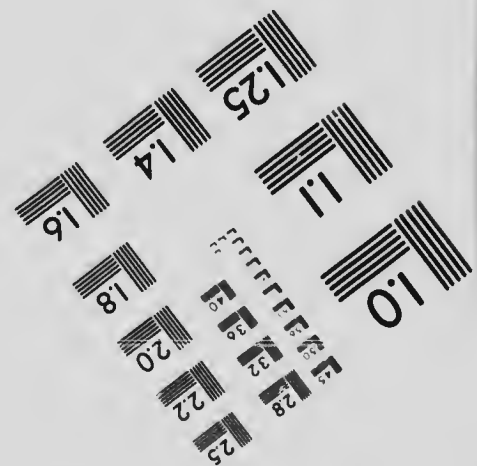
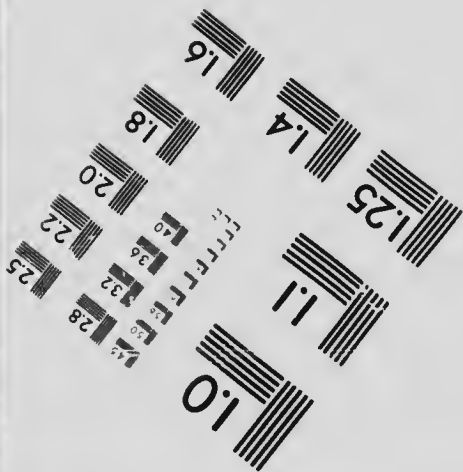
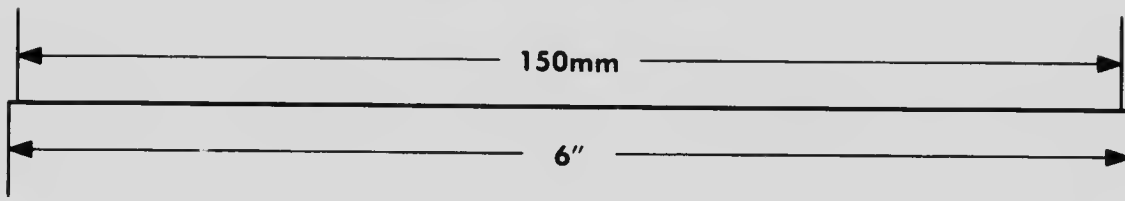
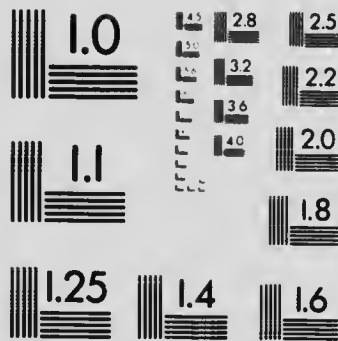
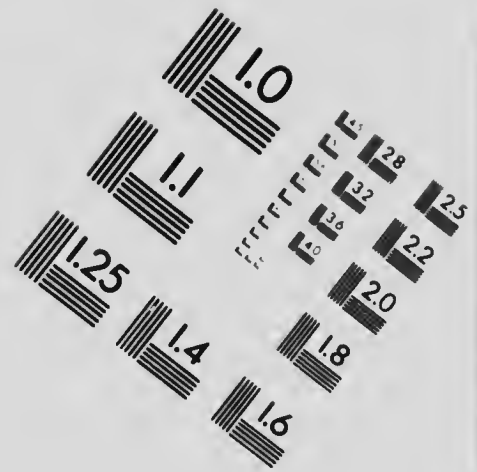
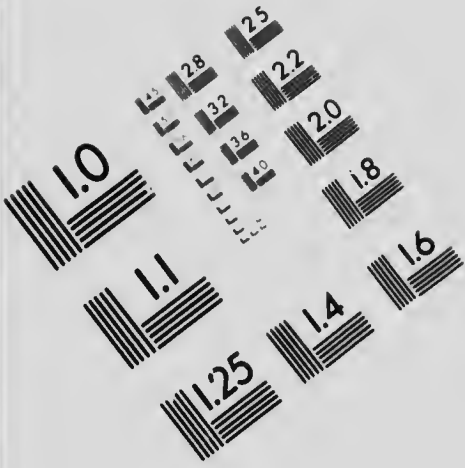


