

and more dangerous vestments—veritable fabrics of Nessus—woven of ancient party strife.

I pray you, Sir, to believe I do not arrogate to myself the unenviable post of judge or mentor, nor is this a curate's plea for "sweetness and light." We have had, and must in the future retain, honest differences of opinion; our judgment on questions of the weightiest import will be widely divergent, and forceful words will be used by forceful men. But let us not fall into the mortal error of mistaking feeling for thought, or of substituting mere passion for argument.

I am confident I speak for many, perhaps for a majority of members on both sides, when I say we have in the past been forced to listen with grave repugnance to attacks made both within and without this House; attempts to stir up racial and religious feeling, to divide or segregate one section of the community or country from the remainder, to malign or belittle those high in the service of the nation; attacks which utterly failed to accomplish the nominal object of the aggressor; nay, rather served to undermine the very cause he purported to uphold. Do not let us forget, however far apart we may stand on questions of policy, we have at least one common cause for unity in that we are all Canadians.

For the Parliament of Canada can never represent the East as distinguished from the West, the English speaking peoples apart from those who love the French tongue, Capital rather than Labour, the city in preference to the country, or the civilian before the soldier. This Parliament should, and I believe does, represent the whole of Canada; a country of which we have every reason to be proud, but one in which, because of its geographical position, its diversities of language, religion and interests, there is a greater need for the strongest unifying influence.

In searching for an apt statement on this head I applied to my broad-minded and good natured friend, who formerly represented Kamouraska (Mr. E. Lapointe), but who is now to be congratulated on his election to the seat so long held by his distinguished leader. He drew my attention to the sentiment of the talented author of "*L'Esprit des lois*" or, as some Englishmen prefer to call it, "*The Spirit of Nations*," when he uttered this phrase: —"*La société est l'union des hommes, et non pas les hommes.*" So in very truth this country of ours is and will only re-

main a Dominion by virtue of the unity of its citizens and not through the mere existence of the citizens themselves.

Mr. Speaker, it has been my privilege to travel over the greater portion of this broad land, and thus to learn, from such personal observation as my faculties permit, something of its attractions and resources. It does not, therefore, astonish me when conversing with my fellow members, whether they hail from Prince Edward Island on the east, British Columbia on the west, or from one of the seven sister provinces lying between, that each and every one is ready, in describing his home territory, to employ the sentiment—if not the graceful words of the classical poet—"*Ille terrarum mihi praefer omnes angulus ridet.*"

An hon. MEMBER: Translate.

Mr. CRONYN: An hon. member demands a translation. There are many happy ones, but I prefer to adopt that of the westerner who, when speaking of his own smiling corner of the Dominion, says in words more blunt—but none the less convincing, "It sure is a bit of God's own country."

It has also formed a part of my life to pay many visits to Great Britain, and while on business bent my mind was ever open to the beauties—I need scarcely say, Sir, I refer solely to inanimate nature—the beauties of the Old Land, whether these were to be found in the mystic atmosphere of the "distressful" island, in the wealth of colouring of peace-time England, or in the more rugged outlines north of the Tweed. I snatched at each rare opportunity to enjoy the pleasures offered by art, or that more elusive charm of a civilization mellowed by age; not too happily defined by the word "culture."

But on each and every occasion when the home-bound liner neared these shores, I found myself offering a fervent welcome to my native land. Nor was this worship evoked by the sight of the shining flood of the mighty St. Lawrence, or of those Northern hills upon whose purple peaks the deeper shades descended; it was not the memory of the thunders of Niagara transmuted and transmitted for the service and light of ten thousand happy homes, of our vast Mediterraneans bearing the argosies of a continent's commerce, of the unchecked horizon of our fertile prairies here showing the velvety blackness of their fallow soil, there miles of waving grain, richer than the tracery of any goldsmith's cunning; nor yet the intimate friendliness of those fruitful valleys bathed by the soft airs of the Paci-