

**William Wilfred
Campbell**

Canada

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CHAPTER I

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

CHAPTER II

"Feared no unknown, saw no horizon dark,
Counted no dangers; dreamed all seas their road
To possible futures; struck no craven sail
For sloth or indolent cowardice; steered their keels
O'er crests of heaving ocean, leagues of brine;
While Hope firm kept the tiller; Faith in dreams
Saw coasts of gleaming continents looming large,
Beyond the ultimate of the sea's far rim."

"Souls too great for sloth
And impotent ease, goaded by inward pain
Of some divine, great yearning restlessness;
Which would not sit at home on servile shores,
And take the good their fathers wrought in days
Long ancient timeward; reap what others sowed
But nobler sought to win a world their own,
Where men might build the future: rear new realms
Of human effort, forgetful of the past,
And all its ill and failure: knowing only
Immortal possibility of man."

"The roar of cities and the haste of men,
Tumultuous Fundy thunders through his haze
A grief more sad than woe of poet's pen,

And wakes the sea-wolf in his craggy den,
And lifts his mists, and brims his tides afar,
To lave the shining wastes of haunted Tantramar.”
“Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o’er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore,
Stretching to leeward.”
“Over the hazy distance,
Beyond the sunset’s rim,
For ever and for ever
Those voices called to him.
Westward! westward! westward!
The sea sang in his head,
At morn in the busy harbour,
At nightfall on his bed.
Westward! westward! westward!
Over the line of breakers,
Out of the distance dim,
For ever the foam-white fingers
Beckoning, beckoning him.”
“In the seaport of St Malo ’twas a smiling morn in May
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward
sailed away.
In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their
knees,
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas
And every autumn blast that swept o’er pinnacle and pier
Filled manly hearts with sorrow and gentle hearts with fear.
But the earth is as the future; it hath its hidden side,
And the captain of St Malo was rejoicing in his pride.

In the forests of the north, while his townsmen mourned his loss,

He was rearing on Mount Royal the fleur-de-lis and cross."

"He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave."

"Eastward from Campobello

Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed.

Three days or more, seaward he bore,

Then, alas, the land wind failed.

Alas, the land wind failed,

And ice-cold grew the night,

And never more on sea or shore

Should Sir Humphrey see the light."

"In the Acadian land on the shores of the basin of Minas,

Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pré

Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the
eastward,

Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without
number.

Dykes, that the hands of the farmer had raised with labour
incessant,

Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the
floodgates

Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the
meadows."

"Away to the northward,

Blomidon rose, and the forests of old, and aloft on the
mountains

Sea-fogs pitched their tents."

CHAPTER III

OUR FATHERS

OUR FATHERS

“Room for the dead! Your living hands may pile
Treasures of art the stately tents within,
Beauty may grace them with her richest smile,
And genius there spontaneous plaudits win:—
But yet amidst the tumult and the din
Of gathering thousands, let me audience crave!
Place claim I for the Dead—’twere mortal sin,
When banners o’er our country’s treasures wave,
Unmarked to leave the wealth safe garnered in the grave.
The fields may furnish forth their lowing kine,
The forest spoils in rich abundance lie,
The mellow fruitage of the clustered vine
Mingle with flowers of every varied dye;
Swart artisans their rival skill may try,
And while the rhetorician wins the ear,
The pencil’s graceful shadows charm the eye;
But yet, do not withhold the grateful tear
For those, and for their works, who are not here.
Not here? O yes! our hearts their presence feel,
Viewless, not voiceless; from the deepest shells
On memory’s shore harmonious echoes steal,
And names which in the days gone by were spells
Are blent with that soft music. If there dwells
The spirit here our country’s fame to spread,
While every breast with joy and triumph swells,
And earth reverberates to our measured tread,
Banner and wreath will own our reverence for the Dead.
Look up: their walls enclose us. Look around

