

said by the Leader of the Government about the maple leaf. I speak not one word of disrespect for the maple leaf. It is true that it has been the symbol of our soldiers. But what about Ireland? If there is a plant, if there is a flower, if there is a growth anywhere on this earth more associated with a single nation, it is the shamrock of Ireland.

They speak of badges on the tunics of our soldiers. That shamrock was on the badges of all the soldiers of the Irish brigades that left Ireland after the Treaty of Limerick. It was carried by Irish regiments who down the centuries billowed British battlefields with their graves. Yes, and it was carried by Thomas Francis Meagher, when his Irish brigade stormed the heights of Fredericksburg to be acclaimed by Lee.

Certainly you use the maple leaf as badges for your soldiers, but that is not the meaning of a flag. When the Irish came to design their own flag, they did not put the shamrock on it, they did not put the harp on it, they merely presented a flag to unify their country, the two historic colours of Ireland, orange and green. This was an appeal to the granite qualities of the north to unite with the cloudy and lightning genius of the south, in common love for their common country. This was their hope for an answer to the prayer of the Protestant poet, Ingram:

Then let the orange lily be they badge,
my patriot brother;
The everlasting green for me, and we
for one another.

That is the mission, that is the purpose of a flag, to unite your people, to unite them for their common good.

Oh, you ask me—and I said I would reply—why I, an Irishman, should extol the Union Jack. I think it was Cardinal Newman who once said that though England's sins have been great, her repentances were always greater. Honourable senators, who, whether of Irish blood or not, could deny the proof of that, when in two world wars, when the free world was under siege, when liberty was under siege, England made history's greatest atonement for whatever might have been her sins of the past?

I think too of what was once said by a great Irish-American orator, Bourke Cockran. He said he was willing to forget that England was the home of Cromwell because she was also the home of William Ewart Gladstone. Today Irish exiles and their descendants are willing to forget that England was the home of Cromwell because in recent decades she has been the home of men who met good faith with good faith and goodwill with goodwill.

For myself, I would not have you think I stand here and say you must have the Red

Ensign or nothing. I personally am not in favour of the Red Ensign. I want some flag which will keep some vestiges of the British on it and yet also commemorate the contributions of the French and other nations. I am not even standing here advocating a plebiscite. I am speaking to the Canadian heart of you senators who sit here and who should be, I hope, a bit above the battle as we see it in the other house.

When I personally think of the flag I do not think of it in terms of traditions that have the colour of blood or numbers left on the field. I think of England's flag and what happened under it; I think of Burke; I think of Fox; I think of Pitt; of the great men who contributed to parliamentary life; of the men who proclaimed the great maxims of freedom by which we live. I think of the nation which, with one tragic exception, became the fatherland of parliamentary government and liberty. I think of Shakespeare; I think of Milton; I think of Swinburne. I think too of Magna Carta; I think of the petition of rights; I think of the system of trial by jury. I remember as a boy how thrilled I was once when reading a magnificent passage by Macaulay, in which he spoke of an Australian lying out under the Southern Cross and reading by its light those unforgettable words from Magna Carta:

To no man shall we refuse,
To no man deny,
To no man delay justice and right.

These are the things which a flag should represent—the history of the people, the history of civilization. And so, I say a flag should be a teacher of history. God knows, there is need in this country at this time to get our young people to respect the past.

I mentioned once before in the presence of Senator Connolly (Ottawa West) the story of Renan—Renan who had broken with his church, who had gone from the orders which he held in the church. She had appealed to history against him, and he became one of her most formidable antagonists, and yet, as an old man, when he came to write *The Souvenirs of My Youth* he pleaded for the past. He spoke of the importunities of childhood. He told of how, in hours of twilight, he could hear the church bells on the Breton coast calling him to his prayers. "I could not choose but hear," he wrote, and in a passage of haunting and mournful beauty he pleaded with men to love the past, to not forget the past—to love it and not forget it, even though you disagreed with what it had brought and done.

This is the plea I make for a flag, that it be a flag of history, a flag to teach history, a flag to teach patriotism and love of country.