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Her natural resources are as yet merely scratched and it is not possible to compute her almost fabulous natural wealth. The golden fleece is there to be found by the men of industry and hope and honesty and courage.

For men, - men of the old breed who first made our country from a wilderness, - that great quartet of the world's best who first transmuted our country and mine, - French and Irish and English and Scotch. Her taxation calls for reduction. Her railway problem is a puzzle yet unsolved. Sixty thousand of her best and bravest youth, - the very flower of her flock, - are not in foreign graves of heroes, and their places are not yet filled. But with all these obstacles to her rapid progress, Canada is slowly but surely recovering her strength after the staggering blows of the war, and her destiny is bright with hope and achievement. No distress, her future is to have little pain and to be false to our fathers' dreams.

I am sure that even those of you who may have become more American than the Americans, - those Bluenoses among you who are more Yankee than the Yankees, - I am sure that you must sometimes smile at this flippant talk of annexation and absorption. It shows a strange lack of knowledge of the Canadian opinion. Canada has made her choice and by that choice she will abide. She is part of the British Empire, of the great commonwealth of nations, and as such she will remain. She made her choice in 1776 when she had greater cause for standing the ties than she can have again or we can have again. ~~On that~~ In that troubled day she did not lose appreciation; she declared as dearly as those who signed the manifesto their loyalty to the despised tyranny; she loved freedom, and had faith in their ability to work out a policy of freedom under the system by government handed down to them by their fathers. That system they knew required a democratic change, ~~but they thought~~ for the people of England need then but little liberty. They loved liberty under the old forms, and their descendants live in the. They thought in another aim of political liberty. And so they came to the parting of the ways, - friends and kinsmen, and two great flags flew side by side on this continent. Canada made her choice again

Canadian Club

Toronto

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more instructive to him with our neighbors than it is to Tyrant to Dissolution. "We make our friends, we make our enemies, but God makes our ~~best~~ next door neighbors; we have to love our neighbors because he is there." Now that does not apply to our neighboring nation. We do not love her because she is there, but because of her qualities, because of her kinship, because of her understanding which has enabled us to live beside her for ~~one~~ more than a century without a quarrel and without a ~~guarded~~ fortified frontier. May my country and may you of my country ever stand between the two great nations whose blood we share to moderate their counsels and preserve them in the bonds of peace, so that the hope of ~~the poet~~ Dennyson in his famous lines may be fulfilled again as it was fulfilled in the years of war.

Gigantic daughter of the West
We drink to thee across the flood
We honor the mother, we love the best
In art thou not of British blood?
Should war's red blast again be blown
Permit not thou the tyrant foeman
To fight they mother here alone
But let thy broadside roar with ours.

We rise our strong Atlantic sons
When man gainst our freedom springs!
We speak to large things you guess.
They ~~can~~ to be understood by kings.
You must not mix our ~~[illegible]~~ kingly with those
That wish to keep their people fools
Our freedom's foremost on his foes
The conquerors, the rocks the rules
~~Hands~~ all round
God the tyrant's cause confound
So our dear kinsmen of the West may prosper
And the great cause of freedom, round & round.

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During these ~~past ten years our provinces have~~ troubled & sulphurous years which ended in 1918 the provinces of Canada were united as never before. The kindred blood of Canada was poured out in common in a sacred cause. The ~~[illegible]~~ ~~thousand~~ dead who sleep today on foreign soil were on their shoulders strong the one word "Canada." If they could speak to us tonight from their far country of this shrouded & undiscovered country from which no whisper comes, I am sure they would say, "Keep faith with us and with our ancestors who lived and died for unity. Steer the ship of state by this faith. Then there need be no fear of blast or fog or sea, — if hope is aligned with the weathered and love is at the helm.

Many members of the Club. Your eyes & hearts lie there in the beauty of eternal youth.

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provincial jealousy will prove fleeting away. The monstrous impositions of mistrust will disappear. We are today examining the corner stones of our stately edifice, built by hands long since folded & the music of voices long since stilled, and we are trying to seek out abuses and to apply remedies. We must remember that we cannot think of the provinces separately and that separate units without co-operation seldom if ever endure. We must think of Canada as entire or not at all, and we must strive to make Canada a place of mutual understanding and co-operation one with another.

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had come as it came, & we in 1918 in one of those strange reversals of history, experienced and Canada was plunged into a financial and business depression which affected all provinces and all classes. But our pattern must is with the bride of hope, and above all else with co-operation and mutual respect and trust. ~~The provinces today turn to the~~ ~~opinion~~ They believed in the statesman's idea of organized human society, which is that "the basis of all society is the putting of the force of all at the disposal of all, by means of some arrangement assented to by all, for the protection of all, and this under certain prescribed forms." They were not afraid to use the word "all" although they deeply loved their own provinces. Are the provinces today true to the sacred spirit? We too often attempt to remake rather than to develop the inheritance they left to us, forgetting the fact that we may rebuild the walls of Jericho, but we do, we will do it under a curse. ~~This~~ The most meritorious function of Canadian Clubs is to keep alive our ancestral spirit.

It is true, I fear, that our provinces do not always appreciate in their suspicion and distrust, the efforts of our ancestors to bring our unity into being. People who live in the midst of great events are not aware of their magnitude. The biggest events in human history, like the invisible force of nature, have come silently into being, not always with flags flying and drums beating, and the plaudits of the multitude. So it was with Confederation. The labours of those who brought it about fell in places on unreceptive ears and unsympathetic hearts. In a letter to Lord Kimberley written at Rideau during a summer night in 1889, when he could look back through the mists of a quarter century at the conflicts and trials and sacrifice and mutual concessions of those who united our provinces, Sir John Macdonald said "This remarkable event in the history of the British Empire passed almost without notice. The Union was treated much as if the B. N. A. Act was a

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the relation of the rich province & the poor province may be those of Cloots in the French Revolution period, who when accosted as he came out of a great banquet by a starving beggar with the cry "I am hungry," replied "And I have eaten too much, so things are balanced".

I am a native of Ontario, living for the past three or four years in the Province of Quebec. Quebec is largely a province of French inhabitants. They are rooted for more than three hundred and fifty or three hundred years deep into this new-world soil, and their thoughts and hopes and loves are for Canada. Canada is in their blood and bones. The motto of Quebec is "Je me souviens"—"I remember". They ~~are mindful of~~ remember their traditions. They remember that they too had their share ~~in the British [illegible]~~ in bringing about autonomy and responsible government. They remember the loyalty in which their ancestors worked and bled with men and women of another race, speaking another tongue, but filled with the same hopes for the great new land of promise. ~~room~~ in which they felled the forest and cleared the rocky hillside, to found a home. They remember that the great explorers, for the most part Scotch and French, mustered on the same quest ~~[illegible]~~, La Salle and [illegible] and the rest, Mackenzie and [illegible], and that the forests of Canada are their sepulchres. They remember that ~~in education~~ in religion and [illegible], what makes democracy safe is tolerance in [illegible], ~~in~~ security in property. The founder of my own University, McGill, who married a French Canadian Roman Catholic wife, was a Scottish fur-trader Presbyterian. From Quebec with its memories, ~~and its position~~ and its hopes, and its tolerance to minorities I bring you the greeting of brotherhood.

(~~Finally~~ for conclusion),

They remember that they fought on the Plains of Abraham but that they soon forgot their strife in their common zeal for their common country.

Our Canadian clubs must silence the voice of faction and of discord. We must not leave to our children a blood-rusted and discord-twisted key with which they may attempt to open the portal of the future. We must turn on our present conditions the bright light of our ancestors' ideals. Under that light ancient prejudices will vanish and prove unreal and the shadows of inter–

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Canadian Club - Toronto - 1924

The toast to which I have been asked to respond is the toast "to the Provinces". My interpretation of the latter phrase is "to the united Provinces", or to all the provinces, rather than to an individual section. For you are gathered here tonight as a Canadian Club, not as a provincial organization, and if your name means anything at all it means that your efforts and your services are for the united Provinces of Canada. You celebrate tonight the twenty-fifth anniversary of your birth. Twenty-five years is a relatively long period in the life of an individual; it is more than one-third of the allotted span of human existence of which the Psalmist speaks. Byron, you remember, thinking of his own life's little span, wrote that "at twenty-five the better part of life is over". He might have spoken with equally good grounds of a young country like ours, it is a relatively longer period, for it coincides with the years of our national existence, dating from a few years after the union of the Provinces into a united Dominion. So many of you who are charter members and who have regularly attended the meetings, the first twenty years of your life must be filled with memories. The eloquent and inspiring golden voices of many who uttered to you their message are silent and will be heard no more. But while voices come and go, while members disappear, while forms change, your function as a Canadian Club remains and I trust it will endure. It is on that function for all the Provinces that I wish to make a few observations. As an organization, as a society of people of all creeds and all nationalities, you are called to more difficult tasks than those to which you are calling you in your country today. In bringing about greater understanding among the various parts of Canada, the Canadian clubs from the Atlantic to the Pacific can prove a potent force. You have no place here

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for party politics; you are of all parties; you are of all creeds; you are ~~of~~ disputed you many nationalities; the places of your birth are far-flung; you are all Canadians, by origin or by adoption, bound together by a common ideal for the making of a greater, better Canada. That is the function of every Canadian Club in its attitude to all the Provinces. No one who does not permit the cobwebs of prejudice to obstruct his vision can deny that the Provinces today are not always in harmony in their attitude to National life. I do not know how much truth or sound judgment is in the ~~the~~ press dispatches, broadcasted throughout our country last week, which stated that Canada is breaking in the centre, and that East and West must soon be later part, that the silken cord of unity is being slowly loosed and that the golden bowl of interprovincial friendship has been broken. But I do ~~not~~ know that there are murmurings of discontent. Keep your ear to the ground ~~and Roosevelt to the sound of Hell-stars~~, and you will hear discordant cries. They ~~come from~~ echo in the old Provinces by the sea, ~~sweeping~~ — the loyal old British Provinces of Scotch descent down by the Atlantic mists. They echo ~~through~~ are borne on the wind of the prairies ~~the~~ the young Provinces of the West, with their ~~wheat fields~~ fields of golden grain. They are heard, perhaps to a lesser extent, in the central provinces of Ontario. And from every province the stream of emigration flows southward. Two hundred and fifty a day, the newspapers tell us, pass now through Detroit alone; ten thousand from Quebec last year and as many more from the Maritime Provinces. And yet we call for immigrants and more immigrants, while we allow the old stock to go. The old unbeatable Canadian stock backing the stock that made our country, the stock that opened the world. Can the Provinces stop this tide? Instead of a fault finding, the occasion for service may come, and in this service for the solution of ~~the~~ the Provinces' problems

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the Canadian Club must be a powerful agency.

The function of the Canadian Club in my judgment is to recapitulate as a living power out of a splendid past the spirit and ideals of our ancestors, who were often called our Master Builders. "How long do you think the American Republic will endure?" said the historian Guizot to James Russell Lowell. "So long," replied Lowell, "as the ideas of its founders continue to be dominant," and he added that by "ideas" he meant "the traditions of their race in government and morals." No other answer was possible. We may well apply that answer to the enduring of Canada as a united country. The late Lord Bryce with his splendid emphasis on the necessity of harmonious relations among peoples ~~said~~ ~~said~~ maintained that the law of progress through strife is not a universal law of human society, and that no one has succeeded in tracing any causal relation between ~~the~~ strife and intellectual and moral achievement. He stated that the chief cause of the progress of mankind is the exercise of creative thought. It is thought that has produced literature, philosophy, art and religion, and all things that make life worth living. Hence he concluded that the future progress of mankind lies in friendly co-operation in the healing and enlightening works of peace and harmony and in the growth of a spirit of friendship and mutual confidence which may remove the causes of quarrels and suspicions. Now if that is the way the progress of mankind, how much truer is it of the blood section of mankind which we call Canada.

~~Perhaps I may be pardoned if I relapse into retro~~

Now I sometimes think that one of our tendency is in Canada today is to forget the ideals and spirit of our fathers. Our tendency is to look forward. It is well to look forward and doubtless, I know that, but it is also well ~~to~~ sometimes to look back. If then I relapse into retrospect I shall not be guilty of treason to the ideals of the modern realist. Our fathers were optimists. When the Crimean War ended and peace reigned in Europe in 1857 the prosperity that Canada had known for two or three years suddenly ceased. The reaction

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College Loyalty.

The McGill Year Book ~~is a book of mere~~ might well be called a book of memories. It is the rosemary of college life, intended mainly for remembrance. When the students of today whose deeds and activities it records are old and gray and full of sleep and nodding by the fire, they will take down from the shelves this book and slowly read its pages and dream of their ~~distant~~ vanished college years. What each will have achieved when that time comes no ~~man~~ prophet can predict. But those of us who are older and who are interested in their careers are ~~sure~~ sure of this, – they will have ~~something that the~~ the precious possession of college memories and enduring college friendships. We ~~hope~~ are also sure that they will still be imbued with ~~the~~ a spirit of deep and lasting loyalty to their University and to all it represents.

The facts ~~the~~ a student learns in college soon or later fade into ~~forgetty~~ forgetfulness. What endures is the attitude of mind. One of the greatest possessions a student can ~~carry~~ take away with his degree is a spirit of loyalty, – ~~it and to~~ or the capacity for loyalty and devotion and patriotism, an institution or a cause. Without that capacity, carried into practice in some phase of life, a man is of little value to the world. Behind all great achievements is devotion to an ideal and an obedience to the command ~~Stay~~ "be faithful unto death." ~~But there is a distinct relation too~~

There is a distinct relationship between loyalty to one's college and loyalty to the best in

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the national life. When the former is lasting, the latter is usually lasting; when the former ~~exists~~ appears, the latter is ~~usually found when students~~ not found wanting. It is sometimes said that gratitude is but a transient thing. But that is not true when applied to students and their gratitude to their college. It is sometimes said, too, that in our self conscious and critical age the Canadian student of today is not as loyal to his college ~~as~~ as were his predecessors of a generation ago. As Sage, the saint of humour, said of the Canadian student is said "nothing is not critical." But be true it is hoped that the ~~graduate~~ student view point may give place in due time to the graduate view point, and that adverse criticism, ~~which~~ in vista, may change ~~in to~~ devotion in the backward glance through the mists of the years.

