

Yet, with all my imperfections and with all my fears, I have taken upon me the burden of ministering to the needs of these little ones—little ones who have also their imperfections and their fears; and as I lend myself to my labor, I can hear the words of that brave man hero, the Sage of Chelsea, who though he sometimes spake harshly, yet always spake with sincerity and with power of conviction: "Blessed is he who has found his work, let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life purpose; he has found it and will follow it. How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows, draining off the sour festering water, gradually, from the root of the remotest grass blade; making instead of pestilential swamp, a green, fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream."

A work then, I have, a noble work, but yet a perilous. From no School Board have I received my call; from no Department have I received my authority. I have heard a voice—it is the voice of my country and my God. I have perceived a need—it is the need of anxious parents, and the need of their helpless children. Oh! for power and wisdom to do my duty now; Oh! for clearness of vision and for willing heart; Oh! for tenderness and patience and deep humility.

Would you hear my country's call? "I bring you here those who are my hope. I bring you the children of the wealthy and the children of the poor. I bring you those who differ in race and in language, in customs and in tendencies. I bring you the physically strong and the physically weak, the mentally sound and those to whom nature has not given a full measure of strength. I bring you my boys and my girls, who are to be the fathers and the mothers in this great

land. Will you accept them all? Out of this heterogeneous combination can you bring unity? Can you reconcile wealth and poverty so that the feeling of a common brotherhood will prevail? Can you teach British, French, German, Scandinavian, Ice-lander and Pole, that in this free land all are equally worthy it unreservedly they accept the honor and perform the duties of true Canadian citizenship? Can you rise above distinction in creed, so as to forget that we have Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant? Can you in recognizing to yourselves distinctions of every kind, so order your work that these will be not a source of separation and contention, but the very elements of strength in a nation in which the idea of brotherhood prevails?"

Yes! my country—land of prairie and of mountain—my free land, my great land; yes! I can accept all you have brought me and all will find a place in my heart. I can take your poor and teach them to sing and feel

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that."

I can teach them to say

"My mind to me a kingdom is
Such perfect joy therein I find
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God or nature has assigned,
Tho' much I want that most would
have

Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Some have too much, yet still they
crave,

I little have, yet seek no more—
They are but poor, though much they
have,

And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live."

And I can take the children of
your rich and feed them on such food
as this: