

## To the Young Men of Western Canada

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### International Aspects of Education

A new world order, based on mutuality and peace, must be reared when the Great War is over. That is an indispensable part of the programme for the future. To make that conceivable or possible the present struggle must be ended rightly. The German conception of world government must be eliminated. It is incompatible with any forecast of the future that we care to entertain. The Prussian doctrine is poison, which must be expelled. The only way it can be expelled is to prove to the Prussians by incontestable defeat that it will not pay. Such an ending of the war is a sine qua non, without which civilization might as well throw up the sponge. But surely mankind will not have to wade up to the chin in blood and agony again to learn a lesson that must be learnt. A new world order must be built, and it can be built only upon a new conception and a new practice. Of course there are people who deny the possibility of this. People grown old in the diplomacy of Europe may perhaps be pardoned if they are too disillusioned to consider the possibility of a new and better order. Intellectuals like the Dane Georg Brandes pooh-poo the idea that this can be the last war. One of the worst features of the old diplomatic system is that it tyrannizes those who have been closest to it. Well, all one can say is that the conduct of the world must be given to fresher minds. Governing minds must henceforth see that a milestone has been passed—or, at any rate, that we are in the act of passing one. When certain events happen things are no longer the same. Old analogies fail. It was so after the discovery of America, so after the invention of printing, so after Copernicus. This war must register a sweeping change in international relationships. Otherwise eight million dead have died largely in vain. What has been omitted from previous plans for the governance of international relationships? The education in the proper spirit of whole peoples. First, service must be exalted as the ideal of peoples; and then this ideal is bound to express itself in international policy. Lloyd George recognizes this. Even more, because more systematically and nationally, President Wilson recognizes it. Wilson proclaims and elaborates the theory of brotherliness between the nations. He has recently declared to the South American republics that the United States genuinely wants to be their brother. Cynics may smile, but it is not to cynics that we must look for a way out of the present imbroglio. Canada, for example, is henceforth an integral element in the world's diplomacy. To-day the sea is nothing. It is conceivable that in six months airships will be crossing the Atlantic in forty or fifty hours. Insularity is done with. Chinese walls are things of the past. We must get a basis on which we can live together. Every one-legged man on the streets of Canadian cities is a proof that henceforth Canada must reckon on being a part of the world's diplomacy. What is the nature of the influence that Canada is going to exert on the world's diplomacy, of whose mistakes on any large scale she must henceforth always be the victim? Will she make her influence felt for steady civilization or for recurrent barbarism? The answer will be found in the character of the education given to the Canadian people. It is our business to answer for ourselves. The same duty falls equally imperatively on other peoples. Education has a vast national significance.

### Plus Ultra

Men, states, institutions, lose their impulse. How often the career of an individual man is arrested. His activity lessens, ceases. The cause is often deep-seated. Into that I cannot go. Often circumstances are against him, and that should make us slow to pass judgment. I have had sharp lessons as to the unfairness of passing slashing judgment, myself. At other times, needless to say, the man himself is to blame. The canker was at his heart. Instead of wrenching it out, he dallied with it. "It is the little rift within the lute that by and by will make the music mute." It is the same with states. They grow with crescent force. They seem gifted with perennial life. By and by their pace slackens. They practise camouflage, but at length the disintegration becomes unmistakable. They yield place, decline and fall. "Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they?" Byron exclaims. Think of the Viking races. How they flamed over Europe for centuries, sacking, slaying, but also founding states, politics, governments. Then the force in them died away. So with institutions. They grow painfully at first. They wax strong and multiply their influence. A static period comes, then they hold their own, but do not extend their borders. Disintegration sets in. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new." These men, nations, institutions, have lost their initial impulse. Instead of living fully, they vegetate. Instead of keeping their face toward the future, they try to subsist on their own past. They forget the motto "Plus ultra." There is a poem about Columbus that ends with a haunting phrase. The Genoese navigator is aiming across the Atlantic. Behind, the pillars of Hercules. Before him

not a ghost of shores, before him only "shoreless seas!" The pilot fears a storm. "Pray, master, what shall we do?" "Sail on, sail on, sail on, sail on." So Columbus. So all, in whom the spirit of a vital life is. "Sail on."