The reasons for a student's or a graduate's gratitude and devotion and loyalty to his college are so plain ~~as usually to~~ that they need not ~~usually~~ be stated. The student receives from his college great and numberless benefits for all of which he pays much less than cost. The opportunities the college brings to him represents boundless sacrifice on the part of founders and benefactors and those heroic souls who made the sacrifices of our country in the face of difficulty and, at times, defeat. He would be a churl indeed, and an ungrateful unworthy of the name of student, and unworthy of his college's name who would be

or who would ~~detract from~~ sully his college pride from
insensible to these facts. ~~It is the same~~ Loyalty to
our college, ~~with~~ for this reason alone, is like virtue;
it is no credit to a student to possess it, but to
lack it is to invite a disgrace.

Graduates, it is found, after the lapse of years
have grateful remembrance of their teachers. a gratitude which students do not always express On the
whole, college teachers do their best for their students
although the material they have to work on is
sometimes unpromising and refractory. It is
~~indeed~~ a great service to open the minds of youth
and to lighten their ignorance. He would be
an unworthy graduate who would forget such
service. A great critic once said that a student
who attacks his teacher "bears Nemesis on his
back and the sign of reprobation on his forehead."
On this, ~~the~~ graduates as a rule agree.

~~But~~ The student's idea of loyalty to the
college naturally gives place in time, ~~then~~, to the graduate's
ideas, ~~and the two [illegible] at times be~~
During his college years the student has at
times fantastic ideas of college loyalty. ~~It~~ They
consist too frequently of mere of rooting for an
athletic team, of cheering himself into a frenzy
or chilling himself into rheumatism on a
~~fierce day~~ of an intercollegiate game. That is
not to be despised ~~well~~, no study and perhaps should not be
discouraged, but it should not blind the
student to the fact that other phases of college
life ~~be~~ need his loyalty and his support. That his college is the

best college in all the ~~world~~ land, and that is her reputation is to suffer is will mean suffer because of him or his attempts to ~~[illegible]~~ lack of patriotism during. To him the college must be as sacred as the home from which he came. For ~~to him~~ she is the "mighty mother" watching over her sons" although he may be always upon opposite her policy...

~~These who are [illegible] the sacrifices of McGill in the past and those who are [illegible] directing its course in the present~~

The men who made McGill are noted for their devotion to a cause ~~an ideal~~. They are men of patriotic fervor. The men who have gone out from McGill have been noted for their love for their University. The men who died for ~~McGill~~ McGill ~~ideals~~ their principles on the battlefields of distant places are young men of loyalty who cherished the ~~memory~~ atmosphere and the memory of their University even unto death. It is my sincere hope that the students of today, who will be the graduates of tomorrow, will be true to their Alma Mater in their affections, and it is my hope that they may never lose their feeling of chivalry for their academic home. ~~[illegible]~~ May this year book be a treasure book in which ~~[illegible]~~ ~~this book of [illegible]~~ graduates may see flaming the soldier phantoms of dead years may be a book of memories which recall glorious days when reminiscences of college days are bringing shadowy visions of the heart beats of McGill memories ~~[illegible]~~ and charge their affection for McGill where in the dim years they pierce its pages.

Strong arms perish and empires fall upon
Strong lips be rotted yet lips have to give
The loyalty learnt in youth, the joyous hearts,
These are abiding, these are the things that live.

College Loyalty

Medical Association

1890

I deeply feel the honour and the privilege as Principal of McGill University of ~~extending~~ saying a few words in extending a sincere and gladsome welcome to the members of the Canadian Medical association and their distinguished guests and visitors. As you are aware, the meeting of Associations and Conferences and Conventions and Fraternities in Montreal is not a novelty, particularly in recent years. Indeed Montreal has become the Mecca of all Convention pilgrims. But perhaps no society and no gathering of men could bring such honour to our city as ~~your~~ the association to which you belong, and no gathering could ~~be~~ or should be received with warmer greetings. For you have come not as others sometimes come; you have come not for your own advancement but for the welfare of humanity. You have come to report and to confer on the best and surest means of lessening human suffering and of alleviating human pain. And we feel too that you have come, knowing this, to a city far removed from the yellow belt, - not as others sometimes come, but to a city in which since the beginning of Canadian Education has been devoted to ~~to~~ the advancement of medical knowledge, - efforts ~~rewarded~~ ~~marked today~~ connected today with the names of distinguished men and [illegible]. The first ~~graduating~~ degree conferred by McGill University was a medical degree. And since that far-away day of primitive methods and inadequate facilities and scant support, McGill has given her best in the research and the practice of ~~methods~~ methods for the latter ministering to human ills. The tablets

and the aging forms of some who are potentially quite as stalwart on our walls, bear daily witness to the students of today of the splendour of their devotion to their ideals. And so, here, you meet amidst traditions in the medical profession of which we at McGill and in Canada are justly proud.

~~You will remember~~

I need not dwell on the value of such gatherings as these, nor need I speak on the meaning of your deliberations to our country. They are too obvious to require discussion. They differ widely from the results of other professional gatherings. You will remember that Sir Thomas More gave physicians very high honour in his Utopia, but that in that ideal kingdom of his dreams he would admit no lawyers. He would probably not go as far as that exclusion, for after all the law courts and the hospitals should reveal a common purpose, to care for human disorder, to heal and if possible to assuage human complaint. But what More had in mind was the contrast in methods between the medical profession and all other professions. To him the quiet of the sick-room, or the operating room, the doctors and the nurses of today, dealing with a problem distinctly physical would, do better represent and symbolize the requirement, the intelligence, the silent mastery, the perfect cooperation which lies at the heart of all that is truly civilized.

~~That~~ It is, I think, a striking fact, that the immediate end and object of medicine is not in conflict with other great social ends. The doctor does not need to heal one man at the expense of another. The medicine man comes to look daily for some new

light; they have acquired a habit of expectancy and of putting to instant use the fresh offerings of science and of technical invention. The alliance of medicine and natural science is inevitable, and the former depends very largely on the latter. The work of the man of medicine is none the less personal, and depends ~~all~~ for its ultimate success on his own creative genius. Again, a gathering such as this shows us that the medical profession constantly outstrips and leads the public in devices to check disease. The great campaigns against tuberculosis, against infant mortality, against malarial and typhoid fevers, were originated and planned and carried on by the doctors themselves, who had the hearty support of the profession as a whole.. The public does not have to drive the men of ~~the~~ medicine to reforms; the doctors have too frequently to contend with apathy of the public to hold them back, - and I have known powerful attempts to oppose the doctors' most reasonable desire to require a license to the vicious or the untrained. ~~The miracles of chemistry, dietetics and vaccination~~.

No branch of science has a more direct and practical bearing on the welfare of the community than that which deals with the ~~conserving~~ prevention of disease and the conserving of human life. No Association can have a more direct bearing on the welfare of Canada than the Canadian Medical Association. But I ~~[illegible]~~ sometimes fear that our governments lean too much a burden to the doctors themselves and do not side them always with all that is possible to

I deeply appreciate the honour and the privilege of being a guest here tonight, of partaking of your generous hospitality and of saying a few words to this distinguished gathering. It is a particular pleasure to ~~be in the~~ bring greetings from the Province of Quebec to the Province of Manitoba, and from the old fortressed city of Quebec, the gateway to Canada, to the city of Winnipeg the gateway to the West, once a frontier fort of historic memories and now a teeming city of commercial and educational and spiritual strength, a city that has done its heroic part in the making of Canada.

We are gathered here tonight in centennial commemoration of a great and important event in the history of mankind's development, — the founding of the Young Mens Christian Association one hundred years ago. Like all great movements it began in quiet humility with no blare of trumpets and no boastful promise to reform or remake the world. It was born of the vision and the faith of a great and hopeful spirit, George Williams. The year 1844 was not a bright year in our history. That was the discouraging and at times despairing period of the "hungry forties" with its vast unemployment, its poverty and its riches, its class bitterness its economic confusion. There was spiritual unrest and doubts and crumbling faiths — Under the advance of science with its new theories of life and evolution old beliefs seemed to be tottering. A change was coming upon the world, a change from era to era, and the spiritual paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were in danger of breaking up. Old things were passing away and the anchors of our traditional faiths were drifting or were being severely tested. In that disrupted and clouded world of a century ago George Williams had an inspired idea which broadened into a definite plan. The plan in turn developed into action. He founded an organization intended and designed to bring together in brotherly association men who believed in the philosophy of Christ's gospel and who would fashion their lives in accordance with that belief. He believed in the old Greek ideal of manhood, a sound mind in a sound body. His organization would contribute to the mind of man, academically and spiritually, and would also contribute to the acquiring and maintaining physical health and strength. Williams and his fellow founders of the

Young Mens Christian association believed with a great ~~scientist~~, scientist of the last century that "~~a man has had a~~ this world needed men of broad and liberal outlook and institutions to mould such men of personality and character and reverence. "~~A man~~ That man", they said, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that as a mechanism it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order; ready like a steam-engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind. whose mind is stored with a knowledge with the great ~~and~~ and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one, who is full of life and fire but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; one who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all vileness and to respect others as himself. Such a ~~one~~ and no other has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with God".

That, in a measure, ~~is~~ was and is the ideal of the Y. M. C. A in its ~~conse~~ effort for the development of youth. It is not possible tonight to tell the complete story of the work of the Y.M.C.A during ~~its~~ the hundred years of its existence. It is an ~~inter~~ interesting and amazing ~~story~~ story of beneficent service. Its early years were years of struggle, at times of suspicion, of obstacles and discouragement, but always of progress, of growth and of unwavering faith. Slowly but surely it demonstrated its worth until it won the respect and admiration of the world, irrespective of race or clime or creed ~~as it op~~ as its influence and services spread to almost every country on the Globe. ~~Some~~

We are especially interested tonight in its work in Canada. Seven years after its founding in England one hundred years ~~ago~~ ago, the first branch of the Y.M.C.A to be established on the North American Continent was opened in Montreal in 1851. It was not an ~~auspicious~~ auspicious period. Indeed it was in young Canada a time of turbulence and disunity, of discord and dissension and ~~disputed~~ disputed powers. Only a few years hence, the Rebellion of 1837 had torn the country apart and had left behind it deep-~~seated~~ seated bitterness in Upper and Lower Canada; and later the Rebellion Losses Bill was to increase the friction and ~~the~~ prejudice until there were ~~violents in~~ violent riots in the narrow streets of Montreal and the seat of Government was removed to safer regions. A manifesto was ~~later~~ later issued and signed by ~~leading~~ leading Montreal citizens urging annexation with the United States of America as the only solution of the complex political problem and the only

salvation of Canada. Confederation was more than fifteen years away and had not yet been seriously discussed. In this atmosphere, compromising both locally and nationally, the Y.M.C.A in Canada was born.

What this great Association did in those early years for unity, for mutual respect, for tolerance, for educational and physical development, for comradeship and friendship and above for spiritual life, cannot be adequately estimated. Its progress was guided by self-sacrificing heroic souls, who toiled for no reward but the joy of the working, and whose memory we honour tonight with gratitude and affection. Soon branches were established in many cities and towns in the then existing Provinces. They followed in due course the trail westward to the vast spaces, to the frontier towns and the pioneer camps. These modest branches brought open hearted hospitality to the homeless, comfort to the lonely, companionship to the friendless, and Christian kindness to all. Everywhere it appeared the Red Triangle was a symbol of welcome and of brotherhood, fulfilling to the best of its ability and its facilities, sometimes crude but always sincere, the Christian injunction to make men say "I was ahungered and you gave me meat; I was a stranger and you took me in".

The great ideals and the great traditions of the Y.M.C.A have persisted throughout the century. Its record is a shining story of invaluable service. It was therefore not surprising to those familiar with its work that the Y.M.C.A immediately offered its services when the first World War came in August 1914. From Valcartier to the Armistice the record is one of glory. Those of us who served in that war remember the ministrations of the Y, the simple Sunday morning services where the men sang the old familiar hymns, the food, the comforts, the entertainments, the home-like atmosphere, the unfailing service. I need not dwell on that record. It is now a matter of history. In April 1919 the Commander of the Canadian Corps, the late revered Sir Arthur Currie wrote, "Before the Canadian Corps finally dissolves I must take the opportunity of expressing my great appreciation of the wonderful help the Y.M.C.A. has been to the Canadian soldier throughout all the weary months of the past four and a half years. In doing so I know I am voicing the sentiments of all ranks of the Corps. We have long looked on the Association as an integral part of the Corps and have appreciated that it has been a real factor in the winning of the many victories shared in by the Corps. I have often contended that it is hard to estimate the real value of good morale and it has been in helping to keep up the morale of our forces that the Y.M.C.A has won the right to be acknowledged a factor in winning the victories ... I do not know how

we should have got along without the Y.M.C.A., and I am confident that in the Home Land it will be called up to play a much larger part in the national life than we now anticipate, yet that far-sightedness which the Y seems to have in unusual degree will I am sure guide it in making its plans."

And the late Major General Archibald Macdonald, so well known in the West, ~~wrote~~ referred to the work of the Y.M.C.A as "work which tended to ~~uplift~~ uplift the morale, provided comfort and clean ~~entertainment~~ amusement for all ranks, the value of which proved to be incalculable"

These fine tributes ~~would~~ apply with equal truth to the work of the Y.M.C.A in the present war. ~~They have been~~ The Association has been with our troops ~~wherever~~ ~~they are have been~~ since the outbreak of hostilities, ~~at~~ in whatever region they were stationed. ~~He Minister Mr~~ My colleague, the Minister of National ~~Defence stated when asked that in all his visits to the Armies overseas~~ Defence says that in all his visits to all fields of Canadian wartime activity he has never found the Y' representatives or services lacking when sought or needed by our fighting men, either in Canada or overseas; ~~and~~ that close attention to the many little things that materially assist morale as well as to major undertakings that contribute to the comfort and entertainment of the forces is freely provided, and that, more than this, our men get from them human interest and attention. ~~Their~~ The one thought of the Y. representatives, he says, is to make life in camp or in action more livable for our fighting men.

