

WHO ARE CANADIANS?

When I speak of the feeling of the people upon this most important question I refer to all who claim to be citizens of this country, and have no spirit with the narrow spirit of nativism that would create a distinction between those who happen to be Canadians by birth—like myself—and the Canadians by adoption, who have, by their own free choice, made this place their home, and the home for their children after them. Because a man chances to be born here I do not claim that he is any the better for it, or, as the song in "Pinafore" says that "it is greatly to his credit." Those who have had the enterprise and pluck to cross the ocean and face the unknown conditions of a distant land, are not the least worthy of Britain's sons and daughters. When they have planted their hearthstones here, they will be the first to insist that, as subjects of the Queen, they should have the same rights as possessed by her subjects who remain behind in the old land. My strong conviction is that, man for man, they are the superiors of those stay-at-home Britons. As it was in the days when the Dane, the Saxon, and the Norman swarmed upon the English shores, so it has always been the bravest and the strongest who leave the cradle of their race and go forth to possess new lands, and to subdue the wilderness and force the rugged forms of nature to do them service. These men may cherish, with tender emotion, the memories of their birthplace, as sons of England, of Ireland, or of Scotland, and be no worse Canadians for doing so. They may vaunt in toast and song of the rival glories of the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle, but it is under the pleasant shade of the maple boughs that their little ones are playing and the maple leaf in a few short years becomes the dearest emblem of them all.

CANADIAN CITIZENSHIP.

Let us, then, take Canadian citizenship in its widest sense, and pass rapidly in review some of our claims to be no longer considered in a condition of inferiority to our fellow-subjects who reside in the United Kingdom, and who acknowledge, like ourselves, the benign constitutional sway of Queen Victoria. At the start there is a certain confusion of ideas whenever we speak of our fatherland or motherland, which tends to leave the impression that we are the children of the present population of the British Isles. There never was a greater mistake, for we at least stand on the free and easy footing of cousins with them. Indeed, if our comparative longevity could be tested by reference to the great number of noble old veterans of 1812 who are still drawing their pensions, I believe we could establish, with moderate accuracy, that we are the uncles and aunts of the present generation of Englishmen. Assuming, however, that they are our cousins, perhaps we must be content to be treated as "poor relations"; and anyone knows that there is room for unqualified contempt in that classification. In concentrated wealth of families and corporations they exceed us immeasurably, just as they exceed the rest of the world, but in the midst of it all they have swarming myriads of poverty-stricken wretches, who constitute a pauper class, which is almost unknown in this favored land. Our wealth, if not vast, is widely diffused, and affords solid comfort and simple luxuries to the masses of our people. As it is with their wealth,