Who won the verdant meadows from the sea?
Whose sturdy hands the noble highways wound
Through forest dense, o'er mountain, moor, and lea?
Who spanned the streams? tell me whose work they be,
The busy marts where commerce ebbs and flows?
Who quelled the savage? and who spared the tree
That pleasant shelter o'er the pathway throws?
Who made the land they loved to blossom as the rose?
Who, in frail barques, the ocean surge defied,
And trained the race that live upon the wave?
What shore so distant where they have not died?
In every sea they found a watery grave.
Honour for ever to the true and brave,
Who seaward led their sons with spirits high,
Bearing the red-cross flag their fathers gave;
Long as the billows flout the arching sky,
They'll seaward bear it still—to venture or to die.
The Roman gathered in a stately urn
The dust he honoured—while the sacred fire,
Nourished by vestal hands, was made to burn
From age to age. If fitly you'd aspire,
Honour the Dead; and let the sounding lyre
Recount their virtues in your festal hour;
Gather their ashes—higher still, and higher,
Nourish the patriot flame that history dowers,
And, o'er the old men's graves, go strew your choicest
flowers.”
“A people for high dreamings meant,
But damned by too much government.”

CHAPTER IV

CAPE ETERNITY

CAPE ETERNITY

"About thy head, where dawning wakes and dies,
Sublimity, betwixt thine awful rifts,
'Mid mists and gloom and shattered lights, uplifts,
Hiding in height the measure of the skies.
Here pallid Awe for ever lifts her eyes,
Through veiling haze, across thy rugged clefts,
Where, far and faint, the sombre sunlight sifts,
'Mid loneliness and gloom and dread surmise.
Here nature to this ancient silence froze,
When from the deeps thy mighty shoulders rose,
And hid the sun and moon and starry light;
Where based in shadow of thy sunless floods,
And iron bastions vast, for ever broods
Winter, eternal stillness, death and night."
"O fortress city, bathed by streams
Majestic as thy memories great,
Where mountain-floods and forests mate
The grandeur of the glorious dreams,
Born of the hero-hearts who died
In founding here an empire's pride.
Who hath not known delight, whose feet
Hath paced thy streets, thy terrace way;
From rampart sod or bastion grey.
Hath marked thy sea-like river greet
The bright and peopled banks which shine
In front of the far mountain's line;
Thy glittering roofs below, the play

Of currents where the ships entwine
Their spars, or laden pass away.
As we who joyously once rode
Past guarded gates to trumpet sound,
Along the devious ways that wound
O'er drawbridges, through moats, and showed
The vast St Lawrence flowing, belt
The Orleans Isle, and seaward melt;
Then by old walls by cannon crowned,
Down stair-like streets, to where we felt
The soft winds blown o'er meadow ground.
Where flows the Charles past wharf and dock,
And Learning from Laval looks down,
And quiet convents grace the town;
There swift to meet the battle shock,
Montcalm rushed on; and eddying back
Red slaughter marked the bridge's track;
See now the shores with lumber brown,
And girt with happy lands which lack
No loveliness of summer's crown.
Quiet hamlet alleys, border-filled
With purple lilacs, poplars tall,
Where flits the yellow-bird, and fall
The deep eave-shadows. There, when tilled
The peasant's field or garden bed,
He rests content if o'er his head,
From silver spires, the church bells call
To gorgeous shrines, and prayers that gild
The simple hopes and lives of all."

“Fortress city, bathed by streams
Majestic as her memories great”;
“In the dank grass at our knee,
Shone pearls of our green forest sea,
The white star-flowers of triple leaf,
Which love around the brooks to be.”
“Before the blasts and rains forth poured,
And slow o’er mighty landscapes drew
The grandest pageant of the Lord.
The threatening march of flashing cloud,
With tumults of embattled air,
Blest conflicts for the good they bear;
A century has God allowed
None other, since the day He gave
Unequal fortune to the brave.
Comrades in death! you live to share
An equal honour, for your grave
Bade Enmity take Love as heir!”
“We watched, when gone day’s quivering haze,
The loops of plunging foam that beat
The rocks at Mont Morenci’s feet,
Stab the deep gloom with moonlit rays.”
“Or from the fortress saw the streams
Sweep swiftly o’er the pillared beams;
White shone the roofs and anchored fleet,
And grassy slopes where nod in dreams
Pale hosts of sleeping marguerites.”
“Or when the dazzling Frost-King mailed
Would clasp the wilful waterfall,