My work is ~~primarily with~~ almost wholly with the Royal Canadian Air Force. I am glad and proud to bear personal and official testimony to the ~~the~~ inestimable work of the Y.M.C.A ~~with the~~ for the R.C.A.F wherever their squadrons are in training or in action. In Canada ever since the inauguration of the Commonwealth Air Training Plan the Y.M.C.A. has been a valuable asset to our service. The problem of the men in training camps is ~~always~~ never easy of solution. Here, no matter a man's contribution to the cause may be, he invariably suffers impatience and irritation and at times depression because of his ~~remoteness~~ distance and sense of remoteness from the scene of action and the consequent feeling of futility. To offset ~~this attitude~~ as far as possible this unfortunate but almost universal feeling the Y.M.C.A ~~contributes~~ ~~greatly~~ abundantly helps by enlarging the scope of its ordinary work. It constantly fosters new interests, some of which ~~teach~~ encourage physical fitness, some of which teach hobbies to dispel monotony, others of which develop manual skill and mental alertness all of which will be of service to the airman.

Any Commanding Officer who returns from overseas will testify to the fact that the efficiency of his men increases directly by the extent that comforts from home make their difficult days less arduous. The Y.M.C.A. supplies many necessary or desirable comforts.

That the work of the Y is appreciated and of high value is indicated by the increase in the numbers of men taking advantage of its services and activities. I do not wish to burden you with statistics. It is interesting however, to compare the number of men using the Y services in 1941 and ~~at the present time in Canada~~ in 1943 in the R.C.A.F and the R.A.F in Canada. In Physical activities the increase has been over thirty thousand. Attendance at Social and Recreational Activities has increased from ~~over~~ four ~~two~~ hundred and fifty thousand to seven hundred and thirty thousand. In Educational classes the attendance has increased in two years from over six thousand to over twenty-eight thousand. In religious services the increase has been notable, - from over twenty-four thousand to one hundred and fourteen thousand. In personal services the demand has increased from two hundred and ~~twenty~~ - four thousand to nine hundred and ~~thirty one~~ thirty one thousand. In ~~the~~ all the varied activities and services of the Y, the attendance has increased in two years from ~~eight hundred~~ approximately nine hundred thousand to one million nine hundred and sixty thousand, - an amazing record of accomplishment. The figures for 1944 are not yet available but they will show a still further increase. The figures quoted include services to airforce personnel in war service huts at air force stations sub-stations and in local Y M C A ~~Y~~ buildings. Today there are 85 Y.M.C.A establishments in Canada and 30 ~~overseas~~ overseas ministering to the needs of R.C.A.F personnel. What these centres of good will and good cheer, of unselfish service and helpfulness mean to boys and men, lonely, far from home, cannot be ~~estimated~~ measured in words. It can only be experienced or observed at close range to be understood and appreciated.

~~The first hundred years~~ ~~Story of the~~ The story of the first hundred years of the Y.M.C.A is a proud record of splendid and illustrious service. A hundred years is a relatively long period in the life of a nation. It is a longer period in the life of an individual or an institution. For the work of an institution is the work of individuals. It embodies

and enacts their ideals, their ~~pet~~ dreams, their principles. George Williams who ~~was~~ for his services was knighted by Queen Victoria in 1894 was a man whose life can be summed up in one sentence, - "He went about doing good", like the Master whom he followed. Like the Friars of mediaeval times he believed in practical Christianity, in the application of Christian principles to world affairs. ~~was~~ Therein he thought was the ~~way~~ path to unity and peace. He had no place for ideals and dreams that did not penetrate to the realm of action. The Y.M.C.A ~~is~~ is the realization of ~~his dreams~~ his dream. The tablet that marks the grave of Sir George Williams in St. Paul's Cathedral contains this inscription, taken from his own last speech ~~made just before his death~~

"my last legacy, and it is a precious one, is the Young Men's Christian Association. I leave it to you young men of many nations to maintain and extend. ~~You~~ may you be as happy in its service as I have been and twice as successful."

~~His voice is silent~~ The Founder's lips are dust but his voice still speaks to us and his influence lives on. The Y.M.C.A is his memorial, one of the greatest monuments ever raised to man. Today it ~~encircles the globe~~ like a golden chain of friendship and Christian tolerance it encircles the globe, and lives wherever men fight and die for freedom and Christian civilization. In the post-war world when happier times come it will ~~have~~ have abundant work to do. Its responsibility will be great.

So tonight we salute this great institution and revere the great spirits who made and guided it. May I express my ~~personal~~ ~~and~~ personal and official thanks for ~~what~~ what it has done and is doing for the R.C.A.F. We know that if it is true to the ideals of its Founder and to its great traditions the record of its second century of existence on which it is now entering will be even more glorious than the record of its past.

Winnipeg

Y. W. C. A.

Harvard - June 24: 26

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with all that that implies.

May I at once express my very great personal sense of the honour which has been conferred on me today, one of the greatest, if not indeed the greatest, academic honours on this continent. I assure you that personally I appreciate it more than words can express, but I wish also to express not only my own personal gratitude but the gratitude of my university and my country. We hear much today, among the factions and the envious, about what is erroneously called Harvard exclusiveness and New England aloofness and Puritan austerity and coldness. But you will not be surprised that here today I feel singularly at home, - even though I come from the province of Quebec. I feel just that I am among "my own folk"; for the roots of our common Anglo-Saxon or Celtic ancestry go far back to a common soil. As our great old Canadian statesman, Joseph Howe, used to say, - himself of Boston forbears, - "our fathers fought side by side." For nearly two thousand years we are one family. Our fathers fought side by side at Hastings and heard the cuckoo toll. Our common ancestors won the great Charter and the Bill of Rights, - established free Parliaments, the Habeas Corpus and Trial by Jury. From Chaucer to Shakespeare our literature is a common inheritance. Tennyson and Longfellow write in one language. And in the great navigators from Cottereal to Hudson, and in all their moving accidents by flood and field we have a common interest". And so, it is but natural that here in lovely New England I should feel today at home.

But particularly at Harvard does a Canadian feel that he is among friends. For we in Canada look to Harvard not only with high respect and wide

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admiration but also with the deepest affection. I am not here to praise your University; that would be presumption; Harvard needs and desires no praise. But I cannot refrain today from saying a few words about our Canadian obligation to this temple of learning and of truth. You are old in years, - approximately three centuries. Our institutions in Canada are relatively young. Five years ago my own University, McGill, passed the century mark. It is perhaps not to be wondered at that our younger Canadian institutions should have turned to this continent's educational mother for inspiration and guidance; and we shall ever be mindful of the generosity with which that guidance was given.

It was in the Maritime Provinces of Canada, similar in many ways to their neighbours, these New England States, that the cradle of Canadian education was first rocked, - at least on the English side. And in rocking that infant-cradle no hands were more tender, no hearts more kind, than those of Harvard men. Today in these historic surroundings, where the ghosts of vanished years are ever present, where Washington's feet have often trod, where indeed he doubtless met many a problem with an anxious heart, today we can look back with no thought of strife or misunderstanding to the unfortunate issues which brought about the revolution, issues which made Harvard no longer a British University but after a century and a half the same wonderful University under another flag. Time has very quickly softened the notes of discord, and we soon all friends again after our family quarrel we were soon all friends again. But as a result of the Confiscation Act at the close of the Revolution many

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who ~~did~~ would not change their allegiance to Britain. Thousands of citizens of these old Colonies took refuge of necessity in Canada. They were among the best in this favoured land. John Adams estimated that over "one-third of the influential characters," as he expresses it, joined in the exodus. What New England lost, Canada gained. Of the three hundred Massachusetts men who moved north, sixty were graduates of Harvard. Many of them were of the oldest ~~&~~ and noblest families connected with the founding and developing of New England civilization. ~~In the Maritime Provinces also~~ ~~too~~ What was true of Massachusetts was true of the other states. More than two hundred graduates of Harvard moved to the Maritime Provinces. Canada in the days of her most urgent need, ~~or~~ in her struggling pioneer days, was thus provided by Harvard with an educated class seldom found in a pioneer land. They represented the highest traditions of ~~noble~~ education. They brought into our country the culture of Boston and the scholarship of Harvard. ~~I could mention many names~~ Many Harvard men opened schools; they ~~opened~~ built churches; they healed the sick; they administered justice. I could mention many names, did time permit. But it is significant that James Putnam, a Harvard man, rejected to be ~~the~~ the oldest lawyer in America became judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. ~~and~~ ~~was~~ The first minister in one of the first churches built in Halifax, called after Cotton Mather, ~~and now by corruption known as St. Matthias~~ changed to St. Matthias, – the first minister

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In no country outside of your own has Harvard's influence been so benignly felt as in Canada. Was Aaron Cleveland, a graduate of Harvard and the great-great-grandfather of the late President Cleveland, kinsman of the great preacher, and it was a Bostonian, John Bushnell, who in 1752 printed the first copy of Canada's first English newspaper the Halifax Gazette.

The influence of these Harvard men upon the educational life of Canada cannot be adequately estimated. They came at a time soon after the beginning of Scottish immigration in 1772, and the two together laid the foundation of Canada's educational development. The educational structure of the Maritime Provinces had two foundation stones, - one Harvard, the other Scottish. That is a combination which is pretty hard to beat in any line of endeavour. It's a union of idealism and practicality, so needful in our day.

Now, what is true of the relations between Harvard and Canada in the past is still true today. Our students come to you, largely for graduate work but also for undergraduate courses. You have been generous to us in your award of scholarships and fellowships. There is many a man in a high place in my country's life whose progress would have been long delayed were it not for your munificent awards, based on merit I know, but on merit without the ~~[illegible]~~ ~~prescription~~ restrictions of race or geography. Today Harvard men are found in honoured places in all spheres of Canadian life, particularly in the educational life, both in Colleges and University Schools. Indeed there is practically no university in Canada in which

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~~And McGill has given you an Honorary degree, where have~~ ~~Harvard & Cambridge, & Harvard & Oxford~~

there is not one or more products of your distinguished scholar & poet George Lyman Kittredge, — whom we at McGill claim as one of our graduates, — for he is an Honorary Graduate.

Not only are Harvard men serving nobly and well in my country, but McGill men and graduates of other Canadian Universities are on your staff. We are proud that they have not failed to win distinction and that they are aiding you in your search for truth. You are mindful not alone of our living but of our dead. We remember with gratitude that it was one of your distinguished sons who gave recently to the world that splendid memorial to the memory of one of our most distinguished McGill graduates, — the life of William Osler by Dr Cushing, — a tribute of admiration and affection by a Harvard man to a McGill man. and of inspiration to all Harvard City Presidents

But I have spoken too long, out of the fulness of my heart. Your former President, — Charles W. Eliot of beloved association — often used a phrase "Federation through education". May we on both sides of the mythical border line remember forever that phrase. We are both pressing on, — the old Harvard, the young McGill — pressing on ~~towards~~ in a quest for truth, ~~but a search for~~ that truth which is the basis of harmony among ~~in the~~ individuals and ~~in the~~ of federations among nations. I am sure that your relations in the future continue as in the past, the bugles which blow over our McGill & Harvard dead, mingled as they are in immortal youth in the sacred places on the old battle-worn fields — the bugles will never sound to conflict. Rather will they ~~will the~~ blow always in celebration of the building along our borderline of an enduring arch of peace. I thank you again for the honour you have done me today.

Harvard '26

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value, agriculture would prosper, and commerce would become more active. By contributing to enlarge the mass of industrious and commercial enterprise, Hamilton hoped that banks would become the nurseries of national wealth. They would also encourage frugality and thrift. The First National Bank was intended to be unique in the public service. Public utility, said Hamilton, is more truly the object of public banks than private profit. Surely these are ideals to which we today should jealously adhere. As bankers or bank directors we need courage. ~~for~~ We need Conservation; but we need above all else, to keep in our minds the ideal of the public service of our institutions and their potential power in cementing the scattered units of our ~~no~~ far flung national life. We need to be mindful of their possible influence in removing suspicion of class and section and in the bringing of undoubted happiness and prosperity to our people as a whole ~~national life~~. If we keep in our memories, particularly in days of shadow, the ideals of Alexander Hamilton and the men who with unselfish vision planned and established our financial systems, we shall not go very far astray. We may be so-called practical men. But in our practice we must be witness that in the profession we follow "we have not lost the dreams of service that once we flung like pennons to the world."

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Bankers

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So long will it survive great perils and the storms of time and the ebb and flow of national fortunes. If it is destroyed, it is because it has outlived its usefulness. While a banking organization is useful to mankind, it is in no danger; no violence can kill it; if it ceases to be useful no force can preserve it. As a general proposition, is that not true when we apply it to the institutions we know? Wars have stalked and torn stunned the world, disruptions have shaken the earth, material things have perished, and yet with the passing of the years institutions, financial or otherwise – institutions with a spirit of service as their guide have managed somehow to endure.

