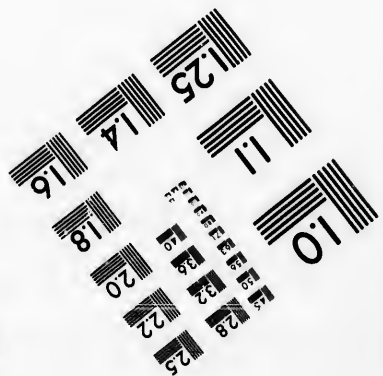
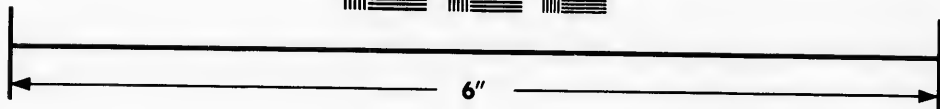
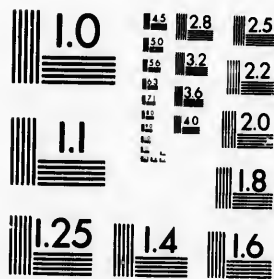


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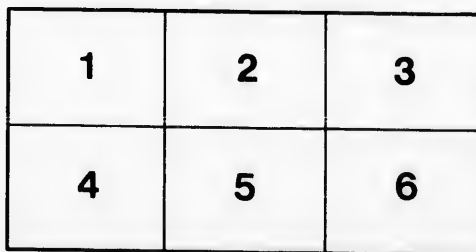
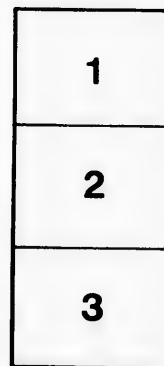
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ADDRESS



- BY -

**H. Spencer Howell,**

President Y. M. L.-C. A.

*In Reply to the Toast, "Young Men's Liberal-  
Conservative Association, of Galt,"*

- AT -

**The Annual Supper, Galt,**

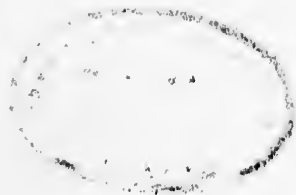
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# Address by H. Spencer Howell,

President Y. M. L.-C. A.

GENTLEMEN,—I thank you, very much, for the kindly manner in which you have received this toast. Though we are sincere in our response to the various sentiments, to the good wishes expressed, this evening, I trust I may be permitted to say that I doubt if there is anything which appeals to us in a greater measure, that touches a more sympathetic chord, than the welfare of our Young Men's Conservative Association. This organization was formed to assist the older society; and this evening's entertainment was gotten up to assist the younger branch. It is not so much for the "inner man" that we have assembled here, but rather for the higher import—friendliness and fidelity. As the stranger in the desert who has partaken of the Arab's salt and bread proceeds on his journey with a happy knowledge of greater security, so ought we, on leaving this room, to rejoice—to feel strengthened—in the fact that we are drawn closer together by social intercourse and mutual confidence.

I little thought, a short time ago, that I should be elected to the office of Secretary of the Conservative Association of South Waterloo; much less did I imagine that the honour of being your President would be my happy lot. And I accepted those positions with a sincere hope that I might prove more useful to the community in general, and to the Conservative party in particular, than I had been hitherto. I have heard men remonstrate against

this action; some friends of mine have told me that I had better keep to the flowery paths of literature; better for me to mind my own business; that I would make more enemies in political work in one week than I could count on my hands and feet. I replied that I would still continue in the thorny way of a magazine writer, that I had no business to mind, and that I was not counting enemies, "on my hands and feet!" One man, a friend, too, of our Association, wanted to know why I was fitting around with Commissioner Larke; what I knew about inter-colonial trade, commercial affairs, etc., and suggested that I had "ulterior motives." I said that I entertained no idea of personal benefit; that, in fact, I did it just—for a lark! I am not sufficient of a Presbyterian to believe entirely in predestination; but I do believe in what we Anglicans may call "fate." There is a destiny for each of us; and it has its incipience in the cradle. Dickens well knew this; for how often does he refer to the idea—in *Little Dorrit*; not once nor twice, but many times do these lines occur:—"And thus ever, by day and by night, under the sun and under the stars, climbing the dusty hills and toiling along the weary plains, journeying by land and journeying by sea, coming and going so strangely, to meet and to act and to re-act on one another, move all we restless travellers through this pilgrimage of life."

I will not take up your time in presenting to you a retrospect of the his-

tory of the Conservative party in this Riding: with its many battles, its greater defeats, and its single victory! I will not tell of the local heroes who fought—and who were *bled!* I might get “dropped on”, like the American stump-orator who was haranguing the masses, during a recent election period. He told his audience how he had fought and fought, how his family had fought, how his forefathers had fought for his party—and free trade; and at the close of nearly every sentence he made reference to his ancestor who came out with the other Pilgrim Fathers, in the good ship *Mayflower*, and landed on Plymouth Rock, so long ago. When he had concluded his speech, his adversary got up and said: “Gentlemen, I do believe that it would have been better for this here country if, instead of the Pilgrim Fathers and this man’s ancestor coming out in the *Mayflower*, and landing on Plymouth Rock, so long ago, I believe, I say, that it would have been better for this country if Plymouth Rock had landed on the Pilgrim Fathers!” So, were I to inflict you with a lecture I might receive a longer one in return.

