeps of a
meaningless past?

What but a murmur of gnats in the gloom, or a moment's anger of
bees in their hive?

Peace, let it be! for I loved him, and love him for ever; the dead are
not dead but alive.

It needs no ghost, come from the grave, to tell us "this is poetry." And the same strength and the same impression of having something to say, occur in "Owd Roä," a tale of the "Northern Farmer" style, and enclosing as touching an instance of animal sagacity as literature affords. "Owd Roä" is a dog who has

—Sarved me sa well when 'e lived, that Dick, when he cooms to be
dead,
I thinks as I'd like for to hev soom soort of a sarvice read;

Fur 'e's moor good sense na tha Parliament man 'at stans for us 'ere,
An' I'd voät for 'im, my oan sen, if 'e could but stan fur the Shere.

All through this powerful dialect poem the sense of humour is paramount, and, as in all great works, goes hand-in-hand with pathos.

In "Demeter and Persephone" occur occasional lines and phrases, which recall Collier's remark that even in "Maud" (it will be recollected that upon the appearance of "Maud" the public and the critics were all astray as to the merits of that beautiful poem), there are "splendours of English expression, which few but Tennyson can produce." Such are these lines that depict the coursers of Hell:

All at once their arch'd necks midnight-maned,
Jet upward thro' the mid-day blossom.

The jubilee poem is certainly not the best thing of its kind, and curiously enough is cast much after the Walt