I am afraid, however, that in our modern desire for change of methods in our institutions we too often think that we are superior to those who have preceded us, because we are heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time. That is one of our weaknesses. We are too contemptuous of the past. But from the past we can always learn wisdom. A Babylonian manuscript of four thousand years ago makes it clear that there was even then an excellent system of profit-sharing. I have no desire tonight to conduct you through the dim and misty corridors of days long dead. But in so far as banking is under discussion, I would have you remember the words of an illustrious Frenchman, who said that we have certain

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ideals which our descendants ought not to ignore, and we should be careful to respect the ideals of those who have preceded us. In this way a continuity arises in the history of a nation or an institution; the dead participate in the life which they have transmitted to us; they have their rights, the consideration of which is no burden to our minds but a <u>regulating element of stability</u>. "A regulating element of stability":— That is what we constantly need in these troubled days of change! That is what we need particularly in our banking systems and institutions. In an essay by Walter Bagehot, ~~that~~ brilliant writer ~~to~~ when speaking of our superficiality and the importance we attach to the past ~~today~~ takes an illustration from a noted English banking house which had fallen on evil days; after paying a high tribute to its founders and its old members, he adds, "the rule in it is passed to a generation whose folly surpassed the usual ~~to~~ limit of imaginable capacity."

I suppose the United States today is the world's greatest bankers. One of the differences between their systems and ours, — and I am not going to discuss the relative merits of the two, — one of the differences is that this Government is their bank; the stockholders are the voting citizens of the country; Congress is the Board of Directors; the Secretary of the Treasury, the Comptroller of Currency, and the United States Treasurer are the Executive Committee; the Government,

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which is the people, lends to the National Banks, which in turn lends to the individual or individuals engaged in worthy enterprises. Now behind this system is a long line of ~~glorious~~ splendid tradition which despite at times apparent defects and difficulties we would do wisely to respect and reverence in our day. Against this distant horizon of history on which the American Banking system first appeared there is one great figure whose ideals our bankers, old and young, particularly the young, would do well to remember. He was dead at forty-seven; he too was going. But into his short life he crowded dreams and achievements which are ~~a~~ the very foundation stone of the nation's financial structure. He had ideals and he had also personality and energy to make these ideals realities, realities which could not perish despite the brevity of his busy life and the tragic circumstances of his death. His name was Alexander Hamilton.

Hamilton's story should be known by every young bank clerk. He has never received in my judgment adequate reward from the big memory of men. But ~~recognition~~ Aside from Washington, no man of the period when the United States was born deserves ~~most~~ more respect and remembrance and recognition from the American people. He was a faithful soldier of the war of the Revolution. He was a zealous participant in framing the Constitution; he was a potent influence in securing the ratification of the Constitution by the various States. He was one of the most able and valuable associates of the first

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Presidency during his administration. He was the founder of the Federalist party; he was the most brilliant man of his time; his and above all he was the creator of the entire financial system of the new nation. Talleyrand said of him "I have known nearly all the marked men of my time, but never one on the whole quite equal to Hamilton." Lord Bryce in his "American Commonwealth" said of him, "equally apt for war or civil government, with a profundity and aptitude of view rare in practical soldiers and statesmen, he stood in the front rank of a generation never surpassed in history, - a generation which included Burke, Fox, Chatham, von Humboldt, Wellington and Napoleon. Hamilton was a thinker of the world, one of universal history's exceptional and brilliant men. His genius is worked into the very body and tissue of your institutions. I agree with Senator Lodge when his description of Hamilton as the greatest constructive statesman of the nation is not overpraise." In speaking of his work ~~him~~ as the first Secretary of the Treasury, the great Daniel Webster said "He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of Public Credit, and it sprang upon its feet. The fabled birth of Minerva from the brain of Jove was hardly more sudden or more perfect than the financial system of the United States as it burst forth from the conceptions of Alexander Hamilton."

~~There is no doubt~~ These are all great tributes. There is no doubt that Hamilton raised his nation from a bankruptcy ~~of~~ seemingly hopeless, to the highest financial credit and prosperity. And yet he lays off his

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so poor that almost the only property left to him was his household furniture. His ideal was service. The passion of his life was the establishment of a national republic, at once strong and free. He was a Federalist who saw with his wide vision the hopelessness of a group of independent states, living apart, and who strove to overcome and eliminate state jealousy. By his main legacy, the establishment of national credit both at home and in Europe, & the provision of financial machinery adequate to the business needs of the nation, his greatest ideal was to cement more closely the union of the various states. Financial problems were to him only opportunities. His aims were not merely financial; they were national. He had practically no experience as a financier; he had never faced the complicated problems of finance. But he had ideals. "It is by introducing order into our finances", he said, "it is by restoring public credit, not by winning battles that we are finally to gain our independence". And so he urged the establishment of a National Bank, and better provisions for the debt of the country.

Time will not permit me to enter into the details of Hamilton's methods or to discuss the nobility of his dreams. But I would leave one thought with you about this great figure to whom the banking systems of the continent owes such a deep debt of gratitude. By banks he would keep the money of the country necessarily active, so that business men would be able to borrow on credit, and by a union of ability and capital the resources of the nation would be more rapidly developed, farm lands would increase in

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in terms of our isolated institutions or our divergent parts. We should have the realization that after all we are only members of what is spiritually and materially a great national system of finance ~~whose~~ the foundation of which runs down into the common lives and labours of men.

The history of the world's great banking systems and banking houses ~~is a fascinating study~~ in this and in former generations is a fascinating study. It is very difficult to ~~discuss~~ discuss in that history how large a part the individuality of leaders played. But doubtless sagacity ~~to~~ took the leading role. We are told that Mayer Anselm Rothschild ~~got~~ owed his place in high finance to the fact that he wisely safeguarded the fortune of the Elector of Hesse Cassels after Jena, and returned it in the Waterloo year nine years later with interest. His sons later prudently massed the financial resources of their race. The continued maintenance of a great position by any bank must surely depends on the continuance of absolute public confidence in its character, its capacity and its financial judgment. It must have a continuous achievement in large affairs, and along lines of undoubted conservatism. Now, that all goes back to the individual leader, who after all is the institution. ~~He~~ It means inspection that inspects and direction that directs, not in name only but in fact. Credit is nothing more than belief. It cannot be produced or established by Acts of Legislatures. If a belief prevails in any place that certain persons are safe custodians of money, then people who desire safe places for their ~~savings~~ money will bring it to such persons ~~to be invested or to be guarded~~ in the form of deposits.

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And if a belief prevails that these or other persons are sagacious investors of money and good judges of security, people who have money to invest will bring it to such persons to be invested. It is all a ~~question~~ matter of financial ~~faith~~ policy, of faith in the individuals who compose the institution. While business prosperity is not the chief concern of individuals, the bringing about and maintenance of conditions essential to business prosperity ~~is~~ should be the chief concern of all modern financial organizations.

During the past few years our banking institutions have not escaped criticism. That criticism may or may not have been ~~de~~ merited. It has been said, for example, that we are too tender-hearted in our dealings with big business and too hard-hearted in our treatment of the little or the relatively obscure, – with the result that we have ~~actually proved to be~~ ~~per helped to produce in our country many examples of the truth~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~do~~ ~~[illegible]~~ frequently given evidence of our old-fashioned practical belief in the old aphorism "To him that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away". ~~The~~ Such statements are manifestly unfair. They are based on class ~~[illegible]~~ distinction and class distrust. It is a great mistake to assume, as is too often done, that there is a conflict of interest between different classes of citizens, – certainly if money control or financial institutions are the bases of the classification. It must not be forgotten that the very conditions that bring good dividends to the shareholder or

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profits to the banks, and opportunities for the profitable investment of capital bring good wages and abundant work to the wage-earner and good markets to the farmer; and the very conditions that bring distress to one bring distress to all alike. The difference between the various elements in our community is not a matter of conflict but merely a difference in degree of interest. The conditions which curtail the dividends of the banks, or decrease the income of the so-called capitalist may in the end bring the wage earner to the lowest possible point, or may change him from a self supporting and self-respecting labourer to a dole-taker in a bread line. We are all inter-dependent, one upon the other. A former President of the United States, the late President Wilson, uttered a great truth when speaking at a national convention he declared that all residents of his great commercial country, - miners, manufacturers, producers, bankers, lawyers, preachers, teachers, - ~~all~~ farmers, - all are of necessity business men, and thus consequently, in a broad sense, there could be no real conflict of interests. But there should be general co-operation along the whole line to attain mutual advantages throughout the country and the personal happiness that spring from common prosperity.

But these truths are too often forgotten or ignored. Perhaps our banking institutions are not themselves blameless in casting them to oblivion. Perhaps they have at times forgotten the ideals of their

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And surgery proved that it was ~~capable~~ capable of more than cutting off, or cutting out; it proved in those days of horror and of pain, that it could restore and repair the broken and the maimed. Your great profession is one of prime altruism, benevolence, and self sacrifice. You are seeking to keep it so, but you are also seeking to ~~advance~~ raise its intellectual standards and to advance its knowledge. With all your objects the University must give their unstinted sympathy. Meetings such as this, when surgeons gather to discuss their experiences, their victories and their defeats, — these do much to raise the standards. ~~and to~~ There is a great future for ~~you~~ this work organized, a future higher beyond compare. With your impatience with pretence, your struggle for standards, your great and honoured sense of human brotherhood, many your deliberations here be abundantly blessed as you ~~the~~ discuss improved methods for the comforting of the broken, the amelioration of human suffering, and the easing of human pain.

Medical Cremation

Banquet. June 22

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Let me ~~first~~ at once express to you individually and as an Association my most sincere thanks for the honour you have done me in asking me to meet with you tonight and to say a few words to you on this extremely pleasant occasion. I assure you that it is not without diffidence that I speak to so distinguished a gathering accustomed as you all are, from the very nature of your calling and your daily experience, of going quickly to the heart of things, of impatience with irrelevant matters, and of ~~quickly~~ rapidly brushing aside in your necessarily quick decisions all extraneous ~~discussion~~ explanation ~~to~~ which is foreign to the question under discussion. But ~~perhaps your impatience with speech making~~ listening to speeches is one of the ~~may be softened tonight is a necessary~~ necessary penalties imposed on all banquet-mongers. No speech, no banquet, ~~is~~ is a rule that applies alike to gatherings of students and of bankers, of doctors and of undertakers. Perhaps your impatience with speech making may be softened tonight by what I know is your pleasure in meeting here in this delightful surroundings, and in this gray historic city, ~~on~~ stand proud ~~of its~~ and peaceful on its high and rugged, while around you in its narrow old-world streets and on its spacious terraces the ghosts of fearless pioneers and continent-builders pass and repass in memory, and on its river at your feet the voices of the ~~steady~~ adventurous men of Montcalm and Wolfe seem still to ~~[illegible]~~ whisper their hope and faith in this Western World. Quebec, where two races,

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and two ~~long~~ creeds and two tongues live together in harmony is the oldest ~~&~~ and most outstanding link on this continent with the great ~~past~~ and undying past of our ancestors. "I saw it in the summer ~~sunlight~~ moonlight", wrote Rupert Brooke (thirteen years ago), "it had all the radiance and repose of an immortal." You have seen the old city in the ~~spring~~ June sunlight and I am sure you will agree with Brooke's description. I ~~am sure~~ have hopes too that your impatience with speech-making may be mollified by my sincere assurance that my remarks will be very brief. And I trust that ~~I hope~~ when I have finished my few words you will not feel silently what a distinguished old Professor felt when he wrote in red ink across a student's essay — "This essay is very big, but its origins will have been bigger".

Tonight, for a few minutes, I am going to speak on the work that lies nearest to your hands, or at least the work to which most of you are devoting your ~~time~~ energies. We are ~~not~~ assembled here tonight in one of the most interesting periods in the world's history, particularly interesting because of the many financial problems which the nations of the earth are attempting earnestly to solve. I am sure that in this respect we are sometimes tempted to think of our problems in terms of East or West, or North or South. We think that we have a responsibility resting upon our shoulders for this or that Province or this or that State or City or community ~~resting upon our shoulders~~. Yet, the financial problems of our country must not be considered for an instant

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University realizes that if Medicine is to be respected as an essential art or profession the standard for admission must be very high and of a fair degree of uniformity throughout the entire country. The result is that many universities are making a pre-requisite for medicine, insisting on at least a two years in Arts as a pre-medical requisite. It is unnecessary to dwell on the value of such a course, not merely on its scientific side but on its so called cultural side, its study of languages, literature, and history. Such a course attempts to develop the ability to think straight, to develop the habit of correct abstract reasoning and of weighing evidence, a very difficult problem in our modern education. It is difficult to make students feel that when they are going into the medical profession, they must continue the process of learning all their lives, and that they must do it with diligence and accuracy and gladness, - that in this profession of medicine there is no standing still but always progress. These habits of work should be formed in the premedical university courses. As a result of such courses, and of the limiting the number of students in the medical schools, the medical profession should now secure what we may well call "picked men" - a select list, based on intelligence and knowledge & general habits of work and industry.

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In medical education in the medical schools great changes have been brought about in recent years, and are still in process of development. It is realized that every practitioner, whether physician or surgeon, is bringing more and more dependence on laboratories, on expert knowledge in chemical and bacteriological examinations. The medical schools are endeavoring to meet this requirement. They ~~medical school~~ realize that the public must be protected, - and protected by expert knowledge and digital experience. The quack must be eliminated. This is one of your ~~pr~~ most difficult problems. There is always a credulous laity which is willing to seek cures for all ills in fantastic ways and fantastic places. There is always a credulous laity which looks upon medical practice as a mysterious magic rather than a science. It requires to distinguish between science and pretence. But we should remember that humanity must not be experimented on by the untrained, and that the practice of medicine must no longer be used as a cloak to delude the public. Medical training is a long and expensive process during which the student, not only tests for himself the tools of scientific experiment, ~~and~~ has the advantage of actual experiment and experience. And not only is the training long and expensive, but the post-graduate training ~~study~~ is necessary ~~a long~~ and ~~only~~ does not cease for the ambitious and conscientious physician this side the grave.

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It is then largely a problem of general education, — this raising of the standard to which you can give your thoughts and your energies. For it is in the gradually the humanity send you from the College and the professional school that your degree must be placed. You can do little with poor material, and we send you poor material; you can accomplish much if we send you material properly prepared.

