

Canada in Modern History.

Written for Western Home Monthly by Merodach Green.

Nations and empires, like ephermal lights, shine for a period then fade and perish in the deep gloom of Time and Tide. They have their day and cease to be, but their achievements and standard of development perish not with them but live on as elements in some great consummate whole.

History is not the story of kings and potentates but the strange story of the rise and fall of nations and democracies, and the gradual but certain ascent of the human race, colored in a spectrum of blood, gloom, tragedy, progress, development and social amelioration. Its gruesome catastrophes, its periods of national revolutions, its dark ages are but the steps that mark the path along which democracies are marching into the realms of light and peace.

Monarchs—some like spectres and chimeras, some like rays of divinest light—pass from the ever-changing scene, but the inner soul of the races, ever receptive to impressions from an ever-changing and ever-improving environment passes on from strength to strength, from the dark, dusty, blood-stained past into the radiant future.

The present is indeed a most critical period in the world's history; nations are spontaneously precipitating themselves or are being violently hurled into the heated crucibles of Fate, yet out of all this apparent chaos, order, law and justice will ultimately evolve. What appears to be almost national annihilation is not utter ruin but an evidence of the integrity and courage of the soul of the masses struggling for its right and inheritance in the sphere of its toils.

Young Turkey has broken the fetters of despotism; India is recognizing and seeking the culture of the west; China is emerging from her travail and is caressing the child of liberty; Russia is still awaiting the great dawn; Germany and Britain, though perhaps, exasperated by the spirit of war, are giving birth to new forces that seek to produce international harmony and not dissension and hatred. Self-motivated parties are being destroyed; selfish bureaucracies are being exposed and cast out; reforming forces are at work aiming at the betterment and happiness of all. Truly, "The old order changeth, giving way to new."

Amidst all this confusion and intermittent chaos, Canada is silent; whether traversing her endless prairies and dreaming of future wealth, or seated in lofty splendor on the snowy thrones of the Rockies and domed with a world of unstained azure, the "Lady of the Snows" dwells in peace; for the wave of discontent and war has not broken against the rocks of her foundation, and her name as yet has not stained history's pages in letters of blood. Yet through all this apparent silence and slumber Can-

ada is making history such as shall yet weave its golden threads into the web of the civilized world, not with the coercion of the blade and dreadnought but with wisdom, fraternity and equality.

Canada is a future power in cosmos, its people drawn from all nations, its posterity to be devoid of none of the virtues of the nations. Here we have Canadians who have mastered the wilds of the East and wrested abundance from a hard and rocky land; Americans full of vitality and determination; Britons with loyal hearts and British grit; industrious and thrifty Germans fresh from the Rhine land; French people possessed of great delicateness and sensitiveness; and several other peoples mingling their blood to produce a new people, a new race—the mosaic of nations colored with the freedom and invigorating environment of the prairies and the lofty Rockies.

Led here from different countries of the world, they have been compelled to strain both nerve and muscle to wrestle with Nature and adverse circumstances to get an existence; have drunk deep of Marah's waters; have not vacillated in the face of terrible odds or great perils; have known what it is to labor and wait with great fortitude of body and soul; have accomplished great enterprise; have baffled opposition and emerged triumphant, and have converted a wilderness into the finest granary in the world.

But do they live in harmony? Has history known a cosmopolitan people to live at peace and be without slaves? Unlike the Roman, this new nation is being built, not with the results of war and the curse of slavery, but on the great principle of liberty, equality, fraternity.

Unlike the Saxon churl in his first home in Angeln, these denizens of the prairies look not on their fellow inhabitants as lurking spies and treacherous foes, but as nation-builders and units in a great army.

The prairie environment has infused into them a passion for expansion and broader and loftier conceptions of humanity and peoples. Here, as nowhere else, Canadian, Briton, German, Frenchman, Hungarian, Russian, Indian and Asiatic live at peace.

Races are giving way to a new and nobler race that will see the vision of soul unity not racial difference, color and language. The child of the future is being born on these vast plains and is emerging from the gloom of Time inspired by the vision of the brotherhood of man and the unstained democracy of the nations. The path to the future is neither dimmed nor uncertain, for nations are trending towards the light; the eastern Magi have seen its star; the toiling multitudes of hill and valley and plain are following it; western scientists and

thinkers, urged on by the peace-makers, have seen the vision and the star rests mute and motionless, not above one nation or country, but in the Heavens of Hope, above the world where daily is born the son of man. Truly:

"The One remains. The many change and pass,
Heaven's light for ever shines,
All shadows flee."