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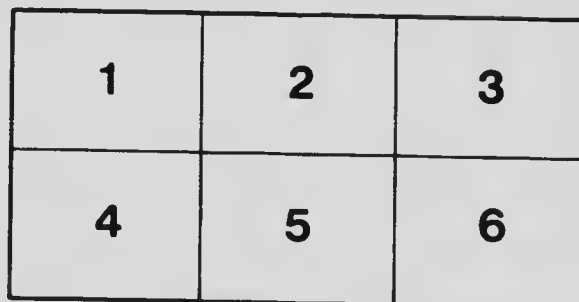
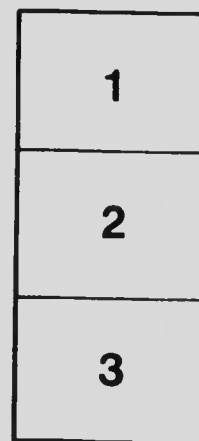
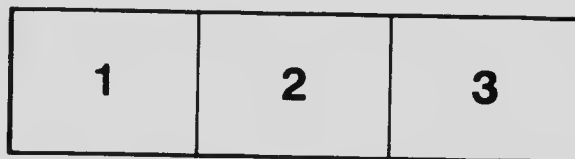
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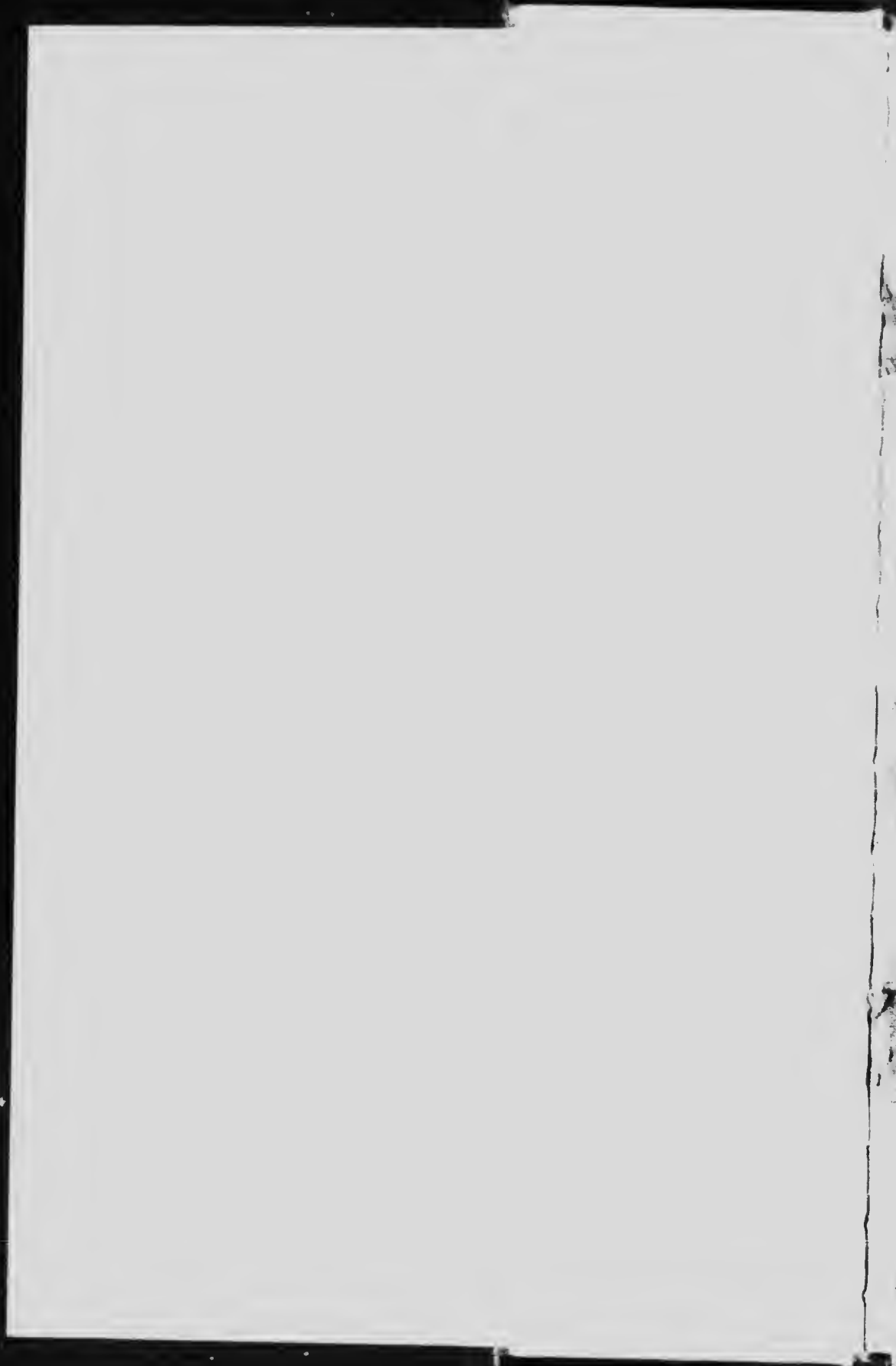
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**Provincial
Patriotism**

AN ADDRESS BEFORE

**The Canadian Club
Of Moncton, N. B.**

BY

Rev. Frank Baird, M. A.

MAY, 1909.



REV. FRANK BAIRD, M.A.,
SUSSEX, N. B.



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1909

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"Provincial Patriotism"

An Address before the Canadian Club, Moncton,
New Brunswick.

MAY 13th, 1909.

The following eloquent lecture was delivered before The Canadian Club of Moncton, New Brunswick, on the evening of Thursday, May 13th, 1909, by Rev. Frank Baird, M. A., of Sussex, N. B. The subject of the address was "Provincial Patriotism."

Rev. Mr. Baird was introduced by the President of the Club, Dr. F. J. White, and he treated the club to one of the finest addresses it has been the pleasure of the members to hear for many a day. As the lecturer depicted in glowing terms the advantages of citizenship in New Brunswick, and drew comparisons with less favored lands, and particularly with conditions under which the thousands of Canadians who have found a home in the New England States live, the patriotic feelings of the audience were deeply stirred and found expression in frequent hearty applause. The lecture was not only an intellectual treat, it was, as well, a forceful appeal to better citizenship.

At the close of the address a vote of thanks was moved by Rev. Mr. McDrum, seconded by Mr. E. C. Cole and extended to Rev. Mr. Baird, who in acknowledging same, expressed the pleasure it gave him to accept the invitation to address the Moncton Canadian Club, and stated that the lecture was largely the result of personal investigation and prepared specially for the occasion.

Rev. Mr. Baird said, in part: "Patriotism," declared Dr. Johnson, "is the last refuge of a scoundrel." But loyal Boswell was unwilling to let this pass. Zeal for his hero's position in the eyes of posterity and a certain honest instinct for truth, prompts Boswell to add regarding the famous apothem—"But let it be considered that he did not mean a real and generous love of our country, but that pretended patriotism which so many in all ages and countries have made a cloak for self-interest. I maintain that certainly all patriots

were not scoundrels"—a thesis which all interested in Canadian Clubs will doubtless, in the interests of their own honor and motives, hope to see maintained to-day.

With the Johnsonian ban thus removed from our subject we may proceed to an examination of patriotism, not in its broad and general acceptation but in the more circumscribed and limited sense suggested by the word provincial. And here, at the outset, an explanatory and a defensive word. It may be asked is patriotism which may be termed provincial patriotism at all? To some minds it may seem that to speak of patriotism in connection with a province of our country, in connection with New Brunswick rather than with Canada as a whole, is to misapprehend the meaning of the word patriotism and to show one's self wanting in those qualities of breadth and sympathy which must characterize the truly patriotic citizen.

