

Fleming, was about to start on a surveying expedition for the proposed Canadian Pacific Railway he accompanied the party for a much-needed holiday. The novel experiences of the long canoe journey, through what was then a "great lone land" with unknown capabilities, strongly impressed his own imagination, and were communicated to thousands of readers through the hastily-written but graphic pages of *From Ocean to Ocean*. This glimpse of the extent and grandeur of the national heritage of Canadians—the fit home of a great people—made him still more emphatically a Canadian, and gave him a still stronger impulse and more earnest aim to use all the powers he possessed to aid in moulding the still plastic life of a young nation born to such privileges and responsibilities.

The popularity attained by the publication of *From Ocean to Ocean* called attention to Principal Grant as a writer, and though his time and strength have been too much taxed in other fields to leave him leisure for much literary labour, his vivid and forceful style has made him a welcome contributor to Canadian and American periodical literature, as well as to *Good Words* and the *Contemporary Review*. Several articles of his in the *Century* magazine have given American readers some idea of the extent and grandeur of the Canadian Pacific. His happy associations with the inception of this enterprise, and repeated visits during its progress, have given him an almost romantic interest in an achievement worthy of the "brave days of old." If in the judgment of some he seems to exaggerate its utility, and to lose sight of serious drawbacks and evils which have become connected with an enterprise too heavy for the present resources of the country, the explanation is to be found in the fascination which, to his patriotic heart, invests a work that connects the extremities of our vast Canadian territory and helps to unite its far scattered people.

It need hardly be said that Principal Grant heartily rejoiced over the confederation of the Canadian provinces, or that he has always been a warm supporter of its integrity, and a staunch opponent of every suggestion of dismemberment. He thinks it not all a dream that this young, sturdy "Canada of ours" should indeed become the youngest Anglo-Saxon nation, working out for herself an individual character and destiny of her own on the last of the continents where such an experiment is practicable. It is his hope that such a nation might grow up side by side with the neighbouring republic and in the closest fraternal relations with it, free to mould its life into the form most useful and natural and therefore most enduring, but yet remaining a member of the great British commonwealth, bound to it by firm though elastic bonds of political unity, as well as by unity of tradition, thought and literature. This hope and belief makes him a warm supporter of Imperial federation—a scheme which he thinks full of promise, both for Great Britain herself and for her scattered colonies, as well as for the world at large, in which such a federation might be a

potent influence, leading possibly to a still greater Anglo-Saxon federation. To such a consummation his wide and catholic sympathies would give a hearty God-speed. But he believes intensely that, in order to secure a noble destiny, there must be a noble and healthy political life, and that for this there must be a high and healthy tone of public opinion, a pure and lofty patriotism. And this he earnestly seeks to promote so far as in him lies.

The following stirring words recently published in the *Mail* are a good illustration of the spirit in which he seeks to arouse Canadians to their responsibilities: "Duty demands that we shall be true to our history. Duty also demands that we shall be true to our home. All of us must be Canada-first men. O, for something of the spirit that has animated the sons of Scotland for centuries, and that breathes in the fervent prayer, 'God save Ireland,' uttered by the poorest peasant and the servant girl far away from green Erin! Think what a home we have. Every province is fair to see. Its sons and daughters are proud of the dear natal soil. Why then should not all taken together inspire loyalty in souls least capable of patriotic emotion! I have sat on blocks of coal in the Pictou mines, wandered through glens of Cape Breton and around Cape North, and driven for a hundred miles under apple blossoms in the Cornwallis and Annapolis valleys. I have seen the glory of our Western mountains, and toiled through passes where the great cedars and Douglas pines of the Pacific slope hid sun and sky at noonday, and I say that, in the four thousand miles that extend between, there is everything that man can desire, and the promise of a mighty future. If we cannot make a country out of such materials it is because we are not true to ourselves; and if we are not be sure our sins will find us out."

All narrow partisanship he hates, and every kind of wire-pulling and corruption he most emphatically denounces, whether the purchase be that of a vote, a constituency, or a province. The evils inflicted on the country by the virulence of blind party spirit he has again and again exposed, with a frankness that finds no favour from the thorough-going partisans of either side. During the last election his voice and pen urged on all whom he could reach the honest discharge of the most sacred trust of citizenship, the paramount duty of maintaining political purity—of opposing, as an insult to manhood itself, every approach to bribery, direct or indirect. Nor were his eloquent appeals to conscience quite in vain. Some elections at least were in some degree the purer because, leaving the beaten track to which some preachers too often confine themselves, he followed the example of the old Hebrew prophets in denouncing the moral evils that threaten to sap the public conscience, and seeking at a public crisis, to uphold the "righteousness that exalteth a nation."

In 1877 Principal Grant was called from his pastorate at Halifax, to take the responsible office of Principal of Queen's University, Kingston. It was no sinecure that