### Significance of Incidents

Riding in a street car on College street, Toronto, this summer, I saw a man lying on the boulevard. A handkerchief was thrown over his face. About him a crowd was gathered. A policeman stood near him, questioning bystanders and taking notes. Consider the elements that entered into this scene. First there was the fact of death, for next morning I learned from the papers that the man was dead. Death is everywhere. No matter how idyllic the scene, if there have for any length of time been men and women there, there death will have intruded. I remember how shocked I was when I saw the beginnings of a grave-yard at Peachland, B.C. At the time in question it was a new settlement. All seemed peace and joy. Blue lake, swelling mountains, pleasant orchards, horse-back riding, minimum of labor, picnics, joy—these were what I had so far seen. But suddenly this grim fact of death thrust itself on me. Death would come—even here! Then the crowd suggested two things: curiosity and sympathy. Wherever there are men and women and little children, you will find both. Besides, the policeman symbolized society. He represented the power of the state. The normal had given place to the abnormal. A man had had a seizure of some sort. He had been lifted from a car. There he lay, and beside him stood the representative of the ordered life of the community.

### Amplius

I heard a Guelph preacher tell an effective story this summer. Michael Angelo came one day into the studio of Raphael. The younger painter was absent. On the easel was a partly-finished picture. Angelo looked at it for a moment, then stooped and wrote on a corner of the canvas the one word: Amplius—paint your picture on a larger scale. A great lesson there, for us all. Let us all paint our pictures on a more generous scale. But I find that I am on the point of utilising the preacher's materials. He himself went on to say: There are certain things that cabin, crib, confine the picture that is our life, or that our life, inevitably, is. Some of these are: selfishness, prejudice, pessimism. Indulge any of these, and you grow, fatally, smaller. There are other things that make us bigger, that enable us, nay, that constrain us, to "enlarge our tents." Some of these are, the reading of great books, service, and prayer. So the preacher said, and my experience tallies with his words.

### The Unifying of Canada

Canada is more at one to-day than ever before in its history. Needless to say, the process is not complete. Nor will it ever be, absolutely complete. But the grand point is that we should aim at making it complete. Only so can even relative unity be achieved. "Hitch your wagon to a star," is the condition of rising. Aim at the highest, or you won't attain the high. I say that, at least in potentiality, we are more nearly one to-day than ever before in our history. What has brought this about? Undoubtedly the war-effort of the people. There is to-day in Canada hardly a consciousness of political parties, as such. The acerbity of religious denominations has largely died away. Communities are capable of unified action as never before. The time is ripe for energizing the whole people with a common sense, a common consciousness, and a common ideal!

### The State

The recent registration of the man and woman power of Canada was a significant and potential act. I pass through a post-office or a Y.M.C.A. rotunda. I see a small table. About it are gathered a number of persons—mostly women, perhaps. A man is writing, prompted or questioned by a woman. What is going on? A laborer, perhaps of foreign birth, is writing. What? Where he was born, when, how many children he has, what his line of work is. For whom or for what is this information? Whose business is it? Answer: It is the state's business, the nation's business. Notice there to all and sundry, notice unmistakable and final, that no man liveth unto himself. Each is part of an organism from which he derives advantages, and to which he owes obligations. Salutory, decidedly. Let us learn to live as well as to die for this impalpable yet majestic thing, the State. Let us make it what we want it to be, then labor and live and die for it. Without this temper, whatever else we have, we shall not be or have a great state. "Oh, mother, that I may be better from day to day so that I may be worthy to die for beloved France." So ran a sentence in a letter found in the pocket of a dead French boy of eighteen. This was the thought of his State with which that boy was daily living. This is the spirit of France. That was what made Verdun possible. The boy did not trump that up just the day he wrote it. It was

that thought of France that he carried to the battlefield. That is what makes France imperishable. Germany cannot crush her so long as that image of her lives in the hearts of the sons of France.

