

"We have been calling the new world a crucible in which all nationalists have been thrown to produce the true American or the true Canadian. Have you ever watched a crucible and noticed what takes place in it?"

"I once saw a copper crucible in British Columbia and a silver crucible in Massachusetts and iron crucibles here and there, but I never studied them carefully."

"Well, the only crucible I ever saw was the little one, made by the blacksmith, that I used for running bullets when a boy. I used to get big wads of tea lead from the grocer and melt it in the little crucible. When the heat got to the lead it would sink down to a pool at the bottom. The top would be covered with gray scum and blazing scraps of paper. Then I would pour the bright, clean metal into the bullet moulds. When it was all poured there would be left behind the gray scum from the top and some slag at the bottom. And I am thinking that when the good metal of nationality is ready to be poured we will leave be-