

Canada reprove, on any and every occasion the man, or company of men that seeks to sow tares in the fair fields of Canada.

Too often a section of the press instead of promoting faith and harmony among our people, has provoked them to anger and engaged them in inter-provincial strife. And that alert fellow—the party politician—has had no compunction of conscience in trading upon the ill-will thus engendered.

But after all public opinion is more powerful and much more trustworthy than an unprincipled editor or a characterless politician.

Let us more and more help to make wholesome public opinion by means of these clubs and otherwise.

John Ruskin in an address to workingmen, many years ago, said:

"It is useless to put your heads together if you can't put your hearts together.

'Shoulder to shoulder, right hand to right hand among yourselves and no wrong hand to anybody else, and you'll win the world yet.'

In the same strain and nationally rather than relating to a class, our own Barry Straton sings:

"Shall we not all be one race shaping and welding the Nation?

Is not our Country too broad for the schisms that shake petty lands?

Yea, we shall join in our might and keep sacred our firm Federation;

Shoulder to shoulder arrayed, hearts open to hearts, hands to hands."

When old Rome was passing through the greatest crisis in her history—when all faith in the future of the commonwealth seemed dead—one patriotic statesman had conferred upon him the highest honor in the gift of the State "Because he had not despaired of the Commonwealth."

In the white light of sacrifice of the past five years there is little room after all for the profession of the pessimist regarding Canada's destiny, immediate or remote.

I well remember reading at the time of its appearance the more famous pastoral of the great Belgian prelate—that soul of his people—His Eminence, Cardinal Mercier:

"We had need," he wrote—"let us confess it—of a lesson in patriotism. Belgians in large numbers were using up their strength, and squandering their time in barren quarrels of class and race and personal passion."

And then, further on, the splendid exhortation:

"Courage, my brothers, our sufferings will pass, but the crown of life for our nation will not pass."

I was reading in Emerson the other day that "The French in Canada, cut off from all intercourse with the parent state, have held their parent traits."