

of us sympathise heartily with the race ambitions of any great people—and the Chinese and Japanese are great peoples. It is because they are so great that we no longer dare consider them negligible. Their splendid qualities make them formidable opponents in peace or war. Their very efficiency is the menace we face. Who has not been moved to something more than admiration by the lofty patriotism of the Japanese? And who has not felt the ache of sorrow that we Anglo-Saxons do not seem to be able to emulate them? Let me say at once that if I entertain anything like blame, it is not that the Japanese want all they can get in that New World into which nationality has awakened so late. We have wanted much in our time—and we got it, too. But that does not mean that we must approve of either their method or their spirit; nor does it mean that we have no more ambitions, no rights of our own in the new era of this New World.

At this point I must bid adieu to all cosmopolitan sentiment, and fall back on the more selfish and neglected virtues of patriotism. Frankly I am for my own race and kin and the ideals and institutions of my own race and kin; and I am against the man who is not. I am not inclined to apologise for it—but for those who are. These considerations lead me to recognise the indubitable fact that, in all the great world issues of the twentieth century, the fundamental and unchanging dividing line lies between the peoples of the East and the peoples of the West. For "East is East and West is West."

And East and West are separated by more than the widest ocean. When the Psalmist long ago tried to give penitent sinners some faint idea as to how far the Lord would remove their transgressions from them, he spoke of that remotest and most unimaginable distance: "As far as the east is from the west."

"And never the twain shall meet."

Surely never the twain shall mix. It is our profound and sincere desire in British Columbia to live in peace and concord with our neighbours across the Pacific. But my contention is that this result most surely may be brought about if we refrain from any attempt to colonise Japan, and if Japan refrains from any further encroachment on the American Hemisphere.

Every self-governing Colony entertains the reasonable desire that its immigrants should be such as can be welded into a homogeneous political and economic and, above all, social unit. It has the right to deny access to an alien and unassimilable race.

So long as Asiatic immigration was confined to a few individuals who scattered themselves over a large area, offering competition to very little labour, except the hand laundry, there was no particular problem. But when these people settled down in solid phalanxes of 10,000 or more at a time and place, and became undigested and indigestible lumps in the political ventricle, the case called for scientific diagnosis. This thing is happening, and in the language of periods and nations, all at once, in many quarters of the Empire. Suddenly the results of Asiatic immigration into different parts of the white world are presenting new problems to be solved.

It is plain, too, that one of the numbers in the new Japanese world programme is the occupation of British Columbia. Our Province is becoming Orientalised, and one of our important questions is whether it is to remain a British province or become an Oriental colony—for we have three races demanding seats in our drawing-room as well as plates at our board—the Japanese, Chinese, and East Indian.

According to a report of the Assessment Commissioner several years ago (I have