

in us of wisdom and sanity. If we fail to do our part nobly the whole fabric of nationhood will fall. Love of the land carries with it a responsibility that may try us as sorely as the wilderness tried our fathers or as the battle-front tried our sons. And for us there is no escape. The future of Canada is in our keeping.

Whenever I read history, even the history of Canada, I feel like the American soldier who was wallowing through the mud after the battle of Spottsylvania Court-house. Saluting his officer, he exclaimed bitterly:

"If ever I love another country, damn me!"

History, as written, is largely a record of crimes and blunders that are exposed or white-washed according to the political bias of the man who is writing the history. Historians, as a rule, are more given to the use of white-wash than a political investigating committee. Fired by a patriotic desire to picture for us a country worth loving they suppress much, glorify everything that seems worth glorifying, and give us something that is no nearer