

"The Land o' Cakes" as it affects "The Maple Leaf":

Toronto, Sept. 25th.

In the *Telegram* of Sept. 14, discussing an interview in the *Courier*, certain rude jolts were administered to "O Canada" by the leader of the Guards' band. The interview must have lasted long enough to enable Bandmaster Williams to change his mind quite frequently; first impressions of disapproval being modified later on. He is not impressed with the music of Calixta Lavallee, but very much impressed with Handel's "Scipio March," which it resembles, and which his band plays quite frequently as a matter of choice; and finally admits that "O Canada" has many of the qualities of a really fine national hymn. Whether it be the work of Handel or an obscure French-Canadian, it is rather a compliment to its admirers that they should have detected the smell of the rose when called by any other name. It has always impressed me, whether its notes were long or short, and its fitness for a national hymn was enhanced in my mind, by its being considered a purely Canadian production; and the suggestion of its not

being original destroys a beautiful romance, and furnishes a jolt in the neck as rude as it is unexpected.

However, as the two compositions are claimants for adoption as national hymns, it is hardly fair to instance one as lacking in originality without considering how the other qualifies in that respect. "The Maple Leaf" has been assiduously, and, no doubt, honestly, boomed by the *Telegram*, because it was assumed to be of native growth, although admittedly lacking in literary finish. I have read whole pages of matter concerning it and its author, and especially remember the circumstantial and moving little incident which inspired it: the leaf falling from the tree and resting on the poet's shoulder, clearly singling him out as the man for the job; to a critical mind it suggests Newton and the apple, but we will take it as read.

The words, were written, and the music followed in remarkably short order. Muir was not a literary man, and possibly did not discriminate between parody and original composition as strictly as a professional writer would.

It may flatter men of Scotch blood to know that an adaptation of a Scotch song "has kept Canada

British," and sung its way into the hearts of thousands of Canadians. "The Maple Leaf Forever" does not merely resemble "Land o' Cakes Forever"; the tune is adopted frankly and entirely. The line "Shamrock, thistle, rose entwined" seems purposely coined to fit in. There is not a Scotchman in Canada who has not sung or whistled "Land o' Cakes Forever" to the tune of "The Maple Leaf" before he ever left his native land. I have sung and whistled it myself when going to school in Edinburgh fifty years ago. But the humour of it is that in Scotland "Land o' Cakes," "Scotland Yet," or "Garb of Old Gaul" are swagger songs, sung by the students not for any music that is in them, but to express their pent-up patriotic impulses.

I am sure "Land o' Cakes Forever" never aspired to the position of a national hymn before reaching this country. The *Telegram* is right in saying that there is a swing and movement in the simple tune that will sing its way into the hearts of anybody, especially boys, but why not be honest about it? The tune is as old and familiar as the hills, and to claim that it was produced here in comparatively recent years is preposterous.

W. CRUICKSHANK.

A PRESBYTERIAN PATRIARCH

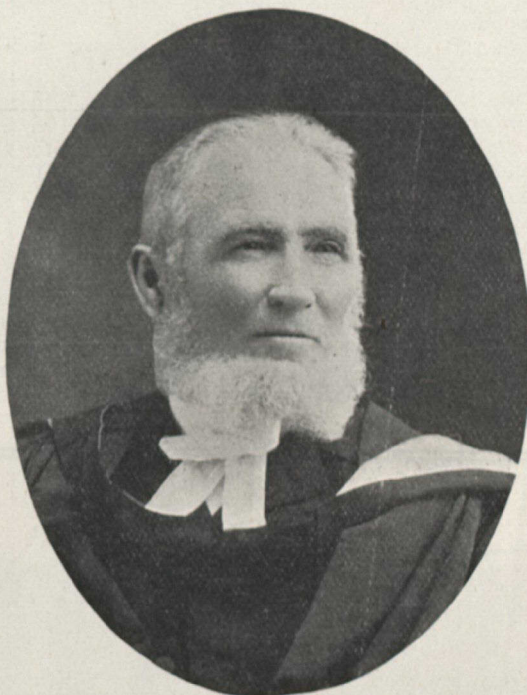
Rev. Dr. Carmichael, in the day of Short Calls, celebrates his Fiftieth year in one community

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

THE patriarch of Canadian presbyterianism lives in King Township, County of York, Ontario, and he is Rev. Dr. Carmichael. For fifty whole years in one community he has been preaching with the Scotch tang in his voice. To five generations he has been sky pilot. He has baptised six hundred and forty children—the children of infants whom he had rocked in the cradle, some of them. And he belongs to the present just as much as to the past. He tells the same story to the hired man with the bicycle as he did forty years ago to his father Sunday morning in the boss's pew at the kirk; one difference: his three-hour disquisition has been cut to twenty minutes—*O tempora, O mores!* "The Doc. has kept himself posted; he speaks Greek everyday, he does." A King farmer pounded his knee with a hand like a ham as he made the above remark to me the other day. Dr. Carmichael is one of Queen's first graduates, with a year of Glasgow brushing. He is one of the most eloquent men in the councils of his church. A prominent city pastor said the other day that Dr. Carmichael could go down to Queen's or Toronto and fill the chair in Hebrew or church history with the *savoir faire* of the best intellectual fibre on the staff of the theological colleges.

