



House of Commons  
Canada

Anglo Barton Ideals of  
Washington,

(for Currie?)

The Anglo-Saxon Ideals of Washington

MONTREAL

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It is indeed a privilege to speak to this assembly on ~~the~~ a  
~~subject~~ subject suggested by the life and work of the  
Illustrations ~~stationer~~ whose birthday you ~~celebrate~~ commemorate  
It is particularly interesting to speak in <sup>some</sup> this city ~~hallowed~~  
by the ~~memory~~ of ~~the~~ ~~men~~ ~~who~~ ~~have~~ ~~been~~ ~~born~~ ~~in~~ ~~this~~ ~~city~~ ~~and~~ ~~whose~~ ~~memories~~ ~~are~~ ~~so~~ ~~fresh~~ ~~in~~ ~~our~~ ~~hearts~~  
memories of the immortal men, and the glorious  
incidents connected inseparably with your nation's  
birth. It is an honor too, not unfeared, to appear  
as a successor to the many illustrious and  
distinguished men who have appeared on this  
~~similar~~ similar occasion in this honored place.  
In ~~the~~ ~~name~~, I assure you, I <sup>deeply</sup> appreciate on  
behalf of myself, my University, and my  
country.

Celebrations, such as these, of the birthdays of our former national leaders are hopeful tendencies of the present. In the rush of modern life, with its fever and its fret, its widespread selfishness and ~~enervating~~ <sup>demoralizing</sup> idleness, its ostentation and its fruitless chasing after shadows, it is well to hark back if only indeed for a brief period, to ~~the~~ those who preached a purer gospel and lived and died for the higher things of life. We are sometimes told ~~the~~ today that the age of ideals, like the old age of chivalry, is forever gone, that the present age is an age of expediency in church, in state and in society and that on the whole we are today indifferent <sup>to ethical and moral</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>standards</sup> ~~standards~~, those of us who do not join in that <sup>lamentation</sup> ~~lamentation~~, and who still believe that the stars of faith are set high and eternal in the heavens, ~~remotely~~ ~~but~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~heavens~~ ~~still~~ ~~stand~~ ~~for~~ in times of discouragement and of faltering feet we need strength and stimulus for our belief. We find <sup>that necessary strength</sup> ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~always~~ in a backward glance at the ~~time~~ ~~and~~ ~~ideals~~ ~~and~~ ~~examples~~ <sup>of those lives</sup> ~~from~~ ~~which~~ ~~spring~~ ~~our~~ ~~nations~~ ~~spring~~. In national heroes are the best possessions of a people. Their example cannot die. Their spirit are found by our side to guide, to lead, and to inspire, ~~It is therefore well that~~

~~in~~ "They are the leaders of men, these great ones," said Carlyle, "the moulders, patterns, and in a wide sense creators, of whatsoever the general mass of men continued to do or to attain; all things that we see standing accomplished in the world are properly the outer material result, the practical realization and embodiment, of

Thoughts that dwell in the Great Men sent into the world; the soul of the whole world's history, it may justly be considered, ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> the history of these... Great Men, taken up in any way are profitable company. We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something ~~from~~ <sup>by</sup> him. He is the living light-fountain, and what is good and pleasant to the man. The light which enlightens, ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> has enlightened the darkness of the world; and this not as a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary shining by the gift of Heaven; a flowing light-fountain, as I say, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness; - in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them. On any terms whatsoever, you will not grudge to wander in such a neighborhood for a while." It is therefore but fitting that on this the anniversary of his birth, we should pause, if only for a ~~few~~ <sup>brief</sup> ~~period~~ <sup>period</sup> to consider a few thoughts suggested by the ~~life~~ <sup>life</sup> ideal of one of your great national heroes, and one of the ~~great~~ <sup>heroes of the</sup> ~~world~~ <sup>world</sup> ~~heroes~~, <sup>immortal and renowned</sup> you George Washington.

Strange and difficult indeed would be the task of him who would <sup>say</sup> to this audience anything distinctively new about George Washington. Even an attempt at such a task would be but folly. The details of his life, the earnestness of his struggle, the splendor of his achievements, the great powers of his constructive statesmanship are well known to you all. Even the myths connected with his career are the common knowledge of mankind. But at times in these later days ~~the~~ his ideals are clouded, ~~the~~ the <sup>motives</sup> ~~spirit~~ which actuated his efforts are obscured or ignored, and ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> true relation ~~is~~

of his doctrines and his theories to other countries than his own is not ~~always~~ clearly understood. ~~you will find~~  
 It is ~~not therefore incongruous~~ perhaps therefore natural and wise that we should look briefly at ~~the~~ his ideals as they have affected your country and mine, or rather those kindred countries of a common ancestry.

George Washington ~~is~~ ~~represents~~ represents the best type of the English country gentleman of the 18<sup>th</sup> century. What he desired most was reform rather than revolution. He would solve the problems of his beloved land by peaceful ~~means~~ <sup>measures</sup>, but in these ~~measures~~ <sup>measures</sup> ~~you fail~~ <sup>you fail</sup> because of the obstinacy or the stupidity of his opponents, ~~and~~  
~~and what he had done over a hundred years before~~

as his kindred had done over a hundred years before him he would gladly give up the joys of home and enter the tragic ~~but~~ ~~to~~ tournaments of death in his desire to serve the people. ~~He~~ ~~of~~ the question as issue was "ought toward the general good, he would set honour in one eye and death in the other and look on both indifferently". He would pledge his person and his property to the cause of liberty. Not ~~disturbed~~ without anxiety and careful thought and sorrowful regrets did he take the final ~~step~~ ~~but~~ his inevitable step which he knew would mean the <sup>do</sup> ~~sewing~~ <sup>the</sup> sacred tie of kindred and of nation. "Prudence," he well knew, "dictated that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes"; he knew too "that mankind are disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are

accustomed". But he likewise knew, what ~~was~~ the world today ~~was~~ appross, that "when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security." Washington's rhetoric ~~was~~ <sup>was never</sup> the rhetoric of a rebel; ~~it was~~ <sup>it was</sup> the calm, judicious ~~and earnest~~ appeal of a man with clear and far vision who represented the best <sup>and noblest</sup> spirit of his age.

In formulating his theories of ~~liberty~~ ~~and~~ ~~justice~~ and freedom, his doctrines of the unalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, his principles of governments instituted among men and deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, he was not alone in his generation nor was he the first <sup>and only</sup> of the prophets. ~~His words~~ He represented the ideas of the majority of the thinking men of Britain. His was but one <sup>clear</sup> voice in the great chorus singing in his time the ~~same~~ psalm of freedom. Behind him ~~lay~~ <sup>clearly</sup> were long traditions and the long advocacy of liberty echoing ~~through the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~unforgotten~~ years. The Magna Charta and the Petition of Rights were there. There too were the memories and the spirits of those immortal kindred who with no thought of self had defied the powers of ~~tyranny~~ <sup>tyranny</sup> an obvious autocracy or had challenged the tyranny of kings. Behind him was a goodly company. More and Tyndale, Milton ~~and Hampden~~ <sup>and others</sup> and Hampden and Cromwell, all were there, and there too ~~was~~ <sup>in</sup> that long line were the political ~~liberators~~ <sup>liberators</sup> and the Covenanted

martyrs, their pale and famished faces contrasting  
 strongly with ~~the~~ <sup>and unyielding</sup> their immolated <sup>spirits</sup> ~~and~~  
 neither ~~death~~ <sup>nor</sup> ~~torture~~ <sup>could</sup> subdue ~~or~~  
~~break~~. The torch they lighted still burned ~~strongly~~  
~~strongly~~ in Washington's day, sometimes strongly,  
 sometimes <sup>it is true,</sup> with but a flickering flame; but its glow  
 still lingered in the English sky; ~~and~~ it never faded  
 from the English clippings. Washington had behind him  
 the ~~the~~ tradition that inspires, traditions of protest  
 against oppression and of faith in common men, ~~and~~  
~~not~~ not merely in the elevated few but in that great  
 mass of lonely uncounted souls who possess the  
 treasures of the humble.

And ~~even~~ even in his own day when he uttered  
 these mingled and memorable words which brought us  
 of by magic a new nation into being, Washington  
 was not without friends <sup>and comrades in ideals</sup> in Britain. His ideals were  
 those of Britain's best. She might be power used against  
<sup>we must not forget the copying of many of her</sup>  
<sup>rights</sup> ~~but~~ ~~the~~ ~~rights~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~people~~. ~~Let us~~  
 political philosophy, expressed nearly a century before,  
 had declared that all power was <sup>in</sup> the will  
 of the people. It had <sup>emphasized</sup> ~~asserted~~ the rights of "life,  
 liberty and the pursuit of happiness," the very words  
 used later in your Declaration of Independence. It  
 had declared that ~~no~~ <sup>no</sup> power should exist without  
 the consent of the governed. Already that philosophy  
 was <sup>already</sup> coming into practice. The alarm bell of liberty  
 had been struck, although its pealing sounds were  
 muffled but not silenced by those who usurped  
 political power. ~~It~~ It was in 1763 that

the King's

the first criticism of a speech from the throne at the opening of Parliament ~~was~~ was made in number 45 of the North Briton by Jack Wilkes, that stormy petrel whose name is immortalized in the Wilkesbarré, from Pennsylvania town. The writer was expelled from Parliament for his pains, but he was re-elected by his constituents, ~~again expelled~~ ~~and expelled and again elected several times in~~

~~succession~~ ~~when he fled to Paris,~~ <sup>where</sup> he fled for refuge, when he was asked by Madame Pompadour how far could an Englishman go in ~~criticizing~~ criticizing his sovereign, he ~~replied~~ truthfully replied "that Madame is just what I am trying to find out". ~~The first part of the~~ That was exactly what many Englishmen were trying to find out, but the answer to the ~~question~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~yet~~ ~~found~~ ~~out~~, but the answer to the ~~question~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~yet~~ ~~found~~ ~~out~~

question was long delayed. Edmund Burke, ~~that~~ the ~~great~~ ~~statesman~~ who was to find of the right to pursue the ~~speaking~~, stood side by side with Washington in his advocacy of the rights of the colonists. Robert Bums, ~~at~~ a late date, refused to drink a toast to Pitt, but instead prepared a toast to George Washington, who he said was "the man and Chatham, rising <sup>for the last time</sup> from a bed of sickness, and of pain to protest against the attitude of England ~~towards~~ ~~the~~ ~~colonies~~ ~~summed~~ ~~up~~ ~~the~~ ~~situation~~ ~~by~~ ~~saying~~":



The work of Washington was but an extraordinary evidence of an ordinary and wide-spread aspiration, one phase of a general Anglo-Saxon movement on behalf of freedom, one milestone in the forward march of civilization. Washington gathered around him a group of illustrious advisors, - Franklin, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Knox, Greene and the Adamses, all ~~at~~ stirred by the same ideals. ~~of the~~ It was Jefferson who said "I am not one of those who fear the people... I know of no safe depository of the ultimate powers of society but the people themselves," - an ideal voiced by his ~~ancestors~~ <sup>Anglo-Saxon</sup> kindred a hundred years before.

In my own <sup>country</sup> ~~land~~ the influence of Washington's <sup>ideals</sup> ~~work~~ and of the ~~American~~ Revolution which these ideals brought about was far reaching. <sup>the</sup> ~~Disadvantages~~ <sup>Disadvantages</sup> which arose from the severing of the ~~British~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~tie~~ <sup>the</sup> were <sup>offset</sup> ~~neutralized~~ in a measure by several advantages which accrued to Canada. When the crisis came there was a large influx to Canada of Americans who while they believed in the principles of liberty could not abandon the political system of their fathers! Not without deep regrets did they move to another ~~land~~ <sup>country</sup>. ~~land~~ "The thoughts of being driven from our country," wrote Jacob Bailey of Philadelphia, "and from all those endearing connections we had been forming for so many years, and the expectation of landing on a strange and unknown shore depressed our spirits beyond measure."

~~Jonathan~~ Jonathan Sewall, son of the attorney-general of Massachusetts, wrote from what he considered his exile "you know the Israelites hankered after the leeks and onions of Egypt, their native land. So do we after the nuts cranberries and apples of America. Cannot you send me two or three barrels of Newton Pippins, hay and send a few of our American walnuts commonly called shagbarks . . . and a few cranberries." And John Coffin, a Harvard man, wrote to a friend who had remained in New England "I would give more for one pork barrel made in Massachusetts than for all that has been made in New Brunswick since its settlement!" ~~These~~ ~~men~~ ~~by~~ ~~the~~ ~~men~~ who moved to Canada, in the Maritime Provinces alone, two hundred were Harvard men, and ~~the~~ ~~men~~ ~~who~~ ~~came~~ ~~from~~ ~~other~~ ~~universities~~. They brought to Canada an educational stimulus of great value. They had no hatred for the kindred or the land they had left. They digressed merely on the question of a political system but they did not believe in tyranny. Their attitude after the war is well expressed in the verse of John Jay's Stansbury, also at one time a resident of Philadelphia:

Now this war at length is o'er,  
 Let us think of it no more;  
 Every party lie in name  
 Banish as our mutual shame;  
 Bid each wound of faction heal,  
 Blushing no more our foes.

If ~~the~~ the struggle for freedom and responsible government on this continent did not end with the American Revolution. In my own country ~~a similar~~ ~~struggle~~ ~~was~~ the problem of <sup>political</sup> justice was the real

~~It is~~ problem of our ancestors in 1837. But it ~~is~~  
~~involved~~ involved a struggle against autocracy  
 and a clique system of administration known as  
 the "Family Compact." But it was solved by our  
 ancestors without bloodshed and without the cutting  
 of the cords of kindred or of nation. The lessons of  
 Washington are being learned throughout the world.  
~~How far we have come to realize the justice of their~~  
~~early struggle is~~ It is interesting to recall that  
 the grandson of one of the men who in <sup>any</sup> ~~my~~  
 county in 1837 was denounced as a rebel is today  
 the Prime Minister of Canada. The unbending of  
 the past have become the help of the present.

One hundred and fifty years have gone since the  
 troubled days of Washington. The world of 1922 is not  
 the world of 1772. Elsewhere than in his own land  
 the ideals of Washington, ~~and of those~~ have been  
 assimilated. He believed like the ~~deepest~~ <sup>greatest</sup> Anglo-Saxon  
 thinkers of all time in the uttermost soundness of  
 the people's judgment. He believed in the loss of self for  
 the service of others. He would make the test of  
 manhood "~~has he labored not~~" has he advanced  
 deep learning or great wealth, but "has he labored  
 for the general welfare." The only reward he asked  
 was to see in the midst of his fellow-citizens, the benign  
 influence of good laws under a free government; this he  
 called the "ever favourite object of his heart."  
~~But above all else~~ need to liberty and freedom  
 Washington believed in unity. He held peace better  
 than war and ~~unity~~ <sup>amity</sup> more than discord. He urged

**LINCOLN**

*and*

**BURNS**

*by*

**A. G. McKNIGHT**

Royal Chief . . . Order of Scottish Clans

DULUTH · MINNESOTA



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Order of Scottish Clans Courier

In the Abraham Lincoln Quarterly of September 1942, Paul M. Angle in his article on Logan Hay, who was long President of the Abraham Lincoln Association, credits Mr. Hay with locating the original volume of Howells' Life of Lincoln, with Lincoln's own notes and corrections.

Mr. Angle says that "This is probably the most important Lincoln 'find' in many years."

To one who is deeply interested in getting indisputable evidence as to the influence of Robert Burns on Abraham Lincoln, the location of this book certainly was a most important "find."

It appears that in 1860 William Dean Howells, then a young newspaper man, prepared a biography of Abraham Lincoln for campaign purposes.

Lincoln apparently did not authorize publication of this volume, but when Samuel C. Parks, who was a friend of long standing and who was then practicing law at Lincoln, Illinois, asked him to correct the volume of this biography which he had purchased, Lincoln did so.

The note by Parks found in the fly leaf of the corrected volume says:

"This life of Lincoln was corrected by him for me, at my request, in the summer of 1860, by notes in his own handwriting in pencil on the margin.

"It is to be preserved by my children as a lasting memorial of that great man and of his friendship for me."

(signed) SAMUEL C. PARKS.

Kansas City, Mo.

May 22, 1901

There were ninety-four pages in this biography and Lincoln read it with such care that his corrections, written in pencil, appear on fourteen of these pages.

The entire book, with Lincoln's corrections, has been photostated and published by the Abraham Lincoln Association and in the Editor's preface it is truly stated.

"The book becomes a valuable historical source and enables us to speak with more assurance on several hitherto uncertain points in the pre-presidential period of Lincoln's life."

Some of the corrections are most interesting. For instance on page 41 of the volume it was stated

"It is supposed that it was at New Salem that Lincoln while a clerk in Offut's store, first saw Stephen A. Douglas, and probably the acquaintance was renewed during Lincoln's proprietorship of the store which he afterward bought in the same place."

Lincoln marked this paragraph with a star and on the margin wrote

"Wholly wrong. I first saw Douglas at Vandalia, Dec., 1834. I never saw him at New Salem."

And again on page 47 it was said

"The Illinois legislature then held its sessions in Vandalia and Lincoln used to perform his journeys between New Salem and the seat of government on foot, though the remaining eight of the Long Nine traveled on horseback"

Again we find a star and a marginal note by Lincoln as follows:

"No harm if true, but in fact, not true."

Thus it would seem that what he left uncorrected in this volume can be accepted as pretty authentic.

On page 31 we find this uncorrected paragraph:

"When practicing law, before his election to Congress, a copy of Burns was his inseparable companion on the circuit, and this he perused so constantly that it is said he has now by heart every line of this favorite poet."

After all Lincoln knew more about his own familiarity with Burns than any of the rest of us, including his numerous later biographers, and if it were error to say that "a copy of Burns was his inseparable companion" he had a fine chance to correct this bald statement of fact and he did not do so.

When Milton Hay, who was a clerk in Lincoln's office, was interviewed by "Gath," a New York newspaper man, in Saratoga, New York, in 1883, "Gath" reports him in the Daily Illinois Journal of Sept. 1, 1883, as saying in answer to the question, "What author did Lincoln read most?" "Burns was his fav-

orite author for many years. I have never seen that mentioned anywhere."

Apparently Mr. Hay had not read Howells' *Life of Lincoln* or else the significance of the paragraph which we have quoted from that biography had escaped him.

Mr. Hay went on to say in this interview:

"Mr. Lincoln did not read many books, but those he fancied took strong possession of him. He could quote Burns by the hour. I have been with him in that little office and heard him recite with the greatest admiration and zest Burns' Ballads and quaint things. That was one of the sources of his wisdom and wit.

"As years passed on he did not quote Burns as much. He had then taken up Shakespeare and became deeply interested in him and yet I fancy that a great deal of Abraham Lincoln is bottomed on Robert Burns and William Shakespeare. Sometimes I think I can see the traces of both men in his writings.

"When you consider the bringing up of Lincoln, what a writer he was! The Anglo Saxon seemed to come to him as if he had been taught by some Anglo Saxon mother in her own land, centuries ago.

"The poets undoubtedly had their influence on Lincoln's style and probably on his mind."

This is a significant statement by one who knew Lincoln well in the earlier years of his life in Springfield, and it is interesting to turn from him to one who knew him when the shadows of his life were falling towards the east.

Noah P. Brooks was an Illinois newspaper man who was very close to Lincoln while he was President, and in fact was scheduled to be appointed his Secretary in May 1865.

In the preface to his biography of Lincoln he says:

"It was my good fortune to know Lincoln with some degree of intimacy, our acquaintance beginning with the Fremont campaign of 1856, when I was a resident of Illinois and continuing through the Lincoln-Douglas canvass two years later.

"That relation became more intimate and confidential when, in 1862, I met Lincoln in Washington and saw him almost daily until his tragical death.

"This preliminary egotism may be pardoned by way of explanation of the fact that many things relating to his early life, herein set forth, were derived from his own lips, often during hours of secluded companionship."

On page 30 of his *Life of Lincoln*, Mr. Brooks says, referring to the early days in Indiana, when young Lincoln hung over James Fenimore Cooper's *Leather Stocking Tales* "with rapturous delight,"

"Another book borrowed from one of the few and distant neighbors, was Burns' *Poems*, a thick and chunky volume, as he afterwards described it, bound in leather and printed in small type. This book he kept long enough to commit to memory almost all of its contents. And ever after, to the day of his death, some of the familiar lines of the Scottish poet were as ready on his lips as those of Shakespeare, the only poet who was, in Lincoln's opinion, greater than Robert Burns."

These statements by Brooks do not sound like the product of imagination but rather the reporting of intimate conversations with the one man on earth who could give the true facts.

If Lincoln had not described the Burns volume as a "thick, chunky volume, bound in leather and printed in small type," it is hardly possible that Brooks, out of his own head, would have so described it.

This volume of Burns, and there were many in that period that answer to that description, must have made a very distinct and permanent impression on Lincoln's mind.

I have been able to secure positive evidence as to the existence of such a volume in the family of James Gentry, one of Lincoln's neighbors and the brother of the Gentry who went to New Orleans with Lincoln. Mrs. Ada Gentry Rhoades, a granddaughter of James Gentry, in a letter written to Mrs. Bess V. Ehrmann, on November 23, 1942, tells of her grandfather reading Burns' poems from a book which she describes as follows:

"A medium sized book. The covering was dark brown leather. The leather looked as though it was pigskin. I always felt I could see traces of the pig's bristles thru the covering."

According to Mrs. Rhoades it was one of her grandfather's favorite recreations to read to the family from this Burns volume. As Lincoln worked for the Gentrys and was often in their home during his 14 years in Indiana, it is hardly possible that he did not read this book.

The statement by Brooks that Lincoln quoted Burns "to the day of his death" is certainly a statement of fact and, of course, is entirely corroborative of the testimony of Milton Hay as to Lincoln's practice in his earlier years.

Isaac N. Arnold in his 1869 Edition of his Life of Lincoln supports Brooks' claim that it was in his early years in Indiana Lincoln became acquainted with the poems of Burns.

On page 13 of that Edition he says:

"He was able to obtain in addition to the Bible, Aesop's Fables, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Weems' Life of Washington, and Burns' Poems. These constituted nearly all he read before he reached the age of nineteen."

And again in the Lincoln Memorial Album, page 33, Arnold is quoted as saying:

"Among the stray volumes which he found in the possession of the illiterate families by which he was surrounded, were Aesop's Fables, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, a life of Washington, the poems of Burns and the Bible."

Arnold was a very close friend of Lincoln and apparently knew most intimately of Lincoln's knowledge of Burns. He knew of the speech made by Lincoln at the 100th anniversary Burns' festival held at Springfield on Jan. 25, 1859, and has given us more details than any one else about Lincoln's appearance on that occasion. On page 59 of his 1869 edition he says:

"Shakespeare was his favorite poet, Burns stood next. I knew of a speech of his at a Burns' festival in which he spoke at length of Burns' poems illustrating what he said by many quotations, showing perfect familiarity with and full appreciation of the peasant poet of Scotland." Samuel C. Parks, whose copy of Howells' biography Lincoln corrected, verified the statement made in that biography as to Lincoln's familiarity with the poems of Burns.

In an address given by Mr. Parks in January 1894, before the Oratorical Association of Michigan University he said, referring to Lincoln's early youth and to his fondness for writing doggerel:

"But this boyish taste for doggerel passed away and was succeeded by a higher one for Shakespeare and Burns. The latter he was accustomed to carry around with him on the circuit, and committed much of it to memory. And no wonder. The man who said his heart was buried in the grave of his first love, Ann Rutledge, would naturally love the poet who sang with such mournful beauty over the grave of Highland Mary.

"The man who hated slavery and sympathized with the oppressed and weary-laden everywhere would feel in his inmost heart every verse of that matchless poem, 'Man was made to mourn.'

"The great central question of the poem has been asked in some form by oppressed humanity for thousands of years. It was the question five thousand years ago upon the banks of the Nile by the hundreds of thousands of slaves who built the Pyramids at the command of Egyptian tyrants. It was the question upon the shores of the Tigris and Euphrates by the miserable victims of unrequited toil, who erected those vast monuments of despotism in Nineveh and Babylon. It was the question of the poor and ignorant victims of the oppressions and cruelties of the robber barons and the petty despots of the Middle Ages. That question has been asked for centuries by millions of the subjects of the great despotisms of modern Europe. It was asked by the black man in America during his three hundred years of bondage, and it is now being asked all over the civilized world by men of all colors and all races who are suffering from poverty and want, from

political despotism, from financial oppression, and from corporate greed. The question as put by the unrivaled minstrel of Scotland is the cry of oppressed and downtrodden humanity from the dawn of history to the present hour.

"If I'm designed yon lordling's slave  
By nature's law designed,  
Why was an independent wish  
E'er planted in my mind?  
If not, why am I subject to  
His cruelty and scorn?  
And why has man the will and power  
To make his brother mourn?"

"No public man ever lived who was better fitted to understand and to answer this question than Abraham Lincoln. None of the great rulers of the world believed more entirely in the equal rights of our common humanity as a matter of principle, or were more devoted to their vindication in practice. He has been justly called the great commoner of the world, and when the fullness of time had come and when he could do so constitutionally as a necessary war measure, he answered one phase of the great question by emancipating nearly 4,000,000 slaves."

Another of those who knew Lincoln intimately, Harry B. Rankin, has given us additional evidence of Lincoln's devotion to Burns.

Mr. Rankin worked in Lincoln & Herndon's law office in 1856. His father was the Sheriff of Menard County and Rankin as a boy used to run errands for the lawyers during court terms in that county and had thus come in contact many times with Lincoln.

In his "Personal recollections of Abraham Lincoln" (Page 125) Rankin says:

"It was exceptional for Lincoln to read aloud in the office anything but a newspaper extract. Only books that had a peculiar and unusual charm for him in their ideas or form of expression tempted him to read aloud when in his office—and this only when the office family were alone present.

"It was quite usual and expected by us at such times when he became absorbed in reading some favorite author, as Burns' Poems, or one of Shakespeare's plays for him to begin reading aloud, if some choice character or principle had appealed to him; and he would then continue on to the end of the act and sometimes to the end of the play or poem."

Rankin calls our attention at page 141 of this volume to the difference in literary tastes of the two partners, Lincoln and Herndon, in these words:

"The poetry of Bailey's Festus, the writings of Carlyle and Immanuel Kant charmed Herndon, while it was Whitman, Burns and Shakespeare of whom Lincoln became more and more fond. The authors mentioned indicate the wide difference in their literary tastes."

And again in his "Intimate Sketches of Lincoln" Rankin on page 132 gives us a real intimate glimpse of Lincoln's admiration for the character of Burns. This is what he says:

"Lincoln was a frequent reader and sincere admirer of Burns, both of his poetry and his familiar love and expression of the life and homely thoughts of common people.

"Illustrating this it may not be too far from the trend of this sketch to repeat here an incident in Burns' life that I heard Lincoln tell several times and with decided approval.

"It was of Burns when he was riding on horseback near Edinburgh with a party of young bloods of the aristocratic city set. They met a Scotch farmer who was dressed in the quaint coarse garb of a laborer. Burns stopped to shake hands and turned to chat with the plain Scot. The young roysterers rode on leaving Burns with his plainly dressed and crude appearing companion.

"A few minutes later Burns came cantering up to join the party. One of them, in a sneering manner reflected on Burns for his familiarity



with the old man so crude in dress and manner. To this Burns made the caustic reply:

"I was not speaking to the suit of hoden gray, sponce bonnet, and wooden shoes, but to the man sir, the man that stood in them, who for true manly worth and character would weigh down you and me, and a dozen more such any day."

I do not know of the authenticity of this story but it has been told to me in varying forms many times. One report of Burns' answer to the criticism of his friends about his greeting so cordially one who was poorly clad, was that he said, "I was talkin tae the man, no his claes." (clothes)

Whether this story is apocryphal or not it certainly aptly illustrates the attitude towards the lowly, of both of these great souls.

In F. B. Carpenter's "Six Months in the White House," Page 114, he confirmed our notion that Lincoln and Burns had the same essential attitude. He related an incident in Lincoln's everyday life in the White House and then wrote:

"In such acts as this showing that he neither forgot nor was ashamed of his humble origin, the late President exhibited his true nobility of character. He was a perfect illustration of *his favorite poet's* words:

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,  
The man's the gold for a' that"

Emmanuel Hertz in his brochure "Abraham Lincoln—His Favorite Poems and Poets" says (page 31):

"Lincoln certainly knew Shakespeare and Burns as few of his contemporaries knew these two great English poets."

He went on to say, speaking of Lincoln's war days (page 47):

"He had to have some rest and he found it—in the few well worn books; Burns, Shakespeare, and especially the Bible, the book he knew better than any other, a book full of poetry—Job, the Song of Songs, and the Psalms. No finer poetry can be found anywhere and with this collection of divine poetry he dwelt at all times, from his youth to his last day on earth; hence his love for the poetry of Shakespeare, and of Burns' 'A man's a man for a' that' which is said to have inspired the one act by which he will be remembered through the ages—The Emancipation Proclamation, as well as the love of the poor, the lowly, the distressed, the condemned and the abandoned."

Hertz also quotes Ariadne Gilbert as saying (Page 16):

"As for Burns, he and Lincoln were mates in a great many ways; one born in a clay hut, the other in a log-cabin; one schooled in the Scotch hills, the other in the forest and prairie, those schools of trees, and starlight, and wide spaces, teaching that men are brothers to the creatures of the grass. Surely Lincoln and Burns were kindred spirits in their tenderness.

"There was the Scotch plowman, sorry to uproot the mountain daisy and scatter the field mouse's nest; sorry to scare the waterfowl from the dimpling loch; heart-wounded when he saw the wounded hare, and waking at night in the whirling snowstorm, thinking of the 'ourie cattle and silly sheep' and the 'wee helpless cowering birds.'

"There was the Illinois woodsman with his hundreds of unrecorded sympathies, for he left no poems to tell them. No one will ever know how often he scorned a chance to rob a nest or bring down with his gun a feathered mate, or how often, instead of the thought of cruelty, there fluttered over his rough face a look of tender understanding which always came when wood-creatures or men were at his mercy."

Abraham Lincoln must often have repeated and thoroughly approved that marvelous verse from the "Address to the Mouse":

"I'm truly sorry man's dominion  
Has broken *nature's social union*  
And justifies the ill opinion  
That makes thee startle  
At me, thy poor *earth-born companion*  
And fellow mortal."

In fact there is so much of the sound common sense of Burns to be found in Lincoln's attitude toward religion, politics and the world generally that it is difficult to try to estimate the influence which Burns had in molding Lincoln's whole mental processes.

We sometimes forget, too, that in this "thick chunky volume" of Burns, which Lincoln first read, many of Burns' letters appeared, and that these letters contain some of the wisest observations on men and their manners that can be read anywhere.

It should be remembered that the leading scholar of Burns' day in Scotland, Principal Robertson of Edinburgh University, said that "Burns' poetry surprised him much" but "his *prose* still more.

We cannot doubt that in those early pioneer days, when books were so rare, Lincoln read with avidity everything there was between the covers of that "chunky" Burns volume.

When he read, in one of Burns' letters:

"We wrap ourselves in the cloak of our own better fortune or turn away our eyes lest the wants and woes of our brother mortals should disturb the selfish apathy of our souls."

he undoubtedly agreed with that indictment of mankind, and concluded, that as far as he was concerned he would not be as calloused as Burns declared mankind generally to be.

Mr. Parks rightly has mentioned "Man was made to Mourn," being a poem which Lincoln loved and which had a profound influence upon him, but, I am sure that another poem, less known, equally impressed him.

Imagine young Lincoln in the loneliness of an Indiana winter reading this:

"Blow, blow, ye winds with heavier gust!  
And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!  
Decend, ye chilly, smothering snows!  
Not all your rage, as now united, shows  
More hard unkindness, unrelenting  
Vengeful malice unrepenting,  
Than heaven-illumined man on brother man bestows!  
See stern Oppression's iron grip,  
Or mad ambition's gory hand,  
Sending, like bloodhounds from the slip,  
Woe, want and murder o'er a land!  
Even in the peaceful rural vale,  
Truth weeping, tells the mournful tale  
How pampered Luxury, Flattery by her side,  
The parasite empoisoning her ear,  
With all the servile wretches in the rear,  
Looks o'er the proud property, extended wide;  
And eyes *the simple rustic hind*  
Whose toil upholds the glittering show—  
A creature of another kind,  
Some coarser substance unrefined—  
Placed for her lordly use thus far, thus vile below!"

If you substitute for "the simple rustic hind" "the African slave" you can probably sense how Burns fed the innate resentment of young Lincoln against those in America who used the toil of the slave to uphold their "glittering show."

And in the same poem while asking those who "slept in beds of down" to remember the unfortunate who hungry:

"Stretched on his straw he lays himself to sleep  
While thro' the ragged roof and chinky wall  
Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drift deep"

and also advising them that

"Affliction's sons are brothers in distress  
A brother to relieve how exquisite the bliss,"

Burns probably came so close to some of Lincoln's own early experiences that his kinship with Burns became very real.

And certainly the closing verse of that powerful, but little known poem, stimulated in Lincoln the kind of religion which appealed strongly to him:

"But deep this truth impressed my mind  
Thro' all his works abroad,  
The heart benevolent and kind  
The most resembles God."

(Carlyle said of this poem:

"It is worth seven homilies on mercy for it is the voice of mercy itself.")

The "Twa Dogs," for those to whom the Scottish dialect is no handicap, (as it apparently was not to Lincoln, if Milton Hay is to be believed) is one of the genuine masterpieces of Burns.

In that poem the contrast is made between the lot of the Cotter and tenant farmer and that of the gentry and landlord.

The description by Burns of the factor's action toward the "poor tenant bodies" would awaken and strengthen Lincoln's sympathy for the oppressed of another race.

"I've noticed on our Laird's court-day  
An mony a time my heart's been wae  
Poor tenant bodies, scant o'cash  
How they maun thole a factor's snash  
He'll stamp and threaten, curse and swear  
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear  
While they maun stand w' aspect humble  
And hear it a' and fear and tremble."

Is there not something in this description which resembles the scenes at the slave block which aroused the sentiments which controlled Lincoln's life?

In trying to measure the influence of Burns on Lincoln, I think we should assume that he became familiar with Burns in the most impressionable period of his life, the years he lived in Indiana.

A great many biographers have said that Lincoln first became acquainted with Burns and Shakespeare in New Salem, but others have given us pretty clear proof that this could not be so. We know that the English and American readers, which he had in his youth, and Scott's Lessons, which it is agreed he read, contained much of the best of Shakespeare, and Brooks and Arnold should be accepted as good witnesses to his youthful familiarity with Burns.

J. Edward Murr, who contributed an article on "Lincoln in Indiana" to the Indiana Magazine of History, certainly had access to the very best original sources, as he resided for years in the region where Lincoln spent his boyhood. He knew many of Lincoln's boyhood friends and associates. He tells in the December 1917 volume, page 332, what he says might seem incredible, that:

"Repeated interviews were obtained with these pioneers, some of whom up to that time had never so much as been interviewed by a newspaper reporter, much less by any of the biographers of Mr. Lincoln." His conclusion given on page 43 of the March, 1918, volume seems entitled to considerable respect.

"When Lincoln, a bearded man, walked down Sangamon river bottom, Illinois, for the first time, his character was already formed. He brought with him from Indiana his rare wit, humor, and inexhaustible fund of anecdotes. His school days were over. *It is true he took a post-graduate course in Shakespeare and Burns.*"

The conclusion of Mr. Murr as to the "post graduate" course which Lincoln took on Burns in New Salem, fits in better with the evidence of the deep influence Burns had on Lincoln, than the assumption that he never read Burns until after he was twenty-one.

The years in Indiana were the most impressionable years of Lincoln. They were the hungry years when he was eagerly seeking the intellectual sustenance which his active mentality craved.

This early reading of Burns' Poems and prose gave balance and poise to Lincoln's thinking—gave him that sympathy for and that understanding of the less fortunate of our species, which dominated his life, and, after death, his immortal fame.

Lincoln Anniversary, New York - Feb 12 '26

It is with a deep sense of personal ~~and~~ gratitude for the honor you have done me in asking me to give the Lincoln Anniversary address that I speak ~~to~~ <sup>also</sup> tonight to this distinguished gathering. And it is with a warm message of personal and national friendship that I come <sup>to you</sup> from across the fortless and unguarded border to mingle on this historic occasion with my ~~kind~~ Anglo-Saxon kindred who bear allegiance to another flag <sup>than ours</sup> but whose hearts are <sup>with ours</sup> one in their efforts and aspirations. Perhaps the one day in all the year when Anglo-Saxon people, of whatever flag, may most appropriately assemble to discuss with calm sincerity and with <sup>solemn</sup> reverence their common traditions, ~~and~~ their common problems and their common aims - <sup>most fitting</sup> the one day in all the year anniversary of the immortal statesman whose birth day we celebrate tonight, - Abraham Lincoln. For Lincoln belongs to the

~~the~~ One hundred and seven  
whole Anglo-Saxon family, and he embodied in his character and in his efforts the highest Anglo-Saxon ideals.

One hundred and seventeen years have passed since the great emancipator saw the light break on the pioneer land of his fathers. Sixty years have almost gone since the bullet of the assassin gave him to the keeping of the ages, and he passed from into the love of mankind. These sixty years have proved

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Lincoln's triumph over time; they have placed ~~him~~ him among the few immortals. It would be as futile as it would be unwise to attempt to say anything distinctly new about Lincoln on this occasion. When he passed out of <sup>earthly</sup> life ~~he gave~~ his story <sup>was given</sup> to his country's keeping. That story, to which persistent scholars have added their researches, is in every school-boy's mind and heart. It is the treasured possession and inspiration of every single noble and hearted woman great or however humble. No photograph is required to recall the tall, spare figure, - the figure of a plain pioneer as rugged as his own hills of home, his sad face, his steadfast eyes, - for the image of Lincoln is in the mental vision of us all and its memory is in the ~~heart~~ <sup>heart</sup> of the world.

But while we cannot say anything new about Lincoln, we may tonight draw from his life and his work lessons of faith and hope from two Anglo-Saxon countries. We can look calmly and dispassionately after the lapse of sixty years at the qualities which made him the leader of his generation and, ~~that~~ in a <sup>great</sup> sense, the preserver of his united country. In our day we are face to face with many problems which affect the life and the welfare of the whole people, - local problems, national problems, international problems. No problem is so great as ~~to~~ to be incapable of solution. The solution requires the

leadership of a master mind and personality.  
 The world is searching <sup>diligently</sup> always and waiting  
 always anxiously for leaders in whom it  
 can repose its implicit trust. Such a leader  
 your country found in Lincoln in one of the  
 darkest hours of your history. If your  
 ship of state had not been wisely steered  
 by that master <sup>of the firm hand and steadfast vision</sup> mariner whom Whitman  
 called so tenderly "Captain my Captain",  
 the moral and political continuity of your  
 national life would have been irretrievably  
 shattered. But your ship was brought safely  
 to port after stormy seas at a terrible cost.

"O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
 The ship has weathered every <sup>rack</sup> rack, the prize we  
 sought is won;

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all  
 exulting,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim  
 and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red!

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead."

We may <sup>therefore</sup> well look tonight at ~~our~~ what seem  
 to me to be the essential elements in  
 Lincoln ~~the~~ which made him one of the  
 world's greatest leaders in a <sup>time of unrequited</sup> national crisis.

If we consider for a moment the  
 situation with which he was confronted  
 sixty-six years ago, <sup>how</sup> we can appreciate the

difficulties of his task, - a task which  
 would have overwhelmed or over-awed a man  
 of lesser spirit and fainter hopes. The Constitution  
 of your country authorized white people to own  
 slaves. To many ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~in~~ ~~your~~ ~~country~~ it seemed ~~to~~  
 an intolerable ~~situation~~ law which permitted  
 one human being to hold property rights over  
 another human being. It was false to the  
 political philosophy of Locke, which to some  
 extent lay behind your Declaration of  
 Independence, "no man is good enough to  
 govern another man without the other  
 man's consent." In Britain the question of  
 slavery had been largely an academic  
 question. It was a basis for widely differing  
 theories. But in your country it was a  
 reality - a rock on which your ship of  
 state <sup>might</sup> <sup>sooner or later</sup> ~~would~~ ~~crumble~~ ~~and~~ ~~ruin~~. Yet the  
 Constitution permitted it. And too frequently  
 a Constitution, - a law upon the Statute  
 Book, - is looked upon as an automatic  
 cure for all <sup>the</sup> evils in our land. There were many  
 suggestions <sup>of</sup> solutions, - some of them  
 subtle and alluring. <sup>Many</sup> ~~Some~~ of them captivated  
 the crowd, particularly the pacifists. There  
 was a cry for "compromise", for the cleansing  
 of slavery of its evils and the letting of it  
 alone, for local decision and for numerous  
 other escapes from the <sup>intricate</sup> ~~difficult~~, ~~dim~~  
 alone understood and faced all the  
 realities of the crisis. His epoch-making



speak at the Cooper Union in this city of New  
 York on February 27, 1860, ~~about~~ <sup>sixty</sup> ~~sixty~~ <sup>sixty</sup>  
 years ago, bears ~~the evidence~~ <sup>splendid</sup> across the ~~slumbering~~  
 slumbering years. <sup>The evidence of his vision.</sup>  
 It is a spectacle which I suppose that none of us in  
 this room were privileged to hear that speak. It  
 is too far away. But we have talked to men  
 who remembered the rugged figures - typical of  
 the middle west, - the serious mien, the  
 measured words, the firm conviction, the  
 stirring call to the nation. There was turmoil,  
 anxiety and unrest in the air. Yet ~~timidly~~ <sup>the</sup>  
~~with~~ alarm bell had already tolled. There  
 must be peace or war. Yet ~~timidly~~ <sup>with</sup> calm  
 deliberation, with a condensed and accurate  
 knowledge of his history, with clear compact  
 reasoning, with ~~the~~ <sup>his</sup> keen moral vision and  
 strength of moral purpose, <sup>with a sad but sure counting of the cost</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> declared  
 his policy. To him slavery was sectional;  
 liberty was national. To him slavery was as  
 war with democratic institutions, and  
 slavery must go. With friendliness and  
 affection for <sup>the various</sup> ~~all~~ parts of the country, with  
<sup>and charity for all,</sup> ~~realities~~ <sup>he saw the essentials</sup>  
 towards ~~more~~ <sup>of the problem.</sup> He took the view that there  
 must be a United States of America, - the  
 unity of which no sectional benefits must  
 destroy. Nothing mattered so long as the  
 Union was saved. <sup>the</sup> Abolition of slavery, as such,  
 was secondary to <sup>the</sup> preservation of the  
 Union. The Union could not exist half slave

and truly free. Either it would fall or it would  
 cease to be divided. He realized the honor  
 of war and the awful responsibility for its  
 making. But he saw with his far vision,  
 when war's spirit called for compromise -  
 he saw that national unity would ~~result~~ <sup>result</sup>  
 more quickly from war than from slavery.  
 And with calm determination he accepted  
 on his lonely shoulder, the full responsi-  
 bility for war.