The trend of our age is doubtless preventive. People are no longer content to spend money to reduce disease so much as they are to keep well. The first in emergency. They want aid which America gave to the Allies during the war was medical aid. America, when not yet ready to give military or naval aid, was ready in the first year of the war to send doctors, surgeons, nurses & orderlies by the thousand, thoroughly prepared to render efficient service at the great military hospitals. The profession applied Italy to prevention, — to inoculation, and we all know what is accomplished. But while it is true that the trend of our age is preventive, it is equally true that emergencies are bound to come. They are inevitable. We remember that emergencies in the war — the greatest the world has ever known. There, prevention was powerless. It was in those emergencies that surgery triumphed.

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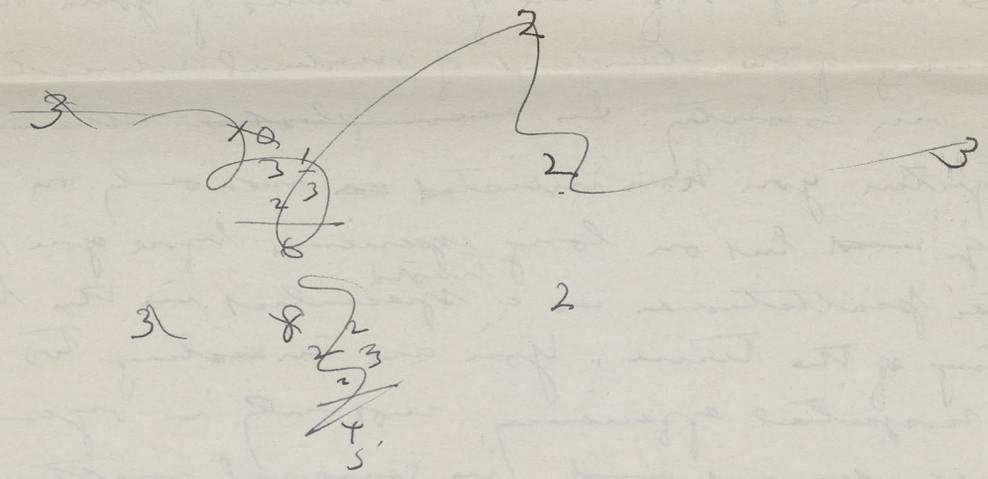
~~This~~ I assure you that I am sensitive to the honour and the privilege of speaking for a few minutes to this distinguished assembly. Dr. Bazin has ~~welcomed~~ spoken words of welcome on behalf of the medical profession of this country, and on behalf of the Sire University. I wish to express to you individually and collectively our warmest greetings, our admiration and respect for your achievements, and our hope that your delightful stay in our Dominion will result in many ~~great~~ benefits to ~~humanity~~ mankind.

~~The~~ ~~The objects~~ One of the aims of your organization is the raising of the standard of medical education throughout our country. In ~~accomplishing~~ attaining that objective you have insisted ~~on~~ not only on expert knowledge ~~and~~ but on long experience before you regard a ~~practi~~ practitioner as a trusted specialist in the true meaning of the term. You are insisting too on a higher hospital efficiency, not only in organization but in equipment and in general methods. And you are ~~insisting~~ demanding ~~on~~ the strict application of the medical code or the recognized ~~of~~ and accepted ethics of your profession, ~~in~~ particularly ~~in~~ respect to business relations. The value of your services as an organization in thus bringing about vast changes in ~~the~~ surgery cannot be adequately ~~estimated in~~ by any words of mine.

Now it seems to me that if your efforts in the future are to meet with the success they deserve they



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must have the understanded support of the University Corporation can alone produce the results you desire. After all the good that comes to you will be the graduates who come under your guidance are developed for better or for worse by the University and on the foundation then laid will depend their value to you in your endeavours for advancement. The Universities are beginning to realize this truth, and to develop their courses in accordance with your modern requirements. Most of us in this room are old enough to remember very different conditions and standards in the preparation for entrance to the Medical Schools themselves and even in the Medical courses. We do not say this with any suggestion of reproach on the part of us, for we know that men of those earlier days were fighting in their time the same battle as you are waging against prejudice and ignorance, and they too made progress towards the light. But we can see in retrospect, and in our own lifetime great changes in Medical education.

In our day the University believes or should believe that the time has gone by for accepting students in the Medical School without even a good high-school education, and for turning out graduates with little knowledge of laboratories, of complex apparatus, of complicated tests or explorations for diagnostic purposes, and with a minimum of clinical experience, at times in a poorly equipped and badly organized hospital. The

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It is of particular interest for one associated with McGill University to speak to an audience connected with Christ Church Cathedral. As you walk there hangs a portrait of one of your former Rectors, the Reverend John Bethune, who was acting Principal of McGill University during ~~some of~~ for a period of eleven years. Your late lamented and beloved rector, the Rev Dr. Symonds, was for several years a valued member of our Corporation and his interest in the University was earnest and active and affectionate. The Cathedral with which you are associated has always been linked with the University in ideals and in helpful interest, and it is therefore but natural that for other reasons than merely ~~for~~ the ties of church affiliation, I should this afternoon feel completely at home in speaking to an audience ~~here~~ in this place.

When I was asked to speak to you for a few minutes at this ~~meet~~ your ~~monthly~~ regular meeting, no special topic was suggested to me and I was left free to wander where I pleased. Many subjects and many thoughts came crowding into my mind, but I put them all ~~aside~~ away and I decided that it would perhaps be better if I should talk to you very informally on the function of the University, not only with regard to its students, but for the community in which it is situated and for the nation of which it is so vital and important a part. There are multitudes of critics and speakers today who talk learnedly

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and with complacent authority on anything but their own work. They know all other calling better than their own, be it Art or Literature or Business or Theology or the Profession. But I am going to talk about my own work and the work of the institution I represent.

Many of you here are interested personally and directly with the work of the University. You have sent your boys and your girls to us and you have asked us to give them in four years an education which shall fit them for the future inevitable battle of life. You wonder sometimes about the process through which your children are passed during these four wonderful and golden years. You ask what forces and influences are brought to bear upon their young and plastic minds, which may guide them and strengthen them and give them courage in the great world outside college. What compass do we use to pilot them safely through the uncharted seas of life. With what inner capacity for happiness do we provide them, so that they may be alone and not lonely, that they may laugh and still smile, that they may sigh only to sigh better, — that they may sleep — as Barrie has said — their roses in December of their lives. and to make a life — to achieve commercial success and also to lead a good life.

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Many men of divine minds have spoken and written on the ideals of the true university, ~~the~~ ~~practical~~ but in the last analysis they all mean the same. "If there is a practical end which be assigned for a University course," said Cardinal Newman, "I say it is that of training good members of society. Its art is the art of social life, and its end is fitness for the world. It neither confines its views to particular professions on the one hand, nor creates heroes or inspires genius on the other. But a University training is the great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration, at giving solidity to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life. It teaches him to see things as they are, to go straight to the point, to detect what is sophistical, to discard what is irrelevant. It prepares him to fill any post with credit and to master any subject with facility."

And Milton said "I

In our own day William James, the ~~the~~ philosopher of noble mind and sweet and human heart asked "By what use is a college training?" and he answered his own question by saying "The best claim

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that a college education can possibly make in your respect, the best thing it can aspire to accomplish for you is this: that it should keep you to know a good man when you see him." Now, that might be a very practical end for the girls of the Royal Victoria College and would no doubt win their applause — but it is often all neither a false nor a one-sided abstraction. For although "tone" as James pointed out, is a terribly vague word to use, by their "tone" are all things human lost or saved, and if democracy is to be saved it must cater the higher, healthier tone. The ideal of the University is to turn out good citizens or ministers of society with a balanced division of body, mind, and spirit, fitted to do work economical and efficient.

But to accomplish this is no easy task. No institutions have come under such a searching fire of criticism as schools and colleges. Some of this criticism may be justified but most of it is unfair. The public too frequently forget that the College often all is their institution and that their co-operation is necessary to its success.

The grist the college mill receives yearly to be passed through its refining processes is a large one representing different soils. It comes from the small and the large cities, from remote rural places, from simple and from luxurious surroundings; but it is to the best the country

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can produce. One meets among first year college students many different kinds, - all learning to be men. All come up with preconceived notions of what a student's life should be. There are boys who come to work and boys who come to loaf. There is the complacent, conceited freshman, confident of himself and of his opinions. There is the "mother's boy" who has never been taught to look after himself. There is the boy who looks upon the college as a great athletic club existing only for athletics. His views agree with those of an eminent Chinaman who, after spending a few days at New Haven during the football season, wrote back to China: "There is a large athletic club our town called Yale; when it raining the boys read books."; it agrees too with those of a satirical foreign critic of English students, when he said "What I admire in the order to which you belong is that you live in the open air; that you excel in athletic sports; that you can speak only one language and that you never read." At times the student takes an intense interest in athletics as practiced by others; he believes he must support the teams like a man putting his race-horse on the track, but he does not play the game himself.

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Such varied types of students must all be developed as far as possible both in his strong and in his weak points, for the college ought to produce, not specialists only, but men intellectually well-rounded, of wide sympathies and ungeltered judgment. At the same time they must be trained to hard and accurate thought. But the object is not to produce hermits, each imprisoned in the cell of his own intellectual pursuits, but men fitted to take their places in the community and live in harmonious contact with their fellow men. This does not lie in the mere getting of knowledge. We are too prone I think to think too deeply of the knowledge required and too much stress upon it. Taken by itself it is a part but not the most vital part of education. The essence of a liberal education consists in an attitude of mind, a familiarity with methods of thought, an ability to use information rather than in a memory stocked with facts, however valuable such a storehouse may be.

This being true then, what is the real unit in education when we deal with these varied types of students? It is undoubtedly the Boy. He is our excuse for our existence. If we fail the boy we might as well go out of business. He is the test of the college. As you go about McGill you may find many things to criticise; I hope not; of course we all ought to better all of the things we are trying

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to do is but whether you criticize a precise new loss sight of the final thing, the ultimate test, — "what are ~~you~~ the making of the Boy?" You cannot judge a man for the practice of a profession — law, medicine, theology — or anything else by the number of "credits" he has in this or that study, or by the record for marks he has made as he has passed through the process called education. The question is rather "what has he become?" You may find fault if you will with the way we do it; but the thing to find fault with in the end, if we discern it, is that we have taken the boy, — not some ideal boy that we ~~may~~ do sometimes have ~~in~~ among our varied types — but the average boy, and made out of him all that it is possible to make. That is our task, and that is what we are trying to do at McGill.

Again, the service of the University to the nation ~~is wonderful~~ in other ways than the advance of knowledge and the making of research is sometimes forgotten or ignored. We are living in a complex age of misunderstandings and suspicions and jealousies. Province vies with province, ~~some~~ not always with friendly rivalry. Class sets ~~its~~ face against class and they much each other with distrust. No democracy can endure ~~in~~ ~~its~~ ~~[illegible]~~ people lack faith in each other. It is in the college that the men of tomorrow learn to understand

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each other, points of view. I have spoken elsewhere of the comradeship of the trenches. The war gave a new meaning to the word "comrade", and it fostered a new spirit, — that new Canadianism in which East and West united. For there the men in the same units represented different soils, but their ideals and their objectives were largely the same. If that new Canadian spirit, ~~it~~ born out of sacrifice and suffering, is to endure, its ~~the~~ foster nurse is undoubtedly the College. In days of peace the college produces the comradeship and the understanding ~~of~~ which the trenches produced in days of war. For ~~the~~ in college, the rich boy and the poor boy sit side by side, or they play together on the same team. Merit counts, rather than ~~the~~ money distinctions. In McGill we have students from every Province in Canada all mingling in a comradeship which will mean much for our harmonious future. The boy from Ontario learns that the boy from Quebec is not such a bad fellow after all, — and he wonders ~~where~~ how his former prejudices originated. We have students too from practically every over-sea Dominion, strengthening the bonds of Empire, and we have students from the U. S. strengthening the bonds of the Anglo-Saxon race. We have in our first year students who eight months ago could speak no English, students from central

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Europe who crossed the ocean in the steerage to seek a new home in this land of hope, where they are now learning about British justice and British ideals. ~~They had a idea~~ Surely it is a splendid service to throw together youth of promise of every kind from every part of the country.

Again, the University touches the community at many points, and as time goes on it ought to serve the public through ever-increasing channels. On this subject the ears of the college world have been assailed by many discordant voices, all of them perhaps earnest, but most of them not well informed. McGill is endeavoring to serve the community, and the community is grateful on occasion for the service rendered. (Extension)

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Dogmatically. The thing is a good medley of poetical prose, to be connected with the emotion by dynamic & concrete ones. And the things must give light to the understanding who cannot be actually emotions into a poor proposition.

Christ Ch. Cathedral

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I deeply appreciate the privilege and the honour, and at the same time I realize the responsibility, of replying to this toast of "Canadian Universities" before an audience of men whose chief work in life is the education of youth. We have been listening for some hours to many learned discourses on various phases of our educational system, and perhaps tonight you would prefer that we should deviate from the more formal paths of discussion. But while I have the opportunity I am ~~go~~ going to be old fashioned enough to dwell on a side of education that is too frequently neglected in all our technical discussion of advanced methods. Robert Louis Stevenson used to say that he had at least one point of contact with the Puritans, — "he would rise from the dead to preach." And so, if in ~~looking back in~~ turning ~~the~~ back tonight the pages of remembrance, I dwell on that side of education which seems most to have influenced my boyhood and I seem for a few minutes to preach I hope you will pardon me for that Stevensonian tendency.

Most of us here tonight were taught in the old fashioned country school, — perhaps indeed the "little red school house" of pioneer tradition — the school of few prigs, many lessons and many punishments.

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We recall to-day the faces and forms and characters of our instructors in school or college. Scholarship was there, – up to a point a lead, – and teaching ability of extraordinary power. But above scholarship and pedagogy, I am sure that the thing that impressed us most was that indefinable quality which we call personality. That personality might have been almost repellent from the world's point of view; it might have been dogmatic; it was more the less human, – and it is what impressed our young minds. It had a strange detachment, – an enthusiasm, a power of inspiration, which the years have not effaced.