### Lifted to the —nth Power

Great things are being done and said in the world. In Canada as elsewhere. The air-man that brought down Von Richthofen, the premier Ace of Germany was young Brown, born at Carleton Place, Ontario, and schooled, so they say, in Alberta. The son of an old classmate of mine, H. S. Rosevear, of Port Arthur, recently crashed to the earth after bringing down his twenty-third German plane. Young Mulock, of Winnipeg, is now on the supreme Administrative Board of the British Air Service in London. I am fascinated by cases like that of Mulock. For years, after I first came to Winnipeg, I used to see W. Redford Mulock walking with his boy and girl almost every morning as the two went to school on Carlton street. I said to Mr. Mulock the other day: "That must have been good stuff you talked to that boy of yours on Carlton street years ago." Great things done and great things said on every hand these days. I had a little meeting of citizens in Brantford the other day. A member of the Canadian Parliament present said: "I have three sons in France. I have said to each of them: 'If you die at the age of nineteen, or twenty-one, or twenty-three, you will have lived to better purpose than any of your ancestors that lived to be eighty.' It would be hard to beat that. That is the spirit that will make Canada."

### A Talk With a Cigar-Man

I had a chat with a cigar manufacturer the other day—the first one I ever talked to. He was rather flashily dressed. I did not expect that I should learn much from him when I sat down beside him. But, in the actual event, I do not know that I ever got so many facts from a man before, in so short a time. First, I learned that the prohibition of the liquor traffic had played ducks and drakes with the cigar business. He had three hundred hands before the war; now he has seventy. How did this come about? Well, a big percentage of the cigars were bought in bars. The treating system enlarged the sales enormously. Many of the cigars thus sold were never smoked. Drunken men lean against bars and break them, or light them, smoke a few puffs and then throw them away. Secondly, this flashily dressed man, who looked so unpromising at first, declared that he was well pleased with the change. The bar business threw him into association with undesirable people. He was glad to be rid of this class of trade. I questioned him about this class of former customer. Poor stuff, for the most part. When prohibition came in Saskatchewan, for example, he had \$25,000 standing out there, he said. Four out of fifty of his debtors in this particular class paid in full, three more paid in part, the rest defaulted. Thirdly, he is now selling fewer goods, but is making more money than ever. Some will think this the full explanation of his contentment. But I don't think so. There is no use putting the worst interpretation on what people say. If you go into that business, you are never through, and life becomes a pretty unattractive affair. No, I think my man was pleased, in part at least, on the higher ground that he alleged. Why was he making more money than ever? There are some obvious causes, no doubt, but for one thing, he said, he had cut down his expenses. He had reduced the number of his travellers; he was working harder than he ever had in his life before. "I can do as much work and sell as many goods as any three travellers I ever had." Which made me think of an old fable of La Fontaine's: A stag strayed by accident into a stable. The horses and the cows told him he would soon be done for. He begged them to cover him up with straw. They did so in pity. Already in anticipation he breathed the air of the forests and the hillsides. Servant after servant came. No detection. At last the master comes. He scans the harness on the pegs, and notes whether every collar and hame and trace is in its proper place. He calls for the servants and orders every cobweb to be swept from ceiling and wall. At last his eye falls on the unusual heap of straw where the poor stag lies. The stag never again roamed through the forest or drank of the stream by moonlight! Arch old La Fontaine entitled his fable: "L'Oeil du Maître"—"The Master's Eye."

### Unhappy Russia

Events have come full circle in Russia. Lenin, the president of the so-called "Soviet republic," makes infrequent appearances in public and is then always protected by an armed guard as a protection against the social revolutionaries who plan his assassination, and arbitrary trials and executions are the order of the day. This means simply that Russia has exchanged Romanoff for Bolshevik as dictator. Russia is no more a democracy to-day, in so far as the rule of the Soviet government goes, than it was in the height of absolutism under the rule of the most reactionary of the czars.