

the justice they sought for their own was equally the right of every nation—every man under the sun; who never, by their deeds against justice, gave the lie to the words with which they asserted they sought her. Washington was one of these noble men whose sentiments and whose actions make them worthy to be the pride, not of one nation only, but of all nations. Wendell Phillips says of O'Connell—and surely no truer patriot ever breathed—that he made it a rule never to refuse his help to any rightful cause, though his own might for the time seem to be compromised by his action. After he had obtained his seat in Parliament, and was struggling against every kind of prejudice, and with scarcely any help to obtain the emancipation of his countrymen from the disabilities under which they labored, he was offered the votes of the twenty-seven members who were then vehemently opposing the contemplated emancipation of the West Indian slaves, if he would in turn give them his support. He replied, "Gentlemen, God knows I am here in the cause of the saddest people whom the sun sees; but may my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, when to help Ireland—even Ireland!—I forget the negro for one single hour." Noble words! and worthy of a true patriot. National bigotry has blemished the records of the most enlightened nations of old. The principles of right and justice were applied only within their own borders; once beyond them, and those principles were discarded or reversed. The Greeks had such a contempt for outsiders that they would not even learn their languages; they regarded them as inferior beings whose rights it was quite unnecessary to respect.

Though not so unhesitatingly avowed, national bigotry exists to-day as it existed centuries ago.

"Mountains interposed, make enemies of nations
Which had else like kindred drops,
Been mingled into one."

In the wars between France and Germany, between Russia and Turkey, just as in the wars between the Dorian and Ionian, or between the Aryan and Semetic of old, we find the hatred of races far stronger than the love of the principles for which they contend, stronger than love of country or even than love of freedom, nerving the soldiers to deeds of reckless daring in battle, and inciting him to acts of the most wanton, the most fiendish cruelty in victory. Though we see its effects most strongly in time of war, it is not then alone that it exists. Indeed to it may be attributed, in past at least, more than one war which history records.

How irrational and how mischievous the feeling is, must be plain to anyone who studies the question. It is irrational because we should not dislike people for qualities which they possess almost of necessity, and because they are probably just what we would have been in their place. It is mischievous because certainly no one nation monopolizes all the good qualities of nature, and by giving way to an unreasoning prejudice against those unlike ourselves, we prevent ourselves from being benefitted by their estimable qualities.

But though its disadvantages in old countries are neither few nor small, here in Canada it has more and worse ones. It is still more irrational, for from whatever spot we come, once settled here we are all Canadians, and have, therefore, a common country whose welfare is ours. It is more mischievous because it prevents all parties working together for one end—the good of our country—and from benefitting by intercourse and interchange of ideas. That the feeling should be fostered here, then, is not only unwise, it is wicked, it is insane. The physical boundaries, the "mountains," are removed; a thousand times let the moral mountains be swept away also, that the many different elements of which our people is composed may, "like kindred drops, be mingled into one!" God speed the happy day when this shall have been fully accomplished!