I sometimes wonder if ~~in~~ today we give in our schools and colleges sufficient recognition to personality or perhaps I should say the capacity for personal influence. Each college in Canada doubtless has its own definite views on the purpose of university life. However these views may differ, they will agree more or less with that of Cardinal Newman that "the practical end of a university course is training the greatest educational institution of this continent has produced good members of society." The late President Eliot of Harvard, said that during his forty years as president of Harvard his guiding policy and outstanding hope was that his university should have two functions, – first that it should send out a small number of scholars who

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should do productive scholarly work and add to the total of human knowledge; and second, that it should send out a large ~~number~~ number of graduates who, with a balanced division of body, mind and character, should be fitted to do work honorable and efficient; he ranked character development as the most important part of the training of this large number. President Butler of Columbia believes that the chief purpose of university training is to ensure a wide general education to professional men. The late Woodrow Wilson said when President of Princeton that university life should make men better comrades and better citizens. President Lowell of Harvard considers the main purpose of university life to be good citizenship and culture. These different views have one idea in common — good citizenship, the making of good members of society, — the function of which Newman spoke. And good citizenship ~~by~~ depends ~~on~~ on character ~~rather~~ more than on scholarship.

Now, it seems to me, that in making students into men, and in moulding them into good citizens, one of the greatest forces is the unconscious influence of the college teacher. There is no outlay of college funds specifically

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for the development of character, but the personal character of the student will be influenced in large measure by the human quality of the instructor. Too frequently, however, instructors reject all responsibility apart from the class-room; they are too busy with lectures & case work; they forget too often that the purpose of college education is not merely intellectual, it is moral as well, and that the college is a place of ideals which should transfigure life. The facts he learns in college are but a small part of the student's ~~gain~~ gain; the bare details soon fade; what endures is capacity and attitude of mind and outlook on life. What students need is not so much the discovery of new facts as a thorough assimilation of some of the plain everyday truths, up on which the wise of a hundred generations have builded. The contact ~~but~~ between student and teacher is too often limited. I know a college graduate who said recently, "After four years, I am leaving the University without the memory of more than two friendships among my teachers; my four years were well spent so far as mere book learning goes, but there was rarely a bond of human contact with an instructor; I have met only two professors outside the classroom."

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That student's experience is not exceptional; it is always. The student is provided with excellent college equipment and instruction, libraries, books, laboratories, athletic clubs, — but is he always provided with the ~~man~~ man of strong personality? Teaching should be more than talking or meaning students recite from a book. The position of a college teacher is eminently a personal one. To have for some years the opportunity of exerting an influence upon the life of vigorous and ambitious Canadian youth is a privilege as well as a responsibility. Garfield's idea of a university was, "Mark Hopkins at one end of a log and a student at the other." In this homely way he ~~emphasized~~ emphasized the importance of personal contact and the value of personality in the teacher. "Don't think too much or worry about the courses or the subjects you select," was Emerson's advice to a student entering college; "select your men, your teachers rather than your courses." There is a story of a famous college President who once wrote to a friend saying "I want to get a man for my "such & such" department, well trained in his subject, who is large minded, generous in nature, built on a large pattern, wide between the eyes, a born winner of men, who can grapple young men as with hooks of ~~steel~~ steel and

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make them love and revere him". And his friend wrote ~~jocularly~~ back, "I know your man; will just suit you; only man in the country that will; don't know whether you can get him or not; do no harm to try; name is Phillips Brooks; lives in Boston". Now the secret of Brooks's great power as this friend recognized was his great personal force and his simplicity, his large human sympathy rather than his scholarship. And this college president believed, too, that the thing strength or weakness of a university lies in the personality of her instructors.

It is just possible that today in Canada we are emphasizing too ~~too~~ greatly scholarship and academic attainments to the exclusion of other qualities. Scholarship we must have; administrative ability we must have in our university staff; but we should not be indifferent to the fact that if possible ~~they~~ these should be combined with personality, — that personality that can get the best and the most out of the youth that comes under its influence. ~~I am sure that~~ How often we hear students or graduates say, "He is doubtless an erudite scholar, — but I never got anything from him; I have carried nothing

Can. Universities

Can. Universities

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~~In the history of Canada~~

In my few remarks to you tonight as a Young Men's Canadian Club, I am going to try to point out some misconceptions with regard to our political ideals in our vast country. I suppose in certain quarters I shall be misunderstood. But if we speak sincerely what we feel to be the truth, it matters not if we offend those who hold its other views. You are a Young Men's Canadian Club. Your very name suggests that each of you has his own conception of the meaning, politically at least, of Canadian ideals. You are trying in this club to reach a common basis of thought on Canada's relation to the Empire and to the world. Now, in the history of Canada, from its earliest days, there has been periodic intervals during which divergent views on this subject have been volubly advanced and sometimes bitterly discussed. Our country is so vast and so far-flung that we cannot hope always to have a unity of thought on the various problems with which the Dominion is faced. But surely we can unite on what is the meaning of the term Canadian when applied to our world outlook.

During the past few months there has been much talk — much unwise talk — on Canada's place in the Empire and in the world. Frequently the discussion has been carried on in assumed vacuum positions by

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by those who are not Canadians, who do not know Canada, and who judge Canadian things from a brief conversation with those who are not always qualified to interpret our country's ideals. The result is that there is abroad a hazy view of Canada's political hopes.

There are ~~in Canada~~ today three views of ~~Canada's~~ what Canada's position should be, three views perhaps of Canada's ultimate destiny. A fourth view is sometimes alleged, — but in my judgment it is a phantom, not a fact. First there is the extreme separatist view, — a view that is based on a ~~right~~ but which is nevertheless attributed to us. Every time Canada asks for a larger measure of freedom in managing her own affairs she is accused of desiring to break away from the British Commonwealth of nations. ~~On~~ If Canada's representative is appointed to negotiate her economic interests ~~contracting~~ with a neighbour, a country with which we carry on the largest proportion of our trade, — and lo! once the cry of another nudge in splitting the block of Empire is heard throughout the country. The phantom of separation is called up again to insult the sturdy character of our honourable Canadian people, a character which is alleged to be influenced by the machinery of a legation in a foreign capital. It is all

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It is not a majority feeling in Canada, very foolish, — this cry of danger emanating from the supposedly patriotic. The second view is that which states that Canadians would prefer to "Colonials" still in the nursery stage, — children in the mother's house, — back in the old Colonial days a century ago. These may be Canadians who hold this views, — the view that any other position means ultimate disruption. Such an idea is what the psychologist would call an "inferiority complex", divorced from national pride and self confidence.

The third view is the view of truth, — that which holds that ~~Canadians~~ the great majority of Canadians are neither separatists nor colonials but just Canadians. They desire freedom & management of their own affairs under the British Crown. The fourth view, — that Canadians are annexationists — I need not have discussed. It is equally ridiculous in the minds of sane thinking Americans and sound thinking Canadians. It is an extraordinary that it is even discussed, except by those who do not know Canadian thought.

Now, with regard to the third view mentioned above, the real Canadian attitude, surely one can be good Canadians in our desire for autonomy without being accused

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of denying to makers the Britons tie. The struggle of our fathers when they strove for responsible government a hundred years ago was not an anti-British struggle. It was at heart a British struggle. It was a demand for the giving to Britons beyond the seas the privileges which Englishmen had enjoyed since 1688, the privilege of managing their own affairs. It was a declaration that freedom of Britons was not confined to the narrow precincts of the British Isles, but ~~was enjoyed~~ should be enjoyed by ~~all~~ any man who called himself a Britain in any corner of the Globe. The making of Canada has been an incomparable achievement. It has been accomplished ~~of~~ in the face of frequent opposition and many obstacles. The first discussion of the rights of a colonizing power and on the rights of the subjects of a colonizing power took place when the American colonies protested in 1776 against what they termed discrimination based on geographical distances from the central Government. They asked for freedom to manage their own affairs <u>under</u> the British Crown and not <u>separate</u> from the British Crown. The first flag they flew as symbolic of this ideal ~~was~~ appeared in 1774 at Dorchester, Mass. It was the Union Jack with thirteen stars in the upper right hand corner. It was called the flag of Liberty and Union", — Liberty for the Colonies to work out their own destiny

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but Union ~~with~~ among themselves and with the parent country. Political blundering rendered the realization of the ideal impossible and the American Republic was the result. But the outcome was of value to Canada. The struggle for responsible government was on the whole a peaceful struggle. It ~~was~~ resulted in a peaceful solution without blood shed. But for 90 years — from 1837 to ~~the~~ 1929 the status of Canada and the other overseas Dominions has slowly changed. When Joseph Howe made his famous speech on the "Organization of Empire" he was far in advance of his time. He foresaw what has actually happened in the development of the Dominions and he ~~f~~ saw the disaster which would follow indifference to his pleading. He was not a separatist. He held as sacred British traditions and British institutions. But he had a new theory of Empire which today the whole British world acclaims. He said: —

So time distance should make no difference in the attitude of Britain towards her children or in the privileges enjoyed by these children. Why should there be ~~a~~ some difference attitude to the man who walks the streets of London or Manchester, and who perhaps cannot even

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write his own name, and another attitude towards the man who lives in Montreal or Brandon or Cape Breton, ~~or~~ Why should there not be equality of status. Why should the ~~attitude of the~~ former attitude be ~~superior~~ one of superiority. Until it is realized that we are all equal members of a great family misunderstandings will continue to break out.

It is time we ~~stop~~ ceased talking about the bogey of separation or the necessity of ~~remaining~~ being "colonials". Again all we are neither English nor American. We are Canadians. We have left the Colonial status far behind. We have outgrown the stage of ~~boyhood~~ political childhood. We have come to national manhood. But we have not reached the stage ~~when~~ and we never shall reach it – when ~~we shall be separated~~ because of the consciousness of national manhood we needed to sever the ties that bind us to the old home. Surely we can ~~contin~~ manage our own house without being charged with disloyalty to the ~~o~~ land of our ancestors. It is for you young Canadians to disseminate a sound gospel of Canadianism

Our country is springing from four great races
French & Scottish, Irish & English. Our ancestors
of these races brought to the new country of
their pioneer settlement the best traditions
of their respective nationalities. Here they merged into
one united stream, — the stream which
we call Canadian. The Canadian character
is a distinct character. But it is still
British. We Canadians grow increasingly
important when one

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away from his classroom except forgotten facts. ~~I am sure that tonight in looking back to the~~ looking back to the green ~~golden~~ plain of ~~youth~~ memory of school or college which stands out so vividly against the dark ground of youth, I am sure that we all remember the personal power of our teachers rather than the greatness of their scholarship, however wonderful that may have been. But I fear that we young and enthusiastic ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ need to ~~[illegible]~~ that quality today. We forget too often that our practice, not our theory, our total force upon the student, our sympathetic as well as our scholarly atmosphere, must be considered in the moulding of students into "good citizens". There has been no improvement in the theory of education in many centuries; it was all well stated by great men hundreds of years ago. The improvement must be in the practice, in getting ideals into effect by all possible methods. Because of the yearly increase of students and the consequent greater responsibility Canadian Universities are endeavouring slowly to improve in practice. The true ideal which all our colleges are pursuing was expressed by a great educationist not long ago: "When all

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students of all colleges and all boys of all schools, when and have the right to believe that their teachers are their friends; when the educated public recognizes the truth that school and college should help each other in lifting our youth to the high ground of character, — the school never forgetting that boys are old men, and the college never forgetting that men have been boys, — we shall come to the ideal of education. Toward that ideal we are moving slowly but steadily. The approach to this ideal of Canadian colleges will in future depend in a large measure on the unconscious influence, the human quality as well as the scholarship of our teachers and professors, — on that indefinable but certain thing we call personality.

Unveiling — Tablet.

We are gathered here today to unveil a tablet [or to ~~dedicate~~ unveil a monument or to dedicate a building] ~~to the~~ in honor of our illustrious dead whose lives were given for freedom in the World War. We bring with us today ~~the blossoms~~ our rosemary for ~~remembrance~~ memory, our pansies for ~~thoughts~~ unforgetfulness, and place them ~~reverently~~ with solemn reverence here; and while we ~~read again~~ recall the past from the ~~tablets~~ tablet of our ~~memory~~ memories, we each have our varied thoughts. The ~~succeeding~~ dedication of this memorial is more than a merely formal ~~matter~~ ceremony; it is a sincere tribute of deep affection; it is an inspiration and a pledge of our remembrance and our gratitude. The men ~~who died~~ and boys whose names are here ~~engraven~~ inscribed were deeply in earnest about life in all its phases. They lived in happy homes and were surrounded with joyous friends; mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, sweet-hearts, whose hopes for their future were not without high cause. But when the trumpet blew for freedom and God and Fatherland as it had blown for their ancestors in the olden time, they answered with a smile and a cheer and they went gladly, eagerly to the front of battle, some of them, ~~not to~~ to return no more. ~~"It is but a small tribute that we give them. But what wonder that as they breathed their last sorrowing they should say~~ "When men meet in the coming time in that Promised Land we hold and honor its new statesmen, its doctors, its divines, let also those who went humbly forth for their country be remembered, and let not those who were returned be forgotten." And so they have received the meed of praise and the modest appreciation in which their glory and the gratitude of their

There was no thought of themselves at all. They did what they could and were willing to give all they could with of us is the.

~~Their names are written in the book of death, &c.~~,

country among. "For", said Pericles, "the whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men; not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not in stone, but in the hearts of men." In the land in which they fought and fell their memory is immortal.

"The spring that comes to Flanders
Goes by on silent feet,
Lest they should wake, remembering
How once the spring was sweet.
And streams that flow in Flanders
Past poppy-field and hill
Are silver streams and shining,
But thoughtful streams and still.
The wind that blows in Flanders
Across the listening air,
Is gentle with the grasses
That bend above them there —
And rain that falls in Flanders
Is tender as a prayer."

