

Our Symposium.

HOW FAR SHOULD THE LIMITS OF OUR ORDER EXTEND?

To the Editor of the Anglo-Saxon:

DEAR SIR:—Having read with much pleasure and interest the several articles in your November issue, I am constrained to make a few remarks.

I can quite endorse the general sentiment of the first three paragraphs of that able contribution of our worthy Bro. Will T. James, but when he comes to emphasize the absurdity of an effort to establish our order in the United States, I beg most cordially to disagree with him. He says, also, that if any of our members think it to their interest to migrate to the States, we should endeavor to retain their membership, etc. Now, I think the best means to that end is to afford them fraternal intercourse in the land of their adoption. I take it that an Englishman can be as good a citizen of the United States—that is, he can be obedient to their laws and in other ways conform to the established usages and customs as the native-born American, and still *not* take the oath of allegiance. Let us not forget that Liberty is conspicuous in the motto of that great Republic, and while they use every effort to entice aliens to join them, they cannot (and would not try to) compel such, and therefore I think the establishment of our order there would be the means of sustaining the adherence of Englishmen to "the dear old flag."

I know many worthy Englishmen who have been long resident in the States (some 25 and some 30 years) and have never taken the oath, and they have told me that, although as aliens they sacrifice some few privileges of citizens, yet they choose the lesser of two evils; and notwithstanding they make a good living there, yet they will never sell their birthright for a "mess of pottage."

If our order were extended across the border, I think there are thousands who would seek to be encircled with the "Glorious old Union Jack," and thereby show their love and fidelity to their native country as well as silently proclaiming that independence, which is the prevailing characteristic of every true Briton.

Yours fraternally,

W. E. WILKINSON,

District Deputy No. 17 District.

Woodstock, Nov. 26th.

To the Editor of the Anglo-Saxon:

I beg to say a few words in answer to Bro. James, President of Windsor Lodge, *re* How far should the limits of our order extend? I willingly admit that they should extend to wherever a sufficient body of Englishmen can be found; but it is a question of policy how far afield we should at present go. Grand Lodge Reports of 1886-7 show that it is practically impossible for us to amalgamate with the Sons of St. George across the line. Their only idea of amalgamation being complete absorption into themselves; and I very much question if the "Sons of England" are prepared to give up their name, charter, rituals, constitution, our pledged fidelity to the Mother Land—in fact, surrender everything but our funds—merely to become associated with a larger body of men who are almost as much American as they are English. There is no doubt that the Sons of St. George are doing a noble work, and I wish them God speed. But our aims, our objects, and the line of conduct we have marked out for ourselves are different from theirs. Having put our "hands to the plough" let us not look back. We have a number of brethren in British Columbia, in Australia, New Zealand and in dear Old England itself, all of whom have promised to organize lodges in their neighbourhood, but year after year goes silently by and the matter rests in abeyance. "Hills look green when

far away." I contend that we should, at least for a time, devote all our energies to this Dominion of ours, and principally in Ontario. A writer in one of our home magazines, wishing to illustrate the advantages of concentrated efforts, mentioned the following anecdote: A number of children were out gathering wild raspberries. They entered heartily into the work, picking a few here, then off to another bush for one or two there, again looking up and seeing two or three tempting ones a few feet away, run wildly off to secure them; but the end of the day found them tired out and their pails not full. One little fellow in the party was noticed to select a goodly spot and then *stick to his bush* till he had gathered all that were worth having. He then quietly went to the next bush, and at the end of the day found himself but little fatigued and his pail full to overflowing. We are surrounded with cities and towns, all within easy reach of us, where branches of our noble Order should be established. I therefore say—"Stick to your bush" and finish the work before you go to the *next*. "The harvest truly is plentiful, but the LABORERS are few."

Yours fraternally,

J. W. KEMPLING,
Grand Vice President.

Barrie, Nov. 21st.

The Fighting Blood of Englishmen.

And yet, when wanted and called on, we are there; and the fighting power of the brave old race does not seem to have diminished, nor has its source nor its energy.

We hold our own against such enemies as we have to meet; we loose our lives in the desert, on exploring expeditions, on the Alps, in any kind of manly exploit; and we have not yet discarded the lion for the domestic tabby. Some of our philanthropists would like that we should, and some of our women—those who want to see men reduced to the standard of women, combed and curled and dainty handed, and abhorrent of all rude sports, and as nicely behaved as so many good little maidens fresh from school, but the sense of the nation repudiates the tabby, just yet at least, and holds to the need of the lion-bearded manliness of men. Until the long looked-for and oft-talked of millennium sets in in real earnest, there will be no good in showing the pattern of the plough-share into which we are to beat our swords, or in extolling the virtues of a pruning hook over a spear. Life has its rough places and its rough work; and embroidered slippers and white kid gloves do not always suit either ways or things. It is a pity truly, that so much of the animal and so much of the barbarian remain in the midst of our civilization; but there they are and both animal and barbarian have to be recognized and provided for and against—if we would keep our place among the nations, and not become as soft as a cargo of sea cucumbers.

If our philanthropists and non-fighting men, our tender-hearted women, who think pain the greatest evil of life, and those of such ethereal purity as to hold smoking for sin, if these had their own way, every drop of fighting blood would be drained out of our men and we should be left a prey to all our foes of every kind.

But every now and then when hope plays, and belief grows weak, some splendid sacrifice, some magnificent achievement lifts up the fame and brightens again the splendor of the brave old name of Englishmen. The great God Pau is not dead. He is only asleep at the hour of the fervid noon when he always slept, and though Palinurus has more than once "nodded at his helm" he too will awake when he is wanted. But the women and their backers must not have their will, and the fighting blood of Englishmen must not be watered down to the soft milk of weakness.

If we have to sin at all, we must rather sin on the other side; and perhaps the pessimists are right so far. The excess we have to guard against at the present time is that of sentimentality rather than of severity, of soft-handedness rather than of rude toughness.