

ity. It would be mere affectation to deny that we have often—not very often I hope, still too often—been spoken of disparagingly by even public writers for the English press—I don't say of eminence, but prominence is probably the better word—that sort of prominence that never allows modesty to stand in its way, the self-seekers, the smart writers of editorials for sale on the streets, the pushing nobodies with which populous cities, of course, abound. I suppose you have never been very sensitive about that sort of thing, and, on my part, I am convinced that it is neither common nor genuine; it is swagger, pure, simple and snobbish, swagger of the same kind that used to make silly people say, and probably believe, some half a century ago, that one Englishman was worth three Frenchmen. Of course, to reason with such people would be absurd, and they themselves, I am sure, would be puzzled if you asked them to mention the precise sort of inferiority they mean. Superiority both in kind and in degree there, of course, is; inferiority, undeniable and beyond all comparison, in respect, for instance, of national power, commercial wealth and, above all, in learning and culture. But England's history is ours as well as her's, and so are the riches of her example and the pride of her achievements. And when we come to inferiority of another kind—the inferiority clearly implied in these occasional and foolish insults—it is, as a little examination will show, as entirely unfounded and completely contrary to actual and historical truth, as the imputation itself is opposed to the taste and manners for which we naturally turn to imperial example. It is no pleasure to look back at the instances of conflict between Great Britain and her colonies; they are assuredly no matter of exultation on either side, but, if the truth must be told, it is plain matter of fact, nevertheless, that if you take the history of the last century or a little more—for before that the colonies were almost nothing, if you take say from the time of Bunker's Hill down to Majuba, England has never been beaten at all, as far as I remember, except by her colonists! Come down to more peaceful struggles! the cricket field and the water, who has ever beaten England at the bat, or with the oar, unless it be her own colonists? So that, after all, perhaps, if we had no better taste than some of them on the other side of the water, instead of being snubbed, we might be tempted to boast with the famed Kentuckian: "My father can lick 'most any man, and I can lick my father!" To speak seriously,

we must not allow such things to irritate even the youngest of us. Englishmen are not all snobs, and England has not been an unkind or an ungenerous parent to us. She has made mistakes, and will make more; but as a rule, when her children take ship and go beyond the sea to make "Greater Britains," she watches them—she does not let anybody bully them, and she helps them all she can consistently with the overwhelming cares of her immense family at home, crowded nowadays into a dear old house, which, I fear, is found very small to hold so many. Then, on the other hand, if we claim a share in her name and fame, we also remember the legal maxim: "*Nemo potest exuere patriam*." We can't help being Englishmen if we would, and we wouldn't if we could. Englishmen in the true and honorable sense—Englishmen by right of inheritance of her liberties and by the spirit to preserve them, and if, as an old motto once familiar in many a Canadian household used to say, we have only changed skies and not hearts in coming over the sea. Do we not feel her sorrows and her trials, as well as share her history and her glory? Of course we do; and speaking tenderly and with submission on such a subject, I believe that at this hour that not in old England alone, but in many homes of her children here, reverting to the glorious past, and looking at what she was and what she is now, there are those who athwart the gloom of atheism, of dynamite, the decline of parliament and of commercial morality, or even in childish and boastful military displays, feel neither enthusiasm nor even comfort in looking for the quiet, firm and reassuring figure of Britannia of old. A feeling of this sort will creep over one occasionally nowadays, and it found expression, I remember, not very long ago in some lines written on the death of poor old Carlyle:

"He liv'd through England's triumphs; but he heard  
With dying ears the shudder of decline."

Let us not despond, however; let us pray God that England may be England still, and better and stronger than ever. Let us, us in Canada and as Canadians especially, never say die, but as heirs of England's liberty and greatness go forward on the mission Heaven has set before us! Our way has not, like hers, to be cut with the sword; our rights need not be won by force in the field, nor cemented by death on the block. We have no need to grope in darkness, and without the light of science, in political, moral or material progress. What our fathers lived and died for we have got, and we have got what they never had, and,