Fast leaping to her snowy hall
She fled; and where her rainbow hailed
Her freedom, painting all her home,
We climbed her spray-built palace dome,
Shot down the radiant glassy wall,
Until we reached the snowdrift's foam.
Then homeward, hearing song or tale,
With chime of harness-bells, we sped,
Above the frozen river-bed.
The city, through a misty veil,
Gleamed from her cape, where sunset fire
Touched Louvre and cathedral spire."
"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power";
"Bade Enmity take Love to heir."

CHAPTER V

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on the shores grow dim
We'll sing at St Anne's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row: the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.
Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest the weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow: the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.
Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.

Saint of this green Isle, hear our prayers;
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow: the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past."

CHAPTER VI

"Above her river, above her hill,
Above her streets of brief renown,
In majesty austere and still
Ottawa's gloried towers look down.
Dim in the sunset's misty fires,
Set on the landscape like a crown,
Loom tower and bastion, as the spires
Of some old-world cathedral town.
Here in the even, from afar,
By countryside or river breast,
Beneath the burnished evening star,
Those turrets gloom against the west."

==

"Thou master of the splendour everywhere
Man's soul can free it,
Whatever of beauty there be in earth or air,
Give to me to see it."

"Then might we know that silent power,
That patience, that supreme
Indifference to day and hour
Of their eternal dream."

SEPTEMBER IN THE LAURENTIAN HILLS

SEPTEMBER IN THE LAURENTIAN HILLS

"Already Winter in his sombre round,

Before his time hath touched these hills austere
With lonely flame. Last night without a sound,
The ghostly frost walked out by wood and mere.
And now the sumach curls his frond of fire,
The aspen-tree reluctant drops his gold,
And down the gullies the north's wild vibrant lyre
Rouses the bitter armies of the cold.
O'er this short afternoon the night draws down,
With ominous chill, across these regions bleak;
Wind-beaten gold, the sunset fades around
The purple loneliness of crag and peak,
Leaving the world an iron house wherein
Nor love nor life nor hope hath ever been."

TO THE OTTAWA

"Out of the northern wastes, lands of winter and death,
Regions of ruin and age, spaces of solitude lost;
You wash and thunder and sweep,
And dream and sparkle and creep,
Turbulent, luminous, large,
Scion of thunder and frost."

TO THE RIDEAU RIVER

"Across the peace of all the night's great healing,
Beneath the silence of the dark's hushed deep,
A phosphorescent, ghostly spirit stealing,
You softly slide, a sleep within a sleep.
You slip and shine, by boughs that bend to kiss you,
You dream by curved banks of shimmering green;
And where you swerve, the alien meadows miss you,
But happy are the banks you glide between.

Out by dim hazy shores, in reedy shallows,
The drowsy cattle sun them in the heat;
And far from woody slopes and ragged fallows,
A lazy wind goes loitering in the wheat.
By pebbly shoals, whereon your tides are driven,
In silvery surge and far-heard slumbrous song,
Your sleeping shores and the white hosts of heaven
Hearken your tender droppings all night long.”

“In the common round
Of life’s slow action, stumbling on the brink
Of sudden opportunity, he chose
The only noble, God-like, splendid way,
And made his exit, as earth’s great have gone,
By that vast doorway looking out on Death.”

CHAPTER VII

“April and her wraiths of tender rain,”

“And the landscape, chill and wan,

Softer aspect taketh on;

Something mystic, magical,

Hovers, glammers over all;

Then a film drapes the skies,

And the night hath softer eyes;—

Something in the heaven aglow,

Something in the earth below,

Toward glad dreaming turns the brain,

And the heart grows young again.”

