

It is a good thing that we of this generation should also seek to make our contribution as heirs to the common law. Perhaps our greatest contribution can be made in directing men's minds to the study of the essential principles of freedom. Let us engrave its great principle upon our monuments of marble and stone. Let us preach them from our pulpits and thunder them in the columns of our free press. Let us debate them in our deliberative assemblies until the eternal verities are enshrined in the hearts of men. But let us not delude ourselves that freedom can be created out of perishable pieces of parchment. Freedom is not a code of man-made laws. Freedom lives and abides and endures in the spirit and the soul of man.

I am going to ask the indulgence of the house—I am sorry I am speaking so long—to tell them something of my own personal experience in obtaining a bill of rights in Canada. It will be very brief. As the house knows, I was born overseas in Scotland. I came to Canada, arriving in Halifax in 1914. I did not know a soul in that beautiful city. I waited for the cushionless upper of the colonist train which was to take me over the long seven-day trail to Vancouver. I passed through all the provinces of Canada except one, Prince Edward Island. I knew something of the history of that grand island. Although I had to pass them by, I knew that I got my bill of rights from Prince Edward Island.

I went through Nova Scotia. I knew something of the history of Nova Scotia. I knew how Sir William Alexander got a charter in 1621 and how the barons of Nova Scotia were enabled to become barons when the esplanade of that old castle at Edinburgh was declared to be part of Nova Scotia so that they could take titles to their lands. I remembered about the arrival of the *Hector* from my native county in 1773 in Pictou harbour, where my good friend, the hon. member for Pictou (Mr. McCulloch) lives. I remembered how Norman Macleod came from the same place in 1817 and lived there for thirty-one years before he went to Australia and New Zealand. I felt that Nova Scotia had given me a bill of rights.

Then I went through New Brunswick, that glorious province, probably one of the most beautiful in Canada. I knew of the loyalists who had sacrificed much to keep a deathless devotion to their sovereign. They were the forebears of magnificent people. I felt that I had a bill of rights from New Brunswick.

Then I came up to old Quebec where I saw the glorious St. Lawrence. I remembered in

my wistful reflections how Jacques Cartier had left St. Malo in April, 1534, and how Champlain came first of all to New Brunswick and then to Quebec with his missionaries, nursing sisters, pioneers and explorers. I remembered how for one hundred and fifty years they had given us in Canada the type of settlement and government which makes it possible for us to be here in this House of Commons today. I felt that I had a bill of rights from the province of Quebec.

Then I came past this building here as a humble immigrant, never dreaming that I would be debating in this house some day with the hon. member for Lake Centre. I thought of Galt and Guelph, and I thought of Goderich, Seaforth, Huron, the Yorks and Carleton. I thought of the grand history of the Scotch people of Ontario. I went up the shores of lake Superior and I felt that Ontario had given me a bill of rights.

Then I came to Manitoba, the Red river. I saw the great country there. I remembered how it was peopled from my shire, from my county who had made up the Selkirk settlers. I remembered how there had been women with children in their arms, how other stout-hearted women had borne children in the ice and snow. They went to the Red river and through a willingness to sacrifice and to shed blood and sweat, to fight frost and storm, they held that northwest for the British crown.

Then I came to the spacious reaches of Saskatchewan where the old pioneers opened up the country far up into the northern stretches of that grand province. Many people of my race were there. I have not the time to describe all these Highlands splendid people, but I felt that I had received my bill of rights.

An hon. MEMBER: Not many C.C.F.'s at that time.

Mr. MACKENZIE: Of course I am not making a political speech. Incidentally I believe that the mother of the hon. member for Lake Centre was sprung from one of the old Selkirk pioneers. Then I came up to Calgary and the foothills and I went down that famous stretch from Calgary to Banff, one of the most famous in the country. Alberta is a province full of education, full of religion and full of changing political ideas. I came down to Banff and that bastion of grandeur of the Rockies and its eternal sentinels of hills. Then I came to Golden, which is the real entrance to British Columbia. What a wonderful name for an entrance to a province—Golden. Then down to Revelstoke, Kam-