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the pen and the brush. And they are equally apt to be heedless of the fact, and resent it when brought to their notice, that the service of genius is the only thing that ever has or ever can make any people great.

Most of them think a whole nation can live on business alone and that it can buy service like any other "goods." But every people forms a body corporate of all the human faculties; and the health of this body depends on the due exercise of all its vital organs. There is evolution by atrophy downwards as well as upwards. And disuse of our higher organs will assuredly bring the Nemesis of reversion to a lower type. Business is the food and stomach, service the head and heart. We cannot exist without the one, nor live without the other. If Canada was to be lost to-morrow, what inspiring memory of her would remain the day after? Not her material wealth, natural and acquired: material wealth is nothing, except in so far as it forms part of things above and beyond itself. Not her millionaires: only two names are known for their mere riches—Cræsus, who, like some other men to-day, thinking that victory could be bought, was defeated and slain; and Midas, who turned everything he touched to gold, and was the King of Asses too. Not even the most wonderful inventors of commercially applied science would remain: they never do and never can: the original and creative works of pure science alone remain: one Darwin, one Newton will outlive a world of Edisons. But the heroes, saints and statesmen would most certainly remain: Jacques Cartier and Champlain; Laval and La Mère Marie