

carried away, some of them, by a sincere and ardent patriotism, consider it their duty to aid the Empire in every possible way so that it may not meet a defeat or a setback in the present conflict. To such as these we must bow. They may, from our point of view, lose touch with our mentality. But can we reproach them for preserving a sincere love for the country of their origin?

For them, their native land is not Canada. Their home is across the sea, in some mountain of Scotland or town of England that they hope to see once more, and where they have preserved their closest bonds. To us, wherever we live, whether on the coast of Gaspé or in the Laurentides, whether on the banks of the St. Lawrence or in some humble village far from the cities, our native land is the country in which our forefathers have lived for 300 years, the country where our little children were born. Our sole ambition, our only hope, our supreme ideal, is to assure the greatness of this country.

The European peace, which, we continue to hope in spite of everything, will re-establish world equilibrium, must, we think, have its reaction among us. All countries, great and small, strong and weak, must in the after-war period examine the ruins caused by the conflict. Love of native land, be that land great or small, wherever it exists, will inspire in individuals a national will and energy which will enable them to surmount every difficulty, and will unite them in the supreme determination to restore in its material form their native land as it was before the war.

Why not hope that the same love will inspire the same national energy in the moral order and bring together the individuals of certain countries whom the war had estranged from one another, as a result of a different comprehension of the same idea of duty to the fatherland? Then there will be but one question, one aim, one idea, that all can accept as a vivifying and national necessity—that of restoring among the individuals of the same country peace, harmony and good understanding.

That is why I say to you hopefully, with Wickham Steed:

We must now look towards the future, and not, with regret of heart, towards the past. We must look towards the dawn to see the moment when the sun is to appear, and not think of the suns that have already set.

I look towards the dawn with all my love for the Canadian land. I look at this dawn with all the strength of my enthusiasm, because I believe the day is not so far off as we think when the sun, whose rays are necessary to warm once more the Canadian soil, will rise at last over our poor country, torn, divided.

We must not despair of the sun of to-morrow. It will be the sun of liberty in the world, that will cause rights and the reciprocal obligations of nations to be respected; the sun that will warm once again the enthusiasm of individuals; the sun whose new splendor will make us forget these last days of national anguish; and, comforting all souls once more, it will renew the bond of tradition by uniting hearts and wills in a common effort. Then there will go up to the highest of the eternal vaults, from all Canadian homes, a *Te Deum* of joy intoned by an entire nation at last conscious of its strength, a nation that, spreading wide its wings, can face the future without dread. The Canadian nation will have risen. The Canadian soul will make it live; the Canadian ideal will guide it.

I feel that this optimism will surprise a great many of my compatriots who stop to consider the harm that blind fanaticism has done in our country, and who cannot believe that it is possible to retain any hope. Will they permit me, those who think in that fashion because they have suffered greatly, who are made skeptical through this suffering, who are pleased to cherish that suffering and keep it alive with sad memories, will they permit me to say that suffering is a sign, and marks a line of conduct for those whom it gathers in, and whom it causes to think? As we are, we have suffered insult and worse. All of us have bent to the storm; we have all felt the force of the blast; and the shock has kept alive within us our national susceptibility.

Well, in spite of all that, I am an optimist. I believe in the future of Canada, and I believe in the possibility of a Canadian mentality, because for these many questions we have asked ourselves one reply has sufficed—a reply that is an affirmation of national faith, a political creed, a hope for the future. In the general madness we must have preserved our calm, we must have remained profoundly Canadian to have withstood this shock and still to-day be capable of resistance.

Our position must have been very strong and very logical when those who deemed our demands and our attitude antipatriotic had nothing to offer as arguments but insults and worse. If we have logic on our side, and if our individual and national conscience dictated what we believe to have been a duty, and if, seeing this duty, we performed it, trusting that we should save our country from the ruin towards which extravagant theories were impelling it, have I not the right to hope that, under the impulse of this same logic, it will some day be said that after all we were not wrong? And do you not think with me,