The strength of this statement is, perhaps, more fancied than real. It is true that in the genuine patriot the element of self sacrifice, even of self effacement must ever occupy a prominent place, but while this is true it can in no sense be shown that in order to offer sacrifice acceptable to the god of national patriotism, provincial prosperity must be laid upon the altar. True the larger good must ever be held up before us, the parochial interest must be merged in the provincial and the provincial must lose itself in the wider national; still, just as in order to secure a vigorous organism the bodily extremities must be well nourished and healthy; just as the beauty, and to some extent the utility, of the garment, depends upon the fringe that borders it, so also with the nation—all parts must prosper and be free, all sections must flourish and rejoice; no part or province should be penalized against its will merely with a view to enlarging the national bounds.

The Province of New Brunswick is peculiarly situated. We have suffered from being over-generous. We have gone on for years complacently and religiously accepting the dicta of the

men who have preached the larger patriotism—a doctrine which while it has helped others has in no sense benefited us. We are by far the most self-sacrificing province in the Dominion. It has always been our policy to lend, asking nothing and expecting nothing in return. We pay all tolls imposed by external authority cheerfully, and then we levy voluntary tolls and pay these also. We rear and send away poets to enrich the literature of other lands; eloquent divines, great educators and strong statesmen arise among us—we send them away. Our students unpatriotically seek foreign schools and colleges. Our young women we donate to New England, our young men to the Canadian West. We render manufacturing an impossibility by sending our money away. Much of what we eat and drink, practically all of what we wear can be produced in our own province, and yet as by instinct we seek the foreign article. Old England on the East, New England on the South, Ontario on the West, all profit by our trade. First of all in the Sam Slick days, we began buying clocks; then came the sewing machine and the mowing machine age; later came the carriage, the piano, the cream separator, the motor car in regular order, and now the gasoline engine. We have gone on paying from the beginning—sending away brain and brawn and money, seems to be our delight. And now we buy even our groceries in Toronto. To all our other enemies without and within there has recently been added that latest of all foes to local mercantile enterprise—the catalogue of the mail order house.

From these facts it may at once be concluded that we have not yet learned the first principles of provincial patriotism. To the Greek, his city—though some may censure him for his narrowness—was of more importance than his country. And this fact partly explains the real and abiding greatness of Greece. Thinly and widely spread affection, extensive rather than intensive patriotism, has not given to the world its highest type of national greatness. The tribes of Israel were each assigned to particular

portions of the land. The Scot does not love Scotland so much as some city or vale—perhaps some frowning mountain, some sombre glen. But where has the world such patriots as the Greeks, the Jews, the Scots, or to go further, such countries as Greece, Palestine, Scotland? There is a sense in which cosmopolitanism is a failure if not a vice. In the national as well as in the domestic sphere there is great virtue in choosing and in keeping our affections fixed in the narrower circle of a home without which there can be nothing upon which to build the superstructure of a large and permanent patriotism.

AS CITIZENS OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK

we have signally failed to appreciate either our obligations or our privileges. Of course an attempt to check tendencies and change conditions which have become fixed by time and approved by precedent is no easy task. Our population does not grow— one fears to contemplate our coming census of 1911. We are not progressing as a province. The causes, some of which have been hinted, are deeply embedded in our thought and practice. Nothing short of the adoption of new ideals of life, of new principles of conduct, can save us from further failure. We must become sensible of our obligations and importance in a new and vital way; we must arise and assert ourselves and make it known at once and for all time that we are to be known no longer in the Dominion as a recruiting ground for one set of interests,— the intellectual,—and a dumping ground for another,—the commercial.

Since the evil is largely self created the remedy is doubtless within ourselves. With a view, therefore, to stimulating our people I propose to discuss the subject of New Brunswick patriotism from the three-fold standpoint of first, Self-Interest; second, Nationalism; third, Morality and Religion. In the development of the general theme I shall endeavor to show how these three interests, namely, the

Personal, the National and the Religious, may be entwined about each other as the strands of a three-fold cord of patriotic affection by which the hearts of our people may be bound to their native land. I choose to begin with those motives generally termed the lower, with those considerations which usually group themselves around

SELF INTEREST.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that self interest, that individual well-being, is a large and important factor in determining the sphere in which men spend their lives. It is only under strong feeling and amid special circumstances that we find large bodies of men acting without regard to hope of material gain. This instinct does not by any means explain all the migrations of humanity, but it is an element sufficiently universal, and in a sense sufficiently worthy, to warrant an examination of it in connection with the subject in hand.

Now it cannot be denied that our great need in New Brunswick today is a larger population. We possess all the necessary facilities for the maintenance of an enormously expanded population. Our churches and schools, our colleges, our highways and railways, our laws, our agricultural and mercantile facilities are already adjusted to a population far in advance of our present numbers. How an increase of fifty per cent., or even of twenty-five per cent. in his trade would make our local merchants rejoice! He could handle the welcome enlargement in the same building, with the same help, by payment of the same taxes, with practically the same outlay. An extra twenty-five per cent. of population would travel over the same streets and roads with no extra outlay necessary; it would show in our schools and churches; it would materially diminish our taxes outlay; it would send new life coursing through all the veins and arteries of the local and provincial organism. Our great and pressing need in New Brunswick today is a population of a million.

And yet what do we find?

THE REAL ARISTOCRACY OF OUR LAND,

the young and the strong, the ambitious and energetic, impressed with false ideals of life, inspired hopes far too often never realized, hastily and unpatriotically leaving our province.