In this crisis, which <sup>to me</sup> seems so far  
 away, one of the first things that impresses me  
 about Lincoln ~~is~~ is his ability to <sup>reach</sup> ~~get~~ to the  
 very heart of a problem, <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>firmly</sup> and his tenacity  
 and determination in holding to his position  
 amid all changes and in the face of all  
 obstacles. He seems to me to have had at times  
 emotions and convictions which widely  
 differed, - a problem character composed of  
 several natures all of which served him well.  
 These natures seem at times to be utterly distinct.  
 He was a plain, honest man who ~~was seen~~ <sup>is seen</sup>  
 in his triumphs and his great achievement, <sup>was</sup>  
 "God must love the plain people," he said; "He made so many of them."  
 men divided from his own people. He won their  
 trust and their veneration. From the lives of  
 the plain folk among whom he was born and  
 reared, he appropriated all that was <sup>same</sup> ~~same~~  
 and sweet and wholesome, - their <sup>generous</sup> ~~generous~~  
<sup>unspoiled</sup> ~~unspoiled~~ simplicity, their <sup>unsullied</sup> ~~unsullied~~ innocence, their <sup>unwavering</sup> ~~unwavering~~ faith.  
 But to these ordinary traits, more common  
 among the lowly of earth than among the

great, Lincoln added an open candid mind, a disinterestedness of conduct and action, a largeness of mind, - qualities not always found in the average man. He was a complex personality.

Lincoln seems to me to have been an extremely cautious man. But that caution and slowness in arriving at the truth never led him into a condition of passive inactivity. With him "the native hue of resolution" was never "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" to the extent that it "lost the name of action." He could ~~also~~ <sup>always</sup> press strenuously for the acceptance of his own point of view but his persistence was never synonymous with stubbornness. He was never a militarist nor a frenzied fanatic delighting in war; he hated war as he hated Hell; there was neither frenzy nor heroics in his passionate devotion to his country; yet he believed that at times war was necessary, that at times it was the only solution of a problem, that it was better than an ignominious peace based on a shameful compromise, and that once entered upon it must be carried through to the end. I am far from advocating war as a means of settling disputes, - for I know its horror, its tragedy, its gruesomeness of its horror, ~~it~~ and the tragedy of its tears. But I believe that Lincoln's attitude can teach us calmness and clearness in

one day, for in his theory and his practice stood between the firebrand who clamoured for war and the Pacifist who cries for peace at any price. In Lincoln's dispassionate judgment, the occasion should test the duty, and in the performance <sup>he believed that even</sup> of that duty, our most treasured <sup>and most popular</sup> theories may be false.

Another <sup>peculiar</sup> characteristic of Lincoln's complex personality is the spirit in which he ~~accomplished~~ accomplished his purpose. He ~~was~~ was as a duty. But he fought his fight without hatred in his generous heart, with no enduring quarrel in his mind, and with unshakable faith in the abiding power of human nature and the ultimate triumph of human love and human truth in all human affairs. ~~In spite of~~ His spirit is shining in an hour of unequalled provocation - at the <sup>golden</sup> close of his First Inaugural Address, when already the South was organized and under arms, and when for two months the authority of the Administration had been openly defied.

"In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen," he said, "in your hands and not in mine is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assault you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the oppressors. I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends; we must not be enemies. Though passion

may have strained, I must not break our  
 bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory  
 stretching from every battle field and patriot's  
~~heart~~ grave to every living heart and hearth-  
 stone all over the broad land, will yet  
 swell the chorus of the Union, when again  
 touched, as surely they will be, by the better  
 angels of our nature." And when the war  
 was over and the battle flags were furled, Lincoln  
<sup>advised</sup> ~~cautioned~~ his countrymen to look upon the  
 incidents of the conflict <sup>not</sup> as memories for  
 lasting hatreds, but as "philosophy to learn  
 wisdom from and none of them as wrongs to  
 be revenged." Surely in our day such advice  
 is necessary to individuals and to nations.

Lincoln ~~was~~ unlike others of his  
 time, was never a compromising statesman.  
 He offered no bribes, <sup>no bids for temporary power.</sup> He would enter no class  
 was. He would not denounce the rich of the  
 poor, nor the poor to the rich. He issued his  
 challenges to the sleeping consciences of the  
 whole nation. He told the farmers of Wisconsin  
 that he would not flatter them & cater  
 their votes, and that from him they would  
 receive no concession at the expense of the  
 whole nation. He never flattered the ~~rich~~  
 mechanic class & secure the labour  
 vote. Nor did he bow to the rich & obtain  
 the influence of capital with all the  
 strength it represented. He was always  
 considerate of the feelings and ~~of the~~

convictions of his opponents. Yet he pressed his opponents to the final issue without yielding in the smallest degree to their demands. To him, creed and colour meant little and only human beings counted. He wished to make them all somewhat better than they were by giving them equality of opportunity.

As a result of Lincoln's complex character, ~~the~~ different types of thinkers quote him, always in support of their views. Labour parties quote him in support of the prior claims of labour over capital in the product of industry. Conservatives quote him on the value of laws and order. Radicals quote him on the <sup>right</sup> value of revolution. He is exploited as *triumphus pro definitis propositis*. Yet Lincoln shines like a star above the turmoil of any particular cause, above the interests of any special class. He never bowed to any one particular specialty, either political, moral or social. His was too complete a mind and heart to become the possession of any one party. In my country, Sir John Macdonald is ~~of~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~inherently~~ <sup>the</sup> possession of the Conservative party while Sir Wilfrid Laurier is the possession of the Liberals. But Lincoln belongs to all Americans, to all Anglo-Saxons, whatever their party belief. He is the marvellous master of every great cause which stands <sup>on the foundation of</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~ground~~ <sup>humanity</sup> and liberty. ~~He~~

Surely, we cannot fail to be impressed by  
 Lincoln's unwavering loyalty to his colleagues,  
 even when they differed from him, and by his  
 tactful management of men. In the earliest  
 days of his administration the address of his  
 ministers, wrote him a strange letter  
 suggesting in unmistakable terms that  
 Lincoln divide his power <sup>act in a crisis</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>that</sup>  
 that the writer knew and that he would  
 neglect to undertake the duties. Instead  
 of attacking the writer and bringing about  
 his fall, <sup>Lincoln</sup> he replied in a quiet and  
 dignified manner, and rejoined to the  
 matter no more. Again, after hearing  
 how one of his colleagues had criticised  
 him, he asked: "Did Stanton say I was  
 a damned fool? Now I expect I am nearly  
 so one for he is almost always right and  
 generally means what he says," - and  
 there the matter ended. Such a man,  
 with his capacity for companionship  
 found in all men associates. He was at  
 home with all types. He saw nature  
 or manhood in its <sup>and artificiality</sup> ~~and artificiality~~ <sup>and artificiality</sup> of the  
 world under the <sup>gamb of ceremony</sup> ~~gamb of ceremony~~ <sup>and artificiality</sup> of the  
 world <sup>to the hearts of men.</sup>

held the golden ~~rod~~ <sup>rod</sup>

Tonight in this city where his policy was  
 first announced in the East, on this anniversary  
 of his birth, this plain American speaks to  
 us across time and space to men in all  
 lands and in every generation. His monuments  
 are not all here in the land that gave him

the land for which he died.  
 birth, to Edinburgh where the granite  
 looms out of the mists, as a ~~symbol~~ symbol  
 of enduring <sup>Scottish</sup> freedom, and Lincoln from  
 his high place looks down upon you, near  
 the ~~great~~ <sup>illustrious</sup> monument to some of your  
~~ancestors~~ <sup>ancestors</sup> who were dead. To London and his  
 memorial is there. In every part of the  
 Anglo Saxon world his efforts for his time  
 and for our time are recalled in bronze  
 or stone. But the greatest repository of his  
 personality is in the <sup>courtesy</sup> hearts of men. He was  
 the spiritual promise of democracy. He  
 was the enduring type of personal  
 nobility. Sympathy and understanding of  
 men dictated all his acts. He would  
 say to your country and, <sup>to us</sup> since if he  
 could speak <sup>to us</sup> tonight, "Keep peace within  
 your borders by giving justice <sup>to the people of</sup> your  
 country. But remember that an  
 ignominious peace is more debasing than  
 a just war. Retain or save your  
 international friendship. Work out  
 your destiny as separate entities under  
 separate flags with no thoughts of foolish  
 jealousy or rivalry or <sup>unkind</sup> recrimination. But  
 remember that you are all Anglo Saxon  
 sprung from a common stock with  
 common traditions, and that you  
 common ancestors, rocked together  
 the sacred cradle of liberty. Remember  
 that in distant fields your sons



He was fond of quoting Locke's line "I know you loved me living,  
and will keep me in memory when I am dead."

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



McGILL UNIVERSITY  
MONTREAL

Burns - Winnipeg - Jan. 25: 1937

~~Distinction~~ You have done me tonight a two-fold honor - <sup>first</sup> the honor of meeting with you and partaking of your generous hospitality, and second the honor of speaking to you a second time ~~over the same~~ at your annual gathering. On this very date a few ~~short~~ years ago ~~at~~ I was privileged to be with you and to speak to you. ~~Tonight some who were present on that~~ I have lasting memories of your kindness to me at that time. Some of our ~~closest~~ warmest friends who were present on that occasion are absent tonight. In the years between,

"Some we loved, the loveliest and the best  
That from his vintage rolling Time has prest,  
Have drunk their cup a Round or two before,  
And one by one crept silently to rest."

Burns himself said that ~~gather~~ Scottish gatherings such as ours always had their abundant joys of fellowship but they inevitably had their vacant <sup>as always</sup> chairs. ~~We miss~~ <sup>we miss</sup> ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup> vanished friends, but I am sure that, ~~as always~~ we bear them ~~as always~~ in our hearts.

The invitation to ~~speech~~ ~~return~~ come back to speak to a gathering of any kind may have other than a complimentary significance.

(Story of preacher) anniversary of the  
This is the birthday or the birthnight of Robert Burns, a day <sup>when</sup> all English <sup>men and women</sup> speaking people, in whatever clime, assemble to pay tribute to his memory and his ideals. For while he belongs primarily to Scotchmen he is of the whole English-speaking <sup>people</sup>; a real citizen of the Empire. Over one hundred and forty years have passed since his death; ~~and~~ these years have proved his triumph over Time and have placed him among the immortals of our race. It would be as futile as it would be unwise to try to add anything new to the story of his struggle, especially to a gathering like this. As Emerson stated, "Heaven and earth have taken too good care of him to leave me anything new to say." His life was always an open book, for all to read, and the recent researches of scholars, the publication of his letters, have ~~not~~



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added to our knowledge. I believe that and from that knowledge I believe that if he could speak to us tonight he would prefer that on this 178<sup>th</sup> anniversary of his birth he would wish us to draw from his ~~life~~ ideals some lessons of faith and hope for our country.

We are standing tonight, it may be, close to the ruins of a world we did not all help to shatter, a world of uncertainty, of doubt, even of fear. We are confronted with countless problems, local, national and international, none of them so great as to be incapable of solution if we have the leadership of disinterested minds and personalities. In meeting these problems we too often forget <sup>with</sup> our arrogant pride in modern intelligence, we too often forget that the attitude, thoughts and phrases of great minds of the past are still worthy of our attention. Indeed, if we had listened more intently and respectfully to the golden voices of prophetic leaders coming to us across the years we might not be in such a distressed world tonight. It is hard to think of any former time when the contempt for the past was as complete as it is now. That is both unfortunate and disastrous.

~~The world of Burns was very much like our own world, indeed it was a darker, more confused world than ours.~~

I know that it is the tragedy or the glory of dead authors to be quoted throughout succeeding centuries in support of every form of propaganda that any fanatic may put forward. And it ~~sometimes~~ often happens that the authors' statements are distorted to ~~suit~~ suit the particular contention or idea of the advocate.

But we cannot distort Burns. His ideas are plain, and they are distinctly applicable to our own day. "What my private sentiments are," he said, "you will find out without an interpreter."

The world of Burns was much like our own world, - indeed it was a darker, more confused world than ours. One hundred and fifty years ago tonight Burns celebrated his birth day anniversary in Edinburgh. The Kilmarnock edition of his poems had appeared the previous summer and had met with a success which changed his plan of emigrating to Jamaica ~~to which~~ <sup>where</sup> his passage had actually been booked, and his baggage ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> few personal belongings were ~~already~~ on their way.



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the preceding spring  
 In ~~that summer~~ he had been in despair. "I have tried often to forget her," he wrote to David Bryce of his beloved Jean, with whom he had ~~been~~ temporarily as it happened, <sup>been compelled to break</sup> he had ~~broken~~ all association. "I have run into all kinds of dissipation and riot, club meetings, drinking matches and other mischief & drove her out of my ~~saint~~ head, but all in vain; and now for a grand cure; the ship is on her way home that is to take me to Jamaica; and then farewell, dear old Scotland and farewell, dear ungrateful Jean. Tomorrow my poems go to the press. It is just the last foolish action I intend to do, and then turn wise man as fast as possible." But what he thought an act of folly proved to be an act of wisdom. ~~Before~~ <sup>After</sup> he awoke one morning to fame. The winter of '86-'87, a century and a half ago, he spent in Edinburgh, which like all Scotland, was not a city, not a geographical entity, but a state of mind. From that winter dates his great influence, - an influence destined to be eternal.

There is an almost uncanny parallel between those distant days and ours. His <sup>like ours</sup> time was <sup>like ours</sup> murmurous with discontent at home and abroad. In Scotland the masses of the people were demanding ~~not~~ both economic security and political liberty, - the chance to earn a livelihood and to find a happier way of life. There were protests against injustices, such as imprisonment without trial, restriction on emigration within the Empire, <sup>bank failures</sup> excessive taxation, unequal franchises and representation, <sup>no markets and low prices for farm products</sup> lack of work for the industrious, government interference in business and private enterprise, general restriction of personal liberty in the best sense. The ~~British Empire abroad~~, the Empire had become <sup>new</sup> a class against class, and creed against creed. <sup>Certain</sup> Here was <sup>new</sup> crop failures abroad, the Empire had become disrupted. <sup>These were former colonies</sup> The British Colonies in North America had severed the political links that bound them to the mother-land. The Constitutional Convention of <sup>these former colonies</sup> the United States was called into session in 1787, and the inauguration of the first President was soon to be held. The <sup>new</sup> organization of Empire was in the mists of buildermont, - a seemingly impossible puzzle which baffled the statesmen of the hour. And across the <sup>channel</sup> ~~channel~~ the seeds of red revolt were being sown in France, to yield a gruesome harvest two years later.



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new: - Show the wealth - division  
of property.

It was but natural that amidst all the confusion of that time there was, as in our day, much shrieking and blasting of ear-drums with ~~the~~ alleged cures for the diseases of the world. There were many elixir-bearing quacks with diverse remedies, <sup>which would touch all things</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>endowed</sup> But fortunately there were ~~not~~ men like Burns who believed in the enduring value of ancient tradition and who was convinced that the cure of the world's ills, whether economic or social or political was to be found in the sound common sense of the common man and in the application of certain ~~old~~ <sup>proved and eternal</sup> principles. There has ~~not~~ never been a time in the history of our country when Burns's principles and ideas were as necessary as they are today.

Burns was first and foremost a lover of his own country, - an unselfish patriot in the ~~best~~ <sup>best</sup> and highest sense. Perhaps this quality is more characteristic of the Scotchman than of ~~our~~ men of other lands, - the strong but silent love of the native ~~land~~ <sup>land</sup> heath. ~~Scotland's~~ Scotland's past and present were in Burns's heart. ~~When~~ as a boy he read the story of Wallace, and he said ~~that~~ "that story poured a Scotch prejudice in my veins which will hold along there ~~until~~ <sup>until</sup> the flood gates of life are shut in eternal sleep." His affection for his country he said was ~~the~~ <sup>described by</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Scotch expressed by the ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> Shorter Catechism definition of Infinitude, - "without bounds or limits". Early in life he dedicated his talents ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> her service:

"Even ~~than~~ <sup>than</sup> E'en then, a wish, I mind its pow'r,  
~~At~~ <sup>At</sup> ~~such~~ <sup>such</sup> A wish that to my latest hour  
Shall strongly heave my breast,  
That I for dear old Scotland's sake  
Some useful plan or look could make,  
Or sing a song at least.

No nation, no station, my energy e'er could raise;  
A Scot still, ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> blot still, I knew no higher praise."

He believed that in his day the corruption of patriotism required readjusting. Politics, he feared, tended to become not a patriotic function for the state, - but a selfish function for self or group. With ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> two groups of youths or age he had no patience, - those who loved all other countries better than their own or who always praised other lands to the disparagement of their own, and ~~those~~ <sup>those</sup> those who were always declaring that the ills of ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup> their own land could be cured by the application of foreign remedies. And these groups are not unfamiliar in Canada today after 150 years. The so-called foreign "isms" of his world had no appeal to him. <sup>for</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> was progressive, ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> but



not destructive. He believed that as a race we need follow the lead or the experiments of none in our forward march to better things and that we have within ourselves the capacity to solve our own problems. ~~He was~~ <sup>And as</sup> an example, he was fond of pointing out that the revolt of the North American colonies was a British revolt and that the next ~~republic~~ <sup>republic</sup> experiment would in the end save the Empire by leading to our present Dominion autonomy within the Empire.

"O let us not like snarling curs,  
In wrangling be divided  
Till, slap, comes in some unco loon,  
And with a sword decides it;  
Be Britains still to Britain true,  
Among ourselves united;  
For never but by British hands  
Must British wrongs be righted."

"The kettle of the kirk and state,  
Perhaps a rag may fall in't;  
But deil a foreign timber loon  
Shall ever drive a nail in't;  
Our fathers' blood the kettle brought,  
And who would dare to spoil it,  
By heaven, the sacrilegious dog  
Shall fuel be to boil it."

"The wretch that would a tyrant own,  
And the wretch, his true-born brother,  
Who would set the mob above the throne,  
May they be damned together;  
Who will not sing "God Save the King",  
Shall hang as high as the steeple;  
And while we sing "God save the King",  
We'll never forget the people."

"To the British Constitution," he declared, "to the British Constitution as founded on the principles of 1649, next after my God I am most devoutly devotedly attached. And again," as to reform principles, I look upon the British Constitution as



settled at the Revolution of 1649 for the Supremacy of Parliament, & the most glorious Constitution on earth or that the wit of man can frame; at the same time, I think that we have a good deal deviated from the original principles of that Constitution; particularly that an alarming system of Corruption has pervaded the Connection between the Executive Power and the House of Commons". . . . "The uninformed mob may swell a nation's bulk, and the tinsel courtly throng may be its feathered ornament; but the number of those who are elevated enough in life to reason and reflect, and yet low enough to keep clear of the venal corruption contagion of Corruption, - these are a nation's strength."

But there was in Burns no incompatibility between love for his native land and friendliness for other lands and appreciation of their good qualities. He never penned a jingoistic line or a line of hate. Therein lies the tender and higher nationalism, and the tender and higher internationalism. He had no aggressive, aggressive or aloof or rival spirit; he had national pride without vanity, a sense of <sup>national</sup> value without exclusiveness, <sup>national</sup> reverence with generous and tolerant catholicity, he had <sup>an unfeeling</sup> a vision of a small civilization.

"Then let us Amidst the wreckage of his world he had an unimpairing vision of an ultimate harmonious world civilization:

"Then let us pray that come it may  
As come it will for a' that,  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree, an a' that,  
In a' that and a' that,  
Its coming yet, for a' that,  
That man to man the world o'er  
Shall brothers be for a' that."

Surely we need this type of patriotism today as never before. There are some who are so eager to love other lands that they have little time left to think about their own. As there always is the lure of far off hills, joyful of the garden at their feet. Burns was not given to such oblivion.

This higher nationalism and internationalism of Burns was characterized by a love of ~~peace~~ <sup>the</sup> same peace. He hated war as he hated hell. Yet he believed that at times war might be necessary and when an invasion of his country was threatened ~~in~~ in 1794 he <sup>enrolled</sup> ~~enrolled~~ with the Dumfriesshire volunteers. He did not see service, but ~~two~~ two years later he was buried

When he was a child he read the life of Hannibal, and he said later that then "he strutted up and down behind an imaginary drum and tramped wishing himself tall enough to be a soldier."

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in the scarlet uniform of a British soldier. Burns knew that there were worse things than war, — greed and injustice and cruelty and mob rule and arbitrary power. I believe that today Burns's attitude can teach us to view the problem with calmness and clearness, for he stood between the militarists who clamoured for war, and the pacifist who cries for peace at any price.

"The brave poor soldier never despise  
Nor count him as a stranger,  
Remember he's his country's stay,  
In day and hour of danger."

At a gathering one night in celebration of General Rodney's victory, when he was asked to sing a song, he wrote a poem which expresses his ideas on the justification of war:

Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you a toast;  
Here's to the memory of those we have lost, —  
That we lost, did I say? nay, by Heaven, that we found;  
For their fame is well lost while the world goes round;  
And next in succession I'll give you the King,  
Whose'er would betray him, on high may he swing,  
And here's the grand fabric, the free Constitution  
As built on the base of our great Revolution,  
And long with Politics not to be clamour'd, cramm'd,  
Be anarchy curs'd and be Tyranny, damn'd damn'd,  
And who should to Liberty ever prove disloyal,  
May his son be a hangman, — and himself his first trial!

And almost equally with international wars he deplored religious friction and discord. "I despise the superstitions of a fanatic," he said, "but I love the religion of a man." "My creed," he said "is pretty nearly expressed in the last clause of Jamie Dean's grace, an honest weaver of Ayrshire, — 'God grant that we may lead a good life, for a good life makes a good end, — at least it helps well.'" And again "whoever mitigates the woe ~~and~~ or increases the happiness of others, this is my criterion of goodness, and whoever ~~whom~~ whatever injures society at large or any individual in it, this is my measure of iniquity. . . . I hate the very idea of controversial dunnity,



and I firmly believe that every upright man of whatever sect will be  
 accepted by the Deity." He had no patience with hypocrisy,  
 God knows, I'm no the thing I should be  
 nor am I even the thing I could be,  
 But twenty times I rather would be  
 An atheist clean,  
 Than under gospel colours hid be  
 Just for a screen.

And he was convinced that it is "the heart benevolent and kind that  
 most <sup>resembles</sup> resembles God."

Burns was a true believer in sane reform and he toiled for reform  
 all his life with all his mind and heart. But unlike the student  
 voices that call to us from public park benches and private Bohemian  
 parlours, his voice was not unremindful of tradition ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> from  
 a part of struggle and achievement. Man, said Burns, is a product  
 of his environment and of his historic past. He emphasized this to those  
 well-intentioned youth who would make all things new in an hour.  
 Man is not a cut-flower, separated from the soil of the garden where he grew. And  
 in advocating reforms, the individual must be regarded ~~as~~ in relation to  
 that past which has shaped and conditioned him. ~~As~~ Burns is a boy  
 the mists of lowland or highland were filled with valiant ghosts. The ~~star~~ <sup>stars</sup> ~~blink~~  
 where he learned his creed, the grim castle in the distance whose sept or dependant  
 dependants were his forebears, the snatches of ballads and Gaelic tunes peeping  
 from the heather hills were expressions of a past of splendour and of  
 courage which he would allow no foreign theory ~~of~~ of governments or life to  
 destroy.

The track cut deep in the ~~meadow~~ moor where moss-troopers in  
 auld lang syne rode down from the glens, the broken grave-stones  
 of his ancestors half hidden in the old churchyard grass, -

They were saved because they memorialized the effort of some one perhaps  
 not forgotten who helped to make the nation. Men are expressions of  
 their history, - a fact which our theorists too often forget. ~~With~~ <sup>In</sup> these  
 theorists Burns had scant respect. He called them "the pickle-benings"





in the puppet show of economic nonsense.' And he was sometimes in his attacks ~~up~~ rebuke of them, severe on the schools and colleges.

"~~Most of all~~ for breeding them.

A set of dull conceited asses  
 Confuse their brains in college classes,  
 They go in sticks and come out asses,  
 Plain truth to speak;  
 And syne they think to climb Parnassus  
 By dint of brack.

Even the young women theorists did not escape his shafts. He quoted an old farmer friend who said about his daughter's ~~new~~ modern ideas, "O those damned boarding-schools. She was a good spinner and sower till I was advised by her ~~foes~~ foes and mine to give her a winter in Edinburgh. A girl's head is immaterial compared with her heart."

~~Nevertheless~~ Nevertheless Burns had a high respect for true education. He knew that the dream of a happier human society is as old as Plato, - the dream of Utopia and the Golden Age, and in the effort to realize that dream, fantastic theories and half-baked opinions were not surprising. But he pleaded for fair and sane analysis.

And as to the making of a better world he placed his faith ~~in~~ in the common man. Everyone, he said, has his ~~to~~ ~~problem~~ ~~and~~ ~~to~~ God in a cloven stick; he has his puzzle of life and he must work it out for himself. "To whom," he asked "shall a sinking country call for help when the members of the House of Commons by the glimmer of their twilight undertakings, see no danger? To ~~the~~ whom? To the independent country gentlemen, to those who have too deep a stake in the country not to be in earnest for her welfare and who in the honest pride of man can view with equal contempt the insolence of office and the allurement of corruption."

And to the end he was an optimist. He never lost his faith. "I hate the language of complaint," he said. "Why should a living man complain? What proves the hero truly great is never, never to despair." He believed in the inherent benevolence of man, and in the ~~the~~ efficacy of friendships



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Founders' Day - Oct 6, 1943

On this day on

One hundred and ninety-nine years ago the Founder of our University, James  
Mc Gill, was born. We celebrate today with gratitude the anniversary of his  
birth. And at the same time we commemorate another event in our  
University's history. One hundred years and one month ago, on the 6<sup>th</sup> of  
September, 1843, the Faculty of Arts and Sciences was at last established  
and the original Arts Building was opened for the <sup>teaching</sup> instruction of students.  
It was twenty-two years after the actual founding of the University, <sup>by ~~Charles~~ Royal Charter</sup> and fourteen  
years after the giving of the first instruction in the Medical School.

~~The Faculty was born in an atmosphere of~~

It was a time of discord and dissension and ~~disputed~~ disputed  
powers within the Governing Board, not a hopeful period in which  
an infant ~~institution~~ educational institution could be given  
promise of a vigorous and successful life. Young Canada, too, was  
in a state of turbulence and disunity. Six years earlier the Rebellion  
of 1837 had torn the country apart and left behind a deep  
seated bitterness in Upper and Lower Canada. And six years  
later the Rebellion Losses Bill <sup>was to</sup> ~~add to~~ the increase the friction  
and the prejudice until there were ~~no~~ violent riots in the narrow  
streets and ~~the~~ lanes of Montreal and the seat of Government was  
removed to safer regions. A manifesto was issued and signed by  
leading residents of the city urging annexation with the United  
States of America as the only solution of the complex political problems  
and the only salvation of Canada. Confederation was more than twenty  
years away and had not yet been seriously discussed.

In this <sup>unpromising</sup> atmosphere of ~~discord~~, ~~not~~ unpromising both locally and  
nationally, the Faculty of Arts ~~was born~~ began its work.

On that autumn day one hundred years ago, only twenty students  
were ~~in attendance~~ enrolled for the session, seventeen of whom were in the as-



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called Classical course and three in the Mathematical course. Several of ~~the students~~ of these were under fourteen years of age. ~~Steps~~ Because of the unexpectedly large number of students, twenty, steps were at once taken to provide an adequate collegiate education as called for in the Founder's will and to organize the teaching and administration on as extensive and sound a basis as the existing funds would permit. Fees were ~~paid~~ <sup>paid by students</sup> five pounds a year, of which the Senior Professor received one-third as his portion, the Registrar and Bursar received six shillings, and the remaining three pounds went to the House Fund. The Registrar, who was also Secretary and Bursar, received from ~~each~~ each applicant for admission a matriculation fee of ten shillings which ~~he~~ he was allowed to keep for his own personal use. Later, the fees were reduced from five pounds to three pounds because of the country's unfortunate financial condition. Three Professors or Doctors were appointed, in ~~Classical literature,~~ ~~mathematics and Natural Philosophy,~~ and the Faculty of Arts ~~was~~ was one which was destined to be its illustrious and beneficent ~~was~~ progress as one of our country's greatest assets. For many years the Faculty and the Medical School were the University's

It would be pleasant to devote the whole of my brief time ~~to~~ this afternoon to a ~~review~~ review and a recital of the Faculty's ~~early~~ <sup>material and</sup> ~~struggles,~~ its initial and prolonged struggles, its constant poverty, its temporary defeats, its ~~clouds~~ <sup>clouds</sup> which bordered at times on ~~despair~~ <sup>but also</sup> its firmness of purpose, its unflinching courage, its hopeful conviction of its future usefulness and greatness, and its final triumphs and successes. It ~~survived~~ surmounted its many forbidding obstacles because it was guided by men of unwavering faith who never doubted that the clouds would break. Its story is the story of great individuals and noble individuals who believed that Canada needed education and who determined to give educational opportunities to this young country often at sacrifice to themselves. In the first ~~or~~ century of its life its material equipment may not ~~have~~ have been always adequate, but its human endowment in ~~great~~ <sup>and administrators</sup> inspiring and devoted teachers, has always been rich and strong. Their influence through the agency of the Faculty has ~~contributed~~ contributed in large measure to the making of a better Canada.

The Faculty for many years an illustration of an ideal of education.  
 "Mark Hopkins at the end of 40 long and a Franchise of the end."



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I shall not attempt to sketch the history of these hundred years. Let me rather ~~say~~ <sup>tell</sup> speak to the new students gathered here today and to the new graduates a few simple facts of what I consider from the record to be the main ~~and~~ gist of our Faculty & our national life, remembering that our Faculty is the ~~doorway~~ <sup>entrance</sup> hall to the majority of the other Faculties, and that it ~~builds~~ provides the necessary foundation for their professional or specialized training.

During its hundred years of life amidst good and bad fortunes this Faculty has striven to give to its students a balanced ~~educational~~ programme of education. That programme its offering has been ~~open~~ available to all ~~who have~~ <sup>who</sup> ~~insufficient~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~credit~~ who had the character and the capacity to accept it and to make use of it. No university ~~with~~ <sup>well</sup> ~~equipped~~ <sup>equipped</sup> can guarantee an education; it can only afford the opportunities to attain it. These opportunities have here been provided in abundance. The men who established the Arts Faculty and nurtured it in its infancy believed that its main function was to make its students into better citizens, - better members of society. They felt that ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~need~~ in 1843 the greatest need of our young country was education; ~~and that~~ <sup>that</sup> was the conviction of Dr. John Bethune the Principal at that time. It was the <sup>conviction</sup> ~~conviction~~ of those who succeeded him and it has never been abandoned or lost. Education is needed today ~~perhaps~~ <sup>perhaps</sup> more than in 1843. It is still our problem, - a political and spiritual problem, - ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> find out what are the essentials of education necessary to make the best citizens of our students and to ~~master~~ <sup>master</sup> these ~~essential~~ essentials. Our founders believed in a ~~rounded~~ <sup>rounded</sup> comprehensive academic fare. Culture, they ~~said~~ <sup>said</sup> was valuable and necessary in their time, but it was not all. Its pursuit <sup>exclusively</sup> for its own sake might make bad citizens. The same, they thought was true of professional efficiency. It too was of great value particularly in that time in a growing land ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> ~~rather~~ <sup>rather</sup> vast projects of construction and development, <sup>and pioneer enterprise.</sup> But that is not the sole end of education. A university or a country can develop professional skill and efficiency to a very high ~~point~~ <sup>plane</sup>, and yet lose or miss entirely the habits and powers of mind and heart which are ~~so~~ essential to political freedom and justice. We have had shining or tragic illustrations of this fact in recent years. If we would be true to the ideals of our Faculty's founders, we must ~~never~~ <sup>never</sup> ~~ever~~ <sup>ever</sup> bear in mind that we have ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> bequeathed a training ground neither for hard utility and



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Technical skill alone nor for ornament alone, neither for the solely aesthetical nor the solely practical. It must combine the two and it must not develop one at the expense of the other. We ~~must not sacrifice~~ <sup>have</sup> ~~the study of the Humanities & Science & Commerce nor sacrifice Science & Commerce to the Humanities.~~ All have been ~~there has been~~ <sup>there has been</sup> cooperative for one hundred years, and that cooperation will continue. ~~Here~~ for a century ~~we~~ have students have pursued scientific truth ~~for~~ not for commercial gain but for the benefit of mankind. And at the same time they have learned to use the lessons of history with their endless repetition in judging the political events of daily life; here they have ~~learned~~ <sup>known</sup> the best ideals of literature <sup>ancient and modern</sup> where are ~~charted~~ <sup>charted</sup> the successes and failures of individuals and human society and the reasons for both, ~~lifting~~ and ever lifted above the ordinary prose of daily routine, ~~Here for a century they had accomplished~~ <sup>we have not sacrificed</sup> ~~to them~~ the study of the Humanities & Science and Commerce <sup>sacrificed</sup> ~~nor~~ Science and Commerce to the Humanities. There has been cooperation for one hundred years and that cooperation will continue. That was our Founders' dream. In the midst of changing views and educational fads and theories we have remained true to our traditions.

Apart not from what this Faculty has contributed in one hundred years to the scientific and ~~of~~ cultural progress of our ~~own~~ country it has made a notable but seldom realized or recognized contribution to national unity. Because of its independence of Church and State ~~this University has perhaps~~ we have perhaps been ~~to~~ in a better position than other Canadian Universities to make such a contribution. Unity is a tradition from our earliest days, - an outstanding characteristic of our history. The University was born of the generosity of a Scottish, English speaking Protestant who worshipped at times in Christ Church and at times in St. Gabriel's Presbyterian Church and contributed of his means to both. He was the husband of a French Canadian Roman Catholic wife. Our founders believed, what we have since painfully realized, that a country so vast and far flung as ours is always in danger of sectionalism and the prejudice and misunderstanding of far scattered parts. <sup>they knew of Canada</sup> ~~It~~ is a hard country to govern. They believed that ~~much~~ <sup>most</sup> of our sectional disagreements - as well as international differences, - ~~arise~~ <sup>most</sup> result from intellectual as well as economic and political difficulties. Misunderstandings cause hatreds, and ~~the~~ <sup>most</sup> hatreds cause strife and strife becomes in large measure an



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## Canada

I shall not attempt to sketch the history of these hundred years. Let me rather ~~say~~ <sup>tell</sup> speak to the new students gathered here today and to the new graduates a few simple facts of what I consider from the record to be the main ~~core~~ <sup>gist</sup> of our faculty & our national life, remembering that our faculty is the ~~doorway~~ <sup>entrance hall</sup> to the majority of the other faculties, and that it ~~builds~~ <sup>provides</sup> the necessary foundation for their professional or specialized training.

During its hundred years of life amidst good and bad fortunes this Faculty has striven to give to its students a balanced ~~educational~~ programme of education. That program ~~its offering~~ <sup>has been open</sup> has been ~~open~~ available to all ~~who have~~ <sup>who have</sup> ~~inspiration~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>had</sup> the character and the capacity to accept it and to make use of it. No university ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> however well equipped can guarantee an education; it can only afford the opportunities to attain it. These opportunities have here been provided in abundance. The men who established the Arts Faculty and nurtured it in its infancy believed that its main function was to make its students into better citizens, - better members of society. They felt that ~~the need~~ in 1843 the greatest need of our young country was education; ~~and that to~~ <sup>that was the</sup> conviction of Dr. John Bethune the Principal at that time. It was the <sup>conviction</sup> ~~conviction~~ of those who succeeded him and it has never been abandoned or lost. Education is needed today ~~perhaps~~ <sup>perhaps</sup> more than in 1843. It is still our problem, - a political and spiritual problem, - ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> to find out what are the essentials of education necessary to make the best citizens of our students and to ~~master~~ <sup>master</sup> these ~~essential~~ <sup>essentials</sup>. Our founders believed in a ~~rounded~~ <sup>comprehensive</sup> academic fare. Culture, they ~~saw~~ <sup>saw</sup> was valuable and necessary in their time, but it was not all. Its pursuit <sup>for</sup> ~~for~~ its own sake might make bad citizens. The same, they thought was true of professional efficiency. It too was of great value particularly in that time in a growing land ~~under~~ <sup>with</sup> vast projects of construction and development, <sup>and pioneer enterprise</sup>. But that is not the sole end of education. A university or a country can develop professional skill and efficiency to a very high ~~point~~ <sup>plane</sup>, and yet lose or miss entirely the habits and powers of mind and heart which are ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> essential to political freedom and justice. We have had shining & tragic illustrations of this fact in recent years. If we would be true to the ideals of our Faculty's founders, we must ~~never~~ <sup>never</sup> ever ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> bear in mind that we have ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> bequeathed a training ground neither for hard utility and



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Technical skill alone nor for ornament alone, neither for the solely aesthetical nor the solely practical. It must combine the two and it must not develop one at the expense of the other. We ~~must~~ <sup>have</sup> ~~sacrificed~~ the study of the Humanities & Science & Commerce ~~nor~~ ~~sacrificed~~ Science and Commerce to the Humanities. All have ~~been~~ ~~there~~ has been cooperation for one hundred years, and that cooperation will continue. Here for a century ~~we~~ students have pursued scientific truth ~~for~~ not for commercial gain but for the benefit of mankind. And at the same time they have learned to use the lessons of history with their endless repetition in judging the political events of daily life; here they have ~~learned~~ ~~to~~ know the best ideals of literature, <sup>ancient and modern</sup> where are ~~taught~~ charted the successes and failures of individuals and human society and the reasons for both, <sup>lighting</sup> and ever lifted above the ordinary prose of daily routine, <sup>We have not sacrificed</sup> ~~Here for a century they had~~ ~~exempted~~ ~~to~~ them the study of the Humanities & Science and Commerce nor <sup>sacrificed</sup> Science and Commerce to the Humanities. There has been cooperation for one hundred years and that cooperation will continue. That was our Founders' ~~dear~~ dream. In the midst of changing views and educational fads and theories we have remained true to our traditions.

Apart not from what this Faculty has contributed in one hundred years to the scientific and ~~of~~ cultural progress of our ~~own~~ country it has made a notable but seldom realized or recognized contribution to national unity. Because of its independence of Church and State this ~~University~~ ~~has perhaps~~ we have perhaps been ~~to~~ in a better position than other Canadian Universities to make such a contribution. Unity is a tradition from our earliest days, - an outstanding characteristic of our history. The University was born of the generosity of a Scottish, English speaking Protestant who worshipped at times in Christ Church and at times in St. Gabriel's Presbyterian Church and contributed of his means to both. He was the husband of a French Canadian Roman Catholic wife. Our founders believed, what we have since painfully realized, that a country so vast and far flung as ours is always in danger of sectionalism and the prejudice and misunderstanding of far scattered parts. <sup>They knew that Canada</sup> ~~It~~ is a hard country to govern. They believed that <sup>most most</sup> much of our sectional disagreements - as well as international differences, - ~~arise~~ result from intellectual as well as economic and political difficulties. Misunderstanding causes hatred, and ~~the~~ hatreds cause strife and strife becomes in large measure an



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intellectual ~~part~~ or educational problem. The walled cities of human distress whether of provinces or of nations can be demolished by education. In ~~at~~ this University men and ~~many~~ women from all the provinces of Canada have gathered as members of one family. Their college ~~clubs~~ associations and memories have been a bond of friendship, - a link of understanding in their mature years. Here there has been a dispelling of the notion that some are of a master race and that some are born superior to others in human rights and privileges. Leaders of youth have made social and intellectual contacts which enabled them to see the Canadian way more clearly in after life years. Here was a great centre of interpretation and mutual respect. One of the greatest defects in our national life is unreasonable prejudice which this College has always endeavoured to dispel. For we are in a strategic position, - at the junction of two great racial streams of culture, the two that have made our common country.

But the only intelligent way to test the effectiveness of an educational system or Faculty after the lapse of a century is <sup>the records of the living and the dead</sup> to examine its <sup>product</sup> ~~of~~ living and dead, ~~to look~~ thousands of men and women have gone out from this <sup>Faculty</sup> ~~place~~ and have faced the problems of life with the equipment received here. ~~Some have~~ many have occupied high places but whether in conspicuous conspicuous posts or in quiet places they have done their work with efficiency and honour and have enriched the nation's life. And when the trumpet blew for freedom they gladly and ~~without~~ <sup>unhesitatingly</sup> entered the lists. In all our country's wars in the past and the present their record has been one of glory. In ~~the~~ their country's trial they have crowded the way to death. In the last four years of our <sup>first</sup> century they heard and answered the call and ~~now they~~ today they are fighting on land and sea and in the air on every battle front of the world. Some of them will not come back. They were not soldiers or ~~are~~ aviators or ~~naval~~ seamen. They were not warriors. They were young men ~~in~~ and women in love with life and beauty and laughter, fond of leisure and of ~~peace~~ peace. The drums throbbed ~~in~~ on the campus calling them to forsake these halls and to help to keep civilization and decency alive. They are our modern St. Georges, ~~determined~~ <sup>determined</sup> risking all in their determination to ~~slay~~ slay the dragon that has fouled the earth. They were true to our highest traditions of service and of sacrifice.

