

the truth than the crayon portraits you see in many country parlors. If historians told the simple truth, every nation with a scrap of decency would be trying to live down its history, just as a convict tries to live down his past. And yet — and yet I confess to a love of Canada that is not simply a patriotic emotion, but a passion to which my whole being vibrates. To me Canada is a living soul — a Presence that companions me in the fields — a mighty mother that nourished my youth and inspires my manhood. Whenever I think of Canada I remember Carman's wonderful lines:

“When I have lifted up my heart to thee,
Then hast thou ever hearkened and drawn
near,
And bowed thy shining face close over me,
Till I could hear thee as the hill-flowers hear.”

When I strive to fathom the secret of this love I find that it is due to the fact that I learned history, not from books, but from the lips of the men and women who made Canada — that I learned the history, not of the gov-