But our remembrance of their courage, the devotion and their splendid achievement bring with it a realization of the horror of international discord. It ~~brings~~ gives us a sense and unanswerable judgment on the futility and the stupidity of war as a means of solving the people's problems or of satisfactorily ending international disputes. It is needless to recall here the sacrifice of youth

When youth poured from the school and the college and the farm and the forest and the market place in support of the flag and ruler for which their fathers toiled, we perhaps were filled with joy that the ancient stock had not decayed. We knew then in our doubt of youth that the ideals of our fathers were still remembered, — that

"Though low repine and reason chide,
There came a voice without reply,
''Tis man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."

Our emotion soon changed from emotion of eminity, and the piling and thoughtlessness which passed was now meaner to us than slaughter. For we saw an endless monotonous procession of young lives, from far and near, dear to friends and families, marching on the roads of a stricken earth, marching, marching, so many of them to their death. And we saw trenches heaped with the dead flowers of our blood flock, and we knew of desolate women in far-off homes, waiting to hear the steps that would never come. We are now far enough in away from the war to realize its unspeakable waste, its hardships, its slaughter and its after-math of loneliness and sorrow and broken hearts. And we know that the results obtained were not worth the cost, that as a means for the solution of the world's problems it was a delusion and a lie. Today the

European world still totters down the blindly strewn stairway of discord and misunderstanding, a victim in a dazed indifference, more guilty along the primrose path which may lead to the unlocking torches of national destruction. War today has no longer glory in its methods or its results. Its roll of drums and its waving of tattered flags no longer stir the hearts. Its only glory is the glory of its sacrifice for an ideal.

This last, after all, is the only splendor of war. The dedication of this memorial to men who died for an ideal is to us an inspiration an inspiration. It is a trumpet call to service to our fellow men and to our country. It is as if the voices of our dead called to us across the great divide bidding us take courage and to toil for the objects for which they fell; liberty and righteousness and equal rights for all. Now that the ruling of the cessation of war has come, we know that we have come back to a world which we did not know before. Our task in that changed world is difficult. Our country calls us to hard and laborious toil. Everywhere we see the livid signs of deep ferment. Great problems, social, moral, mental, physical, economical, await our best endeavors. This rapidly-moving world of ours is crying out for help, for sympathy, for guidance! Let us make

forward to the attack of these problems side by side, as those whose memory we honour marched forward on the shell-torn roads over there, perhaps with maimed bodies and bleeding feet, but determined that no sacrifice is too great in our onslaughts upon the forts of folly, which in our world are still entrenched. Only in this way shall we rightly remember our dead. Let us be mindful in giving them our poor remnant of unprofitableness that they died without thought of reward or glory. It was strange for them that Canada was in danger, that the mother land was threatened with slavery and with death, and that they must forth gladly and willingly from every corner of our country to make their sacrifice. They went out to their death with no prejudices and jealousies and no racial suspicions. For them in their splendid service and in their heroic death there was no Quebec and no Ontario, no Nova Scotia and no Alberta, but one great country, that blessed Canada, the land of their ancestral forefathers. That, I am sure, is the message their voices would speak to us today from that West beyond the sunset glow, that vision they passed so gladly with their laurel-boughs of victory when their young days task was done. Be not discouraged, they would tell us; take courage from the memory of our achievements and our sacrifice; for there hath no shame fallen

their names are written in the book of death but their souls are with the stars

and peace unimagined comfort every way
Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old, but
Dying, has made us rich gifts than
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Work and joy, and that unclouded serene
Great sun called age; and those who would have been
Their sons, they gave their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us for ~~their~~ our inheritance,
Holiness, hatred so long, and Love and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our inheritance.

Federated Charities

We are gathered here this afternoon in preparation for the annual campaign for funds with which to carry on the work to be done during the next year by the Association of Federated Charities. I need not attempt to enumerate to you who have long been interested in this organization the many branches of service included in its programme, or the many forms of distribution through which it functions. You are all familiar with the details of the Federation. But perhaps those to whom we appeal for aid are not all so cognizant of your methods and your ideals. Some indeed may even feel that each subsidiary division should do its own work independently, and that the system of Federation is not the most desirable system. We hear at times such criticism and such expressions of doubt.

~~The later days of ours are days of cooperation. Cooperative methods are followed today as they have never been followed before.~~

The modern world is taking up in earnest the splendid but stupendous task of building upon this earth an ideal society or at least an improved society. It is singing a new song, – the song of a more real brotherhood; it sees the vision of a community in which every ~~man~~ one has a chance to do his best and to be his best. There are in the air new times of social aspiration. Long ago there existed in the cities of Asia and Southern Europe communities of men and women each complete in itself, yet united with one another by ties of mutual service and mutual sympathy. Composed of working people, almost wholly, their primary idea was to meet the needs of the working when oppressed or sick or hungry or imprisoned or enslaved. They have sometimes been called the first labor unions. But they were also the first charity organizations, ~~societies~~, children's aid societies, employment bureaus, and social settlements. ~~These~~ Those little communities were founded on faith that the promised Kingdom of God was about to appear on earth, and in that faith and hope those men and women of far away days lived such lives of service and courage as the world had not seen before. And today, playgrounds, and family welfare, and charity, and social justice, and individual relief, and community effort, are all outward and visible signs of the inward grace of a many-sided modern civilization. What we know as Federated Charity is a new expression of an old faith, an attempt to relate many different types of minds to the larger ~~communities~~ community of the city or the nation.

In our own city these many and necessary services for the greater ~~happiness and~~ health and happiness and comfort of the less fortunate are being carried on with gladness. Each year the demands grow greater as the city grows larger. We live in an age of co-operation. Independent effort has given place to cooperative effort. We must avoid the encroachment of one division of our work upon the field of another. We must avoid overlapping. We must see that one branch of our necessary services is not sacrificed while another, and perhaps less necessary, is over-generously provided for. We must eliminate waste and extravagance and disastrous competition. We must coordinate our endeavors. We must abolish unnecessary ~~admin~~ administrative machinery by the removal of duplication. We must concentrate on certain specific defects in our social system, – these machine-gun nests of destruction, – by classifying our workers into specific divisions for our attack. All this can be done only through Federation, – through a central headquarters with its soldiers of service, specially trained for their respective duties and ~~working~~ reaching out along the whole line of social protection. It is the only way. It means a greater unity of action, a centralization of effort, the bringing about of a maximum result, a more intelligent effect, on the basis not merely of generosity but of reason and efficiency

too long the ~~fine~~ services of our various organizations have been dissipated by independent action. too long our fire has been scattered. One branch has too long been unaware of what the other branch was doing. ~~It~~ Such a method would be hopeless in the conduct of an army in time of war; it is equally hopeless in the ~~con~~ directing of an army of charitable workers in time of peace. It is obsolete in business corporations. I know that the best service is after all a personal service, that in our social service work the human factor is our greatest asset. But behind all this personal service of the personal worker there must be the coordination of which I have spoken.

You are about, like those humane toilers of old to seek the resources which will make possible the adequate carrying on of charitable endeavors. Your noble purpose is one that will meet with sympathetic response. You are asking ~~those who~~ for fuel with which to ~~be~~ replenish the fires ~~of the~~ ~~greater happiness~~ which will mean greater happiness in the lives of the importunate, the broken, and the distressed. May your hopes for cooperation on the part of our citizens be abundantly fulfilled.

Ted. Chartres

Good Roads - Feb. 1926

During the past few hours you have been discussing here the question of Good Roads and endeavoring to solve the difficult problem of securing better and more enduring highways. You are doubtless somewhat weary of the discussion and you have turned tonight to more pleasant and less technical fellowship. I assume you at the outset that I am not going to burden you now with any details of road making nor with the relative merits of different methods of construction. I am not a technician. I shall not speak of bituminous roads or concrete roads, - of stone or macadam or corduroy, of tar or oil, - but merely of roads. For above all technical discussion and comparison there are other considerations and other thoughts which arise from the ~~[illegible]~~ topic of good roads, - considerations and thoughts which are too frequently forgotten by the general public.

During the past few years there has been an amazing increase in popular interest in ~~the~~ roads and road improvement. Expenditures on highways have ~~grown~~ enormously grown. The reason is that the value of roads to the local and the national life is being slowly understood and appreciated. In olden days in our country the usual means of conveyance and

transportation from place to place was by water, and portage. The canoe and the light flat boat floating down river or lake and painfully carried shoulder high across the intervening stretch of land was the usual method of travel. And that was not so long ago. One of my predecessors in the Principalship of McGill University, – Sir William Dawson of revered memory, – had to travel by this primitive conveyance. When he went from Montreal to Toronto in 1860 – only 65 years ago, to interview the Government of Upper Canada in behalf of his College, he went part of his way by river in a canoe, amidst floating ice, in stormy weather, part of his way over roads blocked with snow, – but for the most part by lake and river. His journey occupied five days – or over one hundred and twenty hours.

It is a far cry from that day to this, when in the yellowing autumn in going to an Intercollegiate Football game at Kingston or Toronto many of our students spend the railway journey and speed to their destination in a few hours over well-laid roads. It is almost incredible, – this change in fifty years, – or even in ten years. And it is all a result of the efforts of associations such as yours.

Then, after the period of waterways and the canoes and the portages came the trails of pioneers, – the earliest roads in our

history

country's. ~~Where~~ Our earliest roads are the work of our pioneers, who with hardened hands and determined toil hewed them from the wilderness, and pushed them across the rockies till they passed from sea to sea in a land of wonder. What a romance was there. What boy has not read with sparkling eyes of Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road, – which Addington Bruce one of your own Ontario writers has described so vividly, – or of the old Santa Fe Trail? What Canadian boy has not read with delight of the old Battleford trail into the pemmican country? These old trails of the pioneers are the roads of today. They are the beaten roads. Strange, is it not, that the tracks and wallows of the lost herds of buffaloes still indent the surface of our western plains and will be discernable for years. They are monuments to far gone epochs. They were worn and widened by the tramping of thousands of men and animals as they were studded daily with the carts and the prairie schooners of the pioneers. Primitive they were, it is true. But they were the heralds of Empire. They carried destiny with them when they broke their way westward. They made Canada.

In the history of the world roads have been the greatest Empire builders. It is an old saying that "trade follows the flag". But it is perhaps a truer saying that the flag follows the road, – the Empire follows the ~~road~~ highway. When you go to England

and the Indian trails

In the roads clung fast with the natives – the suggestion of the original trails

the trails of those early road-makers who settled here made our exploit.

today you are impressed with the old Northern Road, down which so many Scotsmen trooped from the North, sometimes with their oatmeal rations on their backs, – trooping to London to control in time the destiny of their Empire. They could not mean ~~to do this~~ one thing but for the old Northern Road. And this that our empire will long stand! And you will see the old Pilgrim Road to Canterbury along which Chaucer's pilgrims made their way, – all on common cause. But most interesting of all in Sussex, one of the oldest parts of England's civilization, you will see the permanents of the old Roman roads. And what a lesson they teach to us advanced moderns! They teach that the Romans knew there could be no Empire without roads, – and roads that were built to endure the tempests of time. Only by means of good roads was the Roman citizen made happy. The Roman gentleman in rural England heard the news from home in far away Rome, because of good roads. When the Papal seat was moved from Rome to Avignon, it was not isolated because there was a good road, still winding under the poplars, – and over it came the food and the wine and the tidings of Rome. It kept an Empire and a Church intact. Yes, there were roads before Agamemnon. And where there were no roads civilization and population soon decayed. Look at Greece, for example. She had one race, one

language, one religion. But because of geographical difficulties she could not knit her various parts by roads. She could not penetrate her mountains and her hills. And she remained a scattered bundle of parts, – similar in spirit but not united. She lacked the golden links of roads. The same is true of Russia – dreamily, lazily, trying a lack of roads.

I sometimes think that the place of good roads in the winning of the war has never been justly estimated. And it was perhaps the Canadian Corps that emphasized most strongly the absolute necessity for the care of the highways. The roads came under heavy shell fire. Great holes opened from side to side when shells or bombs had fallen. But they were not long impassible. There was a small army of road menders constantly at work. Their labour, it might be thought, – yet it was equally heroic with the work in the sodden trenches or by the guns. For an army travels on its stomach and on its ammunition, and we had to have food and shells. Without adequate roads and adequate care of roads, we would have lost our fight, – roads pushed at times over mud and water and under curtains of fire and steel.

~~It is not correctly~~ It is perhaps scarcely necessary to repeat a few of the things

lending to

of good roads in our own country, but they seem to be ignored at times by the average man. We are hearing much today of the necessity for increased immigration and for a larger population in Canada. The cry "back to the land" is constantly on our lips and on our pens. Today our cities are overcrowded and no one denies the desirability of the distribution of the city's unemployed masses. But in uttering this cry of back to the land it seems to me that we are trying in a faulty fashion. Before we can have immigrants, before indeed we can keep our young people on the land, we must eliminate the ~~remote~~ isolated county life. Nothing isolates farm life like bad roads and cripples communication and transportation. Population increases with good roads. Intermingling and companionship increase with ~~good roads~~ passable highways. Loneliness disappears. When our children learn how to establish a new home of their own elsewhere, fifty miles, even a hundred miles no longer means absence, — if we have good roads. Neighbouring no longer means next door; it means many miles away, — if we have improved highways. We bring the cry back to the land and more immigration but our cry will not be answered until we have better roads.

And good roads mean not only companionship and neighbouring, but also economic advancement. Bring good

highway trips waste and worry for farmers. Think what a bad road means in slow travel, poor tolerance, extra trips, inability to reach the best markets, wear and tear of vehicles, bringing in of commodities. The sight of a team of horses struggling on a sand road with heavy load is an object lesson when compared with the sight of a team with a heavy load travelling on a good road at a comfortable trot. In France, Germany and England, the average cost of travelling has been reduced to 10 cents a ton per mile. Not long ago the Minneapolis Civic and Commercial Association estimated that in a farming area of 750 square miles tributary to their city bad roads cost the farmers $600,000 in a single year. Mention could do this the enormous waste of untilled lands because of an lack of good roads. Statistics prove that increased population goes with good roads, while dwindling population and neglected highways belong together.

autos

The speed of the auto is two to the wind.