In any capacity whose service was honorable and useful they have rendered it freely and have built a superstructure of influence on the educational foundation laid here





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May I be pardoned for one final word to the new students ~~and to~~ you are privileged to begin ~~the second~~ be here in the first year of ~~the~~ second century of our history. You are inheritors of great traditions. There is a Canadian Indian legend which tells that in great emergencies the illustrious Chief of the past ~~came~~ returned again to earth to help their descendants and successors in ~~the~~ trouble or distress. That is not wholly myth. To all of us who love freedom and truth, there come to us in times of trial the old heroic souls with their power of inspiration. ~~We cannot escape history~~ We are surrounded here by memories of great educational builders, by the spirits of our past, calling us all to the colours for freedom, for unity, for tolerance, and for ~~truth~~ truth. Arnold used to speak of those "last enchantments of the middle ages" which Oxford shed around him. And President Roosevelt recently spoke of the companionships of the giant figures of the past in his ~~first~~ freshman days at Harvard. We cannot escape history.

The responsibility of this ~~faculty and~~ the University as we begin our second century is greater than our hope. But under the guidance of our hard-working and distinguished Principal ~~its~~ its usefulness and its achievements will also be greater. ~~Our boys~~ Our boys will be coming home to continue their studies. Officers who have recently returned from visits to our troops overseas tell me that the question most frequently asked by <sup>our</sup> soldiers, sailors and airmen is "what opportunity will we have to continue our education?" To them we owe a debt which must be paid at any cost. ~~They~~ For they have bought ~~with~~ freedom for the colleges of the world.

We begin our second century with hope and faith. It <sup>speaks</sup> calls to us in Carlyle's translated call - "Well is our treasure now laid up, the fair image of the past. Here rests it in marble, undecaying; in your hearts ~~too~~ also it lives, it works. Travel, travel, travel back into life. Take along with you this ~~holy~~ holy earnestness, for earnestness alone makes life eternal."

*Tribute to Andrew Carnegie*

*Our Inheritance  
for Scottish Education*

*(for  
Course)*

McGILL UNIVERSITY

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS

DIRECTIONS :

1. FILL IN THE FOLLOWING :

SUBJECT .....

YEAR in which subject is taken .....  
(Matriculation, First, Second, Third, etc., year)

DATE .....  
(Month, Day of Month, Year)

CANDIDATE'S No. ....

NUMBER OF BOOKS HANDED IN .....

NUMBER OF THIS BOOK, 1st, 2nd, etc. ....

2. WRITE YOUR NAME ON THE CARD AND SEAL IT IN THE ENVELOPE INSIDE THE COVER.

3. USE THE LEFT HAND PAGES FOR ROUGH WORK AND WRITE ANSWERS ON THE RIGHT HAND PAGES. ALL YOUR WRITING MUST BE HANDED IN.

4. MARK YOUR NUMBER, SUBJECT, AND PARTICULARS AS TO YEAR AND DATE, ON ALL BOOKS USED AND PLACE ADDITIONAL BOOKS INSIDE THE FIRST BOOK WHEN HANDING IN.

5. READ AND OBSERVE THE FOLLOWING ADDITIONAL RULES:—

No Candidate shall be permitted to enter the examination room after the expiration of one half hour, or to leave during the first half hour of the examination.

Candidates are not permitted to ask questions of the presiding examiner, except in cases of supposed errors in the papers, and no explanation whatever shall be given by the presiding examiner as to the meaning or purport of the questions set : but he may publicly announce corrections of errors.

Candidates requiring additional books or other supplies should rise without leaving their places.

This book must not be torn or mutilated in any way, and must not be taken from the examination room.

Candidates must enter in the margin nothing but the number or letter of the question they are about to answer.

CAUTION

Candidates guilty of any of the following, or similar, dishonest practices shall be immediately dismissed from the examination and shall be liable to permanent disqualification for membership in McGill University :—

- (a) Making use of any books, papers or memoranda, other than those provided by the examiner.
- (b) Speaking or communicating with other candidates under any circumstances whatever.
- (c) Exposing written papers to the view of other candidates.

**The plea of accident or forgetfulness shall not be received.**

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# Our Inheritance From Scottish Education

It is not without <sup>those</sup> feelings of veneration  
nursed always associated with the hallowed  
places of history that I speak to you today in  
this city of Pittsburg, a city long connected  
in its infant days with the warring struggle  
for a continent <sup>a city for a name</sup> and called after that  
sagacious statesman who in ~~the~~ those troubled  
varisated times so nobly guided <sup>our course</sup> Anglo-Saxon  
destiny. And it is with ~~reverence~~ humble  
reverence and high respect that I speak to you  
on ~~founder's day~~ <sup>this</sup> day dedicated to the  
enduring memory of the thinker, ~~the~~  
philanthropist and man of wealth ~~as~~  
whose efforts and achievements your institution  
owes its life, ~~to~~ <sup>Sacred</sup> the day known as  
founder's day. ~~It~~ I sometimes think that  
in our schools and universities ~~the~~ the  
~~celebration~~ celebration of founder's day is one  
and should be one of our most cherished ~~festivities~~  
of our most valuable assets. For such a day  
is a day of memories. ~~It calls our mind~~ <sup>It</sup>  
the storm and stress of modern life with its  
faded ignoble lon for shadows it turns our  
minds backward to ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> noble splendid  
personalities, the sacrificing men of vision  
who made our educational ~~institutions~~ <sup>possibilities</sup>.  
It is ~~therefore~~ <sup>therefore</sup> a day of <sup>pride and</sup> grateful  
remembrance. It is likewise a reminder  
of glorious traditions and of a splendid  
heritage which came out of the ~~varisated~~ <sup>distant</sup>

of two great  
races

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to  
 part to soften and sweeten the lives of men.  
 It is a day of critical analysis when in  
 the light of these traditions we examine our  
 work, take stock as it were of our <sup>own</sup> efforts  
 and decide whether or not we are <sup>who remain</sup> worthy and  
 faithful trustees of our <sup>rich and glorious</sup> inheritance.

It would be foolish and futile to attempt  
 to say anything new about your illustrations  
 Doubleday, ~~the~~ <sup>today</sup> he himself would be the last  
 to applaud any eulogy upon his life. His  
 work speaks for him in ~~many~~ countless places  
 with greater emphasis than could any words of  
 mine. We are all familiar with his great  
 service to human welfare, his giant gifts of  
 industry and science, his unequalled  
 contribution to the social forces that make  
 for progress <sup>in the world</sup>. When the present generation has been  
 rocked to its settled sleep, and the future  
 historian tries to visualize for his <sup>time</sup> ~~world~~ the  
 main currents of ~~the~~ great laborer, for the  
 betterment of education on this continent no  
 figure will stand out so prominently as that  
 of your founder, Andrew Carnegie. We all  
 think today with gratitude and affection of the  
 friendly smiling, sprightly man <sup>with</sup> of short  
 white hair and beard, the shrewd keen eyes,  
 the alert bearing, the restless manner, the  
 buoyant temperament, the quick sense of  
 humor, the gossamer talk, the great heart  
 and the far reaching intelligence of the Scot. We  
 think of his personal affection for this city, and

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his  
of ~~the~~ <sup>his</sup> keen pain at ~~the~~ any change and separation  
from old employees and <sup>old</sup> associations.

But perhaps we think today most gratefully  
of Carnegie's respect for the teacher and the  
teacher's service, and it is ~~one~~ <sup>one</sup> phase of  
the world. He believed in the combination of the  
<sup>a combination to the motto of the Belt</sup> ideal and the practical in education. "The share  
which I have had" he said, "in the ~~material~~ material  
development of our city may be considered only the  
foundation on which the things of the spirit are  
built and in taking the proceeds of the material  
to develop the things of the spiritual world I feel  
that I am pursuing the ideal part of life and  
duty." And in developing the things of the spiritual  
world, he believed that teachers could be the most  
potent force if their ideals of education were  
sound ideals.

Your founder seems to me to ~~have~~ <sup>illustrated</sup> embodied  
in his dreams, his efforts, and his achievements  
the real ~~or~~ ideals of Scottish education -  
the combination of ideal and practicality.  
In ~~your~~ my country of Canada, and in many  
parts of yours, our educational traditions  
as ~~Scottish~~ came to us from Scottish glens and  
hills. The founder of the University of ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup> which  
I praise ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> Scottish for teacher. It was  
Scottish teachers who first rocked the  
cradle of education in the Maritime Provinces  
of Canada. ~~The~~ Your founder was ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup>  
Scottish birth and he inherited Scottish  
traditions. These men were all men of

(Course) →



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WY

dreams and realities. ~~They~~ They believe that education should emphasize neither ~~the one~~ nor the other but should wisely combine the two. I sometimes feel that on Dundas' day we ~~can~~ can look into papers on these old ideas ~~and~~ and see if we have advanced or retrograded ~~in~~ in our own time. I do not say that the Scottish system of education was in all ways perfect, but I do suggest that in these days of ~~unremitting~~ <sup>unremitting</sup> ~~struggle~~ <sup>struggle</sup> between the cultural and the technical subjects of the curriculum in school and college, we can receive many ~~benefits~~ <sup>benefits</sup> of wisdom from a brief contemplation of these old ideas ~~as they~~ <sup>as they</sup> existed in that old land from which your Dundas sprang.

In your country and mine today there are many experiments in education. There are as many theories as there are schools. Each morning sees <sup>the birth of</sup> a new educational fantasy and each evening sees its death. <sup>Each week</sup> Conventions assemble and deliberate and conferences meet and ~~discuss~~ talk. There is an abundance of what Hamlet called "words, words, words." But has ~~there~~ there been a great advance since the older days of the Scottish educational pioneers? With all this din and turmoil of our modern educational battle, have we been more successful than they in <sup>demolishing</sup> ~~obliterating~~ the forts of folly or in storming the trenches of ignorance and

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5<sup>o</sup> and we can estimate the value of old ideals in  
our common countries, and perhaps prevent the modern  
educational theorists from <sup>with care</sup> ~~erasing~~ <sup>erasing</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>question</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~oblivion~~  
darkness, and unhappiness? It is not easy

to answer these questions with finality.

But we can at least make comparisons.

You formerly believed that the human mind  
will always remain the prime factor in the  
onward march towards a higher plane of  
national life, and that as a consequence there  
is nothing more important in a civilized  
nation than its systems of educational  
establishments. That ~~to~~ belief to me, is one  
of the most outstanding inheritances from our  
Scottish pioneer ancestors. They too believed that  
educational ideals, and more especially how  
these ideals are put into practice, are the truest  
index of a nation. Each country evolves a  
system of education in conformity with the  
fundamental idea of its civilization. The  
education of a people has been called "the consequence  
of all that it believes, and the source of all that it  
is destined to be." Perhaps more than that of  
any ~~other~~ other country the educational  
system of Scotland reflected clearly the genius of  
her people. & From that system our  
country countries may ~~at~~ today draw lessons  
of value and of faith.

I have said that you formerly respected  
the teacher and the teacher's services. That is respect  
is ~~not~~ an inheritance from <sup>his</sup> Scottish ~~education~~ <sup>tradition</sup>.  
In Scotland the <sup>regard</sup> respect attached to the office of  
master or rector was always high. The oldest  
records of schools in that country shows that

But ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup> ancestors demanded that the "schoolmasters" should be well qualified and competent men. They would not tolerate scribbles. In our day we are not always so exacting. "Who can, does," says the sneering Shaw in his *Revolutionary Handbook*; "he who can not teaches," and doubtless there <sup>is much</sup> ~~are many~~ justification for the sneer. I deduce ~~the best~~ <sup>as an</sup> economical means of getting rid of his discharged non-commissioned officers, I reduced the ~~best~~ <sup>all</sup> turned them into teachers, and today ~~there are countries~~ <sup>in countries</sup> that would applaud his method. It ~~was never~~ <sup>is never</sup> such indifference never existed in Scotland. Candidates for a teaching position ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> underwent a ~~rough~~ <sup>severe</sup> test of fitness. Their attainments were proved. Their character was undoubted. Their influence was consequently very great. Many a man who has risen to fame and fortune has ~~attacked~~ <sup>paid</sup> thankful tribute to the British dominie who <sup>in youth</sup> ~~guided~~ <sup>guided</sup> his faltering ~~unsteady~~ <sup>unsteady</sup> steps. Perhaps there is a danger in our countries that the ~~very~~ <sup>power</sup> power of the teacher in shaping the nation's life may be forgotten, <sup>or almost ignored</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> your founder did not forget. His munificent gift to the foundation for the advancement of teaching is an evidence of his high respect, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~inculcated~~ <sup>inculcated</sup> in him ~~by~~ <sup>by</sup> generations of Scottish ancestors.

He realized ~~that~~ <sup>how</sup> the school and the college influence the nation's life for ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> good or ill.

the holders of these positions, was often closed with  
 some of the highest names in the land. "The  
 teaching of youth in virtue and science," as one  
 old record puts it, was looked upon ~~as~~ with  
 a veneration which <sup>the young people</sup> our <sup>own</sup> <sup>days</sup> do well to emulate.  
 Again, ~~in~~ our countries have learned from  
 Scotland that there is no royal road to learning  
 and that poverty ~~cannot~~ <sup>while</sup> may retard its progress,  
 it cannot prevent its ultimate advance. "Let us  
 not complain of poverty" said the old Scottish  
 teacher; "it is a splendid poverty indeed, it is a  
 poverty rich in men." If a nation wants schools  
 it will have them and will see that the support  
 is forthcoming. Hardly independence and they  
 will not permit ~~the~~ educational ambition  
 to perish. We think of Carlyle, walking 70  
 miles in 3 days with his scanty rations  
 in his pockets to attend Edinburgh University,  
 and we are reminded of countless others  
 of lasting fame in the world's life  
 whose determination to secure ~~an~~ <sup>desired</sup> education,  
 pecuniary could not ~~deserve~~ <sup>deserve</sup>. And  
 many an American and Canadian youth  
 in our universities is inspired by this  
 tradition - a tradition almost unknown in  
 other lands. It is one of the aphorisms of  
 Rousseau that a genius will educate himself  
 in spite of all obstacles. Today in <sup>your country</sup> ~~America~~ and  
 Canada mine we have the spectacle of a  
 nation educating itself despite all  
 dissonant arguments and defects, largely because

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the path was first pointed out by Scotland.

Another inheritance from Scotland's education in which your founder believed so strongly, and which we may well remember, is the interest in the training of youth of the people as a whole.

Too frequently today our education and our educational difficulties are relegated to a few individuals. The public, the great body politic, takes but too often looks on with indifference.

But the education of the nation should be the people's business of the people and not that of a few <sup>small privileged group</sup> ~~merely a few individuals~~.

In Scotland the parish system of elementary schools dates back to the 17th century. There <sup>was</sup> a <sup>parish</sup> <sup>school</sup> in the parish school.

Even today when you go to a remote part of the Highlands, the one place pointed out to you by the individual you may meet, be he laird or crofter, is the school, and you will be told with <sup>proud and</sup> joyous voice how many boys from that school entered the University. As the fear of the

lord is the ~~beginning~~ <sup>beginning</sup> of wisdom, so pride in the school is the <sup>beginning</sup> of <sup>patience</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>as it is the</sup> <sup>beginning</sup> of <sup>the</sup> <sup>end</sup>. ~~From~~ This pride should not be lost in the <sup>rush</sup> of modern life.

The truly democratic character of Scotland's education is one of the inheritances we ~~we~~ should carefully cherish.



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1926  
1769  
1769

*[Faint, illegible handwriting]*

*[Faint, illegible handwriting]*

Every endeavor was made to keep the schools from becoming select or exclusive, ~~to make them~~ but rather to make them really national and adapted as far as possible to the needs of all the people. The schools were never the property of a caste or a group. Education was easy of attainment. The result was two advantages to the nation resulted. <sup>First</sup> Education united the different grades of society in a better understanding. It is your boast today that the son of a noble or of social position, the highest in the land, may be found side by side with the son of a laborer in <sup>the same</sup> ~~the same~~ <sup>station</sup> ~~circumstances~~. But in Scotland in older days the son of the Laird and the son of the ploughman sat together at the same desk in the old school with its walls of oak and roof of turf. ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> The one <sup>tried</sup> to understand the other, and in after years this mutual regard was never lost by different circumstances of life. The second advantage of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> system which made education easy of attainment was the learning of the masses of the people with the benefits of learning. <sup>Even in the case of poverty and hindrance</sup> The people possessed an educated opinion which for seriousness and respectability equalled that of any nation in <sup>the world</sup> Europe. Dr Samuel Johnson had no deep love for the Scotch. Yet it is recorded that what impressed him most on his <sup>more than a century and a half ago</sup> during his tour at the north, <sup>was the</sup> ~~was the~~ <sup>was the</sup> intellectual interest he found in remote places. ~~But~~ When he went to the Hebrides he found books in

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long <sup>have</sup> been visited and their books were  
 in more languages than one. And in his  
 "Century of Scottish History", Sir Henry Craik  
 says that "the Lowlands of Scotland presented  
 an extraordinary mixture of intellectual  
 subtlety and keen practical common sense,  
 of indomitable perseverance and obstinate  
 adherence to old ways, of restless independence  
 and innate respect for authority, of stolid  
 reserve and susceptibility to the stirring of  
 party and romance." That is ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~best~~  
 evidence of the combination of idealism  
 and practicality of its which gave Scotland  
 her rank as a civilizing factor. There was a love  
 for the things of the spirit but there was a  
 belief <sup>in</sup> the value of the practical. In a diary  
 written <sup>more than</sup> three hundred years ago the recorder  
 states in his picture of the old Scottish scholar:  
 "By our master we were taught to  
 handle the bow for archery, the club for golf  
 the baton for fencing; also to run, to leap  
 to swim and to wrestle." But there is no  
 mention of our organized athletics as in our  
 modern <sup>evil</sup> days. Surely in our times of ~~war~~ <sup>war</sup> the

~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> idea of education was not to raise men  
 out of their stations, although that was not to be  
 in any way discouraged ~~studies~~ <sup>studies</sup> ~~discovered~~, but  
 not to make men discontented with their lot  
 but rather to produce <sup>good</sup> worthy citizens whatever  
 their rank in life might be. Surely in our

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later times of committees for educational purposes and theories we have never & learn from the olden days, the desire of educationalists should likewise be that of old Dr Chambers, - "not to raise man in the artificial scale of life but to raise them on their feet on the scale which has respect to the virtues of the mind and the prospects of immortality. It is to give a true dignity upon each that of the crown of an earthly potentate was bestowed upon him".

I might speak of other interventions from either education, such as the intermingling in the educational system of the parish school, the grammar school and the university, - which in our day are something so painfully absent; of the lack of dignity, the encouragement of freedom and liberty of expression, of a system that was not a foreign product but essentially redolent of the soil and formed or adapted for the particular needs of the country and the problems, near at hand. But I have said enough to remind you of ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup> heritage which ~~produced~~ <sup>produced</sup> you from the country that produced your forefathers, a heritage so strongly suggestive of his own schools, and which needs to be applied today in our countries.

The first part of the report  
 was devoted to a general  
 description of the  
 area and the  
 results of the  
 survey. The  
 second part  
 dealt with the  
 details of the  
 work done  
 during the  
 season. The  
 third part  
 contains the  
 conclusions  
 reached and  
 the  
 recommendations  
 made. The  
 fourth part  
 is a list of  
 the  
 references  
 consulted.

~~But~~ I have tried to emphasize the <sup>potential</sup> value  
 of your county and for mine of <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>of</sup> the  
 inheritance passed on to us from Scotland's  
 Education. ~~There~~ There is one other ~~thing~~ which  
 in closing I would turn your thoughts. The  
 Consolidation of the various elements of the national  
 life of Scotland was largely the result of her  
 admirable educational system. The various parts of  
 Scotland were <sup>so</sup> painfully sundered by the existence  
 of many differences in laws and customs that  
 they seemed to rush ~~at~~ like ~~prey~~ prey ~~now~~.  
 just as so many in your county and mine ~~opposed to~~ ~~the~~ ~~idea~~ today.  
 What ~~solved~~ the problem of the solution of the  
 problem of bringing these ~~different~~ factors into  
 one harmonious whole and of ~~then~~ having  
<sup>national</sup> peace, hatred and ~~mis~~ <sup>found</sup> in the parish  
 school. It was in the school that strengthened  
 the feeling of equality and friendship and  
 mutual respect, I do not presume to speak  
 for your great <sup>land</sup> ~~county~~. But I know that in my  
 county as too often I think ~~sectionally~~ rather  
 than nationally and that in our conduct  
 we ~~are too often~~ ~~by~~ ~~accidents~~ ~~of~~ ~~circumstances~~ ~~of~~ ~~Keats's~~  
 lines "East is East and West is West and never  
 the twain shall meet." It is only in the school  
 and the Ministry that confidence ~~with~~  
 other can be restored and that we can  
~~find~~ sound <sup>again</sup> in one great harmony the  
 broken melodies of our national life. And  
 as it is of the <sup>divine</sup> parts of the ~~matter~~ <sup>community</sup> as it is of the  
 relation of nation to nation, I am not a  
 pessimist in the discussion of ~~it~~ -



The first part of the paper is devoted to a general  
 discussion of the subject. It is shown that the  
 results of the experiments are in agreement with  
 the theoretical predictions. The data are  
 presented in the following table.

Temperature (°C)	Resistance (ohms)
0	100
10	105
20	110
30	115
40	120
50	125
60	130
70	135
80	140
90	145
100	150

The results show that the resistance increases  
 linearly with temperature. This is in  
 agreement with the theoretical prediction  
 that the resistance of a metal increases  
 with temperature. The slope of the  
 line is 0.5 ohms per degree Celsius.





~~Some of the best of faith~~ - "Time may  
 dispel many pleasing illusions and  
 destroy many noble dreams, but it  
 shall never shake my belief that the  
 moral cause of the nobly unlooked  
 for and undesired separation of the  
 mother from her child is not to bleed  
 from - Let men say what they will  
 therefore, I say that as surely as the  
 sun in the heavens once shines upon  
 Britain & becomes dimmed, so surely  
 as it one morning A rise, shines  
 upon & great upon the British-Amer-  
 ican union."

"We have read many prop recently  
 of the familiar adage that blood is  
 thicker than water, very much thicker  
 as I believe between members of our own  
 race. In the evidence drawing together  
 of the English speaking race and all  
 this this implies we see the dawn of  
 a new sentiment rising, the  
 patriotism of Race, - a sentiment of  
 pride and devotion, in the race and  
 spirit of one half of the race to the other  
 part, and by the other half of it  
 race & the stars & stripes - the duty  
 of the two flags, which unitedly hold  
 sway over all Eng. speaking people."

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]*

—

Perhaps you will pardon me if in concluding  
 these scattered remarks I say briefly a personal  
 word. I bring to you today the sincere good  
 wishes and the warmest greetings of my country  
 and my University. We ~~are~~ Canadians, and ~~we~~  
 of McGill particularly with grateful emotion  
 your founder's gifts to us. Your founder's day is  
 not yours alone; it is ~~shared~~ ~~in a~~ ~~part~~ it is  
 a sacred day to us. There are <sup>today</sup> many <sup>in Canada</sup> ~~in~~ ~~Canada~~  
~~in Canada~~ today which bear his name. There are  
 many teachers, <sup>after</sup> <sup>toil</sup> and service his  
~~university~~ ~~has~~ ~~been~~ ~~through~~ ~~careful~~ ~~and~~ ~~care~~.  
 But in my <sup>in the</sup> <sup>hopes</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>their</sup> <sup>lives</sup> ~~in~~ ~~my~~ ~~own~~ ~~university~~ ~~in~~ ~~one~~ ~~him~~ ~~a~~ ~~great~~  
 deal of gratitude. Nearly twelve years have gone  
 since our youth in their pride and strength  
 heard the ~~drum~~ ~~beats~~ rolling drums beat &  
 battle on foreign fields. Without a thought of self  
 they <sup>and</sup> <sup>turned</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>call</sup> Our University was  
 almost emptied. Staff and students lay down  
 their books and passed <sup>quietly</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>grave</sup> <sup>streets</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>the</sup> <sup>city</sup>  
 Many of them did not <sup>come</sup> <sup>back</sup>. They sleep in  
 hallowed places under the ~~is~~ ~~spring~~ ~~grass~~ of  
 Belgium and France. In death they are  
 mingled with your own gallant company of  
 immortal youth. They will ~~earn~~ ~~us~~ ~~and~~  
 the recognition of our services to the allied  
 cause and of our material suffering during the  
 war, ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~McGill~~ ~~University~~ ~~receiving~~ ~~a~~  
 million dollars by the war ~~celebration~~ day you ~~are~~  
 celebrate, ~~and~~ ~~who~~ ~~gave~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~country~~  
 his ideas of education inherited from his

15 per M. W.

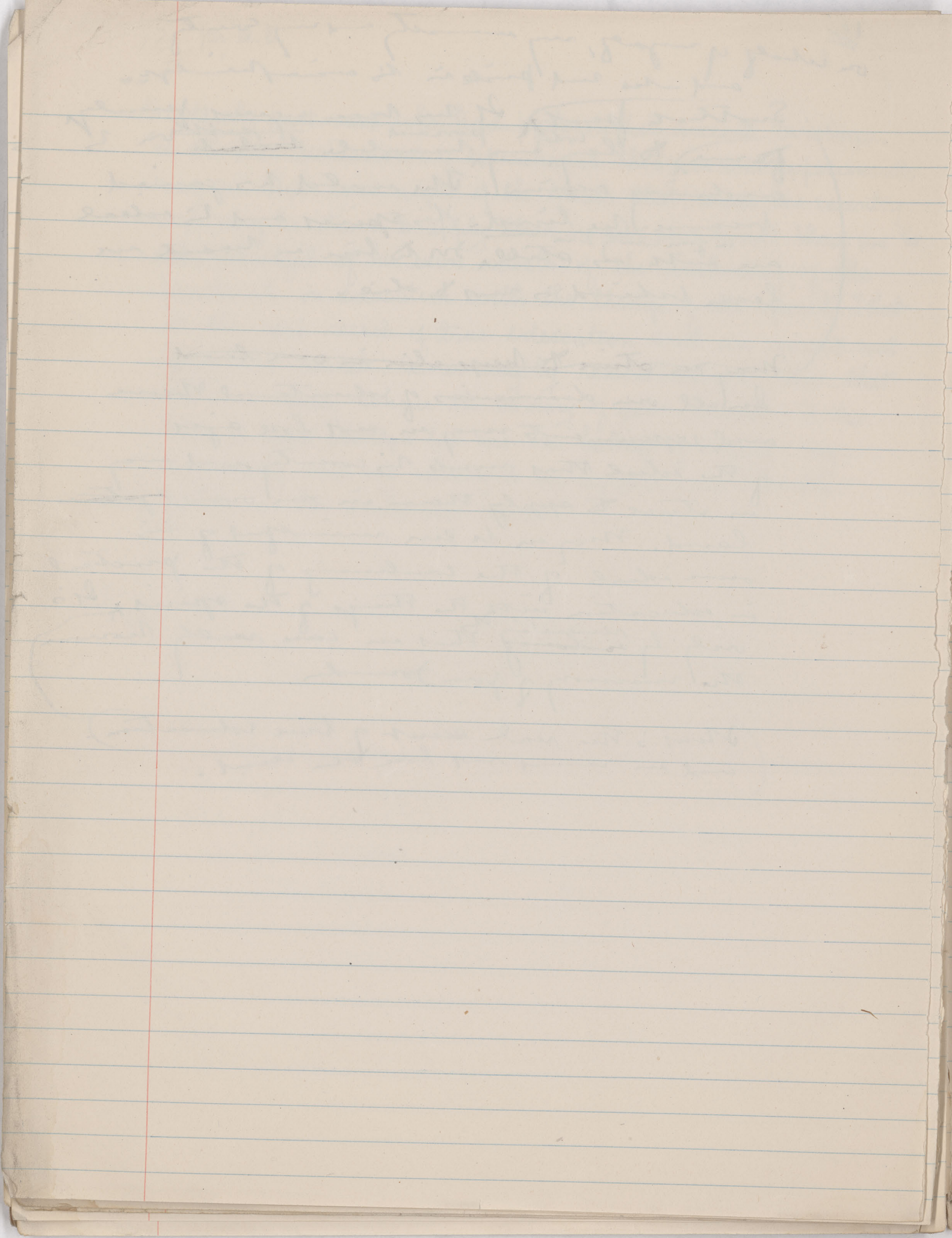
Scottish part and who had pride in his ancient heritage. In all our discussions of educational theories and experiments may we not lose sight of the ideals that made his country and may he strive to apply them in our own land. May we be ever mindful of his own ideals of the combining of the practical in education with the things of the spirit. That is the real secret of true education and we must not lose the secret. It is only by remembering (?) thus that we can really honour the memory of your Founder. It has been a great privilege for me on behalf of myself, my university and my country to lay my poor and humble tribute on his enduring Cairn.

on behalf of myself, my ministry and my country  
and also and pride in his own heritage.

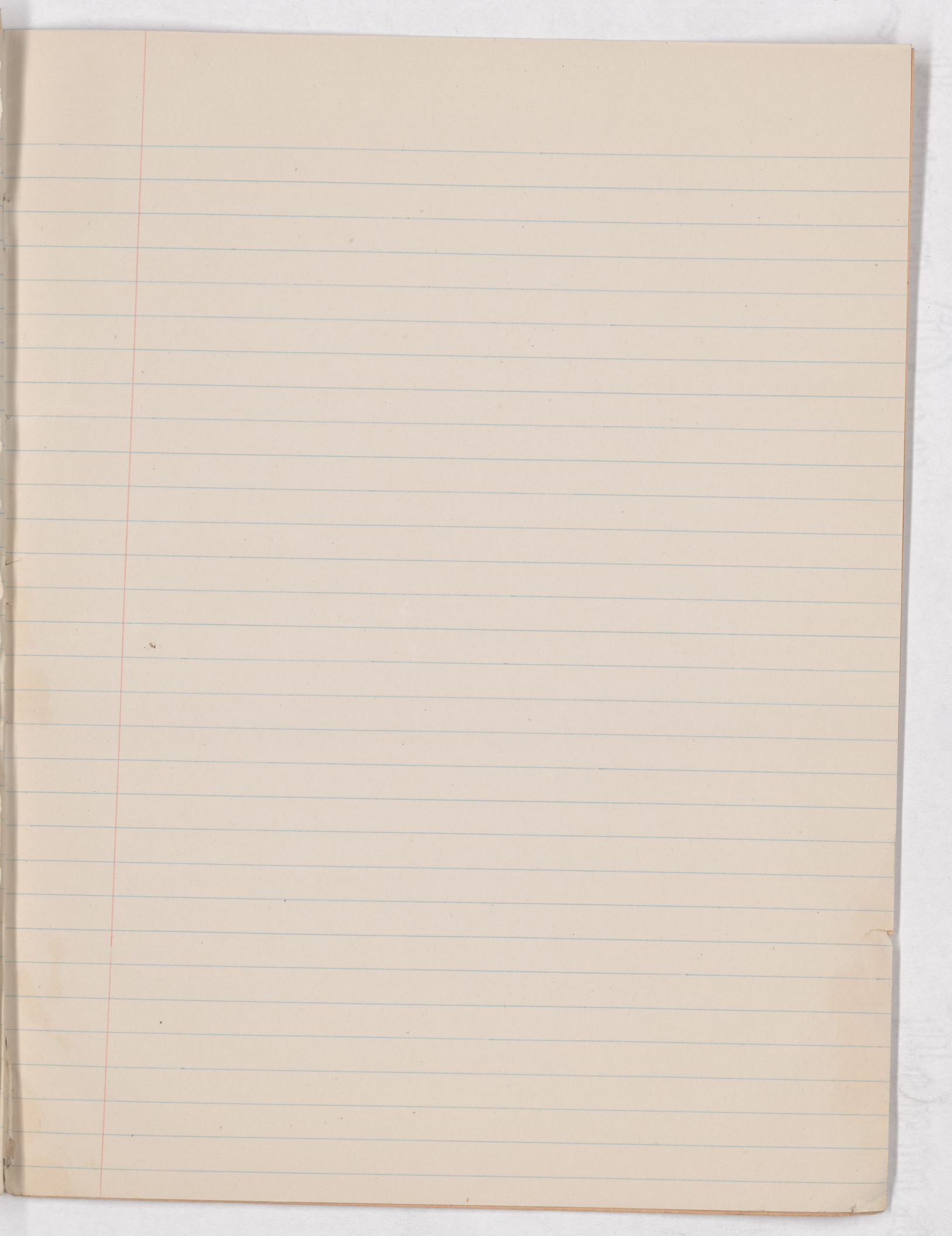
Another part of it has been a great privilege  
to lay <sup>today</sup> my <sup>personal</sup> humble <sup>tribute</sup> on the  
enduring <sup>in your country & in mine</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>spirit</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>ideas</sup>  
because the <sup>world</sup> has gained  
because he lived. His spirit and his ideas  
are with us still, for to live in hearts we  
leave behind is not to die.

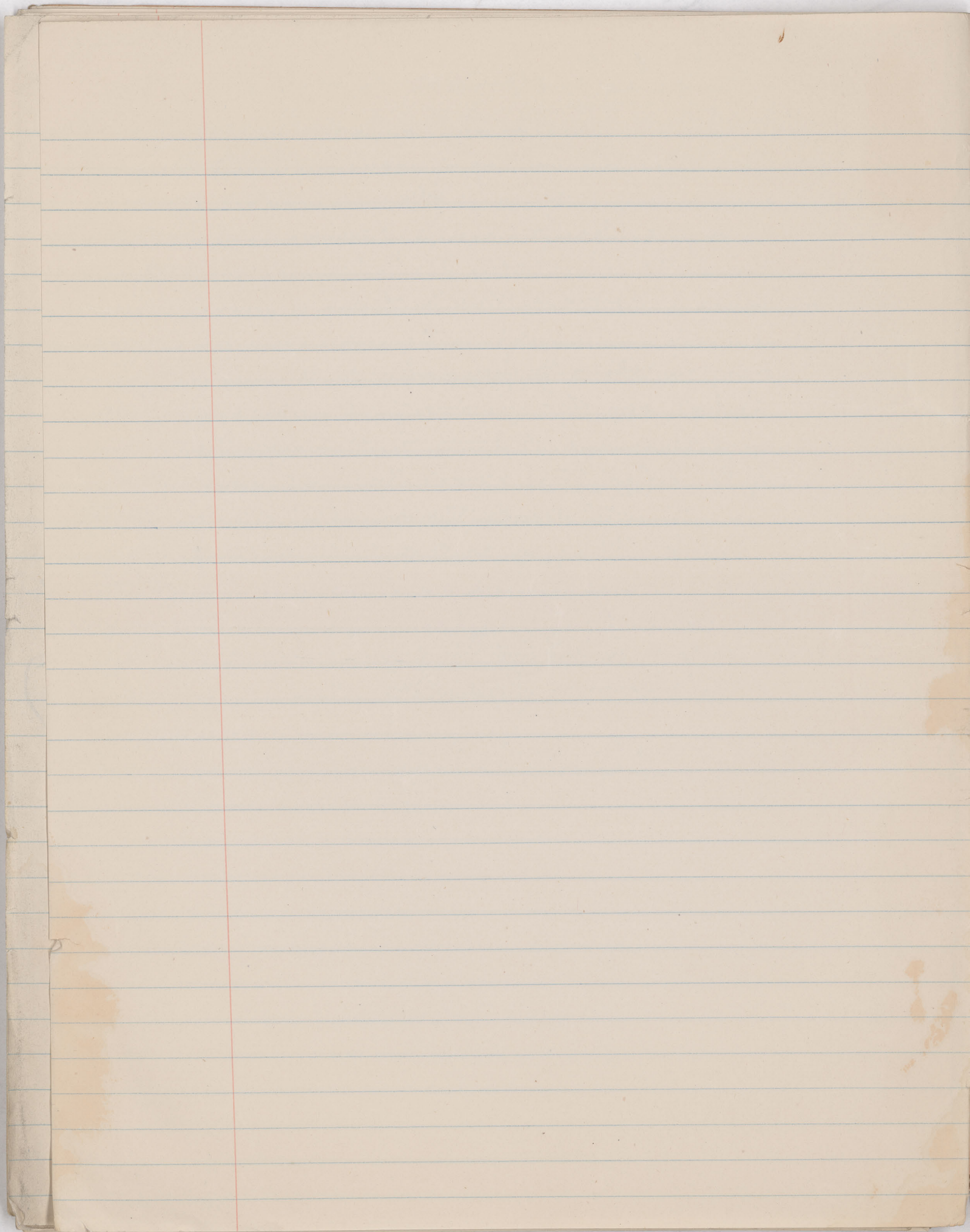
May we strive to keep alive in our land  
In all our discussions of educational theories  
and experiments may we not lose sight  
of the ideals that made his country and may  
we strive to apply them in our own systems  
land. May we be ever mindful of his  
own ideals of the combining of the practical  
in education with the things of the spirit. It is  
only by <sup>remembering</sup> ~~remembering~~ that we can really honor  
the memory of our founder.

(That is the real secret of true education)  
and we must not lose the secret.

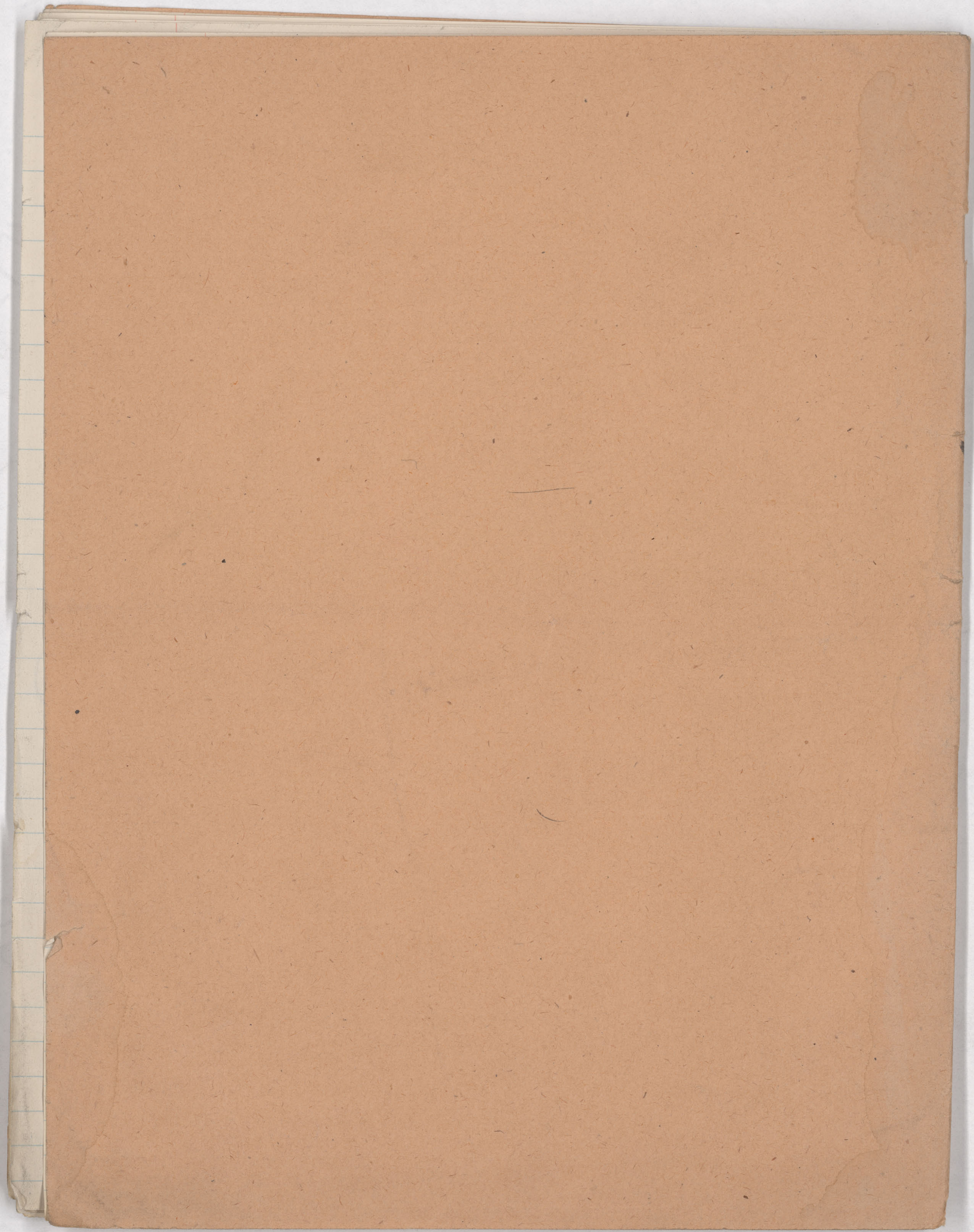












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My first word must be one of sincere gratitude for the honor that has just been conferred upon me. He would be unresponsive and dull indeed who would not deeply appreciate <sup>such</sup> a distinction, <sup>particularly when it is</sup> bestowed by a ~~University~~ great University celebrating the one hundred and tenth anniversary of its foundation. One hundred and ten years is a long period in the life of any institution, - even in the life of a nation. The years of McGill University's life have been years of triumphant progress and of unceasing service to our country and to the world, and I am proud to have my name enrolled ~~on~~ today among its graduates. May I offer you my warm congratulations on reaching the end of another decade in <sup>the life of</sup> your University's life. And may I express the hope that the decade ~~on which it is now entering~~ will ~~be as splendid~~ <sup>full of</sup> ~~and progress~~ <sup>and advancements as</sup> ~~its~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~past~~ <sup>past</sup>. I can wish you no <sup>greater</sup> ~~greater~~ fortune... Your University, like my own, is built upon the old traditions and the old ideals of pioneer days. These have been the guide and the inspiration of all its efforts and accomplishments throughout its long and honored history. These have been the secret of its service and its influence, ~~and~~ ~~the maintenance of these traditions will be the~~

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Canada is justly proud of her universities, and indeed of her educational institutions. ~~We are~~ We are ever mindful of ~~what they have~~ the part they have played in the onward march of our country, in the van of educational progress and national enlightenment, which has moved for more than a century. Our ancestors in pioneer days realized early that the material greatness of the land to which they had migrated was destined to be unbounded, they knew its possibilities. But in their prophetic wisdom they knew too that a nation or a country cannot live by material resources alone, however great these may be, but by spiritual forces and aspirations. They knew that without enlightenment which results from education their adopted country could not advance to the peak of their hopes. ~~When~~ <sup>and</sup> we then so, at great sacrifice to themselves, they established in the Maritime Provinces and Quebec, in the earliest days of English speaking immigration, the one-roomed schools, ~~and~~ <sup>turn back to</sup> and later the universities. When we think of those distant days we see unequalled examples of courage. They were days of war clouds, of feared invasions, of ~~our~~ cruel struggle with nature's forces in a new world, or unremitting pioneer toil. And yet, with all this

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there was faith in education, great sacrifice for education, a placing of high hopes in education in fashioning and enlightening the new land of promise. I sometimes wonder if we always realize our individual and communal and national debt to those educational and crusaders of ~~our~~ our country's infancy, or they ~~to men and women~~ built upon the simple truth that ignorance is fear, and that immensity from fear can only be acquired by knowledge and understanding. ~~It is~~ In these present days when so much is written and spoken about education, when countless theories are advanced, when so many comparisons are made, when there is ~~a~~ much quack-doctoring of education, it is ~~very~~ interesting and refreshing to look ~~up~~ back to our educational beginning and of the men and women, who without sound or fury, ~~to~~ did their work so quietly wisely and well.