The exodus from our province has not ceased. The last decade, I venture to assert,—and the statement is based upon a study of the voters' lists, which, in many rural sections of the southern part of the province show a decided shrinkage, as well as upon our numerous vacant farms, our closed schools and churches, will probably show a heavier exodus than any corresponding period since Confederation. The loss thus sustained is enormous. Even if we were receiving three foreigners to every one of our own people who leave us, the balance would still be against us; for there is no man so valuable to New Brunswick as the native born; as the men who understand our climate and conditions; who are animated by our spirit; who love our streams and fields and woods because they held communion with them as children; who honor our soil because, to a degree, it is rendered sacred in that it is the sleeping place of noble and venerated ancestors. The men who made Israel, and Greece, and Scotland; the men who have magnified and ennobled Germany and Italy and England were the men born there. The men who must make and magnify our country are not the immigrants, no matter what their qualities, but the native born; and any policy, Imperial, National or Provincial, which lays the emphasis upon the bringing in of a foreign population rather than the retaining of those born in the land, is short sighted and unstatesmanlike in addition to being both unprofitable and unpatriotic.

That the exodus to the United States is a reality is probably patent to all. Travel up the I. C. R. on the "Boston train" so called—painfully significant appellation—during the months of June and July. Who are these numerous travellers? Probably

not a face in the entire six or seven cars will be familiar to you. And the children! Hundreds of them on a single train. Who are these people with their families? Whence come they and whither will they return again when the factory pallor has been replaced with the bloom and vigor imparted by the wholesome food and free air of our country? Who are these who fill these trains from day to day for at least four months in the year making up the body of the great stream of travel pouring up the line in June and July and down again in August and September?

They are holidaying Canadians. They come from service upon the street railways of busy Boston; from the shoe factories of smoky Lynn; from toiling in the kitchens and at the counters of thousands of alien American homes and business houses. It is all surpassingly pathetic. These men and women who ought to be in factories of our own; who go abroad to stitch the shoes and hem the garments and trim the bonnets, many of which find their way to Canadian stores; these men and women who should, better still, be upon the eight millions of acres of unappropriated land in the Province of New Brunswick; these men and women whose grandparents on one side were Loyalists who spurned all things American and on the other Scotch or English or Irish patriots, equally noble—these people all of whose ancestors were British to the core, all of whose forefathers held servitude in contempt and who guided their lives not by the mere hope of gain but by the principles of honor and patriotism and religion—these people born of such freedom-loving and noble-spirited ancestors, have, with one accord chosen to become hewers of wood and drawers of water to an alien commonwealth. It is all painfully humiliating. How are the mighty fallen!

And these little children—such a large part of the human freight of these special trains of late years made a necessity in our country. What of these children? They belong to us. The mingled blood of Loyalists and of Forty-Second Highlanders

flows in their veins. They belong by right to our hillsides and fields; to our schools and homes on this side of the line. One's heart must go out in pity toward them as one sees them pale and pinched, often diseased and shrunken, crowded into the seats of the cars of the long trains. Could they be otherwise in appearance? Born in dark and narrow lodgers' quarters in the factory sections of great American cities; fed at the outset on artificial food or nourished by mothers who six weeks after the birth of their children are bowed again all day over the factory loom; and to be reared in an alien land, to be taught in an alien school, to grow up in an alien and sunless atmosphere and at the last, after a life of toil, to be buried in an alien grave over which waves an alien flag! It is all pathetic beyond words.

But lest all this may seem to be merely a flight of the imagination pass from the region of fancy to that of fact. As to the numbers of our people who seek homes in the United States it may be said that the figures are appalling to the true patriot.

In this connection allow me to submit the results of some personal investigations carried on for this paper. The figures are as recent as 1905. They show at that time over 700,000 native born Canadians living in the New England states alone. Add to this number the children born of Canadian parents and there is easily a million of our Canadian citizens under the American flag; or, to put it differently there are more Canadians in the New England States than there are people in the Maritime Provinces. The State of Massachusetts alone has 283,302 Canadians—a number approximating the entire population of New Brunswick. Of persons born in our Province and living in Massachusetts there are 34,715—more than half as many as there are citizens in the city of St. John; twice the number of those who live in Moncton.

Passing from the state to the city of Boston we find within the city limits 49,169 Canadians; in other words there are in the City of Boston practically as many Canadians as there

are people in the City of St. John, and what is more significant still, from a New Brunswick point of view, there are in the city of Boston, 7,216 New Brunswickers—in other words our province has about as many citizens in Boston as there are inhabitants in the City of Fredericton.

Passing from these figures with respect to numbers, mark these words of the Canadian immigration agent in Boston. Mr. Hetherington, the official referred to, says, touching the occupation of our people in New England: "Eighty per cent. of the Canadians who come to Massachusetts are laborers working from day to day from one job to another. I should say that 50 per cent. of these have not bettered their condition. They are all well liked, work well; but simply they haven't got a chance to have anything, to have any sort of a home. Many of the young men, and young women, too, have found the offerings of amusements too alluring to withstand, and what with dressing up and getting in with the "swim" of the city they are no better off in the end. Some of them have fallen into the hands of money lenders and are paying ruinous rates to enjoy the things I have mentioned."

Mr. Hetherington refers to another

SIGNIFICANT POLITICAL DISADVANTAGE

to which Canadians are put as a body in the United States. He remarks: "Canadians do not vote as a body. For this reason the Canadian is badly handicapped when it comes to receiving government patronage. There is the French vote, the Italian vote, the German vote, in fact all other nationalities come forth more or less solid on the recognition of their country. The Canadians are passive and as there is nothing to be gained by patronizing them from a vote-getting standpoint, they stand less show than any other element."

Mr. Hetherington concludes with these words which all our people should ponder well. He is speaking of Canadians in Boston: "Had these people given the same energy and

hard thinking at home as they have in carrying out their various works here they would have proved themselves the best men Canada had. It is only too true that Canada has been drained of some of her best blood."

Research along entirely different lines reveals facts equally significant and yields cumulative evidence to prove that so far as the great mass of our people goes, they live but a narrow, precarious and uncertain life in the much vaunted land of promise. In answer to several questions submitted with a view to securing further facts for this paper an investigator of conditions on the ground wrote me as follows—and this is not the language of rhetoric but of sober figures:

"I called on Mr. Rugg, head of Boston Elevated Employment Bureau and he kindly furnished me with the following facts: 11 per cent. of conductors are Canadians; 18 per cent. of motormen are Canadians and 20 per cent. of brakemen are Canadians.

