

PREFACE

"Canadians" in truly machine-like fashion. Surely the right to become a living link in the great earth-girdling imperial chain of the greatest Empire on earth is too lightly regarded in the apparent anxiety to "increase production" and develop "material resources."

The people of foreign countries who come to Canada after having reached maturity—the middle-aged and the aged—will never become true Canadian citizens, imbued with the highest Anglo-Saxon ideals. This should not, in fact, be expected of them. Their hearts will remain, to a very great extent, bound up with the scenes of their childhood. Their customs and habits will remain much the same as those of their parents in Austria, or Russia, or Sweden, or Iceland, or Germany. Go into any Icelandic settlement in Canada to-day, and you will find the old grandmothers—fine, hospitable, large-hearted old ladies they are—preparing their wool and spinning their yarn just as they did before they left the shores of their northern island. Go into the home of the Ruthenian settler, and you will find the old women busy with their mud bake-ovens, or coloring with quaint designs their "Easter" eggs. They know no English; their dress is that of the Carpathians, and as they sing their native songs, one may see a far-off look in their eyes, as they for a brief space recall the scenes of childhood. And so it is with the adults of all foreign nationalities who have come to spend the remainder of their days with us. So it was with