

## CHAPTER XXI

### THE SOUL OF CANADA

It is all very well for men like William Lloyd Garrison to exclaim, "My country is the world." I cannot lay claim to so broad a humanitarianism. Though I do not see the need of hating any other man's country, there is one country that means more than any other to me. How could I reprove the people of the United States for loving their own country — for being jingos, if you will — when I know that their home love cannot exceed mine?

Let me confess. Often and often I have thought of writing something about the love of my native land, but was restrained by the feeling that it was too intimate and personal to be exposed for the entertainment of the public. Goodness knows I have gossiped about almost everything in the most shameless way, but there was something about love of the