

AN APPEAL TO THE BRITISH-BORN.

I am going to appeal to the patriotism of every man, woman, and family of British birth in Canada—to demonstrate the depth and strength, the intelligence and endurance of our belief in the two countries to which we belong by parentage and by choice.

No great company of people on the globe to-day are situated as we are. By the hundred thousand we have crossed the ocean, changed our habit of life, enlarged our experience, widened our outlook, increased our possessions, and seen our children's feet set in wider places than our own ever knew—and we have done it without bating one jot or tittle of our tie with the Old Land; without sacrificing a single worthy sentiment which prevailed our youth. We have broken nothing in order to build anew.

EASY WAS THE CHANGE.

We have come from the islands of the sea to this continent and have flourished in Provinces as widely spread as the babel-tongued countries of Europe. We have done it with as little violence to our inmost traditions as would have distinguished a move from the North to the South of England—not as far as from Montreal to Toronto, or from Winnipeg to Regina.

We have followed the citizenship of the Kingdom with the citizenship of the Dominion more easily than you can transfer a vote from Glasgow to Greenock. We have seen Justice, the hallmark of a free and enlightened people, wearing the same aspect here as it wears in the Old Home. We have found many things better than they were in the days of our childhood.

Some of us have once turned back, thinking the Old was better, but we have returned to the Younger Fold of the Flock from whence we came, glad and thankful to be again partakers of the Newness of Life which doth here much more abound.

And with it all there is no diminution of your affection or mine for the Land We Left. It takes on a different, a clearer, quality—it must do so when we have enlarged our own quality. It is like a mature, reflective family man's love for his parents, which makes him glad to visit his Old Folks, and more glad to get back home among his Young Folks.

And yet again, how little most of us know about the Land We Left or the Land We Live In! When I started for Canada over twenty-five years ago I had never been north of London. The look of Sheffield, the aspect of the rugged country of Longdendale, with its immense reservoirs; the cotton mills of the