“Dreams of beauty here inspire

All the summer’s radiant fire,

In the gleam of leaf and bird,

Ere the autumn's voice is heard,
Fluting soft her woodland tune
Down the golden afternoon,
Where the seaward ships go down
By some ancient Norman town;
Where the northern marshes lie,
Golden under azure sky;
Where the northern woodland glooms,
Luminous in leafy rooms,
With its ancient sunlit wine,
Under shade of smoky pine;
Here the soul of silence broods
Under haunted solitudes;—
Here that spirit rare and pure
Of the muses who endure,
Dreams with wisdom's quiet eye,
While the phantom years go by.”
“As though in ages long ago,
Before its dreams began to grow,
Some startled, fleeing dryad hid
Within its leafy coverlid;
Enmeshed her silvern reveries here,
And filled its shadows with her fear.”
“This short Canadian summer,
Whose every lonesome breath
Holds hints of autumn and winter,
As life holds hints of death”—
“Over these wastes, these endless wastes of white,
Rounding about far lonely regions of sky,

Winter, the wild-tongued, cometh with clamorous might
Deep-sounding and surgent, his armies of storm sweep by,
Wracking the skeleton woods and opens, that lie
Far to the seaward reaches, that thunder and moan,
Where barrens and mists and beaches for ever are lone.
Morning shrinks closer to night, and nebulous noon
Hangs, a dull lanthorn, over the windings of snows
And like a pale beech-leaf, fluttering upward, the moon,
Out of the short day, wakens and blossoms and grows,
And builds her wan beauty like to the ghost of a rose,
Over the soundless silences, shrunken, that dream
Their prisoned deathliness under the gold of her beam.
Wide is the arch of the night, blue spangled with fire,
From wizened edge to edge of the shrivelled-up earth;
Where the chords of the dark are as tense as the strings of
a lyre,

Strung by the fingers of silence ere sound had birth."

"When all the sunset world seems ages old
In sad romance and achings of dead wrong;
And all the beauty of life is poignant gold
In the hermit thrush's song."

"The shooting sprout that feels
Within, the upward, golden wells of spring;
When young Pan's piping down the rosy ways
Wakens the tremulous daughters of the year."

CHAPTER VIII

"O saddest picture of a race, —
A wild and passionate, broken race; —
That, melting nightward, leaves no trace,
No camp-fire on the sweet loved face

Of their own land;—
As shades that wander to their rest,
Toward those dim regions of the west,
And setting sun.
No wonder that in sternest close
The last wild war-cry weirdly rose,
To break the settlers' short repose,
In midnight hour.”

CHAPTER IX

“Who strove and dared, and greatly overcame;—
Wresting from nature half her secret, cruel,
Wherewith she darkens down in glooms apart
The mystery of this planet.”
“Miles and miles of lake and forest,
Miles and miles of sky and mist;
Marsh and shore-land, where the rushes
Rustle, wind and water kissed;
Where the lake's great face is driving,
Driving, drifting into mist.
Miles and miles of crimson glories,
Autumn's wondrous fires ablaze;—
Miles of shoreland red and golden,
Drifting into dream and haze;
Dreaming where the woods and vapours
Melt in myriad misty waves.
Miles and miles of lake and forest,
Miles and miles of sky and mist;—
Wild birds calling, where the rushes
Rustle, wind and water kissed;

Where the lake's great face is driving,
Driving, drifting into mist."
"Girdled by Huron's throbbing and thunder,
Out on the drift and lift of its blue"—
"Wake with mystic songs the sullen beaches,
And flame to life the pale, mute, death-like sleeps."
"When the night is beginning to fail,
And the stars have lost half of their glow,
As though all the flowers in a garden did pale
When a rose is beginning to blow."
"Great brown, bare rocks, wet, purple-dyed
By sunset's beams, hedge in this realm
Of sky, and wide
Bleak sweep of tide,
Grey, tossed, scarce ploughed by keel or helm."
"Craggs that loom like spectres
Half under the sun and the mist;
There are beaches that gleam and glisten."
"There are miles and miles of waters
That throb like a woman's breast;
With a glad harmonious motion,
Like happiness caught at rest;—
As though a heart beat under,
In love with its own glad rest."
"There are forests that kneel for ever,
Robed in the dreamiest haze."
"There are birds that like smoke drift over,
With a strange and a bodeful cry,
Into the dream and the distance