Reminiscences such as yours this week ~~to~~ permit you to look back over the years, - those years which seemed so long in prospect when we were freshmen and which are now so brief in retrospect, ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup> ~~are~~ are family gatherings where reverence ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> given ~~to~~ <sup>is</sup> brought home to

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The educational mother who nurtured us, and  
 when the <sup>flowers</sup> breaths of grateful and treasured memories  
 are abundantly placed upon her stream around her,  
 graduates, it is to no inanimate form ~~that~~  
 to which you return today to renew your pledge of  
 loyalty. It is to an alert and vibrant organism  
 filled with the breath of life, proud to have surmounted  
 all difficulties in the past, and capable of  
 surmounting the adjacent heights of difficulty  
 which surround us, far beyond them ~~is~~ still  
 the promised lands of opportunity, wherein  
 service may make for maximum good to men  
 at large, and wherein men individually may  
 find <sup>a</sup> the greater satisfactions in life.

A college University such as yours is no  
 impersonal thing. Into its veins, into its <sup>arteries</sup> ~~blood~~  
 stream is poured the life blood of innumerable  
 persons who accepted and practised self-sacrifice  
 that it might have life. Among these persons of the  
 present and the past are generous benefactors,  
 who in their day denied themselves that to the  
 College's vitality material resources might be added.  
 Among them too are wise counsellors, and leaders,  
 and stimulating teachers and interpreters  
 who dedicated their lives and their careers



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to adding their personal strength to the institutional strength in its national service. And among them too are devoted graduates many of whom are here today, graduates who throughout the years between have sustained keen interest and have given loyal support that their University's breadth of influence might ever be widened. It has been your privilege to lend a helping hand, not only in that inescapable and necessary and sometimes wearisome matter of money but also, and no less importantly, in the matter of personal service and interest. It must never be forgotten that a graduate may easily, if he will, do a great deal for his university by just keeping in touch with it, ~~by~~ keeping fully alive to its doings, and by an occasional personal visit, as it were, "back home." For ~~the~~ college is more than its staff, its students and its governors. It is an entity, spreading throughout the land, and wherever a McGill graduate happens to be, there also is at least a portion of McGill.

We are met today in one of the most ~~big~~ difficult periods in our history. Gigantic forces are at work within the world which cannot be dictated and the

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power of which cannot be withheld. The preservation of ~~of~~ civilization will largely depend upon widespread or universal acceptance of principles under which these forces shall be ~~directed~~ applied and directed for the common good. The primary task of education, as I interpret it, is the ~~pres~~ discerning and the preserving of these principles. We must bear in mind ~~that~~ the fact that civilization has developed largely by the honesty of purpose and intelligence of effort of <sup>average</sup> ~~normal~~ men, subject to the influence of disciplined intellectual processes. The total of all progress has been the result of quiet evolution, ~~and~~ it has come about by the constant effort to make life better on the part of individual men. The quiet influence of college men - ~~men of scholarly activities~~ has been exceeded by that of no other group. The thought of the world in the last analysis has been moulded by its universities.

And now we have a period in the world's history when the call to college men was so urgent as it is today. Your lot is happy. You are fortunate to be upon the earth in this hour. Wordsworth said of another critical period in the world's progress, as he looked back, "In that dawn, 'twas joy to be alive, but to be young was very heaven." In the Canada of tomorrow the college men, <sup>and the college women</sup> will have

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an unrivalled opportunity, such as <sup>their</sup> ~~his~~ predecessors  
never knew. Will Colly men ~~and~~ ~~and~~ women  
~~participate~~ be equal D. it? Will they be adequately  
prepared for it? I sometimes think that our ~~own~~  
mind too far from the original purpose of the  
University. In older times, and chiefly in legal  
connections, the word "universitas" was used in  
classical and medieval Latin, to signify simply  
a society, a corporation, a community in its collective  
aspect, and for this reason it came to be ~~app~~ attached  
to the higher schools from which our colleges are  
descended. The university was at first in most cases  
merely an incorporated society of scholars, students  
and teachers, old and young, living together in  
some centre of learning. Our present world crisis  
calls for college men to cooperation; it calls them  
to apply their trained minds to service. Never was  
the old dictum more to the point, "men are created  
one for another".

and alluring  
It is therefore a challenging opportunity ~~to~~ which  
graduates and students are today called to pledge  
themselves. The past is always important as bearing  
upon the present, and the present is important  
for the light it may shed on the future. The work  
of the university is always fundamentally for the

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benefits of a tomorrow about whose circumstances  
and limits we cannot ~~adequately~~ <sup>never</sup> know. A  
university like McGill must always be as one who  
dwells upon the mountain top upon which there  
is first reflected the light of the dawn on the coming  
day. ~~Its~~ <sup>One of its</sup> function is to review the past that it  
may acquire the basis for intelligent prophecy.  
Its ultimate purpose is to arouse thoughtfulness,  
to cultivate and expand the minds of its students  
to the limits of their possibilities for stranger thinking.  
Its primary interest should be in the possible capacity  
of its men and women to deal with abstractions  
and to apply these to the solving of problems of our  
social adjustments in our conscious complex life.  
Wherein but in intelligent thinking can the  
solutions be found which shall restrain individual  
desire for the public good on the one hand, and  
on the other hand protect the talents of the  
individual from the coercion of the crowd. Wherein  
but in intelligent thinking are to determine what  
constitutes a service to society and what  
constitutes disservice. Our greatest problem is  
now on are to adjust ourselves with the necessary  
wisdom and promptness to the rapidly changing  
conditions of life. It is vital that we shall

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not quickly or rashly overthrow the structures laboriously reared, and thus we shall utilize new principles, either to remodel the structures already builded or to replace those about to be condemned. The function of the college is to give to its men and women this clear vision based on ~~sound~~ clear thinking and reasoning power.

Let me say to the younger students, however, that you will have discouragements, which must not lead you to despair, in answering the call to dedicate yourselves to service. The men who have seen things first and have undertaken to show them to their fellowmen have not always received acclaim from their contemporaries, nor have they been always regarded by their own times as highly useful. Stones and fires have sometimes been their portion reward. They have paid at times a painful price for the privilege of trying to advance the public good. But remember that the final measure of your achievement is not whether your time has judged you as a hero or a martyr, but it is whether or not by your influence you would have ultimately advanced to better things because of what you thought to do from this place. The usefulness of ~~the~~ <sup>your</sup> college will be reckoned by the

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preparation given to you of a given period to live  
 you live with a better understanding of conditions  
 and a greater service to society in the decades that  
~~are~~ lie before you. The world today as never before  
 is looking to the universities for men and women  
 prepared for the responsibilities of practical life.  
 But that preparation for practical life will  
 be incomplete if it furnishes dreams, and  
 inspired fancies, and the beauty of the present  
 and the past. Youth has countless unguessed gifts.  
 To find them is the greatest quest of education.  
 And its greatest hope, I think, is to send you out  
 into this troubled world of ours without fear, with  
 a distinctive spirit whose notes are faith in God,  
 faith in ~~your~~ Canada, appreciation of things  
 beautiful and true, hope for the future, love for your  
 fellow men which will constrain you to live with  
 them as friendly servants. The world is crying for  
~~men~~ of trained minds who are also great of soul  
 and heart. I believe it reasonably demands of  
 the colleges to produce such men. And I believe  
 that the answer which McGill will give will  
 not be simply trained business minds, ~~or~~ not  
 simply engineers or doctors or lawyers, splendid  
 as this answer may be, but men and women

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completely furnished for the great and urgent  
work their day and country needs. I have done,  
and they will not be completely furnished if  
they are lacking in faith and the glow of  
messianic service. Let us May you who will  
represent the Canadian colleges at its best  
<sup>stimulate</sup> ~~stimulate~~ unceasingly that through college influence  
<sup>erected out</sup> spread by you, life for all ~~men~~ in our  
land may be a more abundant life. In  
"unless a man himself he can erect himself,  
how poor a thing's man".

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

My first words must be words of sincere appreciation of the honour conferred on me by my fellow students in selecting me to express the ~~valedictory~~ valediction of our class that graduates to-night. As the term implies, Valedictory means words of farewell. But it also suggests a backward glance at the ~~too~~ road over which we have come to the end of our course.

Looking back, to-night that road seems short. On for the greater part it ~~was~~ had more delights than sorrows. It was on the whole ~~so~~ so pleasant in its work and its play that we leave it with regret. But its memories will remain with us to strengthen and inspire us in whatever experiences and fields of service lie before us. We entered upon our training many months ago, nervously and with a shadowy fear. But we soon ~~realized~~ realized that our freshman freshman fears were unfounded and that our ~~teachers and those who~~ teachers and those who are the members of the administration staff ~~who~~ who guided our steps were also our friends. There were, of course, obstacles but they were not insurmountable. There were problems but they could all be effectively solved. Deep-seated discouragements that at times beset <sup>we</sup> persisted in our determination to reach our desired goal, in the undeparted spirit of the lady of the lamp, the immortal flower of the nursing profession. ~~on to-night~~ ~~we~~ we receive our reward and our ~~dream~~ dream of graduation has become a reality.

Because of the great advance in medical knowledge, ~~in~~ and the improvement in the training program for nurses, no graduating class has been better equipped than ours for the duties before us and the problems that will then demand our solution. But with all our fine equipment resulting from our training we have no ~~delusions~~ delusions regarding our future tasks or the duties for which we have been so adequately ~~well~~ prepared in this splendid institution dedicated to the relief of suffering and the alleviating of human pain. The need of more nurses ~~daily~~ increases. The demand for their care is daily greater than ~~it~~ can be supplied. It is estimated that Canada is short of eight thousand two ~~thousand~~ hundred nurses at the present time, and it is predicted that three years from now the shortage in nursing personnel will have reached fifteen thousand. Today, more people than ever before are seeking medical care and hospitalization. As a result new hospitals are being constructed and everywhere existing hospitals are being ~~also~~ expanded to accommodate additional additional beds. But the increase in the number of nurses graduating each year is not keeping ~~pace~~ pace with the substantial increase in hospital facilities. It is somewhat incongruous to establish elaborate health progress programs and to enlarge hospitals if no effort is made to increase the supply of nurses. To ~~carry~~ carry out the progress and to staff the hospitals. Bursaries and scholarships are urgently required to ~~enable~~ enable girls of merit and promise to take the necessary training for the profession. They could be no more fitting memorial than such ~~as~~ grants or scholarships bearing the names of the generous donors.

On the completion of our course, ~~to~~ we the members of the graduating class assure you, Sir, that we realize the importance of our work and our great responsibility. We also realize our great privilege in being admitted to membership



in this noble profession. "The public health," said Democritus, "two years ago," "the public health is the foundation on which repose the happiness of the people and the power of the country. The care of the public health is the first duty of a statesman." We shall give our best endeavours to helping to conserve that foundation and that power in the interest of human happiness. We are going out ~~into~~ <sup>from</sup> this place dedicated to the saving and not the destroying of life, we are going out into a troubled world of confusion and perplexity and pain. What the future has holds for our country no one is ~~wise~~ wise enough to predict. But whatever may unfold unfold we shall try to make our contribution to human comfort and to human happiness. And our contribution will be your contribution through us whom you have trained and ~~very~~ inspired.

We give our sincere thanks to all who made our training possible, - to the Governing Board of the Hospital, to the self-sacrificing and devoted doctors and nurses who instructed us, ~~and~~ for their patience with our dullness and with kindly help in our problems. Especially to Miss Macdonald we are grateful for her unflinching kindness and her wise and understanding guidance. The examples and the precepts given to us here will ~~be~~ be our constant strength. and as with grateful hearts and with the fervent hope that God will continue to bless you in your noble work, we regretfully say good-bye.

Founders Day, Michell

Probably written for  
Rev Arthur Currie

~~1923~~

1925

HOUSE OF COMMONS



CANADA

Founder's Day, October 6, 1975

We are gathered here this evening, after our usual custom, not only for our annual autumn convocation but in celebration of a day ~~so~~ freshly and fondly remembered, - Founder's Day. This day is the anniversary of the birth of James McGill the Glasgow merchant and fur trader to whose generosity and vision our University owes its origin. But while technically we celebrate more particularly the birth day of our founder, we think tonight <sup>with</sup> reverence and gratitude of all those unselfish men and women ~~to~~ who helped in days past to make our University. Founder's day therefore is in proud ~~and~~ and grateful remembrance of our benefactors. I may perhaps be pardoned by this audience if my remarks are intended primarily for the students who are here for the first time and to whom the history and the ideals of our University are practically unknown.

It would be easy and pleasant to devote the whole of my brief time tonight to a recital of our University's early struggles, to its temporary defeats, its <sup>early</sup> poverty, its fear ~~to~~ bordering at times on ~~to~~ despair, its firmness of purpose, ~~and~~ its unwavering faith, and its final triumph and success. Its story is the story of great and noble individuals who believed that Canada in her British infancy needed

education, and was determined to give educational opportunities to their young country, often at great sacrifice to themselves. But I shall not take time to enter into these details. Let me rather say to the new students a few simple truths about <sup>their</sup> ~~your~~ university's ideals and their duty to her demands and hopes.

It is ~~more than~~ a century and a quarter since James Mc. Gill realized the necessity of <sup>founding in</sup> ~~founding~~ Canada a great University. The peculiar circumstances of that troubled time prompted his generous and keen-visioned action, - circumstances which included wide spread depression, national disruption, sectional jealousies, and even a fear for the continuance of national life. ~~But~~ In search of a ~~way~~ cure for national ills, for petty disagreements, for the darkness that follows ignorance, James Mc. Gill turned his thoughts to a possible University. For to him, as to Newman, a University meant a place in which the intellect may safely range and speculate, sure to find its equal in some antagonist activity, and its judge in the Tribunal of truth; a place where inquiry is pushed forward and discoveries verified and perfected, and rashness rendered innocuous, and error exposed, by the collision of mind with mind and knowledge with knowledge; a place where the professor becomes eloquent,

and is a missionary and a preacher, displaying his science in its most complete and most winning form, pouring it forth with the zeal of enthusiasm and lighting up his own love of it in the breasts of his hearers; a place which wins the admiration of the young by its celebrity, kindles the affections of the middle-aged by its beauty, and rivets the fidelity of the old by its associations. It is a seat of wisdom, a light of the world, a minister of the facts, ~~an~~ an Alma Mater of the rising generation.

James McMill believed that the greatest task of a University is to ~~train out and send out~~ ~~from its halls~~ to make young men and young women better citizens, - better members of society. Our fathers realized with him that freedom must be intelligent. For this avowed reason they established <sup>early</sup> in our country public school systems which have been constantly enlarged and improved until the present day. Some of our pioneer ancestors believed that knowledge was the one thing needful in our country in 1800, and that unselfishness would follow in due time as a matter of course; others thought that if knowledge could be provided by the schools and colleges, the Christian Church would secure the needed unselfishness in its use. ~~The~~ Such were the hopes of James McMill in Quebec, of Marc Bullock in the Maritimes

Principles, of Dr. Strachan in Ontario, and  
of our own Sir William Dawson seventy years  
ago.

In Canada Today we are in danger of  
forgetting these hopes. The course of study in  
our schools and colleges has been widened  
each year decade, but it has not been accompanied  
by an increase in political wisdom. Perhaps  
two-thirds of the things that are taught in our  
schools and colleges have little effect in making  
boys and girls better citizens. But in spite of  
this our pioneer educators were fundamentally  
right. Education is needed in our <sup>country</sup> state, probably  
more needed today than ever before. And it  
is our problem in the University - a political  
and a spiritual problem - to find out what  
are the essentials of education necessary to  
make good citizens out of our students, and  
to set ourselves to the work of mastering  
these essentials.

We hear much today about the University as  
a means medium for the spread of culture. Now  
culture in itself is a good valuable thing and the  
more we can have of it in our country the better.  
But it is not all. The history of the past, -  
particularly of Italy, shows us that men can  
devote themselves so exclusively to the pursuit of  
culture that they become bad citizens and bad  
members of society. We hear much likewise about  
about professional efficiency. True culture,  
professional efficiency is a valuable thing,

and it is the part of wisdom to lay the foundation for it as early as we can in life. But it is not the sole end of education. The example of Germany ten or eleven years ago shows us that a nation can develop professional efficiency to a very high plane and yet lose or miss entirely the habits and powers of mind and heart which are essential to political freedom and justice. The <sup>vital</sup> essential things in education that make a people great and that qualify a student to be a leader among free men are vision and judgment. They are perhaps not things that can <sup>always</sup> be taught by a college professor except in a limited degree, but they are things which in large measure can be learned by college students if they will set themselves industriously to work.

Vision means seeing things as they really are, - a somewhat rare quality. One of our greatest weaknesses in Canada today is prejudice. We are blinded too often by prejudice. We see what we want to see, - because of laziness or timidity or selfishness. We select the newspaper whose policy pleases us, the speaker whose ideas agree with our own ideas. Our students are seldom taught to find out things for themselves. ~~We~~ They prove the truth of Mr. Dooley's homely proverb, - "You can lead a youth up to the university but you cannot make him think." But the habit of getting at things for ourselves is a habit we can



acquire here in college at the price of constant hard work, not mixed with discouragement and sometimes failures.

If we are to be true to the ideals of our founder we must remember that the University ~~is~~ is a ~~place~~ training ground neither for hard utility nor for ornament, neither for the solely aesthetical nor the solely practical. It must combine the two, and it must not develop one at the expense of the other. We must not forget the average boy who will become the average good citizen. Only a limited number of the young men here can go on to the higher learning in their professions, but all will be useful Canadians. And at the same time we must remember that there is no socialism or communism in educational achievement ~~or~~ and intellectual ~~or~~ acquirements; for these things depend on industry and effort. We need above all, to cultivate in our universities a large and liberal view of life, - a salutary lesson greatly needed in our day. We must place education above the mere mathematics of life, and incorporate into all our academic ~~and~~ endeavours that broader culture and nobler vision which made the men who have sustained this country in peace <sup>and</sup> in war.

I would urge upon the young men who are <sup>now</sup> ~~beginning~~ beginning their college course to think well of the reasons for their coming here. Many

distractions and temptations will sweep down upon them. They may be submerged by a multitude of activities other than the academic. The side-rooms with their noisy shows may prove more attractive than the main hall. I would urge them to keep their sense of proportion. The College man should be the representative of thought among men. His duty to society is to introduce thought and the sense of justice into human affairs. He should learn here to have no traffic with the merely expedient; his part will be to pursue and to guard well the eternal law of justice. If that is true of the college man in general, how peculiarly true is it of the Canadian student! In a democracy which decides questions involving the national welfare by a majority of votes, whoever refuses to lift up his voice is a traitor to his cause, whatever that cause may be. It is useless to contrast ourselves with vague declamations about abuses in general. It is the fashion to decry our country. In such an hour, the Canadian student has duties to his home land, duties to every crisis. The times are often grave and demand thoughtful speech. To the youth of our colleges the future of our country is entrusted. What names lie in our country's story? What names does every honest man revere? The names of those who gave their youth and strength to the cause that demanded service.

The student must now learn that he has other duties than the merely intellectual. He is not to prepare to be a monastic scholar. He has duties to every crisis in the national affairs of his country. He must realize that the end of society is the improvement of society and the development of the race, - that liberty and enlightenment are the conditions of human progress. He must now equip himself to attack the forts of folly in his home land - idolatry and luxury and pride, licentiousness, and disease, poverty and sorrow, the brute force that supplants moral principle, the vanity that is misnamed honour, the swagger that masquerades as chivalry, and the lazy indifference that is called gallantry. He must learn here that the mass of men are never better than their institutions, that moral self-respect is the first condition of national life, ~~and~~ that labour is the first condition of national prosperity, - and that thought is life.

We are living here in New Hill in a place which for a century has had ideals and traditions of its own. It is a place where men have tried for a hundred years to pursue scientific truth rather than commercial gain; to use the lessons of history with their endless repetition, in judging the political events of daily life; to know the basic ideals of literature to lift us above the ordinary prose of daily ~~life~~ work. Here is exemplified

Carlyle's <sup>translated</sup> ~~reading~~ of the call, "Well is our treasure  
now laid up, the fair image of the past. Here  
rests in marble, undecaying; in your hearts  
also it lives, it works. Hurl, hurl back into  
life! Take along with you this holy earnestness,  
In earnestness alone makes life eternity."  
The student who lays his mind open to these  
influences in the class room and out of it will  
learn to know the truth which has made men  
free. To him and to men who are trained as he  
is trained the nation must look for aid in  
solving its hardest problems.

~~A conclusion~~, you <sup>young men</sup> are surrounded here  
by the spirits of our University's glorious past.  
~~In many capacity where service marks~~  
Arnold used to speak of those "last enchant-  
ments of the Middle Ages" which he had shed  
around him. And Roosevelt used to speak of  
the companionship of the giant figures of  
the past in his freshman days at Harvard. We  
too have our great spirits, ~~dead~~ <sup>and</sup> figures, dead  
but still speaking to us and moulding our  
University. "Happy is the man who in the  
susceptible season of youth hears voices." The  
voices of our University's past were sometimes  
sorely strained and weary but they were ever  
kind and sound. ~~There is~~ In the old myths  
which are the possession of all nations there is  
a beautiful fable that in great emergencies  
the illustrious chiefs of the past return  
again to earth to <sup>succour</sup> ~~rescue~~ their descendants <sup>in distress</sup>.

95  
114  
11

This is not altogether a myth. To all of us who  
 love freedom and truth and who hate "ignorance"  
 there come to us in the hour of trial the  
 old heroic souls with their power of inspiration.  
 Our Founders come back to us tonight, - those  
 devoted citizens who before the grand and  
 impartial Tribunal of History appear as men  
 who saw a solemn duty laid upon them by  
 their time and place and country. And since  
 their day McGill what they made has done  
 much for Canada. In any capacity where service  
 was honourable and useful McGill men  
 have rendered it freely. In the departments of  
 science they have been conspicuous. They have  
 given the skill of the engineer on which their  
 country sometimes depended. In surgery they  
 have alleviated the woes of thousands. In the  
 solemn Temples for the ministration of religion  
 they have been no less devoted. In the courts of  
 justice they have clung to truth. In the busy  
 marts of commerce they have been unselfish  
 and fair. And in the class rooms of school  
 and college they have tried to banish ignorance  
 with the torch of knowledge. They have all  
 applied the principles of education to new  
 circumstances and they have built a  
 superstructure of influence on the educational  
 foundation laid here, McGill ~~land~~ of which  
 our Founders dreamed has been the mother  
 of unselfish men and women. ~~And~~ And you  
 young men ~~to~~ who come after them, you

too are called to great duties. To each epoch and  
 to each people its task and its toil and its  
 need of glory! You are not too young to be immune.  
 Work must be done by hard strokes. We need  
 a rising enthusiasm in Canada. We must not  
 stand in the fog, motionless. Remember what  
 Mr. Hill has meant to your country, and be  
 not unmindful of your heritage. In peace ~~and~~  
 your Bolger has added to your country's renown,  
 in war her sons have crowded the way to death.  
<sup>Seldom has a</sup>  
~~A~~ man wearing her colours, and bearing her  
 name brought shame upon her. You would like  
 perhaps to linger in the seclusion of study. But  
 the world will call you in due time. ~~I~~ I would  
 remind you ~~in~~ in conclusion that to your  
 brothers came the call of Liege and Namur  
 eleven years ago tonight. They were young men  
 like you, in love with life and beauty, fond of  
 leisure and of peace. But the war drums  
 thrilled in ~~the~~ these streets, calling to  
 them to forsake these halls, and the walks  
 under the oaks and the maples, and to move  
 off to war. Molson after whom your  
 playing field and your stadium are <sup>named</sup> called  
 heard ~~the~~ the call ~~in~~ at his desk and he  
 turned to go without waiting. and <sup>Malroy and</sup> <sup>in whose pleasant memory</sup> <sup>named</sup> <sup>of</sup> <sup>your</sup> <sup>Scholarships</sup>  
 Le Roy <sup>and</sup> <sup>Mc</sup> <sup>Caull</sup> and Snyder, <sup>after</sup> <sup>you</sup> <sup>heard</sup> <sup>it</sup>, and ~~was~~ a host  
<sup>and</sup> <sup>Hoare</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>Rourke</sup>  
 of others heard and heeded, and returned to us  
 no more. Not less lovely <sup>in that time</sup> <sup>then</sup> was this  
 campus, not less pleasant was the afternoon

air. Life was just as dear and beautiful <sup>to</sup>  
 them as to you. I have just returned from  
 the places where they <sup>fell and where they lie</sup> lie -  
 those young McMill <sup>men</sup> ~~boys~~, under the green  
 sod of France. But they cannot die. They are  
 among the founders of our great traditions.  
 And because your father and brother  
 fought for freedom, are you to escape because  
 you were born too late? No. In every great  
 crisis in Canada is an Ypres, a Vimy,  
 a ~~Roscha~~ Passchendaele, - and while  
 McMill remains true to her founder's  
 dreams, there will always be young men  
 to die for a principle even if they cannot  
 always conquer. A great battle for your country  
 lies before you, - the battle against ignorance  
 and prejudice and wrong. You are privileged to prepare  
 yourself here for its hardships and its joy  
 of struggle. The voices of our founders and of  
 the men who bled submission you to the  
 colonies, <sup>for truth,</sup> in as a result of ignorance and  
 injustice men are bleeding still. Be  
 true in all your endeavours to the  
 ideals of our glorious past and you too  
 will add to the lustre of McMill and to  
 her splendid service ~~to the~~ for Canada  
 and the world.

mother name was Margaret - a good Scotch name - and I  
 am sure that as the mother makes us most, <sup>she</sup> inherited  
 from her <sup>much of</sup> his imagination and his vision. It is a strange fact  
 about these ~~peoples~~ - they are hard fisted men, battling  
 necessity in a hard fisted world, but they ~~bring~~ <sup>bring</sup> ~~me up~~  
 also dreaming myths. They kept the vision <sup>home of Irish</sup>  
 lakes and Scottish glens & French gardens.

I am not going to follow young Dalton's career & that  
 wonderful ~~how~~ <sup>where</sup> he saw the possibility of fur <sup>producing</sup>  
 from animals in captivity. Back again it is said, is a dream that  
 is dying or one that is coming to birth. The age of the fur  
 trading companies, dependant on trappers for their output, was  
 slowly but surely dying. The new age needed a pioneer, and  
 the pioneer was found in the little village of Iqrooq. Endowed  
 with those pioneer qualities which blazed new trails through  
 our wilderness and sailed new and uncharted seas, ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup>  
 an age when industry was measured by manufactured  
 products and its size was computed by the number of its  
 machines, he saw the possibilities of nature to produce  
 wealth under adequate care and with the guidance of  
 courage and persistence and optimism and common sense.  
 He created something out of nothing. In older times there  
 were men of program memory who made the wilderness  
 blossom; there was a wanderer whose touch the rose tree  
 lost its thorn. Here is another modern miracle, - a  
 magician who made the forest produce gold in the form  
 of fur. The romance of the fur trade is an eternal  
 romance. But this romance does not require canoes and  
 camp fires, - the romance of the fur industry is as glorious



and marvels in any woman ever lived or penned.  
 I am sure that the Dalton's years of discouragement I am  
 not going to speak. I am sure that there are days and nights  
 the incidents of which we have <sup>never</sup> ~~not~~ revealed, - days and  
 nights of disappointments, and of manly despair, when  
 the mysterious forces of nature seemed all against him, -  
 when his luck or the saying is no law. There was doubtless  
 ridicule, and the head shaking of the world and the  
 skeptical <sup>girls & slurs</sup>, and there were those who took for shots at  
 him from behind every tree. But he still persisted -  
 he would not be quit, - and although the tears might  
 be on his cheek, the merry <sup>trickle</sup>, I am sure, was still  
 in his eye, and the kindly smile was on his lips. His  
 failures formed the high way of growth. The Bible  
 cites Faith, Hope and Charity as the three all desirable  
 virtues. Many a sermon has been preached on Faith &  
 Charity. But Hope is the grandest attribute in human  
 nature, - and while Dalton had faith, he had Hope in  
 abundance and that Hope was not betrayed.

~~But~~ There have been times when a man with  
 a dream has conquered a woman. And so this man with  
 a dream, ridiculed, discouraged, baffled, stepped to  
 the tradition of hard work. became the master builder  
 of the mighty industry alone which you have heard of.  
 He turned <sup>himself</sup> being like a living glass on one spot  
 and set that spot of glass.

Meaning of industry - Comfort - Danger of wealth  
students - Happiness - Easy form - Alternation  
Recall why -

Industry today - solutions in our eyes -  
Unstated individualism - Superior standard  
Cooperation to protect - Strength of organization -  
Critics - Fiddle - Easy to entrap - No system  
purpose -

Benefactors - ① Industry - ② Church - ③ State -  
④ Educator.

Young - Recall why - young - Teachers - County districts  
why?

So tonight turn to you - gratitude for achievements.  
Remember that will not know your advice -  
yet you give to our present. Pass & tradition  
little by little she has given in greatness, drawing  
strength & comfort and happiness from the human  
lives that made her - lives that are preserved  
in memory & remembrance. Pass and  
the legend. Being the history of the nation  
industry - *Recall* - "man just a part -"  
Recall these days - glorious days - by small but the  
Heart full of hope & romance. Present - many  
agreements - to yourself -  
Mantle - push - trust - trust - trust

Random - op.

~~Crystallized into reality~~

Cut a path & immediately -

dreams in which you find fate - <sup>no reality</sup> body would keep.

facilitate their work. "The public health," said Disraeli, years ago, "the public health is the foundation on which rests the happiness of the people and the power of a country. The care of the public health is the first duty of a statesman." That statement of Disraeli needs to be re-echoed in our day in city, in province and in dominion. The man showed the appalling manner of the physically unfit because of lack of interest in the public health, not through the fault of the men of medicine, but through the ~~fault~~ indifference of the state.

Much has been accomplished in the realm of medicine. But much still remains to be done. The man during the war we heard frequently of the destructive forces which were made use of on sea and land and in the air. We were told of the power of the man behind the gun to destroy human life. But in days of peace we are not always told, as we should be told, that proportionately the power to save human life is being used to greater advantage and with greater success than ever ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> power to slay on the field of battle. We are not told, as we should be told, that the man behind the microscope is even more powerful in prolonging human life than ever the man behind the gun to cut it short, and that the conquering forces are slowly gaining ground. The miracles of chemistry, electricity and magnetism have helped the wonders of medicine in recent years; we are perhaps on the threshold of more astounding discoveries, for we

know that there are forces busy about us which the  
 highest highest experts do not wholly understand.  
 Such gatherings as these will hasten their use.

But today in your search for truth you have still  
 unfortunately many obstacles & sorrows. We live in an  
 age of fantastic religions, impossible social theories, and  
 the wildest dreams of reform. It is natural that  
 such an age should have its problems for the medical  
 profession. In the days of incantations and magic,  
 of nostrums and quacks, have not yet passed away  
 and will probably not pass away until this century  
 of ours is finally folded. Every man has his private and  
 his superstition. A soft streak of infantile credulity  
 runs in the minds of a vast number of men and  
 women. I have known even graduates of a college who  
 specialized in science to be dazzled by <sup>newspaper</sup> advertisements  
 of sure cures for disease. People are attracted by a  
 new medical nick name or by a new pill, by word to  
 whose magic power a relig is instantly <sup>promised</sup> ~~supposed~~ <sup>to be</sup>  
 brought <sup>for</sup> all <sup>ailments</sup> ~~ills~~ - for which however, if the magic  
 is persisted in and the doctor ignored, the final  
 relig is death. Never have so-called medicines been  
 so many; ~~and~~ and of the multitude only a few mean  
 anything. Never have we been in such need for real  
 guides to lead us through the maze of medicines  
 and the delirium of false doctors and quacks. <sup>Part of</sup> <sup>your</sup>  
 fight is against quackery, which can never live in an  
 atmosphere of research. It is true that it is not as long  
 now as in the days of our boyhood to sell carbolic acid  
 and water as a sure cure for cramps, but mass and  
 subtle matters of fraud have taken the place of

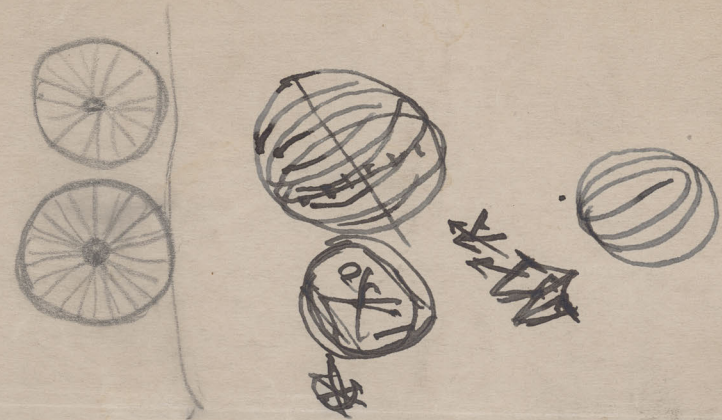
the earlier and under form. ~~Yours~~ <sup>withness</sup> In these ~~forms~~  
 as old as history and warning against them  
 are of little avail. You will remember that in 1608  
 Dr. Snyblon issued a "Caveat" to Sick Folks, to Take  
 heed of Unlearned Physicians and Unskilful  
 Surgeons." His advice was scarcely needed; and  
 even this hundred years later, we sometimes  
 fail to listen to similar warnings, to realize that  
 medicine has exact technical bases. But day by  
 day against quackery and against disease associations  
 such as yours are rearing the battle, always with  
 more ~~more~~ <sup>more</sup> glorious results. Some are deadly enemies  
 have been reduced to the vanishing point; others  
 are under control or have been appreciably diminished.  
 These benefits have not been acquired for nothing;  
 they have resulted from unceasing toil, and  
~~interrupted~~ <sup>uninterrupted</sup> quiet endeavours with no  
 lack of symbols or sound of trumpets, by men of  
 earnest devotion to their profession who valued but  
 little reward but the conscientiousness of service.  
 Such men as Sturtevant said are "the flower of our  
 civilization; and when that stage of man is done with  
 and only remembered to be mentioned in history, they  
 will be thought to have shared as little as any in  
 the delights of the period and mostly <sup>of these</sup> exhibited  
 the virtues of the race. <sup>They have</sup> ~~known~~ <sup>known</sup> such as is  
 possible to those who practice an art, men & those who  
 drive a trade; direction, tested by a hundred setbacks;  
 trials, tried in a thousand embarrassments; and  
 when are more important, Herculean cheerfulness

and courage. So it is that <sup>they</sup> ~~the~~ bring air and cheer into  
the sick room, and often enough, though not so often  
as ~~the~~ <sup>they</sup> ~~would~~ <sup>might</sup> bring healing."

In conclusion I know that  
I sincerely trust your conferences and discussions  
will ~~confer~~ result in ~~strengthening~~ greater values. Immense  
problems and puzzles of disease still press for solution.  
But gatherings such as these produce results that  
will bring <sup>in the end</sup> ~~to~~ the <sup>happiest & richest</sup> homes of our country happiness  
and comfort beyond <sup>on</sup> estimate. In <sup>in</sup> the <sup>of our land</sup> homes, the  
physician ~~must~~ ~~is~~ is the constant guide  
to peace. It is he alone of all professions, who is  
present at birth, and <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>also who is</sup> present at death.  
~~He alone~~ ~~is~~ <sup>he</sup>

*[Faint, illegible handwriting, likely bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]*

P. 4697J  
7.30  
hourly



10.30

7



F 10.36

\* 10.30

10.30  
127, 101

112  
117



when he comes along, men turn a deaf ear. But the layman who is known to be thoroughly honest, with his unconventional manner and informal testimony, is sure of a respectful hearing. The great need always is for earnest laymen like St. Andrew who by direct appeal and personal effort and above all trustworthy character will lead other souls into the joy and peace and truth which religion has brought to them.

Here there<sup>n</sup> is a type of religious service that is not impossible for the humblest soul. St. Andrew was a man just like the average layman today. He was one of yourselves. He was not a **S**aint then. He was a plain man with a plain message, and he went right to the people he knew best and without affectation or apology, in a few straight-forward unconventional words that had the ring of genuineness, he told them what he had himself learned. He did not know much about theology, and he did not pretend to teach his brother. He simply asked him to come and see what he had seen, to learn from the Great Teacher what had been revealed to his own soul. Such humble service is not beyond the most obscure life among us.

Yet how effective was that service! It seemed a little thing for Andrew to bring his own brother Simon to Christ. There was no show or noise or excitement about such evangelistic effort; but in a few years that brother Simon was preaching to thousands of anxious listeners the story of the Life and Death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ, and that same brother Simon is claimed to have been the founder of Roman Christianity. And not only the Romans but the Greeks/<sup>too</sup> can trace the occasion of their entrance upon Christianity to the same obscure St. Andrew: for when the Greeks came up to the feast with the prayer "we would see Jesus," it was Andrew who went and told Jesus that a new nation was knocking at the door of the Kingdom. In the wide diffusion of Christianity throughout the world, therefore, a place of honour must be given to the quiet tactful unconventional ministry of that humble disciple. In doing the bit of missionary work that lay right at hand, in going without display or affectation to his own brother and making the simple direct announcement of his discovery

did an easy thing; but he began a work that has gone on ever since with ever-increasing effectiveness and power, and the story of his fraternal service is written for our comfort and inspiration.

" First seek thy Saviour out, and dwell  
Beneath the shadow of his roof;  
Till thou have scanned his features well,  
And know him for the Christ by proof.

Then potent with the spell of heaven,  
Go, and thine erring brother gain.  
Entice him home to be forgiven  
Till he too see his Saviour plain."

On such an occasion as this, we are apt to dwell, and rightly so, in the glorious traditions of our race and on the elements in the Scottish character that contribute strength and stability to the commonwe<sup>alth</sup>~~alth~~. But let us not forget that Scotland should never have been what she is, had it not been for her laymen of the same type as St. Andrew. The men who won freedom of conscience for Scotland were not the professional preachers alone or chiefly, but the strong uncompromising laymen, men of the home-spun

BURNS - WINNIPEG - JAN. 25, '37

You have done me tonight a two-fold honour - first the honour of meeting with you and partaking of your generous hospitality, and second the honour of speaking to you a second time at your annual gathering. On this very date a few years ago I was privileged to be with you and to speak to you. I have lasting memories of your kindness to me at that time. Some of our warmest friends who were present on that occasion are absent tonight. In the years between,

"Some we loved, the loveliest and the best  
That from ~~the~~ his Vintage rolling Time has  
prest,  
Have drunk their cup a Round or two be-  
fore,  
And one by one crept silently to rest."

Burns himself said that Scottish gatherings such as ours always had the abundant joys of fellowship but they inevitably had their vacant chairs. He was fond of quoting Locke's line "I know you loved me living, and will keep me in memory when I am dead." We miss tonight our vanished friends, but I am sure that, as always, we bear them in our hearts.

The invitation to come back to speak to a gathering of any kind may <sup>have</sup> other than a complimentary significance. ( — )

*The birth day or*

This is the anniversary of the birthnight of Robert Burns, a day when all English-speaking men and women in whatever clime, assemble to pay tribute to his memory and his ideals. For while he belongs primarily to Scotchmen he is of the whole English speaking people, a real citizen of the Empire. Over one hundred and forty years have passed since his death; those years have proved his triumph over Time and have placed him among the Immortals of our race. It would be as futile as it would be unwise to try to add anything new to the story of his struggle, especially to a gathering like this. As Emerson <sup>once</sup> stated, "Heaven and earth have taken too good care of him to leave me anything new to say." His life was always an open book, for all to read; ~~and~~ the recent researches of scholars, the publication of his letters, have added to our knowledge, and from that knowledge I believe that if he could speak to us tonight ~~he would prefer that~~ on this 178th anniversary of his birth he would wish us to draw from his ideals some lessons of faith and hope for our country.