"Their salaries are \$2.30 per day for first two years; \$2.35 for the next three years and 30 cents per hour for over time.

"These men who have families, have to pay from \$15.00 to \$18.00 per month for rent; \$7.25 per ton for coal. Eggs have been 59 cents per dozen; butter is now 39 cents per pound, sugar five and a half cents per pound and potatoes \$1.00 per bushel.

"A man earning less than \$18.00 weekly with a family of four or five, as you suggest, can not save a dollar I would say, living in or around Boston and if any sickness comes he surely goes in debt. Every penny must be watched to keep even."

Interpreted properly these figures mean poverty and constant financial anxiety to say nothing of perpetual servitude. The wage of the street car conductor at \$2.30 per day is only \$13.80 per week, and the same authority who guarantees the correctness of these figures asserts that a man with an average family of four or five must in or around Boston "watch every penny to keep even," on \$18.00 per week. In other words taking the

average family and setting the average income against the average outlay, there is a balance debt against our fellow countrymen in Boston of \$4.20 each week. Is it therefore a cause for wonder that the New England toiler hopes earnestly for good health, and can we be surprised that the coming of the additional little infant stranger into the home, especially if it be the fourth or fifth, should be looked upon, not as an occasion for rejoicing, as it is in our country, but rather as a domestic if not a financial calamity. And at this point a deeper question suggests itself, but one that shades so readily into morality and religion, that it may be deferred for treatment.

Nor is the list of disadvantages to which our people are subjected by any means exhausted when the above has been presented. A sudden shrinkage in the volume of business done, an order from union headquarters to strike, a change of government followed by a radical change of fiscal policy, the fact that competition in the labor market grows increasingly keen and also the fact that almost all employers of labor are yearly pushing the age limit lower and lower so that for not a few occupations the "dead line" is now drawn considerably below fifty years of age; the broader fact that life is sunless and narrow, with small joy through the working years since each day brings its fresh reminders of the bondage of ceaseless toil, and with little hope that the necessity for work shall cease even with age—with all this true, and with the prospect of ever owning property or being independent reduced to a minimum, looked at from the purely negative standpoint one wonders why our people are not more patriotic from common motives of material profit. Gathered into a single sentence it is a false and a narrow view of what self interest means that takes our people to the New England States.

THE CALL OF THE WEST.

But we have yet another land to be reckoned with before leaving the self-

interest side of our subject. The call of the West is fully as strong, and from a purely New Brunswick point of view almost equally as detrimental to us as a province as the call of the South. Self interest is the impelling motive here also.

In connection with the exodus to our West, while we suffer enormously from it, and while steps must be taken to check it, it is, judged by certain standards, less an evil than the exodus to the South. The men who go to the West are under our own flag and system of government. They remain on British soil. They take out no "papers." They sign no documents, as do the naturalized New Englanders, which make especially and unnecessarily prominent repudiation of British connection and authority. They remain within our borders. They assist in the development of our country in peace, and should the war drum ever sound, they would be within the area of its appeal. They carry ability and character; they bear the banner of learning and morality and religion to the outposts of our land and plant upon the wide prairies and the distant mountains the standards of righteousness and civilization.

Doubtless there is in this much gain for the west. We should not envy the west, and we do not. At the same time it must be remembered that our population, with all our people at home, is still far too small. The crowded countries of Europe may make their human contributions to the west and both Europe and the west gain thereby. But it is not so when the New Brunswickers go. Half of our farmers go from a parish in New Brunswick, and what happens? The church is closed, and the voice of the prophet of God is no longer heard in the land. The school house, as in the deserted Israel, becomes a habitation for the moles and bats. The highways become impassable for lack of labor upon them; loneliness and discontent settle like a pall over the once prosperous community; the going of a part of the people means, in not a few cases, the departure of all. The west may gain, but our province suffers enormous and irreparable loss.

AND HERE ANOTHER QUESTION NATURALLY ARISES.

Do our people really better their condition by going? With respect to those who go to New England, it may be shown that barring a few noted exceptions, the vast majority in no sense do better. Young, unmarried persons may prosper for a time by being strictly moral and economical, but to raise families and live one's life—especially to spend one's old age—to attempt this in New England as members of the laboring classes is to embark upon a course which no rational individual should adopt. There is a sense in which it may be said with Shakespeare—"That way madness lies."

But is it not all different in the west? Our people think so. It is true, in that country they may begin life, not as servants, but as masters. They buy or receive land. They become members at once of the only real aristocracy of the world—the lords of the soil. This is certainly something not to be looked upon lightly. Under such conditions the family may increase, old age may approach, without any shadow of anxiety falling across the threshold.

But while all this is true, it must not be forgotten that the west has its disadvantages, its serious drawbacks, of which our people as a rule often know nothing until it is too late. And on this point, as it is somewhat important, some evidence may be submitted.

Dr. J. W. Robertson will hardly be accused of narrowness or provincialism. He is a keen observer; he is a scientist and a scholar as well as a patriot, and in all he says no doubt has in mind the facts, as well as the judgement of posterity, upon his words. He says, "Year in and year out, New Brunswick is a better country than the west." One cannot dismiss such a statement as this, coming from such a source without the most serious consideration. It is expert testimony of the highest value and of the greatest significance. In view of what one sees now and then in an over-enthusiastic and sometimes

one fears, a none too scrupulous western press; in the face of the many glowing western advertisements which crowd the pages of many of our eastern newspapers, and considering the fact that our people, in increasing numbers are flocking to the West,—a new impetus having been given to this movement in the present year,—in view of all this, one wonders if the full significance of Professor Robertson's words have been grasped and appreciated by our people.