Of the marshes that southward lie,
With their lonely lagoons and rivers
Far under the reeling sky.”

“The crags and the low shores kneel,
Like ghosts, in the fogs that reel
And glide, and shiver and feel
For the shores, with their shadowy hands
Earth and heaven are grey,
The worlds of waters are grey,
And out in the fog-haunted day,
A spectre, the lighthouse stands.”

“Here in the glad September,
When all the woods are red
And gold; and hearts remember
The gone days that are dead;
And all the world is mantled in a haze;
The wind, a mad musician,
Melodious makes the days.
And the nights are still, and slumber
Holds all the frosty ground.”

“Within these dreamy borders nought takes shape,
Of weird ambition, sorrow at the heart’s core;
But holdeth only love of cape for cape,
Of murmurous shore for shore.”

“Here the white winter’s fingers
Tip with dull fires the dawn,”

“Rises the wild red dawn over the icicled edges
Of black, wet, cavernous rocks, sheeted and winter-scarred,
And heaving of grey-green waves, foaming the ice-blocks
and ledges,

Into this region of death, sky-bounded, solitude-barred.
Turned to the cold kiss of dawn, gilding their weird, dark
faces,
Lift the cyclopean rocks, silent, motionless, bare;
Where high on each haggard front, in deep-ploughed,
passionate traces,
The storm hath graven his madness, the night hath
furrowed her care.
Out of the far grey skies comes the dread North with his
blowing,
That chills the warm blood in the veins, and cuts to the
heart like fate
Quick as the fall of a leaf, the lake-world is white with his
snowing;
Quick as the flash of a blade, the waters are black with his
hate.”
“Storm-beaten cliff, thou mighty cape of thunder;
Rock-Titan of the north, whose feet the waves beat under;
Cloud-reared, mist-veiled; to all the world a wonder;
Shut out in thy wild solitude asunder,
O Thunder Cape, thou mighty Cape of Storms! ...
Year in, year out, the summer rain’s soft beating
Thy front hath known; the winter’s snow and sleeting;—
But unto each thou givest contemptuous greeting.
These hurt thee not, through seasons fast and fleeting,
O proud, imperious, rock-ribbed Cape of Storms!
O thou so old, within thy sage discerning,
What sorrows, hates; what dead past loves still burning
Couldst thou relate, thine ancient pages turning;
O thou, who seemest ever new lores learning,
O unforgetting, wondrous Cape of Storms!

O tell me what wild past lies here enchanted;
What borders thou dost guard? what regions haunted?
What type of man a little era flaunted,
Then passed and slept? O tell me, thou undaunted,
Thou aged as eld, O mighty Cape of Storms!
O speak, if thou canst speak: what cities sleeping?
What busy streets? what laughing, and what weeping?
What vanished deeds and hopes, like dust, upheaping,
Hast thou long held within thy silent keeping?
O wise old cape, thou rugged Cape of Storms!
These all have passed, as all that's living passes;
Our thoughts they wither as the centuries' grasses,
That bloom and rot in bleak, wild lake morasses:—
But still thou loomest where Superior glasses
Himself in surge and sleep, O Cape of Storms!
And thou wilt stay when we, and all our dreaming,
Lie low in dust. The age's last moon-beaming
Will shed on thy wild front its final gleaming;—
For last of all that's real, and all that's seeming,
Thou still wilt linger, mighty Cape of Storms!"

