

PREFACE.

N this, my second appearance before the public, I still do not pose as any great man—which I am not—but simply as one of yourselves.

A Canadian—a citizen of no mean country. Yea, proud of our young country—a goodly land—and holding in it, we believe, material for greater greatness than the world has ever known. (This we hope to see proved some day, but do not in the meantime expect you can believe it.)

A writer, he or she may be; a worker, he or she must be. And we question if either hemisphere, in its mainlands or the isles of the sea, can, even now, produce workers, of an average, paramount to our own.

Though I had nothing to do with it, I was born just when and where I wanted to be—though I did not think of it at the time.

For in all the world's history, there is no other age, epoch, in which I should have rather lived, and no other country in which I should rather have been born to play my part.