But some, no doubt, will assert, Dr. Robertson is wrong. He is a bold man who would say so. His statement may be strongly supported, and as so much turns just here, and as it bears directly upon this question of self-interest, something further may here be said. In support of Dr. Robertson's words I submit the following newspaper clippings touching the general precariousness and uncertainty of the West. I do this not to decry the West, but to safeguard our people and the East; and again it is only fair in the interests of truth and science as well as of morals that both sides of the shield should be read. This despatch is doubtless reliable and as you will see it is dated only last week. It reads:

Winnipeg, May 6.—Crop prospects in the Canadian north-west are not good. There was some fine weather early in April and a little seeding was done, but cold weather and snow have marked the last several weeks and the amount of seeding done is only 10 to 30 per cent. of what it should be. Wheat sown after May 7 cannot mature before the middle of September, which leaves it exposed to early fall frosts. There is but little hope of even a fair crop in Western Canada this year."

And again the following:

Lethbridge, Alberta, May 13.—The present snow storm promises to be the most serious yet in results.

The stock will suffer severely. The calving and lambing season is on, and this weather means the loss of a large percentage of the calves and lambs, as well as the weaker ones of the older cattle and sheep. Prominent cattlemen say any calves born during the storm would probably die.

W. A. Hamilton, of the Alberta sheep company, says sheep men with stables and straw are losing one-third of their lambs."

True, it may be said, this year is exceptional, but taken all in all, including many years in one's survey, there is unquestionably discernable an element of anxiety and uncertainty in connection with western farming which does not obtain in New Brunswick. On this point I heard, not long since, one of our foremost Canadian statesmen speaking. He was holidaying; his political armour was laid aside; one could not imagine he would have any reason for presenting either a colored or a partial report of what he had seen and learned; and,—still another factor,—he was speaking in a church.

He described the anxiety of the wheat farmer of the West in telling and vivid phrase. He spoke of the man whose all in all was based upon a half degree of frost, lying down at night not to sleep. Hour after hour through the September night he made his anxious pilgrimage and with lighted match or lifted lantern peered with beating heart and bated breath at that pale narrow column of mercury on the rise or fall of which hung practically all his earthly hopes. It was a powerfully drawn picture, but in no sense was the truth exceeded; for it cannot be denied that with all his hopes centred on a single crop, or in the language of the adage, with all his eggs in one basket, there is a sense in which every wheat farmer in the West spends his life with the destroying sword of the frost king ever dangling, as that of Damocles at the famous feast, suspended by the frailest threads above his head.

To be thus situated is not conducive to happiness. Too much depends upon a throw of the dice, and the player who sits down in the hope of emerging from the game a king, is ever haunted with the fear that he may ultimately rise a beggar. And if it be not by frost who knows but it may be by drought or hail.

In New Brunswick similar anxiety and danger are practically impossible. The New Brunswick farmer sleeps soundly. The thermometer gives him

little anxiety. His hopes are not "in one bottom trusted." While he may be less likely to attain unto sudden riches than his western brother farmer he is certainly further removed from the possibility of being plunged into poverty. He has a variety of crops; and as a rule in our Province the conditions that hinder the growth of one kind of produce bring the balance invariably true by largely increasing another. In addition to this he works and lives more leisurely. He is part of a system more self-contained and independent. That abnormal and irrational feature of Western farming, namely the harvest excursion, is happily unnecessary. Life is also fuller and more various. The dull monotony and bald evenness of prairie life; of existence levelled, in a sense, to the flatness of the great plains themselves,—from the burden of this the New Brunswick farmer is fortunately free. The glint of sun upon lake or river; the flash and roar or gentle murmur of winding stream; the glory and dignity of the sea; the song of birds; the companionship of trees and wild-flowers, of undulating field and mighty forest; the gorgeousness and variety of a frost-smitten hillside in Autumn,—these things will continue to be of value and significance, if not of moral worth, as long as it is true that life is more than meat and that man does not live by bread alone.

BUT OUR CASE OF THE EAST

against the West would be but weak had we not more substantial and solid factors than those just mentioned to put forward. We have eight millions of acres of government owned land in New Brunswick. We have opened by the new Transcontinental Railway from Moncton to Grand Falls a section of country where practically all of the land is unappropriated and where in the future farm may join farm on both sides of the line for a distance of almost two hundred miles. Here, unexploited and unadvertised, and reckoning only four mile areas of country on either side of the great railway lie 225,000 acres of the finest vegetable growing lands in the world. And what is true of the immediate vicinity of

the railway is true also of four or five millions of acres practically all still held by government. This section of our province known geologically as the carboniferous formation or coal areas may be said to constitute a great triangle with base line stretching roughly from Buatache to Bathurst and with apex at Oromocto. This section of country is an enormous provincial asset. The soil is light and is easily worked and may be sown or planted exceptionally early,—as early even as the West. If intelligently worked, if farmed intensively rather than extensively, if occasionally manured and tilled with regard to crop rotation, this great tract of country, which is practically the same in character as much of the Province of Quebec on which are planted thousands of happy and prosperous homes within calling distance of each other, may in time become the greatest mixed farming country in the world.

I challenge the assertion that this land is not good; that a man cannot make a living upon it and raise a family. The magnificent farms of the Parish of Havelock, on the banks of the Richibucto, of the Parish of Chipman, are in it. It is well wooded and well watered. It is a veritable land of promise and it is small wonder that certain early settlers on coming into a section of it named it Canaan. It must ever be looked upon as a paradise for that noblest of all aristocracy—the man with the hoe. Unlike the West no capital is necessary to begin; no capital is necessary to continue. It is unswept by destroying hail storms and unblighted by devastating frosts. It is a home land. The question of soil exhaustion is no more an objection here than it is in the West. Crops of buckwheat and potatoes, on all this area, are with the greatest ease converted into pork and poultry, and with the new railway crossing the great belt these products are as easily convertible into money as is wheat in the West.

And passing from vegetables take fruit. I mention strawberries only. And here a word on self-interest, on

large profits on small outlay. Though it may seem incredulous, from inquiries made touching a large part of this section of our province, I have found that in numerous sections widely removed from each other, those who have given their attention to the culture of strawberries, have had yields, with the most trifling outlay to be deducted, of \$600.00 per acre. With these facts before us, facts verified and proven for this address, standing upon New Brunswick soil, I challenge the West to exceed this on the low ground of mere personal profit; I invite to contest also the factories of New England; I throw down the gauntlet to the world.