The future inhabitants of Canada will not be as their parents, of European, Asiatic or American blood, but a people possessing a strong lingering affinity towards all lands and peoples—evidently a new race.

Decadent civilizations are to be taught a great lesson. With the advancement of scientific research separation will become an impossibility; railways, telephones, telegraphy, oceans, education, thought, culture, travel are slowly but surely shattering the patriotic selfishness and differences of people and tending to unite and weld not to separate and destroy.

Despotism autoeracy, bureaucracy are doomed and must be relegated to the past, for the new race is full of a democratic spirit, full of the spirit of practical christianity and progress, destined to completely destroy all distorted ideas in politics, economics, education, religion and life.

Northern regions are returning to their pre-historic conditions when life of all forms found existence here, and for whom is the great Northland to be a home? To the sons and daughters of the great new race who will be too grandly patriotic to prefer flag-loyalty to soul-loyalty; too cultured and intellectually refined to wantonly squander their strength on militarism; too vital, energetic and broad-minded to be serfs of an idle few; too noble to hate and tyrannise.

The prophesied people of the Northland shall bring all to dwell, not under flags putrescent with the blood of martyrs and heroes of whom the world was not worthy, but under the flag of universal fraternity and peace.

Slowly from the prairies is emerging the race that shall further the kingdom of light, truth and love, and relegate to the blood-stained past the sins of monarchs, the blood-thirsty vengeance and extortions of rapacious and malicious rulers, the wild ambitions of selfish soldiers and the crimes of national parasites.

The new people will hasten the day when man shall decree from a universal parliament and the world shall be one great federation and shall witness:

"The far off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."

The New Nationality—A Dominion Day Ode.

By FIDELIS.

With feu-de-joie and merry bells, and cannon's thundering peal,
And pennons fluttering on the breeze, and serried rows of steel,
We greet, again, the birthday morn of our young giant's land,
From the Atlantic stretching wide to far Pacific strand;
With flashing rivers, ocean lakes, and prairies wide and free,
And waterfalls, and forests dim, and mountains by the sea;
A country on whose birth-hour smiled the genius of romance,
Above whose cradle brave hands waved the lily-cross of France;
Whose infancy was grimly nursed in peril, pain, and woe;
Whose gallant hearts found early graves beneath Canadian snow;
When savage raid and ambushade and famine's sore distress,
Combined their strength, in vain, to crush the dauntless French noblesse;
When her dim, trackless forest lured, again and yet again,
From silken courts of sunny France, her flower, the brave Champlain.
And now, her proud traditions boast four blazoned rolls of fame—
Crecy's and Flodden's deadly foes our ancestors we claim;
Past feud and battle buried far behind the peaceful years,
While Gaul and Celt and Briton turn to pruning-hooks their spears;
Four nations welded into one,—with long historic past,
Have found, in these our western wilds, one common life, at last;
Through the young giant's mighty limbs, that stretch from sea to sea,
There runs a throb of conscious life—of waking energy.
From Nova Scotia's misty coast to far Columbia's shore,

She wakes,—a band of scattered homes and colonies no more,
But a young nation, with her life full beating in her breast,
A noble future in her eyes—the Britain of the West.
Hers be the noble task to fill the yet untrodden plains
With fruitful, many-sided life that courses through her veins;
The English honour, nerve, and pluck,—the Scotsman's love of right,—
The grace and courtesy of France,—the Irish fancy bright,—
The Saxon's faithful love of home, and home's affections blest;
And, chief of all, our holy faith,—of all our treasures best.
A people poor in pomp and state, but rich in noble deeds,
Holding that righteousness exalts the people that it leads;
As yet the waxen mould is soft, the opening page is fair;
It rests with those who rule us now, to leave their impress there,—
The stamp of true nobility, high honour, stainless truth;
The earnest quest of noble ends; the generous heart of youth;
The love of country, soaring far above dull party strife
The love of learning, art, and song—the crowning grace of life;
The love of science, soaring far through Nature's hidden ways;
The love and fear of Nature's God—a nation's highest praise.
So, in the long hereafter, this Canada shall be
The worthy heir of British power and British liberty;
Spreading the blessings of her sway to her remotest bounds,
While, with the fame of her fair name, a continent resounds.
True to her high traditions, to Britain's ancient glory
Of patient saint and martyr, alive in deathless story;
Strong, in their liberty and truth, to shed from shore to shore
A light among the nations, till nations are no more.