The object of our Association is to gather our young men together in the club-room; to make those evenings enjoyable, to make them instructive; and, by means of the debating society, to constitute ourselves the fitter to enter into political strife—armed with a knowledge of current events, protected by confidence in ourselves and in the purpose we shall strive to maintain. It is essential that we educate ourselves in those lines of the work in which we are lacking strength; a man who is thoroughly posted on the subject before him has an advantage over a more fluent speaker who is not so well informed on the matter in question. A

quick-firing gun will hold the enemy in check, but a single well-directed shell will cause greater disaster.

If I read the ~~proper~~ construction of the word “politics” aright, I do not interpret its meaning as implying vindictive abuse of our opponents; they have the right to do in accordance with their own opinions—mistaken though they are; and I believe, in all sincerity, that the life-long friendships which have existed between some of my Reform friends and myself will not be broken because I have determined to take a more active part in that work in which my party is engaged. In the ranks of the opposition we see some men of excellent parts; fine, whole-souled fellows who would be a credit to any party—were they but weaned from the worship of the false idols of free trade. Sometimes, I find myself looking at these men, studying their faces, marvelling that such outward, visible appearances of intellect should disguise such an utter want of common sense! I have wondered if they met with accidents, in their early youth: did their nurses drop them on their heads? For it is incomprehensible to me that men, mentally sound—apparently, should live here in this town of Galt—this “Manchester of Canada”—and help to compose a majority who vote against the Government that supports the industries that support the town! What would our country be without its commercial industries? What would our town be? What greater calamity could befall us than that a party determinedly opposed to giving the needful protection to the manufacturer, to the workingmen, should gain the reins of power! The silent loom; the idle hammer; the motionless wheel; these would be object lessons—learned too late. The industries of the land have ever been of paramount impor-



tance; this fact has come down to us through countless ages; it was as true thousands of years ago. We have it from the highest authority. When the Lord denounced those who would not hearken to His word, He did not threaten with the plague, with fire, nor with flood; but to those He said (in Jer. 25):—"I will take from them the voice of gladness, and the *sound of the mill-stones*, and this whole land shall be a desolation." It is our duty to demonstrate to our townsmen, to our countrymen, the great advantage enjoyed because of the government's policy of protection; and, at the next general election, we must reverse the majority in this Riding. We have begun early and well; let us continue the work in the proper spirit; let us not fall asleep, but keep a lookout on the times, that we may not be misled by any false issue that may crop up in the near future. Always be prepared for something new, or a new mask on an old face. The well-known political writer of the last century, Joel Barlow, once said:—"The science of politics is not fixed and unchangeable, like a system of abstract truth, but is progressive of civilization, and fluctuating with the exigencies of society." Therefore, we should make ourselves conversant with the chart of public affairs; watching the compass on the ship of state; guarding against the sunken rocks that ever beset the track of the political mariner.

The day after to-morrow will be Thanksgiving Day. All nations rejoice and offer thanks for mercies received, for victories of war, victories of peace, for immunity from pestilence, and for bountiful harvests; the aborigines have the instinct to acknowledge to their gods their gratitude for such as these, and crowned heads of civilized lands bow low with feelings of obliga-

tion to their Maker. In this year of grace, eighteen hundred and ninety-four, no country under the sun has greater reason to show a recognition for the privileges it enjoys than our Canada. Looking backward over the past year, we see the sombre shadows of misfortune hanging above nearly all countries; in that so-called "golden land" of the south, Australia, we see our sister colonies plunged into a state of financial distress hitherto unknown; we see, there, immense tracts of country devastated by fire and by flood, and what the bush-fires spared the striking shearers finished with the torch. We find much the same thing in the neighbouring Republic,—augmented by the disgraceful abuse of municipal and state power. In far-off India the mutterings of discontent, owing to the silver question, have been but ill-concealed; while in South Africa, among the *bergs* and *veldts* beyond the Transvaal, many a brave British heart has ceased to beat, for again the ruddy canvas of the past has been lighted up with the glare of savage warfare. Even in "Merrie England" the effects of the general depression are deep and widespread. Here in this Dominion, where the management of government affairs is so difficult, so intricate, owing to their varied ramifications, where there are so many conflicting elements, so many classes holding opposite opinions, where—at such a time as this—we might expect to find a much worse position of circumstances, we find that (according to an editorial paragraph in the *Galt Reformer*, of the date of June the 22nd, of this year): "We have evidently come through a period of world-wide depression with exceptionally small disturbance." If these were my words, or did they come from the gentlemen on my right or my left,