And the joy and freedom, the exhilaration and pleasure and independence of it all! It may be that as a province we cannot hope to become a great manufacturing people. We cannot at any rate so long as our people insist on buying so much abroad. But may it not be that the Creator may have decreed,—and recent attempts at manufacturing in some of our towns gives color to the view,—that in New Brunswick we must do our promoting not in the towns, but on the land? May it not be that it is not to the man with the dinner pail, much as we would like to see him in our streets, but to the man with the milk can, the man with the hoe and the berry box, that we must look for provincial prosperity. Taken all in all it would probably in no sense be to our disadvantage if such were our destined sphere in the great Dominion. The calamity and the evil are not in this so much as in the irrational provincial disloyalty which animates our people, and the false and narrow views of self-interest which sends our citizens to the South and to the West.

And now having shown from both the negative and the positive standpoints that our people err in leaving our province from motives of personal gain I proceed to touch briefly upon a second consideration, upon the second strand of the cord, upon what may be more properly termed

NATIONAL CONSIDERATIONS.

These are many and various. Some of them have already been hinted if not stated. Of these perhaps none are

more prominent than those which are suggested by a brief reference to historical considerations. Though there is a sense in which some citizens of the United States can trace themselves to the same sources as ourselves; there is another sense in which we are in no respect similarly derived. The common view that we are one people, the overworked and deceptive phrase to the effect that blood is thicker than water, has in many cases blinded not a few of our people to the great and radical differences which divide us from our neighbors to the South. Certain superficial and external qualities may be held in common by people whose views and outlook upon life may be as widely removed from each other as the poles. "True men," says Carlyle—and the words hold when applied to political as well as to ecclesiastical standards—"true men of all creeds are brethren." The bond of brotherhood is not in blood nor yet in historical derivation so much as in spirit and in life.

With respect to the people of the United States there was a point in history where we and they as represented by our ancestors parted company. Two paths were set before a people indiscriminately intermingled; two sets of interests, two views of government in a sense, of life, were presented and a choice was demanded. That choice was made. A great sifting took place. With much anxiety and searching of heart, calmly, deliberately, with the privilege afforded them of holding their former places and property, one section of the people of America—a section which came to our province, which organized it and gave it the name it bears in honor of the line of Kings to whom they adhered and as a challenge to those who repudiated those Kings' authority—that section of the people, I say, made choice; the others also made choice. Up to that point we had been one; beyond that point we were no longer one. Many chose to remain; many others chose to come to our country. Attempt on the part of those who chose differently from our ancestors; an effort to carry the principles and the flag and the rule which

had been repudiated with great sacrifice, northward into Canada was warmly and successfully resented with the sword. This does not argue that we are one people.

The war ended. The equities of the great cases were adjusted. A few returned southward; the great body remained. They bore no malice to those who had chosen to adopt new principles of life and government, but the barest historic justice demands that we shall not include in the same group the men who came and the men who remained. They were not one.

And what was then true is true today. The constitution they made and the constitution we chose remains today and in both cases unchanged. Our aims are dissimilar, our ideals differ. We each chose our respective national and historical paths, and though it need not be said in the spirit of boastfulness, no honest student of history and conditions jealous for his historical reputation will deny that with respect to birth and learning, if not also with respect to morals and religion, a much more delicate and important consideration, the men who came north were the cream of the civilization of the South,

Still further. Passing the Revolutionary War think for a moment of the successive waves of immigration that have rolled in upon our shores. These men who thus came also deliberately chose. From England and Scotland and Ireland these men looked westward. In many cases the prospects of success were greater to the south of the line. To these allurements many yielded; thus we have many from these countries in the United States. But thousands came to us. And why? The whole land was before them from Florida to Labrador. With full knowledge of all the facts, they chose a land wherein they could live under those principles and under that flag which in the old land had given and in the new, they believed, would guarantee to them and their children freedom and contentment. They were not one in spirit, and consequently were in no sense one with the people to the south of the line.

And now, the question arises, shall these principles, so much to our ancestors, be looked upon as of no importance or consequence to us? Considered from a national and historical standpoint as well as from that of self-interest already referred to at length, our young men and women should hesitate, yea, further, should resist with scorn all appeals made to them to turn their backs upon the land of which their fathers made choice and for which, on not a few occasions, they shed their blood.

But it is doubtful if today our people are largely influenced by the principles of ancestors or by national considerations. Our young people not only go abroad; they even form Canadian clubs in Boston, and, caught in the spirit of American audacity, they boldly invite our provincial Premier—to advertise their own disloyalty and to humiliate him and the province which he represents—to go south and address them.

THE ISRAELITES IN BONDAGE,

removed from their own land, felt they were humiliated by the circumstances which surrounded them. They hanged their harps upon the willows and wept when they remembered Zion. They took pleasure in the stones, the very dust of Israel was dear to them. But our self-exiled Canadians in the bondage of a new Babylon, glory in their shame and invite our statesmen to look upon them in their captivity and speak to them in a land where the flag of their fathers is not allowed to wave alone, even in honor of their distinguished guest. Had a prophet of old been invited from Canaan for a similar purpose and under similar circumstances by men who of their own choice elected to remain in Babylon, it is safe to imagine that his message would have been neither comforting nor smooth.

But I must proceed to the last phase of my subject and close. Having considered some of the personal and national reasons which may be cited in favor of our people remaining in New Brunswick pass on to the higher sphere of

MORALITY AND RELIGION.

With respect to these exalted interests of life the case for our province is even stronger than on the scores already discussed. Our whole land is covered with a net work of schools and churches; it is impossible to grow up in and breathe the atmosphere of New Brunswick without being morally exhilarated. That a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches; that character is a matter of the greatest consequence; that temperance and moral honor; that frugality and reverence are the essence of life—of these things no normal New Brunswick boy or girl can well be ignorant. It is the British standard with respect to these things which prevails amongst us and in a subtle and in no sense an ineffective manner these views work their way into conduct and character. Our respect for both law and religion come to us naturally, and if we remain in the atmosphere to which I refer, these very excellent qualities, growing with our growth and strengthening with our strength finally issuing a character, which, for stability and honor is not easily paralleled in any country.

