

North American continent. I believe in Canada!

It is true that Englishmen have been criticised in Canada. Some ignoramus, who knew little of geography and less of history, has hung out a sign which read "Englishmen Not Wanted." But free advertising never injured a good man. Who can afford to stand criticism better than an Englishman? And why should not an Englishman be criticised? The Englishman has been a disturbing, quickening, and revolutionizing force in the world for ten centuries and more. The greatest metropolis, the greatest poet and "the mother of parliaments" belong to him.

England has produced a generation of the most brilliant critics the world has ever seen. Samuel Johnson was a critic. John Ruskin was a critic. Lord Byron was a critic. Matthew Arnold was a critic. Thackeray was a critic. Herbert Spencer was a critic—but they were all wise enough to stay at home long enough to learn the Science of Criticism before they began to practice on "the regions round about." They dared to criticise their own people in their own land. It takes nerve to do that.

The American in Canada is almost as severely criticised as a certain class of Englishmen, but the American finally manages to "fit in" and this a certain class of Englishmen refuses to do. When I say "fit in" I am not referring to any mode or method which involves the sacrifice of an vital principle. Certainly Rev. C. T. Aked, D.D., the famous English divine, has managed to make himself exceedingly popular as the pastor of an American Congregational church. But how plain spoken he was when he stood in the pulpit of the "Rockefeller" Baptist church in New York city, and in the presence of the richest man in the world, laid down three incontestable propositions: (1) Money is only honorably owned when it is the proper equivalent of services rendered. (2) Money has been dishonestly obtained when men and women have been used merely as instruments for producing wealth. (3) No amount of money getting will ever atone for money stealing."

When I want to find a perfect lady or a perfect gentleman I know where to go. The perfection of the social art belongs to the Islands of the Northern Sea. All the traits of a perfect gentleman belongs to a true Englishman.

Wherever thought is deep and strong.
Wherever conscience fights against
wrong,