CHAPTER X

"Out and in the river is winding
The links of its long red chain,
Through belts of dusky pine-land,
And gusty leagues of plain.
Only at times a smoke-wreath,
With the drifting cloud-rack joins—
The smoke of the hunting-lodges
Of the wild Assiniboines'

Drearly blows the north wind
From the land of ice and snow;
The eyes that look are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.
The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St Boniface
The bells of the Roman mission,
That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain.”
“Softly the shadows of prairie-land wheat
Ripple and riot adown to her feet.
Onward, and onward, her fertile expanse
Shakes as the tide of her children advance
Onward, and soon on her welcoming soil
Cities shall palpitate, myriads toil.”

CHAPTER XI

THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS

THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS

“We wake the prairie echoes with
The ever-welcome sound,
‘Ring out the boot and saddle’ till
Our horses toss their bridled heads
And chafe against the reins;
Ring out, ring out the marching call
Of the Riders of the Plains.
Full many a league o’er prairie wild

Our trackless path must be,
And round it roam the fiercest tribes
Of Blackfoot and of Cree;
But danger from their savage bands
Our dauntless heart disdains,
That heart which bears the helmet up
Of the Riders of the Plains.
The thunder storm sweeps o'er our way,
But onward still we go;
We scale the rugged mountain range,
Descend the valleys low;
We face the dread Saskatchewan,
Brimmed high with heavy rains;
With all his might he cannot check
The Riders of the Plains.
We muster but three hundred
In all this great lone land,
Which stretches o'er the continent
To where the Rockies stand;
But not one heart doth falter,
No coward voice complains,
That few, too few, in numbers are
The Riders of the Plains.
Our mission is to plant the rule
Of Britain's freedom here,
Restrain the lawless savage, and
Protect the pioneer;
And 'tis a proud and daring trust
To hold these vast domains,

With but three hundred mounted men,
The Riders of the Plains.
We bear no lifted banner,
The soldier's care and pride;
No waving flag leads onward
Our horsemen when they ride;
The sense of duty well discharged
All idle thought sustains,
No other spur to action need
The Riders of the Plains.
Ours is no marble monument,
Ours is no graven stone,
To blazen to an envious world
What deeds our dead have done;
But the prairie flower blooms lightly here,
The creeping wild rose trains
Its wealth of summer beauty o'er
The Riders of the Plains."

CHAPTER XII

CHAPTER I

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INTRODUCTION

A country of dry frost in winter, and of fruitful heat in summer, with numerous delightful climates in between—this is the rising nation, Canada. And of a similar strange mixture are its people, at once the most hard-working and yet most hopeful of any people upon earth, in the mind of him who deeply ponders upon their unique conditions. The destiny of a young and vigorous people animated by high ambitions must be either lofty or sordid. It is between these two extremes that national tragedy lies. Canada promises either to be the theatre of one of the greatest commonwealths the world has seen, or else, failing this, to be the land where race has died out in a crude, vulgar cosmopolitanism; where patriotism has been destroyed by a foolish party system, and all idealism crushed out in a hard materialism. There is no blinking the situation. We are the youngest people in the world, and yet we have some of the gravest problems to solve; and it is all because we are strong and proud, and have taken the bit in our teeth with a brave spirit and an ambition to rule ourselves, and be all or nothing.

The Scotland of America, Canada should well be called, both from its northern position on this continent, its rugged, austere lands, its severe, invigorating climate, and the fact that the greater portion of its people, with the exception of the French, are of the blood which has made famous in history that remarkable home of great souls, North Britain.

There is no doubt that Canada is the Scotland of America, and that, as in Scotland, the very semi-poverty of her people, or rather lack of great wealth, coupled with her bracing and vigorous climate, has had much to do with the production of a hardier, more determined race than the country to the south on the whole produces. The north has ever been the home of liberty, industry, and valour. History teaches that conquerors have not usually come from the south. With all his faults—and he has his own—the young Canadian is unusually self-sustaining. He is over-eager to leave home and struggle for himself. The fate of his future for the most part depends purely upon his personal ambition and mental energy. Where this is combined with a highly ethical conception of life, a personality of uncommon force of character is likely to be produced. And there is not wanting evidence that such a type may develop here in Canada.



NORTH OF HOWE SOUND, PACIFIC COAST, BRITISH COLUMBIA

It is this possibility as to character, this promise of a strong, individual, intellectual, ethically-governed manhood, that gives most hope for the Canada of the future. Not all the millions of acres of wheat-lands of her prairies, not all her cities of smoking factories and busy commerce in the east and west, will succeed in making her dominant in the world-arena, as will the strong personality, the unflinching character, of her coming men.

The northern peoples have always been the truest, the wisest, and the deepest thinkers; and their imagination has always been the most beautiful and the sanest, because the nearest to nature. They have ever been the strongest in personality and the self-rulers of the world. Northern Europe, Northern Britain, Northern Ireland, are all historical evidence of this fact. Even in the United States this is so far

true; and Canada cannot escape this great law of life and nature.

But it is not all a mere matter of zone or climate; it is rather owing to the stock of people, who by a natural instinct seek, or brave, through preference, those more rugged temperate climes. It is this heredity, this temperament, which is needful to make a people really great. Never in a soft, enervating clime has man sought for God and interpreted His personality and relationship to life so clearly, so humanly, and so sublimely, and in so personal a manner, as he has done in the opens of Northern Europe and America.

Never has man been so wide awake as an individual to the whole responsibilities and possibilities of his existence as he has been among those more rugged, self-ruling, self-searching, dominant, nature-subduing races of the northern zone. It is this, after all, which makes a people really great—this slow, sure, true development of a race individuality. May the people of Canada retain this strong individual interest in the race-ideals of the past, and emulate the greatness of their ancestors.

But the Scot is not the only man who has made Canada what it is to-day. The earliest discoverer here was the Norman, that strong world-conqueror of the past; and he, the cousin in blood of the Scot, is his partner and rival in the future destinies of this newer Britain, as he has been in that older Britain of William the Conqueror.



MOUNT CHEOPS AND THE HERMIT RANGE

Then there are the English, the sturdiest, the most independent stock of men in the whole world; and next follows the north of Ireland Scot, who has perhaps more than any other class dominated and moulded the character, and affected the speech and accent, of the Canadian people.

After these comes the Irishman, the genial southern Celt with warm heart, who has ever stood for culture, and also for liberty everywhere save, sad to say, in his own land. Ireland has been represented in Canadian history by a remarkable band of gifted men, such as D'Arcy M'Gee, Edward Blake, and Archbishop Connolly. Last but not least, the United Empire Loyalists, who came in from the republic

to the south, rather than live outside of British rule, and who are of British stock, have been a prominent element in the making of the Canadian community.

But remarkable as is the personality of the Canadian of the past and present, it is not the Canadian himself that attracts the attention of the outside world; it is rather the physical advantages of the country in which he is so fortunate to dwell.

That which must, first and last, compel the wonder and admiration of the old-world traveller in this new land, is its vastness, its distances, the grandeur of the scale upon which the natural features which characterise the broad half of this great western continent known as Canada are formed. He has possibly heard that the Dominion stretches from ocean to ocean, that it contains great inland seas, and a chain of mountains rivalling any in the world; that its riverways are the vastest water highways on the globe; yet it is a question if he is ever prepared for the reality.

We ourselves scarcely realise the wealth of the Dominion in both scenery and natural resources. We have fallen into our inheritance without any of the struggle and sacrifice of our forefathers. Even the memory of that struggle is, sad to say, passing. The trackless forest is no longer assailed by the puny hands of a few settlers, endeavouring to carve out a home for themselves in the wilderness. Railways and government surveys have changed all this. The outsider must realise that we, as a people, have passed into a more advanced, if less picturesque, stage, and that even the literature of our country no more represents the backwoods and the Indian; and he who would so represent us