they might be doubted, but coming from the reflected glory of the "people's mind" they cannot be gainsaid! True, there have been a little harder times, a little closer pinching in certain quarters; this is but a resultant from the universal dullness of the markets; there have been no panics, no starvation stalking through the land, as in other parts of the world. (The civic authorities in Melbourne, that magnificent capital of Victoria, were obliged to feed the unemployed with fish and with loaves of bread; I have illustrated papers depicting the sorrowful scenes). No, there is no fairer land than ours; no country better governed, nor where the Courts of Justice are purer; no portion of an Empire whose history is grander, whose future appears brighter; thus, we can feel a pride in being Canadians,—Canadians who are not ashamed to own their allegiance to the mother-land, from whom they derive such glorious heritage! Englishmen may quaff the flowing bowl to:—"England, Home, and Beauty!" We reply with:—"Fair Canada, and her Happy Homes of Industry!" We are all Canadians, in the fullest significance of the term; the fishermen plying his trade along the shores of Gaspe, the *habitant* of Quebec, the merchant in his counting-house at Montreal, or Toronto, those who live by the great waterways—the inland seas, the farmer and the hunter of the North-West, and our people on the coast of British Columbia—protected by the English men-of-war, these are all Canadians. We do not all recognize one creed; neither do we trace our ancestral lines to one country, to one people. The man whose birth was recorded within the sound of Bow-Bells, in old London; he who first saw the

light of day amidst the fragrant heather of the Scottish Highlands; with him who has spent his early life on the green shores of Hibernia, or along the reaches of the Rhine, who has come among us to build his home under the spreading maple trees,—these unite with us, native-born citizens, in loyalty to our country and to our Queen. The Rose is the emblem of England, embodying sweetness, purity, and beauty; the Thistle is of Scotland, and though severe in form and armed at every point, nevertheless its downy crest is soft as a baby's silken tresses; and the little Shamrock-vine of Ireland has tiny clinging sprays that seem to speak of the tender hearts in the "Ould Isle;" while the Maple-Leaf, in its autumnal glory, is symbolic of the rosy future of our country, of the golden treasures of the field and the mine; and the red veins in that leaf tell, as it were, how the life-blood of Canada's sons would flow in crimson streams in defence of her national integrity.

I shall never forget the 13th of October, this year, (the anniversary of the great battle of Queenston Heights)! when I stood on the platform in Toronto Park, at the unveiling of Sir John Macdonald's monument; when I saw the Union Jack fall from the pedestal—exposing to view the face and figure of our late chieftain; and when I heard that mighty cheer from ten thousand throats, and the inspiring strains of our (Canadian) national song: "The Maple-Leaf Forever;" for I felt my heart beat as it never throbbed before. But as the ceremony proceeded, my thoughts drifted far away—back to the past; in place of the gilded statue I saw the quiet grave in Cataragui cemetery; instead of the vast throng, I pictured the Legislative Halls at Ot-

tawa,—those Halls within which that great statesman and his party did so much toward making this land the brightest jewel in the Imperial diadem!

I think it was Dean Hole, of Rochester, who once said that it was "almost impossible for a man to be a politician and a gentleman." But I believe we may take exception to the remark; for there is nothing to hinder each one of us from entering the political arena, fighting in an honorable manner for the cause we deem just, and at the same time being a living contradiction to the worthy Dean's statement. In fact, our first care should be to watch over our actions; to guard against doing aught that would bring ourselves, and the organization to which we have the honor to belong, into disrepute; if we pause to remember that that which we may be tempted to do might prove hurtful to our friends and to the Association, we might be restrained from acting imprudently. The individual error is oft-times laid at the door of the political party; mistakes of a public nature are hard to eradicate; and it is easier to do that which is right than to cover up a wrong. We can always improve ourselves. I hold it true, in the words of Tenmyson, that: "Men may rise on stepping-stone of their dead selves to higher things."

If we make it a rule—no matter how pregnant with success the result may appear—to espouse no question, no issue, that has not first the sanction of our conscientious sincerity of purpose, we shall receive the greater confidence

of our friends, and the respect of our opponents. Two hundred years ago this year, John Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury, wrote these words:—

"Sincerity creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings the speedy despatch of business to an issue in a few words; it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. \* \* \* \*"

When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood."

Let us cast away all selfish desires; let us perform our appropriate—our individual tasks—for each of us has a certain share of work to do; and as the personal effort is successful, so shall the general organization reap a proportionate benefit. As our actions are the passports to society, so should we live that we shall not fear the face of any man, in all the world. And when that time comes when all things of a mundane nature cease to interest us; when matters political, social, private, and public are fast becoming as but the grey mists that gather upon the silent river; when the Veil is falling:—we shall not, then, accuse ourselves of faint-heartedness nor of failure.

"So, when the Angel of the Darker Drink  
At last shall find you on the River brink,  
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul  
Forth to your lips to quaff,—you shall not  
shrink."