We are standing tonight, it may be, close to the ruins of a world we did not all help to shatter, a world of uncertainty, of doubt, even of fear. We are confronted with countless problems, local, national and international, all of them man-made and none of them so great as to be incapable of solution if we have the leadership of disinterested minds and personalities. In

meeting these problems with our arrogant pride in modern intelligence we too often forget that the attitude, thoughts and phrases of great minds of the past are still worthy of our attention. Indeed, if we had listened more intently and respectfully to the golden voices of prophetic leaders coming to us across the years we might not be in such a distressed world tonight. (It is hard to think of any former time when the contempt for the past was as complete as it is now. That is both unfortunate and disastrous.) I know that it is the tragedy or the glory of dead authors to be quoted throughout succeeding centuries in support of every form of propaganda that any fanatic may put forward. And it often happens that the author's statements are distorted to suit the particular contention or idea of the advocate. But we cannot distort Burns. His ideas are plain, and they are distinctly applicable to our own day. "What my private sentiments are," he said, "you will find out without an interpreter."

The world of Burns was much like our own world, - indeed it was a darker, more confused world than ours. One hundred and fifty years ago tonight Burns celebrated his burthday anniversary in Edinburgh. The Kilmarnock edition of his poems had appeared the previous summer and had met with a success which changed his plan of emigrating to Jamaica, to where his passage had actually been booked, and his few personal belongings were on the way.

2 1/2

numerous patches of iron  
in grey. Rough brown  
fossils - stony, possibly, fine  
textures, as well.  
of lumps - Surveys of position

note:-

Rolling iron - Bond - no soil  
any further is

Pyrite lot of iron  
dunes

Passion of Red Rose - Bonnie Mc  
Henry - One Ford Kiss - May mention  
shy roughness of Barley tops -

Little Hummer of D. type - young  
patches of Pale, Pale now there Ring  
tops - Better lookiness of may in  
Heaven - Another Darling patches  
cup of S. S. Ma Hae - "Q R

is on and area Millie - Soldier  
says in Baffers - another part  
bit of Britain

R. I. S. says Buns should have

In the preceding spring he had been in despair. "I have tried often to forget her," he wrote to David Bryce of his beloved Jean with whom, as it happened, he had been compelled to break all association. "I have run into all kinds of dissipation and riot, club meetings, drinking matches and other mischief to drive her out of my head, but all in vain; and now for a grand cure; the ship is on her way home that is to take me to Jamaica; and then farewell, dear old Scotland and farewell, dear ungrateful Jean. Tomorrow my poems go to the press. It is just the last foolish action I intend to do, and then turn wise man as fast as possible." But what he thought an act of folly proved to be an act of wisdom. He awoke one morning to fame. The winter of '86-'87, a century and a half ago, he spent in Edinburgh, which like all Scotland, was not a city, not a geographical entity, but a state of mind. From that winter dates his great influence, - an influence destined to be eternal.

There is an almost uncanny parallel between those distant days and ours. His time, like ours, was murmurous with discontent at home and abroad. In Scotland the masses of the people were demanding both economic security and political liberty, - the chance to earn a livelihood and to find a happier way of life. There were protests against injustices, such as imprisonment without trial, restriction on emigration within the Empire, bank failures, excessive taxation,



unequal franchise and representation, lack of work for the industrious, no markets and low prices for farm products, government interference in business and private enterprises, general restriction of personal liberty in the best sense. Class was against class, and creed against creed. Abroad, the Empire had become disrupted. <sup>Some</sup> Certain British Colonies in North America had severed the political link that bound them to the mother-land. (The Constitutional Convention of these former colonies was called into session in 1787 and the inauguration of the first President was soon to be held. The new organization <sup>and adjustment</sup> of Empire was in the mists of bewilderment, - a seemingly impossible puzzle which baffled the statesmen of the hour.) And across the channel the seeds of red revolt were being sown in France, to yield a gruesome harvest two years later. (Conditions)

It was but natural that amidst the confusion of that time there was, as in our day, much shrieking and blasting of ear-drums with alleged cures for the diseases of the world. There were many ~~elixir-bearing~~ quacks with diverse remedies which would make all things new, - share the wealth - <sup>divinely</sup> division of property. But fortunately there were <sup>divinely</sup> endowed men like Burns who believed in the enduring value of ancient tradition and who were convinced that the cure for the world's ills, whether economic or social or political, was to be found in the sound common sense of the common man and in the application of certain proved

Revolutionary Socialism - Not for  
 money - always with - anything &  
 anything - more - eyes - same -  
 kindness & more. Industry, Business  
 as the wheel - machinery, tools, work  
 days - still should be same.

Right hands of labor and your  
 shoulder with coal sun. As with  
 as lip - Dances & pig outwards lip  
 Supremacy of human heart.

Patronism - security - well being &  
 happiness - not necessity of brother  
 detained -

Ranch - borders - Lord Dues.

Element:

Ranch & wealth empty compared  
 with dignity of mankind.

Honed hearts in callous & art.  
 eye. Lord Dues & freedom

Institutions more of property

and eternal principles. There has never been a time in the history of our country when Burns's principles and ideas were as necessary as they are today.

Burns was first and foremost a lover of his own country,- an unselfish patriot in the best and highest sense. (Perhaps this quality is more characteristic of the Scotchman than of men of other lands,- the strong but silent love of the native heath. Scotland's past and present were <sup>always</sup> in Burns's heart. As a boy he read the story of *William* Wallace, and he said "that story poured a Scottish prejudice in my veins which will boil along there till the flood gates of life are shut in eternal sleep.") This affection for his country he said was expressed by the Shorter Catechism definition of Infinitude,- "without bounds or limits." Early in life he dedicated his talents to her service: *In the hand,*

"E'en then, a wish, I mind its pow'r,  
 A wish that to my latest hour  
 Shall strongly heave my breast,  
 That I for dear old Scotland's sale  
 Some useful plan or book could make  
 Or sing a song at least,  
 No nation, no station, my ene~~my~~ e'er could  
 raise;  
 A Scot still, but blot still, I knew no  
 higher praise."

Pyrethrum threatened to engulf his memory  
 things of mind flesh & bone  
 no part equal him in variety  
 feeling a refined with faint  
 expression - Aesthetism -  
 musician - strange air - Post  
 inter

Perpetual sob of "When I was in my dream"

Passion of red one -

tenderness of the study

Rope - Barley

subtle human -

yearning pathos of Paul -

Bitter loneliness of Bonnie Dore or  
 many in them.

Daring fullness cry of Scott.

Reckless courage of July Puffer.

No pleasure of life untroubled -

Sigh for land of hearts & rains -

He believed that in his day the conception of patriotism required readjusting. Politics, he feared, tended to become not a patriotic function for the state,- but a selfish function for self or group. With two groups of youth or age he had no patience,- those who loved all other countries better than their own or who always praised other lands to the disparagement of their own, <sup>and</sup> ~~or~~ those who were always declaring that the ills of their own land could be cured by the application of foreign remedies. And these groups are not unfamiliar in Canada today after 150 years. The so-called foreign "ism" of his world had no appeal to him. For he was progressive, but not destructive. To the day of his death his thoughts and hopes were for his country.

"And for my friends' and brethren's sakes,  
 And for my dear-lov'd Land O' Cakes,  
 I pray with holy fire:  
 Lord, send a rough-shod troop of Hell  
 O'er all who'd Scotland buy or sell  
 To grind them in the mire."

He believed that as a race we need follow the lead or the experiments of none in our forward march to better things and that we have within ourselves the capacity to solve our own problems. And as an example he was fond of pointing out that the revolt of the North American colonies was a British revolt and that the experiment would in the end save the Empire by leading to our present Dominion autonomy within the Empire.

"O let us not like snarling curs,  
 In wrangling be divided  
 Till, slap, comes in some unco loon,  
 And with a sword decides it;  
 Be Britons still to Britain true,  
 Among ourselves united;  
 For ~~was~~ but by British hands  
 Must British wrongs be righted.

The kettle of the kirk and state,  
 Perhaps a rag may fall in't;  
 But deil a foreign tinker loon  
 Shall ever drive a nail in't;  
 Our fathers' blood the kettle bought,  
 And who would dare to spoil it,  
 By heaven, the sacriligious dog  
 Shall fuel be to boil it.

The wretch that would a tyrant own,  
 And the wretch, his ~~same~~<sup>true</sup>-born brother,  
 Who would set the mob above the Throne,  
 May they be damned together;  
 Who will not sing "God Save the King,"  
 Shall hang as high as the steeple;  
 And while we sing "God Save the King,"  
 We'll n'er forget the people."

"To the British Constitution," he declared,  
 to the British Constitution as founded on  
 the principles of 1649, next after my God  
 I am most devoutly attached." And again,  
 "As to reform principles, I look upon the  
 British Constitution as settled at the  
 Revolution of 1649 for the supremacy of  
 Parliament, to be the most glorious Constit-  
 ution on earth or that the wit of man can  
 frame; at the same time, I think that we  
 have a good deal deviated from the original  
 principles of that Constitution; particular'

that an alarming system of Corruption has pervaded the connection between the Executive Power and the House of Commons."

.... "The uninformed mob may swell a nation's bulk, and the tinsel courtly throng may be its feathered ornament; but the number of those who are elevated enough in life to reason and reflect, and yet low enough to keep clear of the venal contagion of corruption,- these are a nation's strength."

But there was in Burns no incompatibility between love for his native land and friendliness for other lands and appreciation of their good qualities. He never penned a jingoistic line or a line of hate. Herein lies the truer and higher nationalism, and the truer and higher internationalism. He had no aggressive or aloof or rival spirit; he had national pride without vanity, a sense of national value without ~~ex~~clusiveness, national reverence with generous and tolerant catholicity. Amidst the wreckage of his world he had an unflinching vision of an ultimate harmonious world civilization: *with a universal psychology.*

"Then let us pray that come it may  
As come 't will for a' that,  
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,  
May bear the gree, and a' that.  
For a' that and a' that,  
It's coming yet, for a' that,  
That man to man the world o'er  
Shall brothers be for a' that."

Surely we need this type of patriotism today as never before. There are some who are so eager to love other lands that they have little time left to think about their own. To them always is the lure of far off hills, forgetful of the garden at their feet. Burns was not given to such oblivion.

This higher nationalism and internationalism of Burns was characterized by a love of sane peace. He hated war as he hated hell. Yet he believed that at times war might be necessary, and when an invasion of his country was threatened in 1794 he enrolled with the Dumfries volunteers. He did not see service, but two years later he was buried in the scarlet uniform of a British soldier. Burns knew that there were worse things than war, - the things that make war itself, - greed and injustice and cruelty and mob rule and arbitrary power. I believe that today Burns's attitude can teach us to view the problems <sup>of peace</sup> with calmness and clearness, for he stood between the militarist who clamours for war, and the pacifist who cries for peace at any price.

"The brave poor soldier n'er despise  
Nor count him as a stranger,  
Remember he's his country stay,  
In day and hour of danger."

When he was a child he read the life of Hannibal, and he <sup>recalled</sup> ~~said~~ later that ~~then~~ "he <sup>had</sup> strutted up and down behind an imaginary drum and bagpipe wishing himself tall enough to be a soldier."



At a gathering one night in celebration of General Rodney's victory, when he was asked to sing a song, he wrote a poem which expresses his ideas on the justification of war:

"Instead of a song, boys, I'll give you  
a toast;  
Here's to the memory of those we have  
lost,-  
That we lost, did I say? Nay, by Heaven,  
that we found;  
For their fame it will last while the  
world goes round;  
And next in succession I'll give you the  
King,  
Whoe'er would betray him, on high may he  
swing,  
And here's the grand fabric, the free  
Constitution  
As built on the base of our great  
Revolution,  
And longer with Politics not to be  
gramm'd,  
Be anarchy curs'd and be Tyranny damn'd,  
And who would to Liberty e'er prove  
disloyal,  
May his son be a hangman,-and himself his  
first trial!

And almost equally with international wars he deplored religious friction and discord. "I despise the superstitions of a fanatic," he said, "but I love the religion of a man."

"My creed," he said "is pretty nearly expressed in the last clause of Jamie Dean's grace, an honest weaver of Ayrshire, - 'Lord grant that we may lead a good life, for a good life makes a good end, - at least it helps wel.'" And again "Whoever mitigates the woes or increases the happiness of others, this is my criterion of goodness, and whatever injures society at large or any individual in it, this is my measure of iniquity." "I hate the very idea of controversial divinity, and I firmly believe that every upright man of whatever sect will be accepted by the Diety." He had no patience with hypocrisy.

"God knows I'm no the thing I should be  
 Nor am I even the thing I could be,  
 But twenty times I rather would be  
 An athiest clean,  
 Than under gospel colours hid be  
 Just for a screen."

And he was convinced that <sup>in the last analysis</sup> it is "the heart benevolent and kind that most resembles God."

Burns was a true believer in sane reform and he toiled for reform with all his mind and heart. But unlike the strident voices that call to us from rubicund park benches and pink Bohemian parlours, his voice was not unmindful of tradition and <sup>of</sup> ~~from~~ a past of struggle and achievement. Man, said Burns, is a product of his environment and of his historic past. He emphasized this to those well-intentioned youth who would make all things new in an hour. <sup>he pointed out</sup> Man is not a cut-flower, separated from the soil of the garden

where he grew. And in advocating reforms, the individual must be regarded in relation to that past which has shaped and conditioned him. To Burns as a boy the mists of lowland or highland were filled with valiant ghosts. The kirk where he learned his creed, the grim castle in the distance whose septs or dependants were his forebears, the snatches of ballads and Gaelic tunes echoing from the h eather hills, the track cut deep in the moor where moss-troopers in auld lang syne rode ~~down~~<sup>out</sup> from the glens, the broken grave-stones of his ancestors half-hidden in the old churchyard grass, <sup>all</sup> were expressions of a past of splendour and of courage which he would allow no foreign theory of government or life to destroy. They were sacred because they memorialized the effort of some one perhaps now forgotten who helped to make the nation. Men are expressions of their history, - a fact which our theorists too often forget. For these theorists Burns had scanty respect. He called them "the pickle-herrings in the puppet show of economic nonsense." And he was sometimes in his ridicule of them, severe on the schools and colleges for breeding them.

"A set of dull conceited hashes  
 Confuse their brains in college-classes,  
 They go in stinks and come out asses,  
 Plain truth to speak;  
 And syne they think to climb Parnassus  
 By dint of Greek."

Even the young women theorists did not escape his shafts. He quoted an old farmer friend who said about his daughter's modern ideas, "O those damned boarding-schools. She was a good ~~specimen~~<sup>specimen</sup> and sewer till I was advised by her foes and mine to give her a winter in Edinburgh. A girl's head is immaterial compared with her heart."

Nevertheless Burns had a high respect for true education. He knew that the dream of a happier human society is as old as Plato,— the dream of Utopia and the Golden Age, and in the effort to realize that dream, fantastic theories and half-baked opinions were not surprising. But he pleaded for fair and sane analysis.

And so in the making of a better world he placed his faith in the common man. Everyone, he said, has his god in a cleft stick; he has his puzzle of life and he must work it out for himself. "To whom," he asked "shall a sinking country call for help when the members of the House of Commons by the glimmer of their twilight undertakings, see no danger? To whom? To the independent country gentleman, to those who have too deep a stake in the country not to be in earnest for her welfare and who in the ~~moment~~<sup>moment</sup> of pride of man can view with equal contempt the insolence of office and the allurements of corruption."

And to the end he was an optimist. He never lost his faith. "I hate the language of complaint," he said. "Why should a living

man complain?" "What proves the hero truly great is never, never to despair." He believed in the inherent benevolence of man, and in the efficacy of friendship

Scotland has produced a proud army of illustrious men, bankers, merchants, scholars, preachers, soldiers, railway builders, statesmen,-- It remained for Burns to make vocal and prominent what has come to be known as Scotland's way of life,--her attitude to her own and to the world's problems. A Scot by birth and tradition, he became by choice and inclination a greater Briton, a true cosmopolite, a link of friendship. Never did ancient knight in armour more faithfully serve a country and a crown. Scotland and this continent, we are told, were once tied together by a bridge of rock, with Scotland as the bridge-head beyond the Hebrides. Over that bridge our ancestors went forth into the sunset, or to great adventure beyond the outer isles and wherever they went they established friendship and the reign of law. That mystic bridge tonight still stretches between the two shores, and the ocean that separates us is not so wide as the Channel which divides the British Isles from the Continent of Europe. We are told in beloved Sir Walter's pages how at Loch Leven there was at all hours someone ready to place a lamp in a darkened eye of the castle in response to a light across the Loch, a signal that friends were near,--a reminder which in her own words was more dear to Mary Stuart,--Scotia's alluring, dangerous, starry mistress,--than any light that twinkled in the blue light of heaven. That was the Scottish light of friendship and fidelity which our darkened world needs today, although it is a kinder world than the world Burns knew. Burns has helped to make it an inextinguishable light. If he could join us tonight from the Elysian fields he would condemn our misunderstandings, he would rejoice in our progress, and he would tell us to be of good cheer as we look into the future with his principles like stars to guide us. And so in our tribute of affection to his immortal memory, I give you a verse from his own last "farewell":

"A last request permit me here,  
When yearly you assemble a'  
One round, I ask it with a tear,  
To him, the Bard that's far awa'."



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You have done me a great honour tonight, the honour of meeting with you on St. Andrew's night, and for speaking at to this historic Society whose lip extends back nearly a century and three quarters, - the oldest of its kind in our land, - and of joining the long list of ~~men~~ those distinguished ~~with~~ so eminent and distinguished who have had this privilege. I would be lacking in humility as in gratitude if I did not ~~acknowledge~~ <sup>indeed</sup> ~~acknowledge~~ <sup>acknowledge</sup> who did not really appreciate such a distinction. But your typical hospitality, your kindness and your greeting makes me feel at home. Burns said on a somewhat similar occasion "when death's dark stream I ferry o'er, a time that surely shall come, in Heaven itself I'll ask no more than just a Highland welcome." And I ~~shall~~ <sup>shall</sup> ask no more than just a Halifax welcome. Your very welcome is symbolic of your city's heart. In this city where in all who were in the Canadian Corps a stream of reminiscence, to us it will always be enshrined in memory as a city of farewells, - yes the sadness of farewell with a last cry of good-bye from our country, and it will also be sacred as the city of our country's hand clasp and its welcome home.

But I am not here to ~~indulge~~ <sup>wander</sup> in the ~~mist~~ haze of reminiscence. I am here to linger a while in the mist of Scotland. I have been told that the difference between a Scot and a Scotch Scot is that the former can go twenty miles on a gallon while the latter can go all night on a half pint. <sup>One is compelled by law to use a measure - the other, by 54.</sup> <sup>As I haven't had the half pint I cannot ~~live up to that~~ <sup>depend on</sup> quality, you will be glad to know. I am a native of the last stronghold of prohibition in the Western Hemisphere - that stronghold where they are politically dry but personally wet. But I live in a land where <sup>the Scotchman that</sup> for the most part</sup>



But I assume you that if my vocal endurance were in keeping with your generous hospitality, there would be no time limit to my remarks.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



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They are personally dry, but when Mr. Jackson fears they are becoming <sup>in studies & long</sup> politically wet ~~and studies~~

Throughout the world ~~wherever~~ wherever Scotsmen are found, this night is a night of memories and sometimes indeed is a night of sights. It recalls childhood days it is true - but more important it ~~helps~~ recalls the ideals combined with the practical endeavor which gave Scotland and our ancestors their greatness. St Andrew symbolized in his career ~~these~~ these ideals and qualities. All that we know of him is found in fragmentary references to him in the gospels. His story is brief although his influence has been enduring. He belonged to Bethsaida in Galilee. His people were lowly, <sup>frugal</sup> simple folk, who for their livelihood fished in the lakes & streams, and tended their plots upon the hills or cultivated corn and olives on the plains. They had no vast possessions, no temple or priesthood. In their loneliness they were dispirited by the haughty austerity of southern Palestine. In their <sup>spiritual</sup> ~~frugal~~ simplicity they studied the prophecies of the Old Testament, and when the voice of the great preacher of the Jordan echoed to their northern home they at once gave a spiritual response to his spiritual appeal. Among those who came to listen was Andrew, the humble fisherman of Bethsaida. He attached himself to John the Baptist and was baptized. He was one of the first Christian missionaries and with St. John, one of the first Christian disciples. He followed Jesus back to Galilee, and returned to his work as a fisherman. Jesus called to him to leave his boats and his nets and to follow him and he obeyed. We see him again as one of the apostles, identified because of his self-effacement, as Simon Peter's brother. We meet him later on the Sea of Tiberias, talking with his practical common sense of the insufficiency of the hopfire loaves and two fishes to feed the crowd.



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throughout but  
we catch fleeting glimpses of him to his journey's end. Tradition says that he  
laboured in Scythia, Greece and Thracia and that he sealed his testimony  
to the truth with his blood, suffering crucifixion in Achaia on the form of  
cross form afterwards known as St. Andrew's cross, since the Union of Scotland  
and England in 1707 part of the Union Jack. He seems to have been a plain  
blunt man who loved his friends, quiet, not brilliant, of sound  
judgment, simple piety, and sincere devotion to duty and ideal.

It is perhaps but natural that such a man should live in  
history as the patron saint of Scotland. The lessons of his life are similar  
to those of Scotland, and what St. Andrew did for his generation Scotland  
has done for the world.

And what has Scotland contributed to our Canadian civilization?  
Scotland may have ceased to be a separate political unit but Scotland  
has never ceased to have a separate national life. When her separate  
political heart was stilled by the hand of union in 1707 her voice and  
her influence were not silenced. The Scotland of energy and  
hope does not live entirely in the past. ~~She~~ The glory of her sons did  
not end with William Wallace and Robert Bruce in days when  
"one heart from out the rugged horn was with a thousand men". The  
hosts that fought against her mailed soldiers in the late war knew  
this to their despair. ~~But the sword was not the~~ The desire for  
adventure, for the pitting of himself against the world, is strong in  
the Scotchman. Irishmen may fight <sup>shell</sup> among themselves and revel in  
their blows and broken heads, but since the old clan feud days  
centuries ago Scotchmen have been cooperated against all comers  
with what Scotchmen have carved out a fortune or a career.  
That had to be done by other means and in those the Scot is  
equally accomplished. The Scot is an eternal argonaut  
the unwearied treasure-seeker and nation-builder  
of the earth.

An English humorist defined an Englishman as "a man living in an island which is situated in the

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North Sea and which is governed by the Scots. That is the reason why they say is enjoy self-government."

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH



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who hated the Scots

Dr. Johnson said that "the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees is the high road that leads him to England." There is a pardonable truth in this jibe. Highlanders or Lowlanders the Scot is a mountaineer in mind. At his feet lies the world as a landscape and a possession. He surveys its wealth and its varied opportunities. One is he makes his raid, like his ancestors of old, but not on sheep or ~~but~~ other loot, - but on knowledge or industry or power. From long self-government and self control he can govern England else in sight <sup>but his career he always</sup> <sup>but his career he always</sup> headlong. In him the big field is always elsewhere; to elsewhere the Scotchman goes not because he wants to learn his native country but because he wants to make life a larger game than his native land affords him. The feet of strong and daring Scottish youth have always gone dancing over the sea in search of the wonder land. One of the most ancient Gaelic poets refers to a land to the west the Fin-nan-<sup>of</sup> the land of the ever young "where no sail bends to the mass nor part divides the wave." It may have been an imaginary land as when soldiers said that a comrade had gone west. But there is reason to think that some young mariners had really sailed beyond the outer isles beyond the Isles of Sheep where the cairns of dead men are, had penetrated the rim of mist and had reached the land of the apple trees (~~was in Nova Scotia and the Valley~~) where the scents of pine, and the sound of wind in the forest are carried out to sea (~~was in Nova Scotia and the Valley?~~) Queen Elizabeth would allow no Scots to settle in London and in her day London contained only 50. Blood and brain have been drawn from Scotland to make our land, - the best of both Canada and all parts of the world have called to Scotland and Scotland has done a giant's work as chief adviser for the British Empire. It is perhaps not to be wondered at



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our critics say  
 that the call of far and new countries when life is full and, particularly  
 where life is free, full falls temptingly and kindly on the ears of  
 Scottish folk. It is said sometimes fairly and sometimes not fairly  
 that in answering the call Scotland's sons have done well for  
 themselves. Yes, we grant it. Many of them have prospered, - but  
 they prospered always with honour. There has never been a selfish  
 prosperity. In the records "Life of Andrew Carnegie" <sup>there</sup> is related an incident  
 of the war years which is the Scotchman's creed of wealth. They had been commanding  
 everything in Scotland that was useful in war, and the authorities  
 announced that it would be necessary to levy even upon the trees  
 for wood, one of the most pressing needs. Mr. Carnegie was asked by  
 the Superintendent of his estate if anything could be done to stop it.  
 Peace advocate though he was, Mr. Carnegie replied "So long as there  
 is a stick of wood on Skibo the Government can have it." That is  
 the real Scottish creed of wealth, - service to the world. But with  
 all their success, there has been the lost legion of heart-breaking  
 that the noble legion of which our ancestors formed so conspicuous a  
 part. They had their lonely years in a new land far removed from  
 the kindly faces; they had their lost loves, and while they were  
 making our country the tears were as often in their eyes as  
 the smile was on their lips. We do not today always know the  
 sadness of those departed days. The dirge which ~~sings~~ <sup>sings</sup> through  
 the wild's boat-song came not from an individual but from  
 the hearts of expatriated Highlanders.

Listen to me as when you heard our fathers  
 Sing long ago the song of other shores,  
 Listen to me and then in chorus gather  
 All your strong voices as you pull the oars.



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We men shall tread the fanny haunted valley  
 Where through the tall hills flows the cold clear stream  
 In arms around the patron's banner rally  
 We see the snow on royal tombstones gleam

When the proud kinsmen in the time now vanished  
 Conquered the soil and fortified the keep  
 No one foretold their children should be banished  
 That a degenerate lord might boss his sheep.

Some foreign rage his hot discord burst like thunder  
 O then for clausmen true and claymore,  
 The hearts that would of him give their blood like water  
 Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic's roar



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But ~~with~~ ~~the~~ despite the sadness of separation and loneliness  
the Scot brought with him a sense of humour. We find it everywhere  
- in the story of farm-houses, on the way to the bank or the mill or  
market, - in all walks of life, - like their ballads, struck with  
freshness and spontaneity from the rustic heart.

<sup>the</sup> Scot brought with him too a love and passion for romance. In his  
life was nothing without its dreams. He combined practical force  
with spiritual forces. In the Scottish race is no other race combined  
combine strength practically with high idealism, action and  
contemplation powers. They were hard fisted men battling of necessity  
in a hard-fisted new world, but they kept the spiritual vision of  
born of glass and mists and hills. (what they built) They were  
strong men of business who had in them much of the dreaming  
Scottish mystic. They were rugged in their lives but they kept  
their love of beauty. They sang by turns the Psalms of David  
and the rollicking songs of Burns. They were typical products of  
their gray country, the land of nature's glory, but where the  
cairns and hills ~~character~~ immortal as the eye still deep  
the mists.

He brought too a strong patriotism and affection for home  
He was mindful always of his heather hills partitioned in splendour and  
gladly filled with praise. The passion of their romance troubled in his  
blood. He loved the bag pipes whose music is as much a Scottish  
element as the Scottish mist on the moorland, - but it is not a  
drawing-room instrument; it is ~~the music that blends with the bagpipes.~~  
A Chicago jury once declared that it was not a musical instrument  
at all, but concentrated noise, torture to the ear. It is music that  
blends with the bagpipes sweeping white mists over hills and glens.  
It was never intended for Chicago  
His longing for home, while still loyal to the land of his adoption



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is expressed by Stevenson in *For my Samoa*:

Bless the mind on the moon today &c.

~~This is the true internationalism~~

But while the Scot was loyal to the old homeland he transferred his affection and his duty gladly <sup>to</sup> the new land of his adoption. He was noted for his adaptability. <sup>He</sup> herein is the true internationalism and the <sup>higher</sup> internationalism. It is not aggression or exclusion or a rival spirit; it is pride without vanity, value without exclusiveness, reverence with catholicity. That is the spirit of Scotland's patriotism. <sup>not to show.</sup>

With this devotion to country and to duty the Scot believed like St. Andrew in discipline. He believed in the authority of law and they were convinced that he would rule most firmly he ruled. They applied in Canada the stern and rigid discipline of the clan. Wherever they have gone they have taken with them a reverence for law, and we cannot read of their exploits <sup>in unscrupulous lands</sup> without <sup>per</sup> pride and wonder.

The Scot brought to his new country a firm belief in the value of education. The old set of log schoolhouses was one of their first communal structures. They established a system by which the son of the humble had the way opened to him for better things if only he had the capacity to enter it. Scotland has been a democracy for centuries, but a democracy of the independent, <sup>not</sup> an aristocracy of the mind. <sup>The</sup> result is ~~the~~ she has given the



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world & hosts of leaders in literature, in the professions, in the  
statecraft, in commerce. On our own land they have  
built our railroads, ~~from~~ established our banks, founded our  
universities.

And with education they linked religion. The Church in  
the clearing was contemporaneous with the school. Many of us  
have tonight are still reminded of the solemn hush of the old-  
fashioned Sabbath, - although we have wandered far afield  
in <sup>dreams</sup> the ~~mind~~ shadows, the silence as if the waters  
didn't cross on that day and the flowers did not bloom, the  
reading of Pilgrims Progress, illustrated, a Bible Series, the service  
at the Kirk, the break of the rope as the time for service approached  
and the handle pulled the bell, the sermon in English and  
 Gaelic, interminably long - the saying of "oh day of rest  
and gladness, of all the week the best," - a strong parable ~~from~~  
children's words, the short catechism, <sup>in the Bible</sup> ~~and in the~~ ~~to~~  
learned and recited upon bed time, - the last time story of  
that time, - and in the afternoon the only recreation, - a  
walk to the graveyard & look at the graves of your  
ancestral dead, that you might be reminded of your own  
inevitable end. ~~On~~ ~~at~~ ~~us~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~new~~ ~~land~~  
of the old Scotch "sabbath", when our ancestors were early in  
the morning and had family worship like the noted John  
Muir of Auchencrochaine, who then rode forth with ~~his~~  
to Chester some evening brother of the clan. An old  
diary containing many religious reflections includes





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in the placid flow of its spiritual meditations this entry:

"This day after worship our folk stick to & drink that  
mixture of Dragoon! Glory to the Father and the Son;

But religion carried with it reverence and loyalty to the  
minister himself, equal to that of the clan loyalty to the chief.

It is recorded that a minister of the Kirk was met by one of  
his elders from a convivial curling gathering. It was in the wee  
small hours. The minister <sup>had a total abstainer</sup> in the forehead of his heart,  
the sociable and to offend none, had dined not rising but  
to rest; indeed he had done more than merely look at the  
wine when it was red." What would the folk say if I told  
them I found you in this predicament," asked the surprised  
elder. "Man, they would say you are a liar," said the  
minister and thus the matter ended.

Religion meant fidelity and the keeping of the parts in small  
as in larger things. (Mrs. Deirdre)

There was religion that meant honour, - the conduct that was proud  
on country in the most trying crisis of its history.

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DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

I have tried to speak of some of the qualities that Scotland like St.  
Andrew has contributed to our Canadian civilization. The happiest lot.

### The Scot Abroad.

THE old land is still the true love, the others are but pleasant infidelities. . . . Somewhere, deep down in the heart of each one of us, something yearns for the old land and the old kindly people. Of all mysteries of the human heart, this is perhaps the most inscrutable. There is no special loveliness in that gray country, with its rainy sea-beat archipelago; its fields of dark mountains; its unsightly places, black with coal; its treeless, sour, unfriendly-looking cornlands; its quaint, gray, castled city, where the bells clash of a Sunday, and the wind squalls, and the salt showers fly and beat. I do not even know if I desire to live there; but let me hear, in some far land, a kindred voice sing out, "Oh, why left I my hame?" and it seems at once as if no beauty under the kind heavens, and no society of the wise and good, can repay me for my absence from my country. . . . I will say it fairly, it grows on me with every year: there are no stars so lovely as Edinburgh street-lamps. When I forget thee, auld Reekie, may my right hand forget its cunning!

The happiest lot on earth is to be born a Scotchman. You must pay for it in many ways, as for all advantages of earth. You have to learn the shorter catechism; . . . your youth, as far as I can find out, is a time of louder war against society, of more outcry and tears and turmoil, than if you had been born in England. But somehow life is warmer and closer; the hearth burns more redly; the lights of home shine more softly on the rainy street; the very names endeared in verse and music, cling nearer round our hearts.—Stevenson.

Jungle N. . .



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In the Middle Ages it was Scottish archers who were body guard to the throne of France. It was Sir William Alexander who gave a name to Nova Scotia. Not only did William Paterson found the Bank of England; he also tried to establish a New Caledonia on the bank of Darien. Depending on the French, the Black Watch died to a man. It was the 3rd rank Highlanders who first scaled the cliffs of the Plains of Abraham, and among the heroes of the Indian Mutiny was Sir Colin Campbell. During the World War Beatty commanded the British fleet and the British Army in Flanders stood "back to the wall" with Earl Haig as its leader. Not only in war but in the arts of peace are Scottish names immortal. Livingston crossed Africa for the Prime of Peace. Shalmees was a martyr in New Guinea. Gordon was killed at Khartoum. ~~Scotland has failed in some things, but she has never failed that royal above is the empire of the Scots. Thirty Presidents have occupied the White House of the United States. Eight of them were of Scotch descent. Scotland may have failed in some things, but Scotland has never failed in the respect of energy and brains. The race that can develop ~~at~~ beyond its borders a Belgium and a Sweden, that can give a Carnegie to Pittsburgh and a Strathcona to Montreal, that can give a MacBulloch to Nova Scotia, a Pinto Academy, Nova Scotia's education, a Strachan to Donald Murray, and a Dawson to McGill need fear no rival in achievement. Every~~ But ~~as~~ as with the Maritimes, every success attained by a Scotchman emphasizes the strain on the resources of Scotland herself. Scotland's sons have risen to great heights but those heights are under other than Scottish skies. Scotland has changed in all but spirit. She still preserves her traditional culture. ~~But~~ But ~~the~~ the task is difficult. What need she

(over)

described by Burns →

The Thrumms, and the kailyard school of fiction resounds with  
radio even on the Sabbath day. Nor at Hollywood did many  
of Scotland, ~~the~~ allowing Scott's alluring, dangerous, starchy  
mistress ~~can~~ beleave as dubiously as the less decapitated  
sovereigns who at Hollywood distress the shades of John Knox.





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The dreams of Mackenzie King's childhood and youth were dreams nurtured by great traditions and the ideals and hopes of a great and living past. He heard the old voices speaking in faith, - faith in what Canada might one day become, - a great and proud partner nations in a Commonwealth of proud nations. These dreams were never lost; the voices were never stilled. As a student in the University his chief interest was in social studies, in sociology and economics then in its academic infancy. For this field he abandoned an intended and planned career in Law. ~~All his studies~~ <sup>He left the Law</sup> when he graduated fifty years ago he ~~decided~~ <sup>or decided</sup> to continue his studies as a post graduate student in Harvard University and in London, England, and on the Continent of Europe. He was at that early age especially interested in the conditions of the people and pledged himself to serve them by an understanding of their difficult problems. He had ~~planned~~ <sup>decided</sup> on a Professorial ~~of~~ future in an academic ~~career~~ environment.

But in 1900 came the turning point in the road, - the hour of decision. There was no Labor Department in the Canadian Government at that time but there were many <sup>urgent</sup> intricate problems, labor problems and these problems were increasing daily in importance and complexity. It was considered by Sir Wilfrid Laurier to be the task of ~~destruction~~ <sup>to solve</sup> these problems, of destruction was to be true to its name, its ideals and its principles. ~~And~~ <sup>And</sup> ~~then~~ <sup>then</sup> ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~anxiety~~ <sup>anxiety</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~many~~ <sup>many</sup> ~~parts~~ <sup>parts</sup>; there was ~~no~~ <sup>little</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~no~~ <sup>no</sup> ~~cooperation~~ <sup>cooperation</sup> ~~between~~ <sup>between</sup> ~~employers~~ <sup>employers</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~employed~~ <sup>employed</sup>; ~~working~~ <sup>working</sup> ~~conditions~~ <sup>conditions</sup> ~~were~~ <sup>were</sup> ~~bad~~ <sup>bad</sup>, and there ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~no~~ <sup>no</sup> ~~understanding~~ <sup>understanding</sup> ~~between~~ <sup>between</sup> ~~employers~~ <sup>employers</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~employed~~ <sup>employed</sup>; ~~independent~~ <sup>independent</sup> ~~signs~~ <sup>signs</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~injustice~~ <sup>injustice</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~discontent~~ <sup>discontent</sup>. While ~~no~~ <sup>no</sup> ~~Department~~ <sup>Department</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~labor~~ <sup>labor</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~created~~ <sup>created</sup> ~~established~~ <sup>established</sup> ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~anxiety~~ <sup>anxiety</sup> ~~or~~ <sup>or</sup> ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~out~~ <sup>out</sup> ~~Department~~ <sup>Department</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~labor~~ <sup>labor</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~just~~ <sup>just</sup> ~~created~~ <sup>created</sup> ~~under~~ <sup>under</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~Post~~ <sup>Post</sup> ~~Office~~ <sup>Office</sup> ~~Department~~ <sup>Department</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~few~~ <sup>few</sup> ~~years~~ <sup>years</sup> ~~ago~~ <sup>ago</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~Department~~ <sup>Department</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~then~~ <sup>then</sup> ~~abolished~~ <sup>abolished</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~accepted~~ <sup>accepted</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~part~~ <sup>part</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~great~~ <sup>great</sup> ~~University~~ <sup>University</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~called~~ <sup>called</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~organize~~ <sup>organize</sup> ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> ~~because~~ <sup>because</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~record~~ <sup>record</sup>, ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~known~~ <sup>known</sup> ~~interests~~ <sup>interests</sup>, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~contribution~~ <sup>contribution</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~had~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~already~~ <sup>already</sup> ~~made~~ <sup>made</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~discussions~~ <sup>discussions</sup> ~~on~~ <sup>on</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~subject~~ <sup>subject</sup>. He went to Ottawa in 1900 to begin his work. ~~From~~ <sup>From</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~date~~ <sup>date</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~successful~~ <sup>successful</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~establishing~~ <sup>establishing</sup> ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~agency~~ <sup>agency</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~government~~ <sup>government</sup> ~~which~~ <sup>which</sup> ~~through~~ <sup>through</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~years~~ <sup>years</sup> ~~since~~ <sup>since</sup> ~~then~~ <sup>then</sup> ~~has~~ <sup>has</sup> ~~done~~ <sup>done</sup> ~~more~~ <sup>more</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~more~~ <sup>more</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~betterment~~ <sup>betterment</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~conditions~~ <sup>conditions</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~Canadian~~ <sup>Canadian</sup> ~~people~~ <sup>people</sup>. After ~~eight~~ <sup>eight</sup> ~~years~~ <sup>years</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~tireless~~ <sup>tireless</sup> ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> ~~successful~~ <sup>successful</sup> ~~effort~~ <sup>effort</sup>, he was ~~persuaded~~ <sup>persuaded</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~enter~~ <sup>enter</sup> ~~Parliament~~ <sup>Parliament</sup>, and in 1908 he became the first Minister of Labor on the new Department of Labor organized in the Laurier Government. The very first ~~step~~ <sup>step</sup> ~~Staple~~ <sup>Staple</sup> ~~took~~ <sup>took</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~Minister~~ <sup>Minister</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~introduce~~ <sup>introduce</sup> ~~anti-trust~~ <sup>anti-trust</sup> ~~ship~~ <sup>ship</sup> ~~legislation~~ <sup>legislation</sup>, ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~improve~~ <sup>improve</sup> ~~conditions~~ <sup>conditions</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~workers~~ <sup>workers</sup>, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~establish~~ <sup>establish</sup> ~~stable~~ <sup>stable</sup> ~~wages~~ <sup>wages</sup>, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~prevent~~ <sup>prevent</sup> ~~men~~ <sup>men</sup> ~~from~~ <sup>from</sup> ~~having~~ <sup>having</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~work~~ <sup>work</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~wages~~ <sup>wages</sup> ~~so~~ <sup>so</sup> ~~inadequate~~ <sup>inadequate</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>that</sup> ~~they~~ <sup>they</sup> ~~could~~ <sup>could</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~provide~~ <sup>provide</sup> ~~a~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~decent~~ <sup>decent</sup> ~~living~~ <sup>living</sup> ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~their~~ <sup>their</sup> ~~families~~ <sup>families</sup>. Legislation dealing with industrial disputes and arbitration was also given ~~effect~~ <sup>effect</sup> in the three years from 1908 to 1911. In 1911 Mr. King was defeated with the Laurier Government ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~so-called~~ <sup>so-called</sup> ~~Reciprocity~~ <sup>Reciprocity</sup> ~~election~~ <sup>election</sup>, and ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~did~~ <sup>did</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>not</sup> ~~return~~ <sup>return</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~Parliament~~ <sup>Parliament</sup> ~~until~~ <sup>until</sup> ~~after~~ <sup>after</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~election~~ <sup>election</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~head~~ <sup>head</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~Liberal~~ <sup>Liberal</sup> ~~party~~ <sup>party</sup> ~~following~~ <sup>following</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~death~~ <sup>death</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~late~~ <sup>late</sup> ~~Mr.~~ <sup>Mr.</sup> ~~Laurier~~ <sup>Laurier</sup>.





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unity, to our free institutions. But all these menacing influences have been resisted under his wise ~~his~~ guidance and his dynamic energy.