When our people go from our borders to New England they go into a land which rightly or wrongly is listed in the catalogues of the whole world as pre-eminently the land in which men more than anywhere else live and strive to accumulate money. The almighty dollar is an American phrase; and while this must not be taken as meaning that there is no true worship of God there, if the general consensus of the world's opinion is to be accepted, it cannot be denied that manum has an unusual if not a dangerous place in American thought and life.

But in a matter so important as this one does not wish to stand alone. I therefore in this connection submit the following words of a keen but kindly critic, Ian Maclaren—and the significance of the words is intensified when it is added that they appeared in a great American publication—The Outlook—whose editor, in substance, admitted their justice. The words are:

"The friendly visitor to the United States, who is proud of her achievements and delighted by her brightness, stands aghast at the open and unabashed front of secularity. It seems to him as if not merely coarse and unlettered men, whose souls have never been touched, either by religion or by culture, but that all men, with a few delightful exceptions bow the knee to this golden calf and do it homage. Nowhere is there such constant and straightforward talk about money, nowhere is such importance attached to the amount of money which a man has acquired or possesses, nowhere is it taken so absolutely for granted that the object of a man's work is to obtain money, and that if you offer him money enough he will be willing to do any work which is not illegal; that, in short, the motive power with almost every man is his wages. One is struck, not so much by what is said in plain words (although a dollar is a monotonous refrain in conversation), as by what is implied, and what is implied is this: that if you know the proper sum, any man can be induced to do what you want, even though his health, and his rest, and his family, and his principles, stand in the way."

It is inconceivable that our people especially our young people who go from us to the United States should be able successfully to resist this spirit. That they do not resist it is only too painfully evident. The faith of some, it is true, remains, but the love of many waxes cold as gold slips unconsciously perhaps into the place of God.

What is true with respect to money is true also of other things as well. There is a general slackening and relaxing over the entire area of morals and religion. There is less of restraint and reverence in all things. Paganism and heresy take the place of truth and orthodoxy in religion for many. Liberty becomes license. The Sabbath is looked on lightly. Unitarianism comminates theology; law is not highly regarded, and the lynching area gradually works its way northward. And, in a sense, most serious and worst of all, marriage is degraded from the religious to the civil sphere, and as a

consequence practically one marriage in ten in the United States ends in divorce. Americans themselves admit it to be the shame of civilization that their country should stand next in this respect to Japan,—the country with the highest divorce record in the world, namely one in every three marriages. And that the enormous disparity which exists between our country and the United States with respect to this phase of immorality shall be made apparent it may be said that while accurate figures showing the divorces in Canada are not easily obtainable the best information goes to show that divorces with us do not exceed one in a thousand; or, put in other words while in the United States divorces reach ten per cent. of the marriages, in Canada we find they stand at about one-tenth of one per cent. If therefore, all other factors were eliminated, this one alone should weigh enormously in favor of our people remaining in the purer moral atmosphere of their northern homes.

But notwithstanding even these gloomy facts it may be said let our people go there:

THEY WILL DO GOOD.

Being possessed of higher ideals they are having a leavening and ennobling influence. Viewed from the purely missionary standpoint much may be said for this view, but since those of our people who go are but as one in a thousand, the danger is,—and the facts show the danger to be a very real one,—that instead of elevating the life to which they go they are degraded by it. Still further, many of our Canadians,—and I speak from personal knowledge on this point—have returned to us missionaries and advocates of the very social and theological heresies which some, at home, fondly believe they have assisted in assailing when in New England. Persons in many communities in our province will bear me out in saying that in not a few parishes and towns there may be discovered returned exiles who have been in the United States for years and have come to live at home broken often times alike in character and

purse and have been veritable moral canker sores in the midst of our people. They have come to disseminate disregard for a Sabbath we respect, and for a Bible which we venerate; they have come to poison the minds of the young with the heresies of Paine and Ingersoll; to disturb our workmen and set them at enmity with their employers; to cast reflections, perhaps by example as well as by precept, upon the sacredness of the marriage vow; to sneer at our political institutions; to censure our country and degrade our language with coarse and vulgar words and phrases; to pull our press to the sensational and vulgar level of the United States; to weaken our regard for law and order; to lift up the mammon standard; to shatter, if possible, old and worthy ideals of morality, religion and life,—in a word, to bring the curse and blight of Babylon to our very doors. All of which may be verified by appeals to particular cases which I believe may be discovered in every county of our Province.

In closing I admit that to some, much of what has been said may seem ungenerous. However, I submit all as conclusions honestly reached. Nothing has been set down in malice. Our people should know the facts. Our government should more fully exploit and advertise our lands and take more serious steps to retain our population. The ideals of the United States may be very good,—good for their side of the line. When it comes to choosing in the sphere of morals, of civic or provincial or national righteousness,—when it comes to business, I prefer British to American standards; and, I believe, all Canadian Clubs should adopt as one of their aims the turning of the minds of our people for models in all things, over the water rather than over the line. I firmly believe that if we were to balance the loss against the gain that has come to us through our various relationships with the United States we would find we have given much more than we have received. We have gained but little in any respect, and, on the whole, we have suffered enormous loss. Shall this continue?

In some manner our New Brunswick people must be made conscious of the real facts. They must cease insuring in American life insurance companies. They must banish from their minds and eyes American standards, and in case they cannot find models ready made, they must straightway create new and far loftier ideals than have been; they must be more willing to sacrifice, to look before and after, to measure things more in the light of time than of to-day; to resist allurements from all quarters even from our own West; and from the standpoints of self-interest, of true nationalism and of morals and religion they must give themselves in a more whole-souled and hearty way than ever before to the upbuilding of their own native New Brunswick.

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