But this gentle scholar has given the best that is in him to a small, rural congregation. He has shut his eyes to the lure of fashionable, metropolitan ecclesiasticism; he has seen confident, young clerics succeed to good jobs with fat salaries which letters in the King post office had offered him. Always there was the Call. And every Sunday morning for fifty years his buggy has been trotted out, and his horse hitched; and he has jogged over corduroy roads and the new highways of macadam to meet

his flock—twenty-two miles of a drive, three charges to be visited, three sermons in his black



Rev. Dr. Carmichael, King, Ont.

coat to be delivered in English and the soft speech of the Gael, advice to be rendered, consolation given. Then on the week days toilers in the field

have seen his buggy—sometimes long, white ribbons at the whip; and often, too, a weary sufferer in dead of night has heard the hoof of the manse horse clicking among the stones.

Nothing ostentatious has there been about Dr. Carmichael's ministry. But there has been a great deal of self-sacrifice. When we speak of city chaps in this connection we call it heroism; for we are a nation of hero-worshippers. In the making of a raw country, we tend to be impressed alone by feats spectacular; if Jones builds a railroad he is a "big man"; who gives a continental about the wrinkled old schoolmaster or the sympathetic minister at home who first inspired the mind of Jones with visions of mighty deeds? Yet, after all, these unadvertised men are the pillars of our civilisation.

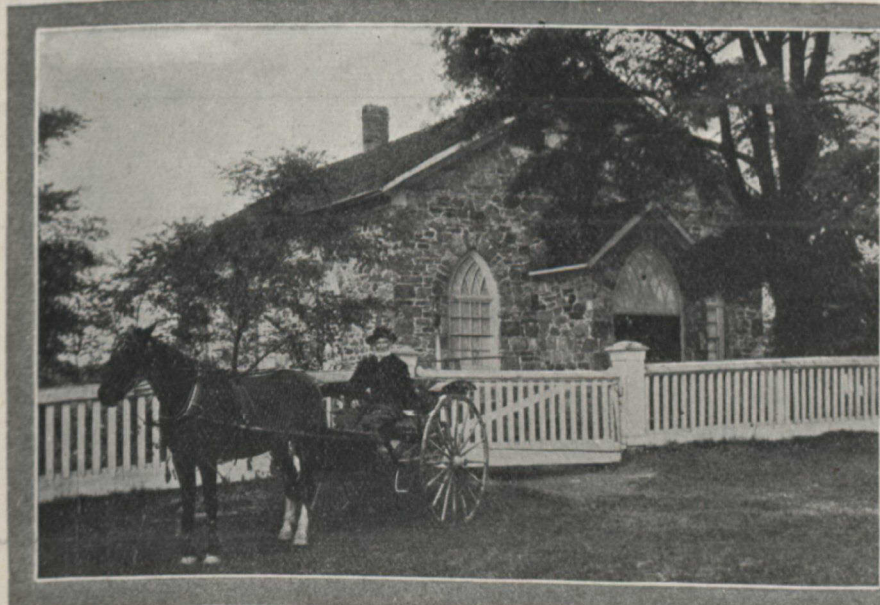
The editor of a country weekly remarks that to hear Dr. Carmichael preach reminded him of a "voice from the grave." Dead wrong—he has journalistic jaundice. Listen to the experience of the *Courier*. Recently I communicated with Dr. Carmichael asking for an interview to take place at his house. The first man I saw when I got off the train at King Station was Dr. Carmichael. Eighty-two years of age, he had driven four miles since eight o'clock and to be bothered by a newspaperman!

"Your drive—it must have tired you," I suggested.

He became a very indignant old man indeed.

"No," he said brusquely. "Driving rests me—tell your readers that—that—it rests me." He paused. Then he went over and sat down thoughtfully on a bench.

"Really, there's not much to say," he said almost shyly. They—the people—think that this fifty years



Service over at Eversley, the Doctor is off for the next charge. He covers 22 miles a Sunday.



St. Andrew's Church, King, Ont. If there are any late comers, the Doctor is ready for them.