Then came the most serious and trying period of his whole public career, — the <sup>past</sup> ~~past~~ five years, when the arch-gangsters of Germany and Japan sought to enslave us. The war storm of hurricane proportions was the supreme test of leadership. On that fateful day, but a proud and immortal day in Canadian history, Sept. 8, 1939, when Mr. King asked Parliament to authorize Canada's declaration of war, he said:

"I never dreamed that the day would come when, after spending a life-time in a continuous effort to promote and to preserve peace and goodwill in international as well as in industrial relations, it should fall to my lot to be the one to lead this Dominion of Canada into a great war; but that responsibility I ~~assumed~~ assume with a sense of being true to the very blood that is in my veins. I assume it in the defence of freedom — the freedom of my fellow countrymen here, — the freedom of those whose lives are unprotected in other communities and countries, the freedom of mankind itself. . . . When it comes to a fight between good and evil, when the evil forces of the world are let loose upon mankind, are those of us who believe in the tenets of Christianity, and all that Christianity means and has meant to the homes and lives of men, in the present and through generations in the ~~past~~ <sup>past</sup> — are those of us who have reflected with reverence upon the supreme sacrifice that was made for the well-being of mankind going to allow evil forces to triumph without, if ~~it~~ necessary, opposing them by our very lives?" Thus did the Prime Minister of Canada place the issue before the Canadian people, and to this appeal the nation responded in a way of one splendid and ~~un~~ superb.

The burden which ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup> Leader has carried during the <sup>past</sup> five years has been great and arduous. They have been times and anxious & years for us all but especially for those <sup>to</sup> whom the task of leadership has fallen. We have seen in our beloved land the miracle of production of war material, the <sup>difficult</sup> ~~miraculous~~ <sup>difficult</sup> ~~miraculous~~ problem of war finance and war economy, the growth as if by magic of our armed forces from a mere handful to over three quarters of a million, one of the finest fighting forces the world has ever known. And all this has been accomplished with a ~~minimum~~ <sup>minimum</sup> of sectional disagreements or friction.





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With our diverse races and creeds, our varied view points in our far flung expansive geographical territory, we have greater unity of feeling and determination than at any period in our history. Five years ago such an emphatic solidarity in the light of all the circumstances would have seemed impossible of attainment. And never was our ~~own~~ Continental unity, and the friendship of the United States and Canada, so really and ~~definitely~~ <sup>definitely</sup> a fact. Our leader is ~~is responsible~~ with his tact and his good will is responsible for this achievement.

During the past five years the main thought and energy of our leader has been directed to the successful prosecution of the war. But & while his mind and heart ~~has~~ <sup>have</sup> been centred on that objective, with the approach of dawn after the night of uncertainty he has found time to formulate progressive measures of social security and to prepare the better way of life for our ~~young~~ <sup>young</sup> service men and women when they come home. In that now memorable address at the ~~last~~ <sup>last</sup> ~~was~~ in the heart of blitz-wrecked old London, at the Lord Mayor's luncheon, he gave his interpretation of the new Heaven and the new earth to which Canada ~~will~~ <sup>aspires</sup>. "A heaven," he said, "to which men, women and little children no longer will look in fear, but where they may gaze again in silent worship and in thankfulness for the benediction of the sun and the rain; an earth no longer scarred by warfare and torn by greed but where the ~~poor~~ <sup>poor</sup> and humble of all races may walk in ways of pleasantness and walk in paths of peace. ... This new Heaven, this new earth, is the vision which at this time unites and guides Britain, Canada, and other nations of the British Commonwealth, the United States and our allies in all parts of the world. No lesser vision will suffice to gain the victory. No lesser service to humanity will hold the faith and win the gratitude of mankind."

Canada is particularly fortunate that in troubled times like these our country should be blessed with a leader of the great ability, the ideals and the international experience of Mackenzie King. He has been true to the highest traditions of great leadership in our Empire. He has never bowed to selfish aims of public opinion but has ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> quietly guided and inspired that public opinion so that it may rise to constantly higher levels. This fundamental fact is reflected in his public life and conduct.



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It would be unreasonable to expect that a career like that of our leader, should escape the malignity of mean and petty men. When ~~the~~ Honour lavishly showers his stars upon a statesman the jealousy of the disappointed and the frustrated <sup>and the less endowed</sup> expresses itself <sup>in</sup> in attack. But our leader has always been indifferent <sup>to</sup> the <sup>bitter words</sup> ~~words~~ of factions. He has been too busy with his mighty task to notice his pursuers. In International affairs he has followed a good neighbour policy but he has been first and foremost ~~a~~ a sturdy Canadian. He never sold the truth to serve the hour. His life has been work, and all his work has been for Canada. His is an unequalled record in our country for twenty-eight years he has sat in Parliament; for twenty-five of these years he has been leader of the Liberal party; for eighteen of these years he has been Prime Minister. He has won and retained the confidence of the Canadian people <sup>his inherent kindness,</sup> because of his ideals and his action in accordance with ~~these~~ these ideals, his <sup>devoted</sup> ~~work~~ work for the welfare of his fellow men.

Before us are the troubled days of demobilization with <sup>difficult</sup> the economic problems they will bring. Before us lies the perplexing making of peace. The <sup>great</sup> changes in our face are already evident in the trend of events in Europe and in all domestic and international ~~affairs~~ affairs. These ~~these~~ these are the times that try men's souls. We rejoice and ~~thank~~ give thanks to God tonight that our leader's health and strength have not been impaired despite his enormous responsibilities of ~~these~~ these anxious days, and that he has a mind that can flourish even upon care. He would ~~so~~, I am sure, say to us tonight in Lincoln's phrase - "With firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan - to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting

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peace among ourselves and with all nations".

And so tonight on this 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary of his acceptance of the leadership of the Liberal Party, we with gratitude and pride we salute our Chief, William Lyon Mackenzie King, Statesman, conciliator, humanitarian, but above all else a great Canadian. We know that he will live forever in the hearts of his countrymen ~~and in that~~ His story ~~is~~ of devotion to the land he loved, the land that gave him birth, is in his country's keeping and in that enduring and immortal record that is our history.



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Notes on  
Politics  
Post-war  
Pacific  
Unity

Post War - Too much talk about problems of those who come back from war - as if they will all be weaklings, dependants, incapable - in need of coddling & nursing. The men and women who defeat Hitler are strong enough to defeat adversity. All they will ask is a fair field - an equality of opportunity. Office boys, usually subservient, wear sergeant's stripes. They learned to command. Girls who took orders gave orders for four years. There will be new post war problems of business which will require vigor and ability. We will be glad as civilians to have men and women who with well-developed qualities of leadership and initiative. The qualities that make a good officer are useful even if he does no longer command. A good officer takes a job & sees it through to completion. It has to be done, no matter how seemingly impossible. He asks no questions from if it is foolish. He knows that surplines is useless - He doesn't note overtime. An assignment well done is his measure of success. He knows that respectation is the logical result of attention to duty. He will have better way of doing things - quicker.

Mistake to suppose that because a young man left college a business & entered the school still in war years in development of character and qualifications for civil life. Only time of service man adopts soldierly attitude to duties in war. Some of a few and this few would have been soldierly in civil life. They always mark time. No sympathy for them. Most men will emerge from war resolute, matured more than years, & habituated to word "attention". Yet transition difficult. But we shall be dealing with human material hardened & difficult transition & war. Every step a transition. Qualities they developed daily useful in post-war period. Problems will work themselves out.

Too many employed in Imperial  
linked Colonel Davis. He talked for minutes.



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Canada - Something greater than tanks & planes & guns - greater than all the hell loosed against us - intangible, inviolable, indestructible, - that ~~is~~ imperishable something forged in the immortal spirit of a free people.

Politics - always there are political profiteers of uncontrolled incidents or disasters or unforeseen events like Hong Kong.

Toronto groups are pirates flying the black flag of hate - the Jolly Roger of personal contempt for Mr. King.

If there was ever an hour when we should be united - when our ranks should be closed, that hour is now.

Ever Persistent and ~~real~~ deliberate efforts have been made by all <sup>unfair &</sup> ~~means~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~gain~~ <sup>our</sup> ~~own~~ <sup>army</sup> ~~to~~ ~~weaken~~ ~~confidence~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~Govt.~~ - to make our ~~positions~~ ~~and~~ ~~may~~ ~~and~~ ~~air~~ ~~power~~ doubt the backing they are getting from the Canadian people - to make our leaders appear incompetent.

We should continue to function as a political, party govt, but we must subordinate partisanship & patriotism. We must measure fairly and without prejudice the accomplishments of those to whom we have entrusted public office, and at the same time show our appreciation of the manner in which they are guiding and supporting this country in its hour of peril.

Never in our history have we stood in such grave danger.

The full force of our enemies has been unleashed on us. Never was our hour so grim  
in our history. Enemies are winning.

We will win through two things - unity among ourselves and sacrifice  
for us all. Neither of these is easy in a democracy. Unity puts a supreme  
test on patriotism. Whether we want sacrifice is not an easy matter.  
- Such as we never knew. We must steel our hearts. The clamor will break.

We will be subject to many restrictions - to much regimentation. We  
must lose our free way of life. But we must make sure that these  
restrictions will not become permanently fastened to us.

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Hanson - a bit of arsenic and ~~an~~ old lace. Feeds on <sup>little</sup> gall - not like Islanders. When he was a Minister his heart was young and gay.

↳ Unpack his heart with words.

Saint Augustine's motto as table - "Let no back-biting or tale-bearing man sit here".

The doors of his sympathy are kept shut.

When Jo Harris speaks you don't expect to hear chimes.

Post-war - The main work is still to be done - <sup>will mean</sup> still toil, sweat & blood. A timely warning to all who would divert our energy and attention from the main job of winning the war - to the over-confident who think they can relax in the belief that all is over but the cheering, - to the incurable ideologists who believe the time is ripe for ideological struggles among the united nations - to the parson perfectionists who hold victory cheap because it may not produce the world of their dreams. The larger part of the price of victory is still to be paid. The full measure of that price can only be estimated by the price paid by Britain & Russia. Any peace better than an Axis peace. Side side turning. Hitler on defensive - shifting ground - regrouping forces - changing plans.



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Hanson - a bit of arsenic and ~~old~~ old lace. Feeds on <sup>little</sup> gall - not like Islandus. When he was a Minister his heart was young and gay.

↳ Unpack his heart with words.

Saint Augustine's motto as tale - "Let no back-biting or tale-bearing man sit here."

The doors of his sympathy are kept shut.

When Jo Harris speaks you don't expect to hear chimes.

Post-war - The main work is still to be done - <sup>will mean</sup> still toil, sweat & blood.  
A timely warning to all who would divert our energy and attention from the main job of winning the war - to the over-confident who think they can relax in the belief that all is over but the cheering, - to the incurable ideologists who believe the time is ripe for ideological struggles among the united nations - to the paragon perfectionists who hold victory cheap because it may not produce the world of their dreams. The larger part of the price of victory is still to be paid. The full measure of that price can only be estimated by the price paid by Britain & Russia. Any peace better than an Axis peace. Side side turning. Hitler on defensive - shifting ground - regrouping forces - changing plans.







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Sacrifice

A nation fighting for freedom will gladly incur the burden of want and fear - of work and taxes - if that is the price of life and independence. That has always been the price. The Israelites who to escape Egyptian captivity wandered in the wilderness for 40 years certainly did not have all the comforts of life and did not agitate for economic security. They were not free from want or fear. Only the weak yearned for the good flesh-pots they once knew - or for the slavery of Pharaoh where they would not worry about unemployment or suffer from it. What was the economic gain of a free Poland after last war? Political freedom would come first.



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Only military authorities can determine the nature and extent of military necessity

Unity - Most people speak of general welfare and liberty and defense and justice and domestic peace. What about unity? U.S. preamble - "more perfect union"; First purpose of Confederation was to establish among stronger bond between Provinces - not a Union ethically more perfect, - or logically more perfect, A stronger union - Unity the ultimate goal - nationhood - Statute of Westminster a myth without unity. Confederation must be preserved without corruption perhaps - with corruption it may be - but Confederation must ~~not~~ come first. We must give our thought and loyalty to Unity. We must fight, work, sacrifice & plan that unity may survive. Survive unconditionally - not limited by provisos, & reservations - and programs stipulating that goal shall succeed the underdeveloped - underdeveloped - suppress monopoly - safeguard private enterprise. We may hope for them - but must be no stipulations. Not a question of my pet idea about what constitutes a more perfect union - or your pet idea - a unity that endures.



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Armistice Day  
(for Currie?)

We are ~~met~~ <sup>gathered</sup> today in our observance of the Armistice day period not to glorify war and all its associations but to pay our affectionate ~~tribute~~ sincere tribute of gratitude and affection to courage and sacrifice and devotion to duty. We ~~place~~ place in reverence on the tide of the years our autumn flowers of remembrance. We have done so for twenty-seven years. We hope that this yearly ~~tribute~~ observance will never fade into ~~our~~ forgetfulness on the land our ~~comrades~~ comrades ~~that~~ died to save. For our heroic dead we can do nothing tangible. They are beyond our power. We can only ~~remember~~ <sup>remember them</sup> in ~~honour~~ honour. We think of them as ~~Pericles~~ Pericles thought of the Athenian dead.

"None of these men was enervated by wealth, or hesitated to resign the pleasures of life; none of them put off the evil day in the hope, natural to poverty, that a man though poor may one day become rich. But ~~de~~ deeming that the punishment of their enemies was sweeter than any of these things and that they could fall in no nobler cause, they determined at the hazard of their lives to be honourably avenged, and to leave the rest. They resigned to hope their unknown chance of happiness; but in the face of death they resolved to rely upon themselves alone. And when the moment came, they were ~~unflinching~~ minded to resist and suffer rather than to fly and save their lives. They ran away from the word of dishonour but on the battlefield their feet stood fast, and in an instant, at the ~~height~~ height of their fortune, they passed away from the scene not of their fear but of their glory."

Such was the end of these men. They ~~were~~ were worthy of Canada and we the living need not desire to have a more heroic spirit although we may pray for a less fatal issue. The value of such a spirit is not to be expressed in words. The unwritten memorial to their valor is ~~engraved~~ engraven not on stone but in the hearts of the Canadian people.



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In this Armistice period with its flood of memories we must also be mindful of the living who suffered all, even life itself, who served with honour and who returned survived to come home. It is a strange new world to which they return. They do not face it with the same confidence and assurance with which they ~~found~~ met war's uncertainties. Many of them enlisted direct from school ~~without those who had~~ and had no previous part in post-school activities. Even to those who ~~had~~ were partners in their community's business ~~by~~ or social life, the world to which they have come back is equally new and strange. They have changed and their former world has changed. To all of them civilian life is beginning again. Many of them are in their middle years; many will return to their old business or profession in which during their years of service they have ~~been~~ almost forgotten or in ~~which~~ in which they have stood still and made no progress. Some, ~~notwithstanding~~ many of them, notwithstanding well-meant protective legislation, will be returning to no job at all. But all of them will soon find that conditions and methods ~~change~~ in whatever line of endeavour they follow, - the old ~~in~~ the new, will differ greatly and ~~consequently~~ consequently from their methods and conditions of the past. The problem of adjustment will be ~~inherent~~ intricate and difficult. It must be largely solved by the ex-service men and women themselves.

The ex-service men and women must fight their own battles aided always by their own splendid spirit of hope and faith and inventiveness and strong initiative which served them so well as Canadian soldiers at war and gave them a record unsurpassed in ~~the~~ military history of the world. The ~~Canadian~~ ~~service~~ ~~men~~ capacity of the Canadian service men and service women for adjustment to circumstances, to create when materials and the ~~conveniences~~ ~~of~~ ~~life~~ conveniences of life were meagre or non-existent ~~in~~ in distant places ~~was~~ was unbelievably great and a constant source of wonder and admiration. This natural resourcefulness, developed which was greatly developed in the experience of war will now be ~~made~~ an asset of inestimable value. It means ~~as~~ a ~~surprising~~ ~~surprising~~ ~~surprising~~ ~~read~~ ability to meet emergencies when they



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arise, a calm patience in overcoming difficulties, a power to command and not to be beaten by obstacles, a submission to necessary discipline, a quality of getting along harmoniously with others, of cooperating and of team play. There is also in the veteran the realization that in war and in peace victories are not won easily or without ~~effort~~ determined effort.

We endeavor to ~~to~~ ~~to~~ whose world the veterans men and women have come back must remember, however, that the material rewards given by the country to the veteran, — the gratuity, the land grant, the education subsidy, the loan at a low rate of interest, — we must remember that these are not the only help the veteran needs. An ~~obligation~~ obligation does not end with these grants. The veterans need our generosity of spirit, our sympathetic reception and welcome in business offices or ~~plants~~ manufacturing plants. They need our friendly ~~council~~ council, our tolerance, and our good will and ~~our~~ our gratitude. They need our help even at the expense of our own time and the temporary discomfort of our own ~~plexities~~ perplexities. ~~Let us~~

I know that there is no need to plead with ~~Rotarians~~ Rotarians for such a spirit. Your watchword is "lend a hand" or as we say on the Atlantic coast when a ship is in distress "stand by." I know how ~~cordial~~ <sup>generous</sup> in you "welcome home", how cordial is your extended hand. We must not weary in the task if the process of readjustment is long and difficult. Intelligent and kindly organization of our government will make the task easier and its completion sure.

Our world is nominally at peace but it is still torn by divisive hatreds. These hatreds cannot be legislated out of existence. However well-meaning legislators may be. They cannot be fully assuaged by peace treaties however wise and just. They wait on man's readiness to



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respect his neighbour, to be tolerant and charitable. They await a condition  
to be achieved not by Government order but by a spiritual awakening.

~~Our~~ ~~Canadian~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~service~~ ~~men~~ ~~and~~ ~~women~~ ~~working~~ ~~together~~ ~~in~~ ~~mutual~~  
Trust and helpfulness, with the choicest and sacred memory of our heroic  
fallen in our ~~best~~ minds and hearts, ~~our~~ ~~Canadian~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~service~~ ~~men~~  
and women working together in mutual trust and helpfulness, face the  
greatest opportunity for cooperation in human history. It is a colossal  
task calling ~~for~~ ~~for~~ ~~intelligence~~ ~~and~~ ~~patience~~ ~~and~~ ~~cooperation~~ for intelligence and  
patience and cooperation. <sup>Let</sup> At this Armistice period let us dedicate  
ourselves again to its completion.



House of Commons  
Canada

Introduction to Can. Club

of

Viscount Allenby

(C. Ue.  
or  
Currie ?)



It has been my honour and privilege to  
introduce to the Canadian Club in the past  
~~at~~ from time to time in the past <sup>many</sup> distinguished  
guests from across the border or from beyond the  
seas. And to all of these notable visitors you have  
given a real Canadian welcome ~~in~~  
unmistakable in its warmth and unstinted  
in its affection. ~~And~~ I am sure that <sup>the</sup> ~~your~~  
appreciation <sup>of your minds</sup> and ~~your~~ the feelings of your hearts  
have ~~never~~  <sup>seldom</sup> been as deeply touched as they are  
~~through~~ by the  <sup>bodily</sup> presence of the far-famed  
soldier whose ~~name we have~~ who is to speak to us  
tonight. His appearance before the Canadian  
Club of Montreal recalls a glorious career  
and an epoch-making achievement, <sup>but</sup> and it also  
provides a temptation for reminiscences of  
more troubled days. ~~But~~ I am  <sup>sure you that</sup> not going to  
give way  <sup>tonight</sup> to recollections nor am I ~~going~~  
going to relate the romantic story of a  
distinguished soldier's life. That story is  
in every British schoolboy's mind. It is now  
a part of our Empire's <sup>imperial history</sup> story. We cannot  
help thinking tonight of those vanished  
days of darkness in the  <sup>autumn</sup> of 1917  
when  <sup>on</sup> October  <sup>27</sup> the British bombardment  
of Gaza began, and  <sup>in doubt and uncertainty</sup> ~~ended~~  <sup>on</sup> December 9,  
Jerusalem  <sup>finally</sup> fell, and we knew that the  
power of the Turk was beginning to crumble.  
We think tonight of the dawn of that  
September morning, - the 19<sup>th</sup> - in 1918 when  
~~our~~  <sup>our</sup> the allied artillery broke the Turkish





Madame Memorial

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April 23. 27

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We are gathered here this afternoon to lay, ~~as it were,~~  
the foundation of a memorial to your gallant dead. We  
approach the task with gratitude for the young lives  
whose <sup>noble</sup> gallant deeds are here ~~remembered~~ to be kept in  
perpetual remembrance, with reverence for their sacrifice,  
and with proud memories of their great achievements.  
To all Canadians the month of April will always or  
should always be a month of sacred recollections, and of  
pardonable pride. It is the month of Ypres, of Vimy,  
of Arras, - of those splendid victories which are now an  
immortal part of Canada's story. Twelve years have  
gone ~~today~~ since that eventful morning in the  
Salient when the operations began which were to  
test our troops in their first great trial. How  
well they stood that cruel test is now a fact of  
history. The second Battle of Ypres will be a synonym  
of unequalled <sup>unwearied</sup> courage, devotion and determination  
as long as the memory of man endures. I am not  
going to tell again the details of those uncertain  
and eventful days. To many of you here they are  
still vivid. Twelve years is a relatively long period in  
our lives, but I am sure that today across the years  
the events of Ypres stand out in sharp outlines. There  
are some things that ~~to~~ even time can not efface  
from the print of <sup>our</sup> remembrance, and among  
these are the recollections of splendid daring,  
of the patient enduring of pain, of meeting with  
grim courage the murderous and loathsome

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waves of poison gas from which there was no escape and no relief. These are the memories that make up the epic of Ypres.

On ~~the~~ <sup>these</sup> Memorial days bring to the bereaved, the fathers, the mothers, the widows and children, - a renewed measure of sorrow. I know that grief is ~~the~~ here in the hearts of this assembly. <sup>But we must bear in mind that while</sup> The prospect of death awaits every man ~~but~~ only a few are fortunate enough to make it a means of service and regeneration. These are the "happy warriors" whose names today are remembered. ~~But~~ Then comes to my mind the statement of a distinguished writer at the close of the Civil War: "To the peace advocate" he said, "the soldier is always a man going to slaughter his neighbours; but to his countrymen he is a man going to lose his life for their sake, - that is, to perform the loftiest act of devotion of which a human being is capable." To those ~~men~~ who died at Ypres the struggle was a holy one in which it was a blessing to perish. War in many ways is a stupendous calamity; but these ~~stout~~ stout-hearted and devoted men who went out bravely and high minded, who gave all in their youth and strength, these afford the chief proof that man and his ~~stout~~ works are worth fighting for. ~~To~~ <sup>It is</sup> ~~prove~~ <sup>to</sup> the willingness of men to die for what principles, ~~or~~ <sup>or</sup> of freedom, - a struggle for our native <sup>great</sup> land, ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> last great gift to mankind and the hope of countless men and women and children yet to be.

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The gallant dead whose names make up the Honour Roll of this memorial can speak to us now only through their names and the memory of their illustrious deeds. But this memorial will speak to generations yet unborn of their worth and their ideals. It will tell that the dead have caused us to renew our faith and have made us determined to make more noble the years that are to come. After twelve years we need once more soldiers of peace who will fight for freedom and justice and fair dealing, for men's rights, for the principles on which we have been brought up and on which our country is founded. That is our task today, and only ~~can~~ by the faithful and fearless performance of that task can we keep faith with our dead and build for them ~~a~~ <sup>an</sup> honourable ~~monument~~ <sup>monument</sup>.

We are met today in the jubilee year of Confederation. It seems to me that there is a strange similarity between the spirit of Confederation and the spirit of Ypres, - the one sixty years ago, the other just one fifth of that time back in our history. It was at Ypres that the Canadian ~~by~~ troops were first made conscious of their strength. They met the ~~greatest~~ most formidable foe the world had ever <sup>seen</sup> ~~known~~, provided with more terrible weapons than warriors had ever known, - and they emerged broken but unbowed. Their tenacity and ingenuity and courage turned the tide of battle and ~~changed the~~ ~~side~~ saved the Channel ~~to~~ ports. What their gallant stand means to the Empire in its fateful hour our country cannot forget. It was at Ypres, too, that our troops realized the binding tie of their common country. All

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sectional jealousies were ~~not~~ forgotten, all geographical lines in our far flung Dominion were blotted out. There was neither East nor West in that splendid but tragic hour. There was neither border nor breed nor birth. There was a consciousness of one great home land, and only pride in the one word "Canadian" which men wore without a blush. Men from the nine ~~different~~ <sup>one or</sup> far scattered provinces who had not before understood each other's spirit suddenly realized the splendor and the glory of their common traditions. They must forward together; they fought and suffered together; they died together for the honour of the great home land. And in laying down their young lives they were firm in their conviction that this land must endure, that its destiny is a sacred thing, that its power for usefulness in the world is ~~incalculable~~ cannot be calculated, that its honour and its freedom ~~for many~~ to be kept inviolate for the children of the future. And so they went forth with joyous optimism, knowing that while perhaps they were looking for the last time upon the ~~sun~~ <sup>sun</sup> their work would ~~be~~ surely ~~endure~~ <sup>endure</sup>. Ypres was in a large measure <sup>our</sup> a baptism of fire, but it was likewise our realization of faith in ourselves, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> in the sacred bonds of country and of a belief in the ultimate triumph of our ideals.

Now, the men who made Confederation possible sixty years ago were men of similar vision and of similar strength. Their descendants at Ypres

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our descendants of their flesh, but they were likewise descendants of their spirit. Sixty years ago our ancestors had many obstacles to ~~encounter~~ <sup>overcome</sup>. The provinces, like our troops before Ypres, had not been working as a unit. There was no common bond. But our fathers dreamed of a united Canada based on common traditions and common ideals. Their ideals were looked on with indifference in the mother country but they clung ~~tenaciously~~ with tenacity to their task. Reading the pages of the debates of those troubled days we wonder that the project was finally guided to its ~~fulfillment~~ <sup>successful conclusion</sup>. Faith, patience, courage, tolerance, a submerging of personal desires, self sacrifice, optimism and serene faith, - all these mark the story of Confederation, - a story that is one of the most remarkable in the history of nation-building. But while the project of union was ~~for the~~ primarily for Canada it was not for Canada only. It was for the <sup>lasting</sup> benefit of the British Empire, or the British North America Act records. Like Ypres it was for homeland first & last for the mother land as well. By that Union

~~We sometimes wonder~~  
we were made to realize our power and to renew our faith in ourselves and in our country.

We sometimes wonder if after sixty years, and after twelve years, our rising generation is still imbued with the spirit of Confederation and the spirit of Ypres. The men of those far away days, - the living and the dead - have given us national



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memories to shame us out of our little-mindedness and our easy complacency. Their great deeds will not permit us to do less. Our great national life cannot be kept & take care of itself. It soon stagnates if it is not stirred and freshened by great purposes. It becomes corrupted by vulgarity, by luxury, by envy; its politics ~~has~~ grow tainted with private self-seeking, with public indifference, with sectionalism and factionalism; its family life descends to ~~the~~ disrespect and misunderstanding; its individuals fall into the snare of petty grievances and self-indulgence. It is only the memory of a great national vision and a great national sacrifice that can renew our strength and cleanse us and raise the whole standard of our values. Surely on this memorial day on the jubilee year of Confederation, with our remembrance of our fathers' heroic struggle sixty years ago, and with our memories of those splendid days of yore in ~~the~~ must renew our hope and dedicate ourselves anew to the service of our country. Across the ~~the~~ spaces of sixty years and of twelve years clear and calm voices speak to us and to our children telling us to be not afraid of life. It is only by listening to these ~~the~~ golden voices, calling us to courage, to unity, to sacrifice if need be, that we can build worthy ~~memorials~~ monuments to their immortal memories. It is only ~~by~~ thus that, unashamed, we can say to our ~~father's~~ great dead ::



House of Commons  
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*Lesson of War*

~~One of the supreme lessons of the~~

In ~~the~~ speaking for a few ~~moment~~ minutes of  
the lessons of the war, I ~~can~~ ~~not~~ ~~can~~ speak  
only in general terms, I can emphasize only the  
general influences of the war on the average man  
or woman who was privileged to serve in it. It  
would be ~~folly~~ folly to dogmatize in a detailed  
manner. The war brought to each soul its  
~~individual~~ perhaps <sup>many</sup> different influences  
but there are nevertheless general lessons  
that have not been without effect.

The first of these ~~lessons~~ general lessons is  
the glory and the value of service. Service and  
sacrifice for others is the very essence of Christianity.  
There are those who sometimes decry it, think  
the war proved the failure of Christianity. But  
the war proved the triumph of Christianity,  
for the religion of the trenches was the religion  
of the Cross.

There are many things about the war that each of  
us remembers. And in our remembrance, perhaps  
we can turn the meaning ~~and the value~~  
these past experiences into the very stuff and ~~shape~~  
of character. There is so much to remember, ~~both~~  
~~and~~ of those turbid and ~~tragic~~ tragic years,  
- little indeed that we could forget. And there  
for years were crowded ~~with~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~trials~~ <sup>trials</sup>  
~~trials~~ ~~trials~~ and ~~trials~~ ~~trials~~ ~~trials~~ ~~trials~~  
conquests and defeats, laughter and tears, ~~trials~~

we were formerly accustomed to think of as  
concerned only by generations now ~~stricken~~  
dwindling only in the land of old romance.  
In the future years ~~the~~ world will look  
back to ~~that~~ the period through which we lived  
and will ask what was the influence of those  
you are, and what was the measure of their  
and women who encouraged from its ~~ashes~~  
ashes and its glory. We shall not be true to  
testify, and perhaps history may be false  
to us. ~~There~~ There are many things tonight ~~which~~  
which I remember. But out of all these memories  
and facts of observation there are a few impressions  
~~which~~ which are more deeply printed  
than the rest.



Another lesson in the lesson of discipline. The  
youth of our country found from comparison  
freedom of action & ~~action~~ his under a  
definite authority. The smallest details of  
his being, from the length of his hair to the  
cleanliness of his boots uncontrolled by  
an authority. Against which there was no  
appeal. Druryon pondered said "Self-reliance,  
self-knowledge, self-control, these three alone  
lead to sovereign power". The army life  
is a proof of the truth of the first statement.  
The recruit learned to submit, to learn  
the pride of submission and obedience in  
discipline and self-restraint. This very

~~But~~ ~~less~~ discipline ~~and~~ led to another  
lesson, the lesson of pride in the unit to  
which he belonged. His self-respect increased  
enormously. He realized that he had in his  
~~unit~~ <sup>unit</sup> keeping the reputation of his  
~~company~~ <sup>unit</sup>, and it was this realization that  
coupled with the principles ~~for~~ which  
he fought, which made him do his best.  
~~Another lesson in the~~

But while the soldier was proud of his own  
individuality he learned one of his great  
truths, - that it is not in isolation but as  
a member of a body or group that a man  
finds his fullest self-expression, that  
self-subordination is better than self-  
assertion, that it is not as an individual  
but as one of many brethren that a

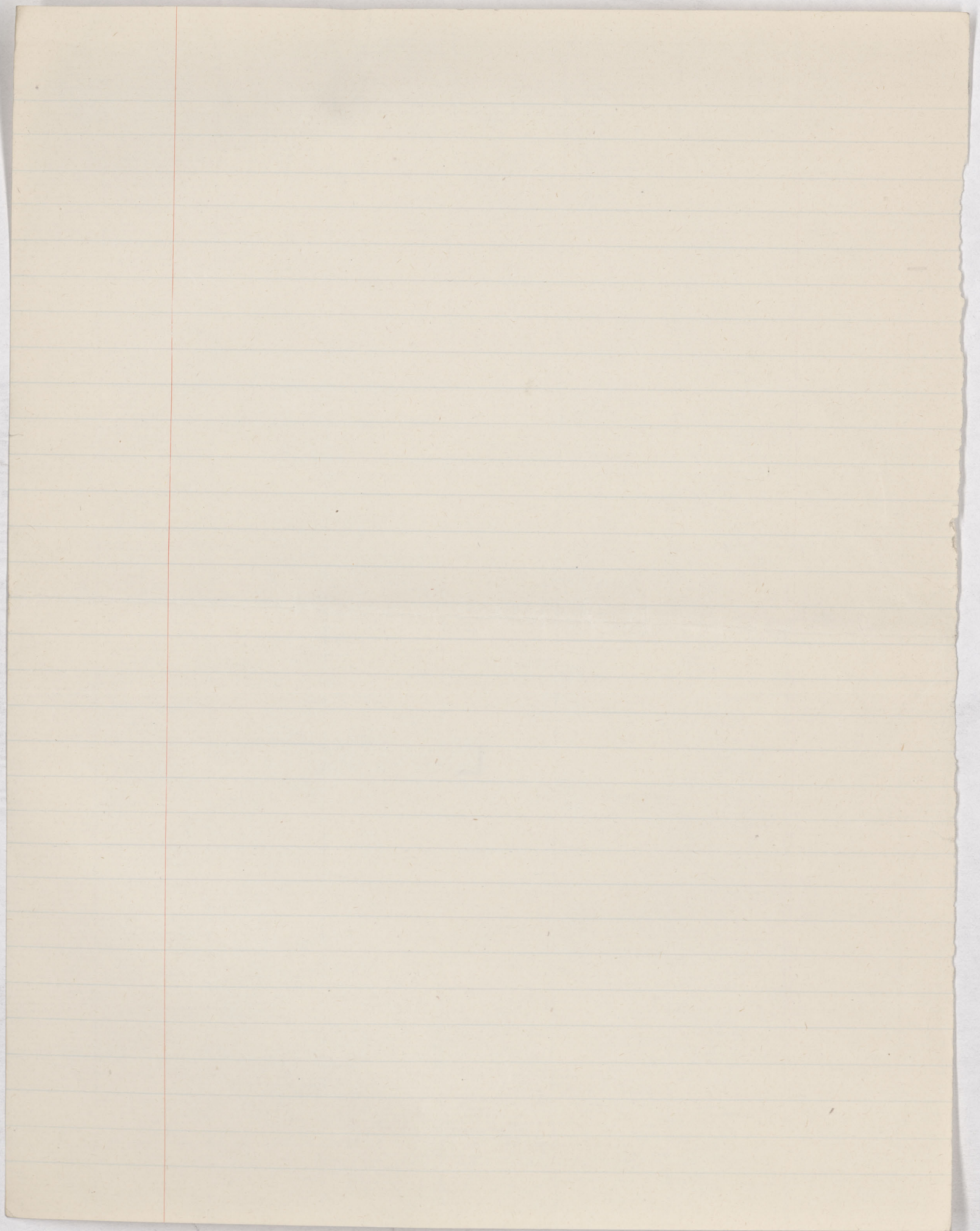
~~We shall finish in our time, but the <sup>example</sup>~~  
of these days of warfare, of ~~the~~ the sacrifice  
and the heroism of youth, of the ~~the~~ purpose  
that hope and endurance and is patient, of  
fortitude and fidelity and achievement, - these  
~~these~~ cannot be changed, cannot die from the  
memory of men. The generations to come will  
draw strength for other duties of peace; - duties  
which are far removed from that sacred  
duty which we were privileged to perform

There will come a day when man will  
disappear, when nation shall no longer rise  
against nation, when men shall beat their  
swords into plowshares and their spears  
into pruning-hooks.

The war <sup>period</sup> was a period of ~~the~~ unceasing service,  
of strenuous endeavor. If its lessons are lost,  
if we drop back into the swollen, slotted hole  
of peace, if we shrink from hard contests,  
forgetful or careless of our duty, our dead  
have died in vain.



The ~~of~~ men and women and boys who went  
out to die for the principles <sup>of this ancient</sup> on which your country  
and mine are based, ~~but~~ thought not of  
self. One by one they were challenged by death.  
But they met the challenge with a smile  
and regard, in front of his grim visage, to be  
disregard. And when at last they laid their  
lives at the feet of him who likewise had died  
for his principles, they had no regrets; they  
were gentlemen, unafraid.



Form No. 52

IN FIVE DAYS RETURN TO

THE CANADIAN NATIONAL  
INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND

186 BEVERLEY STREET

TORONTO 2B

ONTARIO

*Armistice Day, '23*



The Editor,

The Patriot,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

McGILL UNIVERSITY

MONTREAL.

FACULTY OF ARTS  
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

Armistice Day Anniversary, 1923

It is ~~not without~~ <sup>with deep and sincere</sup> emotion that any man or any woman with a memory speaks on the anniversary of armistice day, or takes part in armistice day exercises. Five years <sup>has gone</sup> is a relatively long period since that memorable day in the world's history. Five years is a relatively long period, particularly in the life of youth or of the aged. And yet how brief these five years seem when memory brings before us the events of that day, and the momentous happenings of its early hours. The reminiscences of that day can never become shadowy to those who lived ~~through it~~ <sup>amidst its history</sup>. They are part of life itself and cannot vanish from the tablets of our ~~memory~~ <sup>remembrance</sup> this side the grave. It would be pleasant perhaps, and interesting to recall again some of the stirring scenes of that <sup>time</sup> day, scenes which I am sure rise today ~~with~~ <sup>so vividly</sup>, with sadness or with sorrow, in your minds. But as a rule there are sacred paths of thought which the individual treads alone, he keeps their secrets to himself, for they are <sup>often</sup> too revered to share with others, even the most intimate. And so I sometimes think that to the women of the world, the women who <sup>for four years</sup> suffered in anxious and expectant silence, armistice day means being its secret and unuttered thoughts, which if expressed would after all ~~become~~ reveal the longings of the world's heart and the throbbing of the world's breast. Many of us I am sure would like today to muse and brood and live again in memory "with the old faces of our battle days, some of them asleep beneath the mounds of foreign grass." But while we keep them live in our minds and hearts, that is not the purpose of our gathering here today. It is, I think, rather to ask "what is the meaning of

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Armistice Day to us as Canadians men and women?  
 What lessons does it bring to us, and how can we  
 apply them to our individual and our national life.  
~~One of our deplorable~~ <sup>In our times</sup> ~~days~~, unfortunately, men and  
 women speak with bitterness not unmingled with  
 cynicism ~~on~~ about the late war and about Armistice  
 Day. We behind, they say, that it was a war & end war;  
 we were told that the last gun fired on ~~the~~ November  
 11: 1918, was the last gun that the world would ever hear  
 in the discommodities of nations. We were ~~taught~~ taught  
 that with Armistice Day, swords ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> spears were beaten into  
 plough-shares and spears into pruning-hooks, that the  
 long dreamed for time had come when every man would sit  
 under his own vine and sing the merry song of peace and his  
 neighbour, and God ~~should~~ <sup>would</sup> be truly known upon the earth.  
 The result, they say, has not been according to the promise.  
 Wars have not ended. Selfishness still stalks abroad with  
 its fearful weapons. Nations still rise up against  
 nations. Distress and confusion, injustice and cruelty,  
 greed and agrandisement are with us still, and there is  
 no merry song of peace. Nothing is heard but the ~~for~~  
 clamour of lies belied in the ~~hubbub~~ hubbub of lies.  
 This, I admit, is a sombre picture. But you know and I  
 know that is the feeling of many of the thinking people  
 of the world, and that it is not without more than a  
 shadow of truth. You remember in those war days when  
 the spirit drooped and all the pulses of being were low and  
 the heart was sick because of sacrifice or pain, how the  
 thought and the realization that we were fighting for an  
 ideal <sup>alike</sup> ~~nerved~~ <sup>threw</sup> those at home and at the front, so that they  
~~held~~ felt the blood <sup>quicken</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>then</sup> <sup>held</sup> the head  
<sup>high</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>with</sup> <sup>strengthened</sup> <sup>step</sup>. We must all admit the truth of this statement.

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But while this is unquestionably true, I sometimes think that we become somewhat confused on Armistice Day — in our discussion of that very ideal which strengthened us so splendidly and gave the battle to our hands in the end. We too frequently suggest that the whole ideal and the only ideal we fought for was the ideal of a war to end war. That was one of the ideals, I admit, but is not only one. There are many other ideals which we sometimes forget. Canada must be war because Canada ~~had~~ believes firmly and implicitly in the ideals which have always guided the British race. You know how we used to present the ~~intention~~ <sup>thanks</sup> so often spoken privately and publicly by a well intentioned Englishman or English woman. "It is so good of you to come and help us," they would say. And we answered "no; we came because we are part of a great Empire that has always fought for great ideals; we too are inheritors of those traditions, although we live across the sea in a great new land; no part of the Empire has a monopoly of great ideals; ~~any~~ if the Empire means anything in its ~~struggle~~ struggle for civilization, every part of the Empire shares in its glory and is the custodian of its traditions. And as we are here, <sup>we</sup> <sup>said,</sup> not to help you alone, but to fight for what you represent. And Australia is here, and New Zealand is here, and South Africa is here and Newfoundland is here, of our own free will, the five fingers on that closed fist which works in unison with the Mother Heart of Empire. For

"A nation spoke to a nation, a queen sent word to them,  
Daughter and I in my mother's house, but mistress of  
mine own,  
The gates are mine to open or the gates are mine to close,  
And I'll set my house in order, said the Lady of the Snows.  
But, we added, "we must prove our faith in our heritage  
by more than a word of mouth." When our ideals are  
threatened, mother and daughter are one.



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continent the principle of freedom in the worship of God. It has ~~ever~~ been mindful of ~~the~~ <sup>to</sup> one of the bases of civilization, - that nationality is an ideal only when it is associated with law and peace; that when nationality wages a war of liberation it is sacred and blessed; when it wages wars of domination it is accursed. This is one of the ideals the glory of which Armistice Day reminds us. The war we fought in was a war of liberation, against a war of domination. And that ideal still lies upon the earth under the guardianship of our race.

Not only has our Empire <sup>lived</sup> ~~stood~~ for freedom, but its various parts have always welcomed it. Their shores all who sought liberty. They have absorbed other nationalities under their flag without bitterness or despair <sup>to the most</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>on an</sup> ~~they~~ <sup>armistice</sup> ~~said~~ <sup>to</sup> humbly. Not as Olympian conquerors did <sup>to</sup> ~~they~~ <sup>to</sup> other lands <sup>to</sup> spread their doctrines of civilization. Peace and order, and on their heels a hard-won trust, - these are their eternal landmarks. This great and noble work was <sup>the</sup> ~~in~~ the main-spring of their life; <sup>to</sup> ~~not~~ a few of them it was the glory of their death. And Armistice Day is an everlasting memorial <sup>to</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>to</sup> the western of this old ideal in our later days.

