

PREFACE

I SUPPOSE Canadians of the First Immigration should be very well pleased to see their farm lands overrun by the mongrel hordes of Europe who, we are told, are presently to assimilate the manners, institutions, and amenities which our British forefathers so slowly and painfully through the centuries established for us.

It is a magnificent spectacle the West is offering to the world—this great *trek* of a hundred thousand families a year—these cities arising in a single night, this flux and tumult, this noisy abandonment of effete conventions and ideals. Perhaps it is all going to end, as the optimists tell us it will end, to the glory of the race—our race. But some of them do not deny a certain element of risk in the process. It is a big price we may have to pay. It is the price the Egyptians paid to the Semites; the Greeks paid to the Macedonians; the Romans paid to the Goths; the Persians paid to the Saracens; the Gauls paid to the Franks; and the Americans have paid to the Irish, Italians, and Poles. And always the price is—Character.

“When,” once wrote a distinguished American to me, “I think of the early nineteenth-century promise of New