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Impossible. Probably the best English speaker in our House of Commons to-day is the silver-tongued French Canadian, Hon. Mr. Laurier.

It is true burning questions have arisen, such as the Riel question, but it is dead; such as the Jesuits' Estate bill, but it is settled; such as the Manitoba school question, but it is likely to follow in the wake of the New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island school cases, and to become a thing of the past. French Canadians are loyal to the crown, and emulate their fellow subjects of

BRITISH BLOOD IN THEIR DEVOTION.

Canada has no such question to solve as Britain has in the Irish question, has no such conflict between the classes and the masses as Britain has, has no such difficulty as the negro problem in the Southern states, has no trouble with her Indians as the western United States has, has no arrogant silver states threatening to ruin her financial stability.

We are not maintaining that all is "couleur de rose" in Canada. There are settlers in Manitoba who are crying out of their grievances, New Brunswick we are told is far from being prosperous, the French-Canadian exodus is a serious drain. But in so far as these and other evils are remediable, we have confidence that the gathering of the wise men on Parliament Hill, Ottawa, will now or at some future time remove them.

There is a throb of common sympathy and common necessity felt from ocean to ocean. What truer symptom of the unifying spirit can be seen than the organic unions which have taken place in the religious bodies? In 1875, less than ten years after confederation, the four separate Presbyterian churches united into one great church, and the adherents of that body sing in Halifax, Winnipeg and Vancouver with equal fervor:

"From ocean to ocean
Our land shall own Thee Lord."

Nine years after, the ardent followers of Wesley joined in forming the strong Methodist church of the Dominion, and its power is felt from the Bay of Fundy to the Gulf of Georgia. In seven years more, and shortly after the close of the first quarter century of the Dominion, the Church of England, with its many dioceses, sprung from such diverse influences, has been brought together in a happy union, and the city of Winnipeg has been honored in becoming the seat of the arch prelate of that church, a token of the spirit of union coming both from Atlantic and Pacific shores. We see in all this a sign of the increasing political, commercial, social and religious union of the Dominion.

THE VOICES OF THE POETS.

Another test of national growth, and that of the most pleasing and hopeful kind is the quickening of literary life in the Dominion, since the era of Confederation.

A sense of national endeavor such as Canada has had in building up this empire of the north has shown itself in this quarter-century especially in the inspiration given to the poetic souls, who are gifted with the power to appreciate more subtle movements, and to see more deeply than their fellow mortals.

It may not be known to Canadians generally that we have in Canada at present a constellation of poets, with more true power, a loftier note of inspiration, and greater elegance of diction than is to be found in the United States. This pouring out of song is to us a sign and hopeful token of our national life in Canada.

The England of Elizabeth awakened into life the muse of Edmund Spenser, after a poetic silence of nearly 200 years, and then for a quarter of a century England became "a nest of singing birds," as her commercial, sea-going, military, social and religious life grew strong.

And so, perhaps, on a less heroic scale, but in a real way the building of our Dominion, imperfectly as some of us may have appreciated it, has touched true cords in the hearts of our noblest spirits. We name the cluster of seven, who stand out most clearly before our eyes, and notice that all of them are between the ages of 31 and 33, and so have been entirely moulded and formed under our Dominion life. Further, we would say that it is not only in the notes these have sung, but in the fact that they, with others whose names and songs might well be mentioned, are the outcome of a hope and belief that Canada has a destiny worthy of the confidence of her sons.

We shall hear a single note from each, interpreting some aspect of our Canadian life.

Referring to the feeling of gladness with which the returning Canadian sees again the great St. Lawrence, Duncan Campbell Scott, of Ottawa, a frequent contributor to the American magazines, says:

You know the joy of coming home,
After long leagues to France or Spain;
You feel the clear Canadian foam,
And the gulf water heave again.

A true poet, Frederick George Scott, author of "The Soul's Quest" and the pathetic poem of "Wahonomin" sees the heroism of the true man in Columbus as he seeks America:

"And westward with the stars in midnight sky
His strong thought travelled 'gainst the moving world.

So onward to the line of mist which curled
Around the setting sun, with steadfast eye,
He pushed his course, and trusting God on high

Threw wide the portals of a larger world."

Archibald Lampman, of Ottawa, author of the beautiful collection of poems called "Among the Millet," sings the loftier strains of the poet, seeking the nobler things for our Canadian life, and spurning the base and the sordid:

"Gold is but the juggling rod
Of a false, usurping God,