One of our defects as Canadians today is the absence of a more definite pride in our inheritance. I do not mean that we should paint the maple leaf in vivid autumn colours upon our luggage when we go abroad nor do I mean that we should shout our nationality with objectionable egotism. But surely we can remember the splendour of our ideals, particularly in this age of pessimistic lamentation when all ideals are said <sup>to</sup> ~~to have been shattered. We should remember that the Empire <sup>to</sup> ~~to which~~~~





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to the tree only till they ripen." We shall realize, rather than colonies, are expressions of the parent ideal. We must have courage to ~~the~~ foster and shape a new destiny or the ultimate ~~or~~ alternative, or the break up of the empire. It is ~~not~~ not unusual for the pioneer, who planted the old flag in far off and difficult places to be rewarded with contempt or indifference or even opposition. And a similar attitude is today sometimes evident.

One hundred and fifty years ago Edmund Burke laid down the principle of common ideal for our Empire. "Parliament," he said, "is not a congress of ambassadors from different and hostile interests; but parliament is a deliberative assembly of one nation with one interest, that of the whole; where not local purposes, not local prejudices ought to guide, but the general good, resulting from the general reason of the whole." "I am a member for a rich commercial city; this city, however, is but a part of a rich commercial nation, the interests of which are various, multiform, and intricate. We are members of for that great nation, which, however, is itself but part of a great empire extended by our virtue and our fortunes to the farthest limits of the east and of the west. All these wide-spread interests must be considered; must be compared; must be reconciled if possible. We are members for a free country." Is that political ideal lost in modern life? Is it still the ideal of the majority of the members of parliament throughout our empire? Surely, Armistice Day with its memories should impress upon us its wisdom and the necessity for emphasizing it in our ~~day~~ day.

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Armistice Day, should tell us finally, that there are no longer sleeping-partners in the affairs of Europe. We have today a community of interest. That interest, if in analysis it, has been the most potent instrument for good in the spread of civilization. It must be maintained. Look at the endless procession of nations that have moved across the stage of time, some of them with the power and the <sup>majesty</sup> splendour and the pride of place, which in their thoughtless folly, they ~~to~~ dreamed meant immortality. Many of them have disappeared. Some of them indeed you today can scarcely trace. Scattered blocks of decaying ~~crumbling~~ marble, worn inscriptions on ruined tombs, dusty garments in excavated palaces, - these are the <sup>remnants</sup> relics of their ~~splendour~~ ephemeral splendour and their transitory pride. It may be that far from some of them the influence of their civilization, their laws, their traditions, their literature remain. But in sight in vain for the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. "Eternal summer yields them yet, but all except their sun is set." There is little left but a blush or a tear for vanished greatness. Other empires, too, have totally disappeared and their fame is forgotten. They have passed into the night of forgetfulness. Why? They failed because of disunion within, and because because of the loss of ~~ideals~~ their ideals.

And will the many of night likewise pass on us in time, as the pessimists are so fond of telling us. Will we too follow the path of degeneracy, - that path on which despotism in any form, whether political or economic or social, becomes a machine, where corruption and luxury and indolence ~~trample down~~ <sup>trample down</sup> the

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of virtues which our fathers cherished, - honesty and  
 fidelity and industry? Will the smell of death also  
 peal out us, leaving as our monuments only the  
 scattered marble blocks. The answer "no", not  
 while ~~the~~ Armistice Day remains with us, and  
 the memory of what it stands for strengthens us and  
 guides. Not while we remember the soul of our Empire  
 and rather than its geographical <sup>parts</sup> ~~boundaries~~. Not while  
 the Anglo-Saxon spirit of our ancestors remains with  
 us to guide us and to demand of us whatever sacrifice  
 may be necessary for the realizing of their dreams.

For they said to us when their work was done:

"But in your old. Ah! when shall all men's good  
 Be each man's rule, and universal Peace  
 Lie like a shaft of light across the land,  
 And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,  
 Thus all the circle of the golden year!"

Their dreamed-of golden year has not yet come. But it is  
 on the way, if we but keep our heads and our hearts  
 right. For good or for evil we are committed. Along the  
 path we must go, marching to our destiny, all  
 together. To get the best out of democracy we must  
 continue to appeal to the ideal as well as to the  
 material side of human nature. For deep in the  
 recesses of each man's being is the desire for an ideal,  
 - dim, perhaps, unarticulated, indigent, but yet  
 existent and insistent. In an ideal, true or false,  
 every man will sacrifice much. Our Anglo-Saxon  
 ideals are based on the noblest qualities. And I believe  
 that there is an ~~in~~ innate desire in our race to  
 work and sacrifice for those ideals.

The world as a rule forgets many things. It is too often a world of forgetfulness rather than a world of remembrance. There are we know forgotten arts and forgotten empires, forgotten philosophies and forgotten faiths. But the world, thank God, has never wholly forgotten courageous youth, and unflinching valour, and unwavering self-sacrifice. And days like Armistice Day keep us in perpetual remembrance of these things. The world on a day like this puts out of sight the petty things of life, the inconsequential, the controversial, and brings out in the light the bigger



We must be alert to our danger. We must not take for granted the safety of and ~~peace~~ preservation of our heritage of freedom until we lose it forever. There is a kind of complacent pacifism that believes that the ostrich method is the best defence, unaware of the fact that if you blindly stick your head in the sand something is bound to happen to another part of your anatomy. There is another form of weak pacifism which says that nothing is worth dying for. Freedom was worth dying for and still is. And there is still another kind of pacifism which maintains that if a nation is free it is secure. But when we build up freedom's strength, when we resolve that we will not submit to tyranny, we are building the only kind of peace that can endure. In that effort we do full honour to those who paid for freedom the final price of their lives.

The Legion, the Dominion Command and its Branches, now has a responsible task in the days ahead. We must tell the children in the schools what our boys are fighting for in ~~freedom~~ <sup>freedom</sup> for away Korea. ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> what they may be fighting for nearer home. We must tell them the differences between our inherited way of life and that of the tyrants who would enslave us. I would like to see a few lectures given during school hours on this subject in every school in the Province by a local member of the Legion. We must strive <sup>to</sup> ~~to~~ cast aside all thoughts that divide us as a nation and to remember only the things that unite us.

The Canadian Indians have a lovely legend. It tells that when the tribe is in trouble or uncertainty or distress the spirits of their dead come back to ~~our~~ <sup>our</sup> earth to guide their living comrades and to help them to solve the nation's problems. And so in these days of international and national uncertainty one can imagine the spirits of our ~~fallen~~ <sup>fallen</sup> ~~fallen~~ <sup>fallen</sup> comrades brooding over the home-land scene and ~~then~~ <sup>then</sup> stirring our memories more eloquent by than with words, inspiring us to be of good courage ~~until~~ <sup>until</sup> and hope until the world is lastingly at peace and ~~freedom~~ <sup>freedom</sup> forever free. They would have us build a Canada that is spiritually clean and purged, where free men can ~~can~~ <sup>can</sup> live freely. That is the task of the Legion.

Say not the struggle naught availeth,  
The labour and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not nor faileth,  
And as things have been, they remain."

Though hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,  
Fears may be liars

It may be in your smoke concealed,  
Our comrades cheer even now the flying,  
And but for us possess the field.

And not from eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes comes in the light,  
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But westward, look, the land is bright.

## Soldiers

Never in modern times has human liberty in all countries seemed more in peril than it is today. In nations that only a few years ago were among those that led the world in culture & material progress freedom has been stamped out. Whole populations have been reduced to mere slaves & submission of all their best does, but the forced adulation of the despots that rule them.

We must be alert.  
Must not take <sup>heredity</sup> ~~heredity~~ for granted until we have it in our hands.

This day should remind us of the sacrifices made in the past. It should impress us with the possibility of danger in the future and it should inspire us to fight vigorously for the retention of our traditions and our ideals. It can lead us from the lines to preserve the traditions - We take them straight & we can do as well their spirit and carry on their accomplishments for peace time efforts. Hope that will never be with.

Just 20 years since we came home,

by the dead for all our war could parade today in the full vigor of their bygone manhood.

We can best honor them by casting aside all thoughts that divide us as a nation & by remembering the things they want us - If they are not to have died in vain the new Canada must be built in their image, the image of those who have loved freedom more than life. They died for an ideal not yet achieved. We do ~~them~~ reverence to their ~~valiant~~ ~~and~~ sacred dust when we go forward to that ideal of ~~peace~~ liberty and brotherhood. We dishonor their valiant ashes if we for a moment tolerate intolerance.





and a great mass of praise  
History will give him a supreme place and in the great book of his country it will be  
a place of high honour. In the midst of the unhindered he was steadfast  
and the struggle with the Power of Darkness

About his name storms will rage for a time mistakes will be brought up  
against him by small minded critics and unscrupulous pol.

But his triumphs cannot be covered

His pol power was high in part approved

A statesman of freedom and justice not alone for Canada  
but for the world

You have done me tonight a two-fold honour, which I deeply appreciate, -the honour of meeting with you at this annual memorial function and of partaking of your generous hospitality, and also the greater honour of saying a few words in tribute to ~~the man~~ <sup>the memory of Sir William Macdonald whose services we gratefully</sup> whose deeds we commemorate in

this gathering. (~~In the rush and bustle of modern life with its uncertainty and its tumult it is well to pause and look back to those great spirits who made our path easier, and who in their calm and untroubled faith built wisely and generously, that the generations that were to follow them might have a happier way of life.~~

~~"In your busy on-rush of life," Joseph Howe used to say, "make room for the dead. Do not withhold the grateful tear for those and for their works who are not here...If fitly you'd aspire, honour the dead; recount their virtues in your festal hours, and o'er their graves go strew your choicest flowers."~~)

It is ~~(therefore)~~ a great privilege for me, a native of Prince Edward Island, to pay my tribute of admiration and affection to one of the

greatest sons <sup>, perhaps the greatest,</sup> to whom my native province has given birth. He is <sup>one of</sup> our contributions to the educational progress of this country, and ~~of~~ his career and his attainments we are ever pardonably proud. But gathered here tonight to do honour to the memory of this great benefactor, I <sup>humbly</sup> recall, as <sup>applicable</sup> ~~fitting~~ to my <sup>own</sup> task, the lines of Milton in contemplating a memorial:

"Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,

What needs't thou such weak witness of thy

name!"

*Sir William's monuments are around us*  
Cardinal Mercier said of the late King Albert of Belgium,—"it filled my heart with joy to see how the Creator had taken of his best clay to fashion the Sovereign of Belgium." So we can say of Sir William Macdonald; and we of the Maritimes are justly proud that he was made of our clay.

Two types of leaders have always stood out in the business world. One is the brilliant, scintillating, magnetic kind,- the man filled with dash and daring, always in the spot-light, able always to capture the popular imagination.

The other is the quiet, steady-going, sure-footed man, known more for sagacity and sound judgment and integrity than for glittering or spectacular display,- the man who in the midst of the turmoil that affrights others, keeps his poise and is looked up to,- especially in times of peril or crisis or urgent need,- as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. To this latter class Sir William Macdonald pre-eminently belonged. In finance and industry he was regarded as a rock,- as one always to be depended upon. Advice from him was felt to be sound,- if he gave it at all. Personal integrity, unchallenged in him even in days when attacks and scandal walked unashamed in the street and struck at any shining mark, <sup>-personal integrity</sup> was the cause and capstone of his great success. People liked to think of him as an oldfashioned industrialist. <sup>Such they called him,</sup> and such he was, by training, experience, and preference. Nobody ever thought or spoke of him as "a Napoleon of finance." In a changing and at times an unscrupulous world he clung to time-honoured methods; he was more interested in building up <sup>a</sup> ~~an~~

<sup>great</sup> industry than in dazzling or startling strokes in the stock market. Amidst all the storms and buffets of changing fortune, <sup>and contrary winds</sup> he kept, like his ancestors, his rudder true.

Sir William was typical of the ancestors from whom he sprang. His background is a chapter of romantic story, - interesting, and filled with daring and courage and faith. His great grandfather Alexander Macdonald was the seventh Laird or Chief of Glenaladale and Glenfinnan, - among the glens and lochs of Scotland. He was a leader of his people. <sup>Charles Stewart -</sup> "Bonnie Prince Charlie" landed in Scotland in July, 1745. On the 17th of August he first unfurled his standard; he unfurled it on the estate of Alexander Macdonald, and it was blessed by the Rev. Hugh Macdonald, Alexander's <sup>kinsman</sup> brother. The <sup>Macdonalds</sup> clansmen <sup>of Glenaladale</sup> were <sup>unwavering</sup> supporters of Prince Charlie, and <sup>they</sup> fought for him at Preston Pans and Culloden. Later in the century, Scottish emigration to America began on a fairly large scale, enforced by political and economic conditions. The Lord Advocate ~~of England~~, Lord Dundas, had been given large tracts of land in Prince Edward

Island, then St. John's Island, after that colony had passed into British hands as a result of the fall of Quebec in 1759. In 1772 Alexander Macdonald's son, Captain John Macdonald, who had become eighth Laird of Glenaladale after his father's death, purchased from Lord Dundas <sup>two</sup> ~~twenty~~ thousand acres of land in Prince Edward Island. To do this, and to lead his clansmen to a better way of life in the new world, he mortgaged or sold his Scottish estates. Captain John was Sir William's grand-father. He called his new home in Prince Edward Island, <sup>the</sup> the ancestral name, Glenaladale. Captain John served with the British Colonial troops for eight years during the American Revolution, from 1775 to 1783, at great personal sacrifice and the loss of much of his property. *There are many legends of his courage.* He died in 1811, the year <sup>almost the day</sup> when another great Scotsman James McGill made his will in Montreal, - a will that was to link forever in one institution the names McGill and Macdonald. Captain John Macdonald's son and chief heir was Donald, born in Glenaladale, Prince Edward Island. Donald was Sir William's

father. Both Captain John and his son Donald, grandfather and father of Sir William, are buried in the little local cemetery.

Sir William <sup>Mackdonald</sup> typified the characteristics of his race. Samuel Smiles never had a clearer self-made man than he. But the path he climbed - from his birth in Prince Edward Island to his death in Montreal - was steep, and it was scaled only by unremitting determination and effort. While his mature life was spent in Canada's largest city, his early rural association gave him first-hand acquaintance with the homely virtues, social and economic, which are at the foundation of our national life. His rugged simplicity had its cradle in an environment of pioneer struggle and its nourishment in the economies and discipline of a frugal community and a frugal home. But this struggle was in a moral atmosphere with lofty views and aims. There <sup>with in sound of the surf,</sup> the rule of life was "do the day's work", for <sup>and the sea</sup> the land yielded a living only to hard work. The old song on which his generation was brought up - and forgotten in modern times - urged one



to "work in the morning hours, to work amid springing flowers, to work even through the sunny noon, and then on till the last beam fadeth, fadeth to shine no more". It was a joyous old song and the only unhappy note in it was the one that suggested the on-coming of night when man works no more.

~~So~~ <sup>Young</sup> ~~Sir~~ <sup>Mackinnon</sup> William <sup>^</sup> grew up to be a believer in work. The industry of his early training grew with the years. Thrift became a habit of his life, - ~~but~~ thrift not alone in material affairs but in speech and time and energy. Like the hunter in Olive Schreiner's story he climbed from cliff to cliff, cutting pioneer niches in the rock, in his quest for the white bird of truth. And, as a result of industry and thrift, the boy to whom in his early days a shilling was a fortune became <sup>in the end</sup> <sup>^</sup> the master of millions.

*Macdonald*

But ~~Sir~~ William was born not for himself but for his country. His scheme of life had a wider horizon than his own vocation, <sup>or his own environment,</sup> It was one of the tenets of his philosophy of life that large sums of money should not be stored up for use centuries hence, but should be spent during the possessor's life-time. Like manna in the wilderness it must be used largely within the day, between the dawn and <sup>the</sup> evening of its gathering. He determined to use his wealth in a way that would be of the greatest value to those of his own time and also to those like you <sup>and me</sup> who would come after him. He felt that the best test of the wisdom of men who make fortunes is what they do with them after they have made them. He therefore made a special effort to meet the educational needs of his own community, of this province and of this Dominion, and to put the best knowledge within the reach of all classes. Fortunately for us he chose McGill as his <sup>greatest agency.</sup> ~~He was our greatest benefactor. He made us rich materially.~~ To our University he was a tower of strength, never found wanting, not merely in the immense resources he commanded

*He found it brick and left it marble*

but in <sup>the</sup> ~~his~~ clear-sighted, granite-like character and vision with which he regarded a university's place and possibilities *in the nation.*

Like Ian MacLaren's "Domsie", he was especially interested in "the lad o' pairts", - and for such lads scholarships were provided by his <sup>earliest</sup> generosity, so that assistance might be given to especially talented boys and girls. Another of his interests was the more thorough training of teachers for the schools of the Province. No branch of knowledge was left unaided or unnourished by his golden touch. He wanted to make farm life happier and better, and to give to agriculture the facilities previously assigned only to other industries. In his native Maritimes, consolidation of schools, junior colleges, school gardens and nature study in rural parts, - all were his creation or *the improvements now advocated by educational investigators, he quietly established long ago.* He had little sympathy with research that does not penetrate to the realm of action. What his efforts have meant to our country it is impossible <sup>here</sup> to estimate. But surely no man <sup>anywhere, at any time</sup> was ever more effective in help-

ing the children of the shadow to become the children of the light. His gifts to education and charity were many and princely, although probably it will never be known just how much he gave away without letting his left hand know what his right hand did,- and all was done without personal or partisan advantage.

On this anniversary which we call Founder's Day we may well pause to praise this simple-hearted man who shrank from praise, not only for the things he did but for his courage in doing them. We honour too his services to his community, his country and to humanity. He was one of the great of his generation. He did not need to be knighted to be a nobleman. In his person were ~~united~~ <sup>for combined joined mingled</sup> qualities such as are rarely found in combination. There was great strength joined to utter simplicity. Behind the simple, unassuming exterior was great reserve strength and ability. He outlives his own time in what he did for his fellow men, even and especially the least of them. His memory to us of McGill and Macdonald

College will be as of a rugged wood in which roses clambered among the trees. With such a life of blessing to others he might well have said with Sir Thomas Browne that he was happy enough to pity Caesar.

I think that if he were here tonight in our <sup>and troubled</sup> mad world, with his calm wisdom, his industry and his vision, he would deplore above all our declining self-reliance, our vanishing faith in ourselves. For he was fond of saying to Sir William Peterson when he gave an endowment, "I have confidence in future generations and in their ability to meet their own needs wisely and adequately, if given proper training in youth." He would regret, too, the growing tendency to relegate all responsibility to that impersonal dispenser of supposedly limitless generosity, the Government, and the growing belief that the Government owes us all a living. He would regret too the passing of <sup>and</sup> *in this garish world with its Babel of voices, discordant & uninformed voices.* silence and of the pioneer spirit with which he was surrounded in his youth and which made

and developed his country. He would deplore the menace of foreign "isms" in a land with history's greatest liberator tradition and greatest opportunity for the industrious. He would regret, ~~I think, the advocacy of national scholarships by the Federal Government, with the ultimate passing of the joy of private benefaction and satisfaction that was his in life, and shifting~~ to the Government the responsibility of great wealth, which, <sup>he thought</sup> ~~like his own,~~ <sup>he foresaw in</sup> should initiate projects of direct value to human beings.

Sir William has won by his useful and benevolent life a place among our Canadian immortals. On him "great trust was laid, ~~and~~ <sup>he</sup> that trust fulfilled, and rests immortal among the immortal great." There is hope for democracy <sup>so</sup> ~~as~~ long as it brings forth such unselfish sons from <sup>modest and unobtrusive</sup> ~~humble~~ origins and gives them supreme place in our country and in our hearts. A believer in work and in individual effort, he made the world more beautiful and better. Let us carry on in this place the tradition he has left us, and let us guard well the heritage fashioned by ~~his~~ his hands.

I deeply appreciate the privilege of participating in this historic ceremony in this historic spot, and especially am I grateful as a native of Prince Edward Island for the honour of speaking on so distinguished a program. Your Province and mine were carved from the same territory by heroic pioneers of the same stock and often of close kinship. They met the same difficulties and endured the same trials. They had the same ideals of happiness and the same dreams of their new country's destiny. For many years, until 1770, they were one Colony. Their activities and interests have always been similar, and they still have largely a common point of view on the grave problems that today confront the Maritime Provinces and the nation. It is therefore a special satisfaction to one from Prince Edward Island to meet with you in honour of the man who one hundred and fifty years ago did so much to bring the light of Christian civilization to your country and to mine. According to the mythology of the ancients, a Titan first carried fire to mortals, taking it in a rod of fennel from the gods, and burning it on hearths and altars, in forges and in fields, wherever there was human need. We know that a century and a half ago there came to this land a Scottish Titan who was not a myth but a fact, - a spiritual Crusader who brought the torch of enlightenment into high and humble places, whom today we keep in vibrant memory, and whom we proudly thank and praise for all that he wrought by the magic of his toil.

One hundred and fifty years is a mere moment in human history; but it is a long era in the history of a new continent, - over one-third of the time that has elapsed since Columbus discovered America, and five-sixths of all the time that has gone since the first English settlement was established in the Maritime Provinces. Yet, almost the whole of what we call Canadian civilization in its English phase, certainly the nobler and more ideal aspects of it, has been wrought in that time, the largest part of it in these Provinces through the work of the man whose memory today we honour, Dr. James MacGregor.

There are periods in history when one man seems great or is great because those who surround him are small. But Dr. MacGregor was great in the time and in the presence of great men. The pioneers of from 1786 to 1830, the period of Dr. MacGregor's Canadian life, the makers of our sea provinces, were men who caught the fire of greatness from one another, and who all are lifted up above the common run of mankind. The source of their greatness was the stirring of a new ideal of freedom, of adventure, of "hope and expectation and desire and something evermore about to be," of a new economic independence, of self-government and freedom of conscience severed forever from mental and physical servitude, of a vision of things as they ought to be and as the Creator intended them to be. They were builders of a new structure. There was the riches of a continent on condition that they wrest it from Nature. It required great courage, physical endurance and an iron will, to desert a safe and comfortable home, to risk starvation, disease, the ravages of savages, to hew out a clearing, build a cabin and face the task of bringing up a family in wilderness conditions. But they endured want and hardship in order to get opportunities very few in number and very modest compared with those which are around us all. There was no thought in their minds that the call to life or life itself should be anything but struggle. They came undismayed with definite purpose and aspiration. They knew that they must heed St. Paul's command to Timothy, - "Thou my son endure hardness." The Pictou pioneers who were Dr. MacGregor's own folk, his companions and neighbours, were men of rare fibre, of immortal strain and breed. Not one of them said, "Let us abandon this hazardous adventure and go back home." They were determined to establish in this place a democracy of character where men were weighed by moral worth and where wealth not gained by labour was under suspicion. They transcended the limitations of their period for they were inspired by faith in Divine Providence. In their unprecedented enterprise of colonizing a new country they felt, with Jacob at Bethel, "surely God is in this". They sought a wider opportunity for the common good. After the adventure of migration they had the further advantage of establishing forms of government that would assure them the things they sought. For they believed that men, of their own intelligence and self-discipline, could form a government that would nourish the human spirit. They would



look forward and build a country destined to great achievements. To realize this dream, they built even before they acquired comforts for themselves, churches, schools and court-houses, symbolic in each community of spiritual ideals, of education and of law and order. Then they established institutions to care for the unfortunate and to promote the arts of industry and agriculture.

Among these epic builders of our past are many forgotten and a few shining names. But whether he lives in history or sleeps in oblivion, the pioneer of the Maritime Provinces was always a hero. Doubtless as of old, some there be who have left no name behind them and who live only in the indestructible results of their labour.

"What was his name? I do not know his name;  
I only know he heard God's voice and came;  
Brought all he loved across the sea  
To live and work for God and me;  
Felled the ungracious oak,  
Dragged from the soil  
With torrid toil  
The thrice-gnarled roots and stubborn rock,  
With plenty piled the haggard mountain-side,  
And at the end, without memorial, died;  
No blaring trumpet sounded out his fame;  
He lived; he died; I do not know his name.

No form of bronze and no memorial stones  
Show me the place where lie his mouldering bones;  
Only a cheerful city stands  
Built by his hardened hands;  
Where every day  
The cheerful play  
Of love and hope and courage come;  
These are his monuments, and these alone,  
There is no form of bronze and no memorial stone."

These were all great men. And among these great men Dr. MacGregor was great. There are shining names among our Pioneer Founders, and history will not tire to tell of them. But among these immortal names none shines more brightly than his. There are some strange and interesting coincidences in

his life. The year of his birth, 1759, was an epoch-making year,- the year which saw a changed world. It was the centre date of the Seven Years War. After the tide of war had run against the British in the early summer until an invasion of England was really feared, triumph came in the autumn. British arms were victorious in every corner of the earth. Canada passed into the hands of Britain on the Plains of Abraham where the mingled blood of Wolfe and Montcalm symbolized the merging of their two great races to form a new and great Dominion which brought with it new problems and new problems of Canadian civilization which a child born in that same year and called James MacGregor was destined to help to solve. His birth was coincident with the birth of a new Empire.

Around him in Europe were other children born in that same year, all with a definite mission in the world,- Burns in Scotland destined to be the poet of liberty and brotherhood; Schillin in Germany, destined to be the spokesman of a Germany yearning for justice and unity; Robespierre in France, destined to fight thirty years later for his dreams of liberty, equality, fraternity, a dream so soon readily shattered. The year 1759, saw also the birth of a divine discontent with unjust conditions, or rather the expression of that discontent, as evidenced in the enduring books published, in France Voltaire's Candide, in England Johnson's Rasselas, both telling the story of a quest for happiness, the one finding it in "keeping a few friends and taking care of your cabbage garden", and incidentally referring to Canada as a few acres of ice and snow not worth fighting for by the nations of Europe; the other pessimistically concluding that happiness must not be looked for in this life; in France, too, Rousseau's seed-book of modern socialism appeared with its frenzied cry for freedom. There was discontent in the air, but there was hopelessness too and despair. Then began emigration from the British Isles by pioneers in search of happiness, or at least for an escape from intolerable conditions. The 27 years between MacGregor's birth in 1759 and the July day in 1786 when he preached his first sermon here under the oak out yonder were years of growing turmoil and ferment in his world. Preachers and writers and some statesmen were seeking for political justice and for the rights of man. They were emphasizing the value of the individual and common man. They would build a new Jerusalem of liberty and

righteousness. When he was seventeen revolution resulting from political tyranny cut the bonds of Colonial Empire and established a republic in the new world. And when he sailed for Nova Scotia the seeds of red revolt were being sown in France to bear a gruesome harvest three years later. It is interesting to note that in the year of his coming, 1786, the first edition of Burns's poems was published in Scotland, with their cry for brotherhood and freedom and justice for the common man. Three years later, in 1789, these poems were first printed in America on a small hand-press in Charlottetown, showing that the seeds of progress were already falling on eager soil. It was natural that amidst all the discontent there was, as in our own day, much shrieking and blasting of ear-drums by demagogues with alleged cures for the ills of the world. There were many elixer-bearing quacks with diverse remedies. But fortunately there were those like Dr. MacGregor who still believed in the enduring value of ancient traditions, and who were convinced that the cure for the world's ills, whether economic or social or political was to be found only in spiritual regeneration, in a spiritual outlook; that the new world of happiness must be founded on the ordinances of God and the social teaching of Jesus. These and these alone, they felt, was the true guide to brotherhood and liberty and justice and ultimate national greatness.

And so MacGregor came to Canada like a true soldier enlisting to the end. His work here was but one phase of the world's forward movement under great leaders. Nova Scotia, - the Maritime Provinces, - was one of the battlefronts on which the conflict under his command was fought and won for better and eternal things. When he arrived he was only twenty-seven. His imagination, his enthusiasm, his energy, the qualities that youth offers in every generation, were symbolic of that whole generation of forward-looking pioneering men, who not only made a country in the wealth of their faith and imagination and energy, but were able to guide it throughout their lives. MacGregor's ideals were forged in a divine fire.

In the summer of 1791, five years after his arrival in Pictou he carried his message to Prince Edward Island, then and for eight years thereafter known as Isle St. John. It was but sparsely populated in settlements very far apart. Indeed as late as 1797 half the Island contained only 216 people while the other half contained but a few thousand.

There was only one Protestant minister, - a clergyman of the Church of England. Of the Island, Cobbett the noted English essayist, wrote a few years later, with blurred vision in terms of contempt of the Island. "From Glasgow", he said, "the sensible Scots are pouring out amain. Those that are poor and cannot pay their passage or can rake together only a trifle are going to a rascally heap of sand, rock and swamp, called Prince Edward Island, in the horrible Gulf of St. Lawrence; but when the American vessels come in with indian corn and flour and pork and beef and poultry and eggs and butter and cabbages, and green peas and asparagus for the soldiers and other tax-eaters that we support upon that lump of worthlessness, - for the lump itself bears nothing but potatoes, - when these vessels return, the sensible Scots will go back in them for a dollar a head, and not a man of them be left but bed-ridden persons." This description was typical of the ignorance of the colonies then prevalent in the mother-land. I wonder what Cobbett would say today about the Garden of the Gulf? MacGregor had more faith in the Island. He knew only that strong men and women there needed his help. His guide was the burning dream of a young man of 32. There were no head-land flares, no beacon lights, - but on the mast-head of his little boat as he crossed the uncharted Strait shone the star of hope. He was sailing into the sun, always. He landed at Charlottetown which he described as "a wicked place, - wicked enough for a far larger town, where swearing and drunkenness abounded". There was not a road on the Island with the exception of one from Charlottetown to Covehead, a distance of 16 miles. There was scarcely even a blazed path or trail between the other settlements. The greater part of his travelling was along the shore. When a river was reached it was crossed in a canoe while the horse swam behind. He recorded that "The Island horses are used to swimming, and in this manner often cross *ferries* half a mile wide. One horse swam across Richmond Bay which is six miles over." He preached in English and in Gaelic to the Scottish settlers at Covehead and at St. Peters, baptized children and visited the sick. When he was about to return to Pictou a petition arrived from settlers in Princetown, nearly a hundred miles away west, craving that he would visit them as they had not seen a minister since they arrived from Argylishire some years before. So to Princetown he went, "sometimes", as he record "walking, sometimes riding, sometimes sailing".

Of this visit to Princetown, he wrote: "The two weeks which I passed at Princetown were the two most anxious which I ~~was~~ ever passed in this world, to which the following incident greatly contributed. When I came to the tent on Sabbath I found a crowd of people all standing and talking as I had seen in the fairs of Scotland, as if they had met on a week day for some secular business. I desired them to sit down and be silent as we were about to begin the worship of God. Some obeyed, but the greater part continued standing and talking. I called to silence a second and a third time, and some more obeyed, but others did not. The only place I could then think of was to read the psalm so loud as to drown their voices, and after a little it had the desired effect. The first sermon was in Gaelic, and at the end of it I baptized the children of the Highlanders. In the afternoon the talk was not so loud nor so stubborn; it was, however, sufficiently discouraging, though an evident reformation had taken place. At the close of the sermon I baptized a number of children in English,- in all about thirty".

Thereafter, for thirty years, until 1821, he made periodic visits to the Island, going each time to new territory. In 1793 he went to Georgetown, then a very small settlement, walking most of the way through the pathless woods from Charlottetown. In 1794 he went again to the Island and was encouraged to find that spiritually and materially conditions had improved since his first visit. He was again on the Island in 1800. It was his expectation that Dr. MacCulloch on his arrival in Canada in 1803 would be appointed by the Presbytery to the Island but his hopes were not realized. It is said that John Dawson, father of Sir William Dawson, later Principal of McGill, saw in Mr. MacCulloch's luggage a pair of globes, and recognizing that he was a scholar had him retained in Pictou. In 1802 and 1803 we find Dr. Mac Gregor ministering to new settlements on the Island especially along the South Shore from Charlottetown to Murray Harbour. In a letter written on Oct. 31, 1805 he expresses his belief that if there were more ministers the church would flourish, and he voices his regret that the Island is still unprovided for. In these circumstances he determined to give his services to the Island to the limit of his time and strength. We find him back on the Island, in the summer of 1806 covering practically the entire colony, and in 25 days preaching 37 sermons, delivering 5 addresses, baptizing, marrying, visiting the sick and ~~burying~~ the dead. On this

visit, too, he heard of one locality with only three actual settlers, yet he travelled many miles under great difficulties to minister to them. He is again on the Island in 1808, travelling from the east to the west. In 1810 he rejoiced in the success of his efforts when at last he went to the Island to ordain Dr. Keir at Princetown. Again in 1813 he was present at the ordination of Mr. Pidgeon in the pastoral charge of Covehead, St. Peters and Bay Fortune. He felt that now with a minister in the west of the Island and one in the East his missionary journeys might soon end. But during each of the years 1816, 1817, and 1819 he again made a tour of a considerable part of the Island. There had been since 1803 a larger influx of Highland immigrants to Belfast under the guidance of Lord Selkirk. They were settled along the Northumberland Strait as far east as Wood Islands, and he desired to meet them. In 1819 he visited the Island for the ordination of the Rev. Andrew Nicoll who had been called from Scotland to Richmond Bay. On this occasion he visited the Highland settlements of Belfast. He preached twice in Wood Islands, once in the open air, and once in the house of my great-grand-father, Malcolm MacMillan on the text: "O Israel thou hast destroyed thyself but in me is thy help" (Hos. 13.9). One man said that this sermon was the first he ever heard, meaning not that he had never heard preaching before, but that it was the first to which he could listen and which made any impression upon him.

In 1821 he made his last visit to Prince Edward Island. It was his journey's end, after 30 strenuous years. He saw at last his efforts and his struggles bear fruit, and he saw the justification of his faith. His dream was realized, for on October 11, the Presbytery of Prince Edward Island was constituted according to Synod, - to him as he said "a matter of great joy and of gratitude to God. The church was completely established, and he felt that in this colony his work was done.

During the 30 years of his journeys to Prince Edward Island the settlers there were in great difficulty, - difficulty that often took hope from their hearts and left despair in its place. As in Nova Scotia, there were other troubles on the Island than those of establishing homes and getting a subsistence in a wilderness. There were troubles attendant on neglect and lack of assistance and indifference on the part of those in authority. There was the turbulent

land question arising from absentee landlordism, a leasehold rather than a free hold system of land tenure, exorbitant rents, enforcement of unreasonable payment of arrears, forfeiture of property, confusion, intolerance, contempt for popular rule, refusal for long periods, sometimes four years, on the part of Governors to call the Legislative Assembly together, the dictatorial, insolent attitude of the ruling class, and all the depressing and humiliating atmosphere of Family Compact methods, fruitless indignation meetings, and a constant but undecided pleading for justice. It seemed to the discouraged pioneers that their dream of a better world with better opportunities was but a dream and could never be a reality.

Such was the troubled land to which Dr. MacGregor brought his message of cheer,-his gospel of fortitude and peace. He was more than a preacher, apart from his sermons, he talked always to individuals, teaching, instructing, giving wise counsel and guidance on political and social justice, on Education, on real progress. And his text-book was always the Bible and the teachings of Jesus on the duty of man to man, to his country and to his God. There was not a community he visited on the Island where he did not leave a monument to his memory in the form of an institution or an agency which ministered to the welfare of the people. Every path on which his feet trod blossomed with the flowers of beauty and of hope. He never made a bargain as a measure of his sacrifice. He never tried to obtain favours or rewards for himself. He lives on in ever fresh remembrance and admiration in Prince Edward Island because the qualities he displayed and the causes for which he fought are not for an age but for all time,-fundamental principles of freedom especially in education and worship, without which no nation can be established or can survive.

I need not dwell on the incidents of his visits to the Island. They are like epic pages from old romance. Some of them need to be emphasized in these later days. He endured hardships and privations without consent. He must have dwelt often in the Valley of Lonliness. There was difficulty in getting books for which he yearned. There were times when after a hard day's travel he slept gratefully on the floor of a settler's hut. There were times too, when the poor but hospitable settler in whose humble cabin he lodged for the night, had to send miles to a neighbour to borrow a loaf of - -

bread and a candle that he might have food and a light. When a collection was taken voluntarily and the meagre sum given to "the Doctor", he almost invariably gave it away, - "to a widow who had lost her cow or to a poor settler whose need was great". He was intensely human. He would often attend a barn "raising" or a "frolic" and lend a hand himself, but he would take advantage of his opportunity to say a word to the gathering on some gospel truths applicable to their condition. He preached and he practiced tolerance and interceded amity and harmony. The only Protestant Minister on the Island in his early days was the Rev. Theophilus DeBrisay, a church of England clergyman, who when called upon to baptize the children of Presbyterians performed the service according to their mode and not according to his own. Of him, Dr. MacGregor wrote: "I was always welcome to preach in his church which I uniformly did when I could make it convenient. His kindness ended not but with his life." Not infrequently he was given passage from Pictou to the Island in the boat built for Bishop MacBashorn of the Roman Catholic Church of Prince Edward Island which was gladly placed at his disposal. He left the impression of a boring fighter, but of wide sympathies and gentle kindness. He did his share on the Island to bring to pass the Catholic Emancipation Act for the repeal of all statutes which imposed civil and political disabilities on Roman Catholics.

But next to his work for the church, among his extraordinary range of interests, he was most active on the Island in enriching and extending our cultural horizon. He laboured to enlarge the freedom of the human mind and to destroy the bondage imposed on it by ignorance, by poverty, by political and religious bigotry. He believed that this could come only through free education. In an address delivered later to the students of Pictou Academy he crystallized his belief: "I believe," he said, "that without knowledge, people cannot be good; neither good Christians nor good citizens; neither good servants to God nor good neighbors to men....without such an institution what will the population of the future be? They will be vicious, for such is the case with every country destitute of learning. They will be carried about with every wind of doctrine; They will not know their own rights as rational beings nor be qualified to assert or defend them. They must be hewers of wood and drawers of water to others who will have skill to employ them; .... to self-conceited demagogues and flattering ambitious politicians who will employ



them as tools to enrich themselves that they may fatten on the spoils of the Country".

He always advocated such an Institution for the Island. In 1811 he wrote with satisfaction to Dr. Keir: "This year is uncommonly hard upon the generality of people in this Province. Provisions are very scarce and money still scarcer. We ministers are not getting our stipends paid so well as usual, but we have plenty to eat. Our Legislature has established a number of Grammar Schools in this Province, Mr. MacGulloch has got the one for our district". Again in 1814 he wrote to Dr. Keir; "We are contemplating the formation of an Academy at Pictou for the purpose of general learning and especially of raising a ministry among ourselves . . . An Academy is a matter of such magnitude that we do not well know how to think of beginning it. However, it must be begun some time, and we think it better to do something though we are weak hoping that Providence will befriend it and cause it to grow rather than leave all to another and richer generation lest they might be losing the opportunity of it."

Largely through the seeds he scattered by his constant advocacy the Island followed the lead of Pictou. In 1825, five years before his death, the Island Assembly passed an "Act to Encourage Education", - the beginning of our School system, and in 1829, the year before his death, the Assembly recommended the establishment of a Classical Academy at Charlottetown to be known as the Central Academy. It was to have no religious test, and when it was opened in 1836 it was modelled largely on Pictou Academy. That Institution was the original of Prince of Wales College.

It is then but a simple duty that we Islanders of whatever creed should pay tribute to the memory of Dr. MacGregor, and that we should be grateful to Pictou County for his leadership. Here was the forge where was shaped his spiritual spear. Under the magic spell of his power Pictou County became known, like Athens of old, not as a township or a geographical entity but as a state of mind. Liberty, ordered liberty, is the foundation of Pictou County. The flame MacGregor kindled here did not extinguish itself when his hand no longer nursed it; it spread out to other lands. Glorious throughout the world is the name and the achievement of this place. From its early flame kindled by MacGregor the arts by which Canada was later to adorn herself were fashioned, - philosophy, letters,

medicine, statesmanship, journalism, education, justice, business enterprise. It is 106 years since Dr. MacGregor died. During that time this County and this Province have been sending forth into the active ranks of our people men and women who have made their mark in every walk of life and whose work has enriched our country and the world. I need not attempt to name them. They are part of our country's history. Some of them are with us still and are here today. Much of the splendour of their lives and the value of their contribution can be traced to the ideals which guided the man whose memory today we honour.

To the young who are here today may I be pardoned for saying this: Your gifts and privileges have come to you far down the years. You are the heirs of constant struggle, inheritors of hopes and fears but always of vision, offspring of courage, of justice and of faith, sons and daughters of heroes of old time who helped this land to climb toward God. For some were smiles, for some were tears, but for all was victory. You are rich in precious and imperishable legacies from a splendid past. Was the spirit of men like MacGregor the spirit of a Golden Age, gone now, and never to return? Was the ideal which lifted the fire of their ability a miracle we shall never see again? Are we moderns of a lesser breed? Is our moral fibre poorer than theirs? Is our will to make a better world weaker than theirs? Is our zest to win the reward of ~~his~~ merit to him that overcometh less keen than theirs? Have we grown soft through years of self-indulgence? Are we, in short, different from our ancestors? It is for you to say. But it is not my belief that we are different. It is my belief that youth is still ready and able to rekindle and to nourish its sacred flame.

Our pioneer days are gone, but there are forts of folly still entrenched and awaiting our attack. In danger of decay are many of the higher values which belong to religion, education and the ethical ideals of our race. But can the Maritime Provinces speak of failure, can Canada speak of failure, if ~~if~~ we think of these men and hold them in our hearts? The life of the social, political and economic order cannot be cured unless we first cure the moral and spiritual elements of our world. That was MacGregor's belief. He himself lived in the full gaze of his contemporaries, beside them in their common tasks and yet stood alone there all by virtue of sheer spiritual eminence. We think of him

today not as an abstract figure of a pioneer past, but as a friendly and courageous human being whose personality still pervades this place. We echo to his spirit Wordsworth's cry to Milton, "Thou shouldst be living at this hour". We are deprived of his physical presence. But he lives forever in his work. We cannot petrify his fame and place him statue-like where he may gather dust. He needs no monument whose hands have formed the faith on which a nation's life is based. There was nothing narrow or local or sectional about him. His parish was the Maritime Provinces; his temple was set to sun and stars; for cathedral aisles he had tree-lined glades and pathways; for storied windows he had the everlasting hills; he had no swelling organ or surpliced choir; but he brought the voice of God to his new world,--and his tomb is Canada.

By 1830 his earthly career was ended. His early friends and contemporaries had gone. But his work lived on, and he has kept pace with the years since over a century ago, he closed for the last time his luminous and forward-looking eyes. He had a young heart. He was free from the doctrine of despair to which many youth are addicted. His passing might have been described by Bunyan in Pilgrim's Progress: After this it was noised abroad that Mr. Valiant-for-Truth was taken with a summons by the same post as the others, and had this for a token that the summons was true", that his pitcher too was broken at the fountain". When he understood it, he called for his friends and told them of it. Then he said, "I am going to my Father's, and though with great trouble I have got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles who now will be my rewarder".

Today in the timeless Hall of Heroes, God looks upon him fondly. For he was a great dreamer, a great doer, and a great soul.

McGILL UNIVERSITY

MONTREAL

FACULTY OF ARTS  
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

Today is the birthday anniversary of the founder  
of our University, James McGill. Each year  
we gather in Convocation to do honour to the  
memory of ~~our first~~ him who gave our  
University its life and to recall again the motives  
which guided him in his gift and the ideals  
which he hoped the <sup>result</sup> object of his gift would  
~~maintain~~ and maintain. We cannot too often or  
turn back to ~~the~~ the hopes of these distant <sup>past</sup> ~~times~~ days, and  
to reverently ~~turn back to~~ consider the trust  
reposed in us over a century ago. Today our  
gathering ~~is~~ has an added interest. We are  
grateful for the presence with us of representatives  
of the Grenadier Guards who join with us  
in doing honour to the memory of our founder.  
In a measure he was their founder too,  
~~for~~ the militia of the province of Quebec he  
held high rank and important <sup>positions</sup> ~~places~~. He  
was Colonel of the Montreal Regiment and  
later he was promoted to Brigadier General.  
In the anxious and troubled days of 1812



Thanks.

I am going to talk to you for a few minutes on the value of tradition, and ~~of~~ on the necessity of renouncing tradition on the part of the individual, the province, ~~the~~ and the race to which we belong. In doing so I do not wish to advocate, like a ~~Chinese~~, an Oriental a blind adherence & ancestral worship. Nor do I suggest that the past was always a golden age, or that the villages which peopled that past were always surrounded by a shimmering radiance, or that old customs were of necessity the living of Heaven. What I mean is that in this changing world of ours we need to preserve as we never preserved before, the traditions of our province and country which today are in danger of being forgotten.

Canada today, like the rest of the world, is in a state of flux. Life is constantly changing. If you examine the ~~the~~ immigration figures for the past few years you will find that a large proportion of our incoming ~~—~~ people are from other races than our own. Our basic stock is French and Dutch, English and Irish. Their feet is rooted in ~~the~~ <sup>our</sup> soil. They made our Dominion. From that source <sup>your life</sup> a stream is steadily but ~~—~~ constantly flowing out. To take the place of this stream we have an inflowing of people who have other traditions than ours and who speak a foreign tongue. We welcome them with warmth, — and we try to show them the principles ~~which~~ by which our country has endured. But it is just possible that in the blending the traditions of our forefathers will disappear and that in the process new principles will be given to provinces a place.

Maritime - stabilizing force -

Industrial determiner -

Business - Built on conventions - curis cut material from  
past - all said and done of no avail. Begin life now with  
each generation - Accumulated for use and purposes wisdom of  
ages -

Services - man in best aspect of wisdom & energy - Best  
teachers we shall ever have in the course of life - World  
made by them - Learn what still remains - Discovering in  
dark open new paths -

Classless presence of evolving factors:

Strong & long - forgetful all they know - Old could possess any  
new world & life - new evolving topography - amusing things  
old!

McGILL UNIVERSITY

MONTREAL.

FACULTY OF ARTS  
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

We are gathered here this afternoon for a few minutes to do  
honour to a distinguished member of our Medical family.  
As you are aware, Dr Frank D. Adams, former Prof. of Surgery,  
and Dean of the Faculty of Applied Science, is ~~returning~~ <sup>returning</sup> at  
his own request, returning to the head of the ~~Faculty~~ <sup>Faculty</sup> ~~of Applied Science~~  
to devote his time and talents to those ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> ~~research~~ <sup>research</sup>  
work in his chosen field. His colleagues and friends  
have asked him to accept from them a portion of his  
salary, paid by ~~the~~ <sup>a</sup> distinguished act —  
as a small but sincere expression of their respect  
and their affection. It is unnecessary for me to give in  
detail to you ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~whole~~ <sup>whole</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~career~~ <sup>career</sup> ~~or~~ <sup>or</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~connection~~ <sup>connection</sup>  
with ~~the~~ <sup>his own</sup> ~~Medical~~ <sup>Medical</sup> ~~University~~ <sup>University</sup>. Let me say however that in  
a very real sense Dr Adams is a true ~~Medical~~ <sup>Medical</sup>. He is  
one of our own graduates. It seems a few days & that  
Commencement day in 1878, forty-six years ago when  
he received his degree from the University. There was  
the day of <sup>his own</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~destruction~~ <sup>destruction</sup> of Ireland and distinguished  
memory. It was in that year that the ~~Faculty~~ <sup>Faculty</sup> ~~of Applied~~ <sup>Applied</sup>  
Science, which through lack of funds had been temporarily  
suspended in 1870, was reorganized into a separate  
Faculty, and ~~placed~~ <sup>placed</sup> in which the foundation was  
laid for the Faculty's present ~~distinct~~ <sup>distinct</sup> ~~structure~~ <sup>structure</sup>. After  
some years, connection with the Geological Survey of  
Canada, — the department headed by Sir Wm Logan  
whose name our Geological Chair bears, — Dr Adams



FACULTY OF ARTS  
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

joined the teaching staff of Medicine in 1889, as an  
 assistant to Dr. Wm. Dawson. In 1893 when Dr. Wm.  
 Dawson retired, <sup>in whose place</sup> the mantle of Canadian general  
 biologist naturally fell to Dr. Adams, and slow  
 and sure he has won it. ~~the~~ scientific  
 world will never forget him. In 1908 he became Dean of  
 the Faculty of Applied Science, in succession to Dr.  
 H. J. Perry. <sup>the past</sup> In sixteen years he has <sup>very</sup> maintained the  
 splendid tradition of the Faculty of Applied Science  
 and he has added by his efforts to its efficiency and its  
~~distinction~~ <sup>lustre</sup> by his own personal <sup>and scholarly</sup> labours.

~~He is not only a~~ ~~to his~~ ~~part~~  
 not only a ~~man~~ ~~of~~ ~~letters~~ ~~and~~ ~~science~~, but  
 a man who has won the respect of the ~~university~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~  
 its assembly of friends.

It is one of the solid satisfactions of Dr. Adams's  
 life and of one of the compensations of his position  
 that thousands of young men throughout the world  
~~are~~ carry in their hearts tender recollections  
 of his assistance <sup>his encouragement</sup> and his guidance. This is ~~the~~  
~~most~~ abundant measure in time of Dr. Adams.

I am sure ~~that~~ <sup>that he</sup> ~~we~~ ~~would~~ ~~say~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~kindness~~  
 of his part is his greatest recompense ~~of~~ ~~the~~  
~~most~~ ~~valuable~~ ~~service~~. Like the ideal ~~man~~  
 always ~~shall~~ ~~we~~ ~~be~~ ~~gladly~~ ~~and~~ ~~gladly~~  
 teach <sup>him</sup> <sup>to</sup> <sup>be</sup> <sup>kept</sup> <sup>in</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>country</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>family</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>country</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>family</sup>  
 lasting remembrance. Intimately <sup>his</sup> <sup>family</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>country</sup> <sup>and</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>family</sup>



McGILL UNIVERSITY

MONTREAL.

FACULTY OF ARTS  
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

We are proud to welcome today the distinguished  
 soldier whose talents we share with France, for we  
 know that he has earned his place by what he  
 has done, not only in the field but in the study. The  
 outstanding facts in his career are doubtless known  
 to you all, - that he was born in October 1851 in Darles,  
 a descendant of natives of the South of France, that he  
 was in Metz <sup>as a student</sup> ~~in 1870~~ when ~~that~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~1870~~  
~~war~~, he enlisted as a volunteer in the war of  
 1870; that he entered the Ecole Polytechnique  
 in July, 1871; that he was enrolled as a pupil in 1885  
 in the Ecole de Guerre in ~~1885~~; ~~and~~ ~~where~~ he rose rapidly  
 to staff officer in 1889, Major in 1891,  
 and Professor of Military History ~~at the~~ ~~the~~  
~~Ecole de Guerre~~ in 1895; that he was promoted  
 to Colonel in 1900, and to Brigadier in 1907, when  
 the Prime Minister of France, M. Clemenceau  
 made him Director of the Ecole de Guerre; that  
 he was made General de Division in 1911, Commander  
 of the 8<sup>th</sup> Army Corps in 1912, and in 1913 Commander  
 of the 20<sup>th</sup> Army Corps ~~at~~ Nancy on the  
 frontier, where he was on duty when the <sup>great</sup> war  
 broke out; that in August 1914 he was called by  
 Joffre to command the IX Army, newly formed,  
 and that he resisted successfully the desperate

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attacker of the German Guard at the Battle of the  
Marne; that in October 1914 he was called by Joffre  
to Flanders to coordinate ~~and~~ on the ~~year~~ the  
~~and year~~ operations of the British, Belgian  
and French armies engaged in that theatre  
land where he later stopped the German offensive;  
that in July 1916 he was Commandant ~~of~~ of  
~~the~~ the Army of the North, and in charge of the  
allied operations on the Somme in connection with  
the British Army under Sir Douglas Haig; and  
that in ~~the~~ <sup>the spring of</sup> 1918 he was appointed Generalissimo  
of the allied armies.

The late Professor Lyle <sup>arrived to McMill</sup> joined the staff of  
McMill University ~~thirty-eight years~~  
covered a long period of ~~thirty-eight years~~. He first  
joined the staff as lecturer in English, and special  
lectures in the Department of Philology, then under  
the late Professor Clark Murray. At that time  
when the staff was small, and the Department of  
English had but two members, his work was  
doubtless arduous and his labors incessant. In  
addition to his teaching duties he contributed  
frequently to the Atlantic Monthly, The Nation  
and the publications of the Modern Language  
Association. He also published a ~~text~~ book on logic  
which is still used as a text-book. ~~In the~~  
~~course of time~~ he was appointed <sup>D. J. Brewster's</sup> Associate  
Professor. When the D. J. Brewster's Associate  
Professorship of English was founded, he was  
appointed to ~~that~~ that chair, and was also  
made Professor of Comparative Literature.  
Indeed he was the originator of the ~~course~~ <sup>in McMill</sup> courses  
in the latter subject. In 1920 when Dr. Mayze  
retired from the English Department, Professor  
Lyle was appointed Nelson Professor of  
English, and head of the English Department,  
a position which he ~~has~~ filled to the  
time of his death. During the past three  
years he was not in good health, particularly  
during the <sup>winter</sup> ~~course~~ period of severe cold. Early in  
December he was granted <sup>some months</sup> leave of absence  
to enable him to spend the winter in Egypt

where, it was hoped, he would recover his strength, the reports that came to us were encouraging, and the news of his sudden death came as a great shock to students and colleagues.

To know Professor Ogden was to esteem him highly. <sup>He was one of Nature's generous products.</sup> ~~He was one of Nature's generous products.~~ He was a man of wide culture, of thought and accurate scholarship. His knowledge, not only in English literature, but in the language and literature of other nations, he was deeply learned, and in ~~comparative literature~~ <sup>linguistics</sup> ~~linguistics~~ <sup>linguistics</sup> he was brought up from childhood in a scholarly atmosphere, he acquired a sound and varied cultivation. He had a pungent vivid style, <sup>and</sup> a power of swift sarcasm, colored however by an irresistible humor. His social gifts were great. He was a good traveler and traveler and familiarly with many societies, ~~with~~ <sup>an</sup> intimate knowledge of many races, and a wide acquaintance with distinguished persons enriched his mind and memory. He was a man of intellect and rich humor, but ~~and~~ <sup>whom</sup> character counted <sup>for</sup> more than intellectual power. With <sup>his</sup> ardent temperament ~~and~~ <sup>his</sup> strong convictions and wide learning he was a forcible teacher. A whole generation of students has passed through his class room and it was the impress which he made upon them that was perhaps the most valuable part of his life work. ~~Of his students~~ <sup>He</sup> was determined

to "carry on" in the face of waning physical strength, because of his love for his work and his enjoyment of the things of the mind. In the gratitude and respect and affection of his students he found his richest reward. His ~~best~~ <sup>best</sup> students ~~throughout~~ who for 38 years came under his influence will think <sup>of him</sup> today of ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~work~~ <sup>work</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~accurate~~ <sup>inspiring</sup> ~~scholarship~~ <sup>teaching</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~loyal~~ <sup>loyal</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~man~~ <sup>man</sup> ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> ~~kind~~ <sup>kind</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~most~~ <sup>most</sup> ~~earnest~~ <sup>earnest</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~successful~~ <sup>successful</sup> ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~did~~ <sup>did</sup> ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~work~~ <sup>work</sup>. In the added comfort that his death occurred so far <sup>away</sup> from home, there is consolation in the thought that his life is a profitable lesson to the students of medicine in the value of industry and thoroughness and faithful duty. Gladly he would be learned and gladly teach.

*Written by Cyrus Macmillan*

**McGill University**  
MONTREAL

**TWO ADDRESSES**

*Printed for the Students, December 16, 1933*

*By order of the Board of Governors*



*The last Founder's Day Address delivered by  
Sir Arthur Currie, Principal and Vice-Chancellor,  
October 6, 1933*

*An address prepared by Sir Arthur Currie and  
on account of his illness read for him by  
Lieut.-Colonel Allan A. Magee, D.S.O.,  
at the University Veterans Dinner,  
Toronto, Armistice Night,*

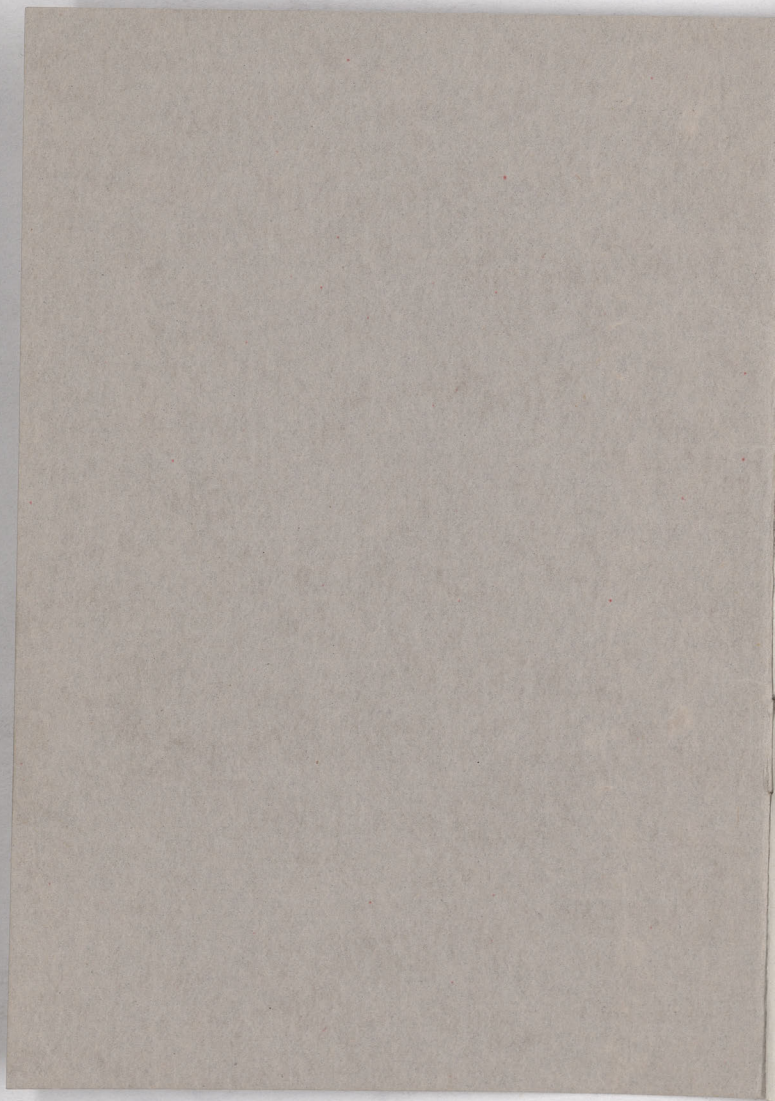
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# FOUNDER'S DAY

OCTOBER 6th, 1933

*Address of Welcome to the Visitor and  
Annual Founder's Day Address to the Staff  
and Students by Sir Arthur Currie, Principal  
and Vice-Chancellor of McGill University.*

One hundred and twelve years ago our University obtained its Charter. It functioned at first as part of "the Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning," which had been organized twenty years before by His Majesty's authority, by virtue of an Act which provided for "the establishment of Free Schools and the advancement of education" in the English-speaking communities of what was then Lower Canada. McGill was the corner-stone of that early educational structure. Thus, in its origin, it was in a large sense the product of Royal Authority; the educational child of Royal interest and guidance; the six Governors or Directors of the Royal Institution appointed by the Crown were specifically commanded to visit the University frequently,—with the title of Visitors,—and to report to His Majesty and His Majesty's Government upon its condition and its progress.

The early years passed, years of great difficulties and discouragements, which at times bordered on despair. The little College struggled with internal dissensions, with lack of funds, with want of local sympathy, with rapid changes in administration and teaching personnel. The Visitors, or Governors, of the Royal Institution, were themselves at variance, on policies and remedies. There was no agreement, no unity of effort. It was reluctantly thought that in the circumstances the College could not longer survive, that its doors would close, that the hopes of its Founder for its usefulness were forever shattered.

But its Royal connection, the fact of its existence under Royal interest and guidance, again came to its aid. After investigation by Her Majesty's Government, the Charter was amended in 1852 "for the better and more easy management of its affairs and the government of the College." Because of their constant disagreement, the responsibility of the Governors of the Royal Institution, as Visitors, was ended, and to the representatives of the Crown in Canada was assigned that duty. The amended Royal Charter reads:—

"And we do appoint as our Visitor in and over the said 'McGill' College our Governor-General of our said province of Canada . . . who shall exercise, use and enjoy the powers

and authority of a Visitor, for and in the name and behalf of Us, our heirs and successors, in all matters and things connected with the said College."

It is, then, one of our proudest, our most honoured and cherished traditions, the fact that His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada is by our Charter the Visitor to our University, with Royal authority to report to His Majesty and His Majesty's Government, as occasion requires, upon our condition and our progress.

It is a far cry from those early days of struggle to this Founder's Day with its equipment, its facilities, its achievements, its hopes, and its opportunities for continued service. We record to-day another notable page in our splendid story, we erect another milestone in our march of progress. In the vanished years, His Majesty's Representative has always given to the University his interest, his guidance, and the benefit of his wisdom. We rejoice to-day that we are honoured by the presence of His Majesty's Representative in our Dominion, His Excellency the Governor-General. McGill has had many Visitors in the years that have gone, but none more interested in our welfare and our service than His Excellency Lord Bessborough. We are proud to welcome him to-day, not alone

because of his distinguished office, but as the University's friend, as our McGill Visitor.

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Your Excellencies, Fellow Students, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I always look upon this intimate assembly in Moyses Hall at the beginning of each college term as a family gathering, a day when we come together, Governors, members of Corporation, professors and students, to pay reverent homage to the educational mother who has nurtured us. For we are all members of this one great entity, McGill, sharing the responsibility for its welfare and progress. To-day the family gathering is complete. We have the head of the house and his gracious and charming Lady, His Excellency the Visitor and the Countess of Bessborough.

To-day, October 6th, is the birthday of James McGill; it is Founder's Day, a day of remembrance and reverence, of gratitude and challenge, a day of vision. Past, present and future are gathered at one focussing point. Every element in the present occasion provides a stimulus and a summons.

There is first *The Outward Vision*. We come up to the Fall Convocation of our University from our various homes, some near and some far

remote. Many are here for the first time; for others the scenes are familiar. But in all cases, it is inevitable that we should look around. The setting of the University on the slopes of Mount Royal, beautiful at all times but particularly at this time of the year; the City, the great, interesting, cosmopolitan City, which is her home; the nation of which she is a part, all are included in our vision.

We are not content, however, with the mere material factors. The eyes of the mind see deeper than the eyes of the body. We are compelled to consider the time in which we find ourselves, a time of difficulty and danger, an hour that challenges youth to adventure. He must be blind and deaf who cannot see and hear the signs and sounds of a great travail that promises the birth of a new era. It's a fine thing to be a university man to-day, to be going out into the world at one of the most difficult and challenging periods in history, to have the opportunity of sharing in the shaping of these unprecedented new times,—that's the tremendous responsibility and privilege of those who are graduating to-day. And our College in particular is not to be regarded as a local institution for the training of provincial students. McGill has a national, yes, an imperial outlook and mission. Education must have a broad sweep if it is to meet the demands of the new day. All

the circumstances of this hour compel us to lift up our eyes and look outward towards the farthest horizon.

Founder's Day, however, peculiarly obliges us to look *backward*. Our minds revert to that solid and enduring personality whose name this University so proudly bears across the years. James McGill was a pioneer in many ways, but over and above all his exploits in the business world stands his interest in education. We cannot meet to-day without a tribute to his memory and a fresh examination of his purpose in founding this institution. Deeply interested in the future of his adopted country, he realized that a nation can only be great if it has educated leaders, men of vision, knowledge, culture and inspiration, and he knew that these can only come through a due sense of all the values of the past. His zeal for young men of character moved him to make provision for the establishment here of a school for training and discipline. There was a particular reason for his choice of Montreal as the site of his College. He came to Montreal only thirty years after the battle between the two great races on the Plains of Abraham. In our day to speak about tolerance between the two races and creeds is perhaps a platitude, so obvious and simple of fulfilment has that ideal become. But in James McGill's day the bitterness of the war had not yet disap-

peared. He knew that to the great Canadian stream of national life two tributaries gave their strength, the French-speaking and the English-speaking. He knew that without the harmony of these two great races there could be no great future for this country. And I believe that this College of his has been one of the instruments through the years in bringing about the unity and concord that exists and that has made possible to-day a great Canadian nation.

But the vision of a University cannot be limited even to James McGill's personality and time. We must recognize our indebtedness to all the past. We are the heirs of all the ages. The heritages which are ours came out of the yesterdays. All the inspirations and traditions, all the ideals and discoveries, all the nobility of life and human accomplishment, are here for the use of the students who come up to the University. Every hour of your stay here you will be drawing upon the inexhaustible resources of yesterday. Your contacts will be with the great souls of history. They are the foundations upon which you build.

Someone has wisely said that the types of leaders are but three, The Hero, The Teacher, and The Saint. The hero provides us with courage and fortitude, the teacher with truths and ideals, and the saint with righteousness of character. Mighty is the army of past leaders.



They challenge us to-day to be worthy of their adventure.

But what of *the future*? The past is our inspiration, the present is our opportunity, but the future is our hope. We cannot change by one single act the records of yesterday, but the affairs of tomorrow depend entirely upon the efforts of to-day. That is just what makes the opening of a university so critical and solemn. What are we going to do with the future? What ideals are to guide us, what motives will actuate us, what objective have we in view? I do not know how you feel about it, but, as I have said, for me the challenge is irresistible, and heroic. The next few years will be significant beyond the power of exaggeration. To have even a small part in the building of a new order ought to stir the most sluggish blood. It's a testing time for everybody, but more especially for the younger generation. While it *is* possible to overstate the failures of humanity in the last few years, I think we must all agree that the blunders have been many. It remains for the uprising generation to find the better way.

I have already said that the main purpose of a university is creative. But she does not stand merely to create knowledge, to pass on the heritage she has received. That would leave things unchanged,—and the present demand is for change. Humanity can never be content

with leaving things as they are. "As you were" is not a fitting motto or order for a college. No, we must step out into larger areas, assume new tasks, find out improved ways of ordering life. In the long story of the human race, it's the unexpected that happens; at stated intervals new thoughts emerge, every now and again some hitherto unknown factor comes to birth. This is the very opportune hour for such emergence. Everybody is waiting for it. Who knows? Perhaps this generation of students will give it to the world!

But it will not come about without hard thinking. And to you who are spending this year within college walls, let me say that here no shackles will be placed upon your thought. Truth must always be free. No bondage of custom and tradition will here interfere with your researches. Put your passion into your studies and your researches, rather than into your advocacies. We do not want you to be the echoes of a thousand platitudes, but the originators of new and larger ideas. The purpose of the University is not to cram the student's mind with knowledge, but to make him *think*. The primary office of knowledge is to make men *alive*, to send them out alive at more points, alive on higher levels, alive in more effective ways. An education is not just a matter of having more information than your neighbour possesses; it is not a mere getting of the ability to sell your

ARMISTICE NIGHT, 1933  
UNIVERSITY VETERANS DINNER  
TORONTO

*Address prepared by Sir Arthur Currie and  
on account of his illness read for him by  
Lieut.-Colonel Allan A. Magee, D.S.O.*

I deeply appreciate, as always, the privilege of meeting again tonight so many members of the Old Corps and of saying a few words to so many of my comrades of other days. The circumstances of our lives and places keep us for the most part far away from each other, but tonight, and always on Armistice night, whether we are gathered in assembly as we are here, or listening by radio to Armistice programmes, perhaps far distant, or alone and unaccompanied, we who were once members of the Canadian Corps are bound by the ties of a common remembrance. I know that to all who lived through the war years, and more particularly to those who saw active service, today has been a day of sacred memories, different perhaps in detail to each one of us, but yet all based on similar experiences and similar emotions.

With the lapse of years, Armistice Day becomes naturally less demonstrative. The ranks of those who saw service grow yearly smaller, as we pay our toll to time. And in future the day

will grow less weighted with meaning to the generation born in the years between. As our country looks back to it from a widening distance of years, its memories will perhaps remain vivid only in the minds of the veterans, to whom its importance was then so colossal. But whatever changes may come, and however slight may be the recognition of future generations, I hope that Armistice Day may never cease to be impressive. I hope that the two-minute interval of solemn silence will always be more than a formal, statutory gesture, that it will always mean a reverent pause, in which we gladly remember, with tender and grateful thoughts, those who nobly died for our country's ideals. I hope that the graves of the Unknown Soldiers, and our National Chambers of Remembrance, will have their eternal tributes on this day, and that our country, in the years to come, and the generations that knew not war, will not forget.

Tonight, we who came home, move back in memory fifteen years to the hour when our army halted where it stood, when the firing died suddenly away on the Western Front, when the few last straggling shots echoed down the mightiest battle-line the world had ever seen, and were swallowed up in utter silence. Tonight, we cannot recall the frantic cheering and the frenzied rejoicings of the folks at home, as they gave expression to their sense of relief when they

realized that the long nightmare of the years was ended. We recall rather the silence of exhausted effort and of daring hope; we recall that still moment when after four years of a strange life, in which death was ever present, the fighting men were suddenly conscious of the fact that the strain was over and that they had now to adjust themselves to the new world of promised peace and justice and content, which they had been led to believe they were, after all, about to enter. But, like all other silences, there was a puzzled question in it by those fighting men. Was all the agony they had gone through for four years really to achieve its end? Were the hopes which had sustained them, and had sustained their folks back home, through their unparalleled sacrifices, actually to be realized at last? There was a pause without an answer. It was the most impressive and portentous pause in history.

Today the pause—the silence—was reverently repeated. But after fifteen years of the promised new world we were told we fought to create, the puzzled question it tacitly conveyed is still unanswered. The lurid lights of the battle front we knew have been long extinguished by our hands, the mutter of the guns and the crackle of the musketry have long receded down the years. Yet the war and its aftermath are still with us, more terrible even than fifteen years

ago. Its effects have *not* been fully mastered, its issues have *not* been settled,—that is the simple truth, the confession which today brings its shame. Our soldiers, living and dead, performed their part with unquestioned herosim and devotion in those battle days. But in the years since then, the fifteen years misnamed years of peace, the peoples of the world have not so well performed their tasks of understanding the vast forces that were then released, of controlling them and of making good the victory. It is not, therefore, surprising that the men who fought are sometimes, with reluctance, but with the compulsion of obvious circumstances, of the opinion that their sacrifice and that of their comrades who fell was all in vain.

We remember tonight, and it is well that our country should remember, the high resolves of that time fifteen years ago. There was unspeakable sorrow for the great army of youth that had gone so early to its death. We were told that the world would henceforth be safe for youth. But what of youth today, and the opportunity for youth in our modern world? Where, ask the men who fought, is that new world of justice and good-will they suffered so keenly to create? Has the world, has our country, in the fifteen years since the Armistice, kept its promised faith with the unreturning dead? Has the great sacrifice really turned to glory,

the glory of a better time? Has the world done anything more in these fifteen years than give lip-service to the ideals for which our fallen comrades gave their lives? The answer to these questions is found in the actual conditions of the hour. And these conditions are such that Armistice Day should smite the conscience of the world.

I need not dwell tonight on these conditions, with all their horrible and terrifying possibilities. They are known, and some of them deeply felt, by everyone in this room and by everyone listening elsewhere to my voice. We are told in cabled dispatches this week that the international situation in Europe today is practically what it was in 1913 on the eve of the late war. And the rest of the world, like Europe, is haunted by the fear of war, a stalking fear, which for the past nine or ten months has dominated the press and private conversation. There is no sense of security in the minds of European countries today. We are told that all that happened before 1914 is now being repeated; that behind the scenes secret agreements for a new balance of power are being made; that war propaganda is at work again, with the old subtle appeals to what is called national honour, national prestige, or national patriotism; that sooner or later another war will wreck our civilization, and we will stand helpless amid the ruins. The outlook

for humanity is not hopeful, if we take seriously to heart these persistent and disturbing aspects of the world's condition today. And all this is but fifteen years after the signing of an armistice we thought was to end war,—when we said “never again,” when the whole world said “never again,” as a pledge made by the living to the dead. That pledge is now but a faint echo, for old hates are reviving, old fears have come back, and on this fifteenth anniversary of a peace which was to silence battle fronts forever, peace is *not* a fact, but still a dream.

Apart from the threat of war, with its growing cloud, other conditions in our world are equally disturbing. Bitterness and hate, selfishness and greed, are still entrenched in our social and economic and political life. National finances are disorganized throughout the world, taxes are overwhelming, agriculture and business are everywhere prostrated, and unemployment is more widespread than at any time in history. Our world is a world of suffering, of uncertainty, of demon doubts and fears. Our world is not yet done with the necessity for heroism and sacrifice. Returned men are called upon today as never before to aid every movement to establish a just and lasting peace throughout the world, to lighten the burden of armaments, to usher in a new era of good-will and fraternity among the peoples of the earth, to help solve the



new and changing problems of these later years, to rehabilitate the social and economic life of our country, and to compose the hates and prejudices and deep animosities which smoulder and threaten in our land and in other lands. We need, as never before, the healing qualities of devotion and fidelity and self-sacrifice and goodwill and comradeship and friendliness, so that suspicion may be vanquished and justice and mutual trust may be permanently enthroned. All this desire is in harmony with the real spirit of Armistice Day,—the day dedicated to sacrifice and loyal remembrance of others.

It is sometimes suggested—and not, I think, frankly, without some justification—that in the fifteen years of reconstruction or redesign that have gone since the Armistice was signed, returned men everywhere have not themselves done all they should have done or could have done to establish that better time to which they looked forward when the war ended; that they have not applied to conditions around them the qualities and the principles of life that carried them through to victory along the battle-line. It may be that we have not been sufficiently aggressive, that having done our bit in other fields, we have too far withdrawn in silence or inaction from subsequent events, and have not imposed or inculcated our ideals and the results of our experiences upon our peace-

time guides and leaders. This criticism of veterans of the war is heard today in every country that had a part in the conflict. If it has truth, behind the truth are, in my judgment, some potent reasons.

Men returned from the front in a spirit of weariness, but in a spirit of hope, looking forward with confidence, after years of trench life to the peace they had been promised. They soon found that their new world was still a world of struggle, a world of bargain and of battle. They found that they had escaped from one ugly world and one disaster, only to plunge into another. They had to struggle and fight for what they felt and knew was a simple right,—some slight form of rehabilitation, and, what was more discouraging, for adequate help for their wounded and incapacitated comrades, and for adequate protection for the dependents of their comrades who had given their lives for their country. I can say without evasion or hesitation that the great mass of returned men in Canada never had the thought that because they fought for their country they were entitled to preferred treatment by their country, in comparison with other citizens. They never, as a rule, contended that because they wore the uniform of our Corps they had therefore a right-of-way to exceptional benefits. There were perhaps some exceptions, as there are always exceptions in every way of

life, but these exceptions are infinitesimal compared with the mass of our men. But on one right all are united,—the right of the wounded and the broken, the right of the dependents of the dead for adequate provision and care.

I am not going to recall the struggles of these fifteen years. There were disappointments. There was even bitterness. There was cynicism. The result is not surprising—that many returned men withdrew from the struggle, in despair, with the feeling that their participation in the making of the new world was not desired. There were disappointments because of administration of soldiers' affairs, disappointments because of inadequate machinery, and indifference. The struggle still goes on. We read in the press of every Province today of the disappointment of different branches of the Legion because of the most recent changes in Pensions Administration and the readjustments of methods. But the voice of the veterans, even on their own affairs, is unheard, or at least unattended.

One of our defects or weaknesses in the past has been, doubtless, a lack of unity. We have not had the same cohesion, the same unanimity that was ours in the old Corps. Naturally, geographical conditions keep us apart as groups of men; but geographical distances may be conquered by a spirit, the spirit of service that should bind us into one great and useful force.

You are a group of University graduates, who are also veterans. You have done honour to your respective colleges by your service to your country in the war years. Your action, and that of your fellow college men who died, incarnated the finest principle which a university can seek to develop—a self-forgetful sense of corporate responsibility. The university is a place of quiet thinking, even of dreams, preparatory to action. It is a training-ground for future activity, in which effort is the product of sound and sane thought. The war combined, as no other way of life, these two qualities. We had to think and dream and plan, and then quickly put the thought into action. In the trenches there was needed more than anything else the sound, calm mind and the sound body—the old idea of true education. The head and the hand acted in harmony. You have had the most remarkable experience that can come to man. You have the privilege of college training, a training in ideals, and you have played your part in the most practical and most disillusioning effort in the world's history, the late war. Whether you should establish within the Legion another body or group is a matter on which opinion is not unanimous. It is for you to decide. But I may say, frankly, that there are many university veterans who are doubtful of its wisdom. Their opinion is that the one tie that binds us, and should bind us, is the fact of service, that the

affirmation "I have served" is superior to all other qualifications; that any other test, whether of birth or training or unit or native place, tends further to destroy our unity. These are considerations, well-meant and kindly, which should be scanned. One thing is sure, that in the troubled days to come we of the old Corps must continue to be as in the battle-hour, not of East or West, of one race or another, of one college or another, but Canadians with a common objective, the happiness and progress of our country.

I am not a pessimist when I think of the future. And I am sure that the returned men who are listening to me tonight are not pessimists, however cynical some of them may be with respect to certain phases of our national life. We have seen dark nights together. And we have also seen the dawn of new and spacious days. I know that as in the battle hours we will again take the morning into our hearts. In our deliberate and final thought, as returned men, we have faith that these moments of discouragement are fleeting, and perhaps misleading; that those whose memories we especially cherish did not make their sacrifices in vain, and that in the end the stern determination of millions of men and women, who are tainted with no spirit of unworthy pacifism, will prevail over those whose views would tend to perpetuate the horrors of war, even though some of these latter may be

seated in the high places of national executive and legislative power.

Armistice Day is primarily a commemoration of the dead. But a commemoration of the dead should be likewise an appeal to the living not to deplore the past, but to awaken our sense of responsibility to make our world less deplorable. The disappointment—even the bitterness—of many who came back may be traced to the monstrous paradox that only because of the nobility of individual sacrifice does war in any way ennoble civilization. We saw at first hand the sacrifice of much that was best in our country. But the weariness and the disillusionment from which we could not escape are no longer fitting to a new generation charged with the tasks of peace. We know from experience the stupidity of war, and the stupidity of those who made or caused wars. Does our responsibility end with condemning the follies of the stupid or the vicious twenty years ago? What can we do as veterans to make the world less deplorable? Are we bestirring ourselves in this night of hysteria which may end in war? Ours is a man-made world, and in it are we doing all we can do to prevent a catastrophe which we will later deplore? Are we fighting to the last, as we fought fifteen years ago, for the vitality and the continuity of civilized standards in public and private affairs, in national and

international life? Are we fighting so that the next generation of youth will not condemn *our* stupidity as we condemned in the trenches the stupidity of our elders in 1914 and the era immediately before it? On those nights and days of suffering and death, when we saw our comrades fall in the fire of savages fed by the so-called gods of civilization, we endured and "carried on," in the firm hope that out of the embers and the broken human dust would rise a new order, in which war and greed and injustice would have no place. That hope will yet be realized, despite discouragements, even in a world which has to make its way out of sickness and despair, if we but keep our shield and our faith, and if we insist on leadership in all affairs—~~all affairs~~ that is not leadership for apathy. If another war comes, the responsibility will not be upon the militarists, but on ourselves, because of our inertia. We are to blame if we allow others, interested only in greed, to take the reins from our hands and drive us into another abyss.

The truest commemoration of our honoured dead will be in the vigorous enlistment of our own lives and capacities in the struggle between unselfishness and greed, honesty and corruption, justice and injustice, and in the serious application to our national problems of those qualities which distinguished our Corps in the war days, and enabled us always to advance and conquer.

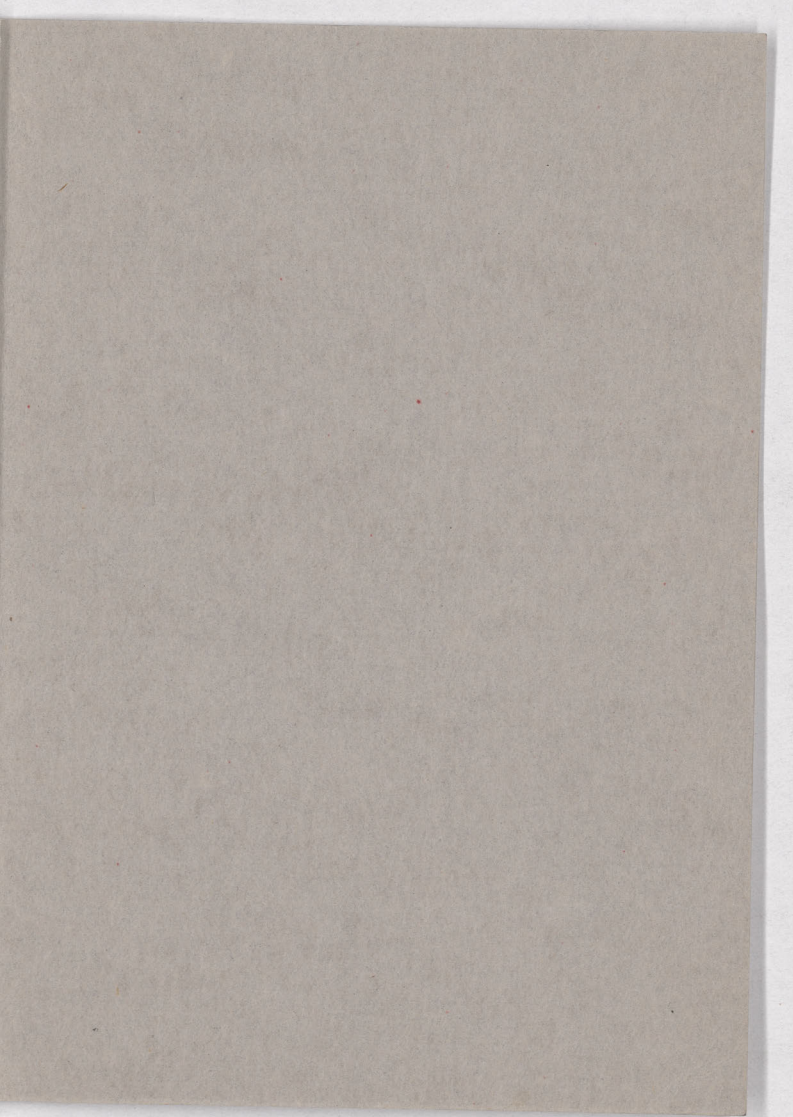
Armistice Day reminds our country of the steadfastness of our fighting troops. It should also be a reminder to every citizen that he still has a duty to discharge, if the war is to be fully won and its high objectives permanently secured. It should call us to a realization that we still have to complete the unfinished task of our dead comrades who speak to us tonight with a voiceless eloquence—the task of replacing the present system of suspicion and fear and conflict with the enduring fabric of confidence in humane law and order.

And so, in conclusion, we drop the rose of remembrance on the supreme devotion of our sacred dead. We linger, like our country, in our tribute of reverent memory of our glorious youth who gave their lives to defend our liberty:

“Sleep well, heroic souls, in silence sleep,  
Lapped in the circling arms of kindly death!  
No ill can vex your slumbers, no foul breath  
Of slander, hate, derision, mar the deep  
Repose that holds you close.”

And on this Armistice night, as we recall the nobility of your sacrifice, we turn away from trenches and wounds and death and we re-dedicate our lives with hope to the still unfinished work which you so gallantly advanced and for which you died.





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