Again, — and perhaps what I am most interested in, — rural education in rural places depends largely on good roads. The greatest obstacle to improvement in our rural school system is our neglected roads. The old red school house in its remote location was an excellent institution, but it has served its day and generation.

It is no longer adequate for our time. Its locality was a locality of loneliness, – a place of brave women but women with tears more often than smiles upon their faces because of their lack of communication with their neighbors. What good roads would have meant to their happiness is easily imagined.

But apart from all considerations of economic advantage, of comradeship and neighborliness, of better schools and increased population, we could speak perhaps of the attractiveness of good roads to a community. Keep away from the bad roads, is a cry of travellers. We could speak of good roads as a lure to the investor who is looking for a good location, of their power to change back woods localities into prosperous places, of their enhancing of farm values, of their necessity to good education. There is no picture of life social, economic, there is no aspect of good roads. But let me close with another thought. Canada today is thinking together politically. Canada must think as a whole. I am not thinking tonight of good roads merely for the pleasure of riding over them in comfort, nor as a provider of a means of ready access to markets. I am thinking of them rather as a link of inter-provincial or indeed of inter-national friendship.) —

We could refer to the desirability of better roads for the sake of trade, to the economical method of making road and keeping it in condition, to the many advantages.

They mean as nothing else can a sense of neighbourhood. Canada today is thinking sectionally. Canada must think together — as a whole, in Canada's interest today. When Joe Hill in U.S. 90 years made his famous plea for national civil roads and railways he had a realization of their efficiency in binding together the various parts of a scattered country. Roads are a links of friendship and understanding. The Dixie highway binds the scattered states and makes them neighbors. With good roads town lines vanish, county lines disappear and even provincial boundaries are non-existent. As a matter of Ontario has lived for some years in the province of Quebec, as one too who in days of war came into contact with men of all sections of Canada, I know the necessity in these days of peace of mutual understanding. Beneath all your discussion of ways and means and methods of road building is a higher thought, — the thought of the place of the roads you build in the binding of your province and your country. As an association may you prosper in your efforts to provide these golden links between town and town, county and county, but above all between province and province. May your roads be a link to bind Manitoba to your mind with Quebec

Homelyp & wise

behind

on the Road so that we may lay the fin
foundations of which our fathers
dreamed, a foundation road on
good roads, for a united Canada -
a Canada of neighbors, comrades and
friends. That is the highest
ideal and the greatest objective of the
good roads movement, - the unity of
the nation and the friendship of
nations.

community of interest of provinces, the unity of the
nation, and indeed the friendship of
nations.

Good Roads.

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New Year's Day

In the pioneer days of French and British exploration and colonization in Canada, New Year's Day was the most universally and enthusiastically celebrated of all the secular festivals. Memories of the warmth and friendship and sincerity of this day's gatherings still linger in song and story. It was a day not only of mutual good will and fellowship but a day of unbounded hope ~~dedicated~~ and of an expressed determination to make the year that had just dawned better and greater and happier than the year that had just gone. That was the spirit that made Canada. And today let us renew our ancestral faith. The year whose knell has tolled has been a wonderful year in our country's history, — a year of peace and prosperity and happiness, — a year of advancement educationally and financially, spiritually and materially. Standing on the threshold of a new year there is no reason why Canadians should falter or doubt the future. Rather should they look forward with hope and confidence, believing that 1927 will

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be a Golden Year of continued prosperity and peace during which our unity as a country will be more firmly established because of a better understanding among its various elements and its far-flung parts, — an understanding developed from the tolerance and good will and faith of our pioneer days. ~~On this~~ In this New Year — the Sixtieth anniversary of our birth as a united Dominion — we shall draw nearer to the time when "all men's good shall be each man's rule, ~~—~~ when universal Peace shall lie like a shaft of light across the land and like a lane of beams athwart the sea, through all the circle of the Golden Year."

University of British Columbia, Oct 1925.

It is a privilege and an honour which I deeply appreciate, not only for myself but for my University, - the privilege and honour of addressing this gathering of the University of British Columbia. From the old Province of Quebec, with its different tongue but its similar loyalty to British institutions, I bring you ~~to~~ ~~[illegible]~~ one of those links of friendship with which we hope the St. Lawrence will always be linked with the Pacific, the link of educational Federation. And from McGill University, ~~particular~~ particularly, ~~I bring~~ to the many men and women here who have gone out from her halls I bring a mother's kindly word. For we at McGill are ~~p~~ justly proud of the achievements of our sons and daughters in this land beyond the Rockies.

In speaking in the University of British Columbia, ~~on~~ and in realizing with the ~~open~~ opening of this building its rapid growth and its increasing usefulness, one naturally thinks of the brevity of history. There are men living still who remember the ~~covered~~ days of the covered wagon, the days of the winding trail, when to the Eastern part of Canada the land beyond the Rockies was a land of mystery and adventure, - or a room in the Canadian house whose door was closed by a supposedly impenetrable wall. We think today in this wonderful city that bears his name of the intrepid young Captain Vancouver, whose

long life was crowded with achievement, and when at forty years of age, after his important discoveries along the northern Pacific, was laid to rest in ~~Petersham~~ Petersham Churchyard, Surrey, his old English home. We think of the explorers who followed in his wake; and above all we think of the pioneers who, with vision and with faith, carried their mother's lessons westward to untrodden lands, and ~~carried~~ sowed here these seeds ~~these lessons to~~ which today are bearing fruit in British Columbia. Whatever the difficulties, they never faltered. They were animated by no fierce fire of selfish ambition, no desire to exalt themselves, no expectation of great reward. Out of their toil has come this land of plenty and of beauty, and today we must not forget to give them in memory at least their meed of glory and of praise.

But I am not here to speak of the past with its achievements. I prefer rather to speak of the future with its hope, and of the contribution which this ~~[illegible]~~ University can make to our country, — not only to British Columbia but to Canada, — and ultimately to the world. We at McGill are ~~joined~~ connected with this University by close and cordial ties. Twenty years ago McGill established here, by ~~an~~ an agreeable arrangement with your Governors, "the McGill College of British Columbia." For ten years that small College functioned here with great success, doing part of the work required for a College degree, and doing with thoroughness

and great distinction. But the ~~educational~~ academic child soon grew to lusty boyhood and independence, and ten years ago this University was founded. But although the child has no longer a tangible connection with the mothers home, ~~this is proba~~ the relations are still kindly and there is perhaps no institution for whom Mr. Sills has so warm a sympathy as for the University of British Columbia.

Now, apart from our past relations we are bound together by a common ideal, — the ideal of education. In the far away days of 1800, a century and a quarter ago, our pioneer ancestors believed that if our country was to advance it must have first of all education, religion and justice ~~between~~ among men. ~~When~~ and they had cleared the gnarled forest or the rocky hillside to found a home in a log cabin, they next built a school, a church and a court house, symbolic of learning, religion and law. That is what made our country. Think of it as you will, that is the basis of our country's life. And of these, education was the most important, because it was a training ground place for the other two, for those who ministered in religion and for those who held the scales of justice in the courts of law.

Our pioneer ancestors believed that in a new country free men must be intelligent. They believed ~~that~~ in British Columbia that knowledge was early needful in their country,

and that as a result of education unselfishness and a desire for service would follow in due course; they believed that if knowledge could be provided, the Christian Church would secure the needed unselfishness in its use. Such were the hopes of those men who established your school system and your college. And today the ideals of these ~~fore~~ early educators need to be followed in Canada as never before.

The real aim of your University must be to build character and to turn out from your halls good citizens, good members of society. That ~~Milton~~ has been the aim of all great educators, and of all great educational institutions. Milton believed that ~~the end of~~ a ~~real~~ real and complete education ~~was to~~ enabled a man to perform well all the duties both public and private in peace and in war. Newman in his "Idea of a University" believed ~~in~~ that the end of education was to produce good citizens. To make men better comrades, and hence better members of society, to ~~give the~~ teach them that the solid satisfactions of life and to teach them above all else, compassion, was the ideal of Strachan in Ontario, MacCullock in Nova Scotia, Dawson in Quebec; it was the ideal of ~~Thomas~~ ~~R~~ Arnold of Rugby, of Eliot of Harvard, Harper of Chicago, ~~Dwight~~ Dwight and Hadley of Yale, ~~and~~ Wilson of Princeton, and of all who have helped to mould the educational methods of the world.

In Canada today there is a danger that

those ideals of our ancestors and our predecessors may be clouded in the mists of fads and theories. Whatever ~~our professional~~ heights of efficiency our professional schools may reach, we must not forget the vital aims of real education. In our striving ~~after~~ for the spread of culture on the one hand or of professional efficiency on the other, we must not lose or miss the habits of mind and heart which are essential to political freedom and justice. We must not be unmindful of the fact that a University is a training ground neither for hand entirely nor for ornament, neither for the solely aesthetical nor for the solely practical! We must try to learn in our administration and our teaching just what are the essentials of education which make for good citizenship. What we need to cultivate is a large and liberal view of life, a vision and a judgment which will overcome prejudice by enabling our boys to think for themselves and to find out things for themselves. We must be mindful not only of the exceptional student but of the average boy and girl.

We are living in Canada today in what we call a democracy. We have a glorious land and a glorious inheritance. To the youth of our Universities will that heritage be entrusted in the future. Can we prepare them adequately for their duty - which will be to represent Christ among men! Many

strident voices are heard in our land; many faddists are abroad, with their stupid but plausible theories; many prejudices are felt and preached. There are forms of folly still entrenched, in spite of our Pilgrim fathers' hopes. There is indolence and luxury and pride; there is licentiousness and disease, poverty and sorrow; there is the brute force that supplants moral principle; there is the vanity that is mismamed honor, the swagger that masquerades as chivalry and the lazy indifference that boasts as gallantry. Above all there is sectional jealousy and misunderstanding. All these weaknesses are the common defects of democracy. They are in the last analysis rooted in ignorance.

Now, men's opinions have always differed as to what democracy is and how it may be found. It has always been a goal commended by many but cherished by few. It is not based on a mechanical equality, for such a base offers no foundation for a just and progressive society. ~~It is~~ Such equality would be no more just than a mechanical inequality which perpetuates in a community artificial distinctions. The only inequalities which should be tolerated in life are those which are natural and inevitable.

In our educational process, - in our striving to teach citizenship, - we must be careful in our minorities not to keep the

capable man down or to level the incapable man up. The indolence of the unambitious must not be unduly rewarded nor must the initiative of the industrious be crippled by a mechanical uniformity in education. An artificial equality is as vicious as an artificial inequality. The question in our Canadian society today is not whether all men are equal or unequal but whether differences shall proceed from natural causes. The brighter and more industrious boy must always lead the lazy and indifferent. The aim of education is to provide equality of opportunity. We are all entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, - but ~~the latter depends~~ happiness will depend on our form of pursuit. Each youth must have the fullest opportunity for self-expression. In ~~stress~~ attaining such an ideal, the University is undoubtedly the strongest force in the country, ~~which~~ is matters not what cynics may say to the contrary. The matriculation conditions of our universities are democratic. Entrance to a College is open to any young man who can pass its tests, - irrespective of colour or creed or race or purse or social position. And after entering, the College is a place of equal opportunity in which each youth gets a chance to test out his own person and to secure the place to which his abilities entitle him. In the University, we

do not deny to youth the position which youth deserves. In a true University the ~~In the Youth is the~~ industrious and intelligent youth is not deprived of hope of recognition because of the relative obscurity of his ancestry or fortune; ~~or~~ nor is the indolent and pampered and unintelligent boy granted place and privilege to which his ~~only~~ ability and his effort do not entitle him. The only requirements here are willingness to learn and capacity to receive and character to endure.

Education, – or perhaps I should say the University, – is the greatest leveller of barriers. If it helps to raise barriers in Canada it is not a true University, such as Milton and Newman and our pioneer ancestors dreamed of. It is but a false and dangerous training, masquerading as learning, which helps any boy or girl to grow to ~~manhood~~ manhood or womanhood ignoring or despising the average humble folk about them; it is an empty education which makes men exclusive in their interests and sympathies; it is a poor University, unworthy of the name, which merely ~~pro~~ produces members of an "intelligentsia" and not helpful members of human society. In a day when the intellectually proud, – either false or true, are abroad in the land, we need to reaffirm these old truths. The object of education is to help us to understand and interpret and appreciate our ~~fell~~ fellow men, to enlarge, not to limit the golden

areas of comradeship. In our modern ~~life~~ times, all life is fragmentary and incomplete. Every man must sooner or later know something of the sorrow and loneliness and defeat and inescapable injustice of the world. The road is often hard and wearisome. If into such a life our universities helps us to bring sympathy and justice they ~~have been~~ are universities in the real sense.

The College's duty then is to make scholars, to turn out ~~the~~ graduates who are technically efficient. But in the last analysis its duty is to make men. It is the possession of manhood which will determine the life or the death of our country. Manhood is not incompatible with true scholarship. For scholarship is practical in aim and spirit. The true scholar, apart altogether from his skilled efficiency, is one who is able, in the old Greek sense, "to judge nobly". He is a constructive influence in common life; he is always a humanist, an idealist perhaps, but he never divorces his intellectual attainments from practical and homely aims. If we rate wealth or family above virtue we are guilty of error; and if we regard intellectual power above manhood we are equally guilty of wrong.

If you remain true to those ideals of education, which were the ideals of all great spirits, your University will become more luminous with the passing years. It will be one of the greatest forces in Canada for the

~~abolid~~ abolition of sectionalism, the death of prejudice, the ~~ap~~ ~~straight~~ strengthening of that vision and judgment which will ~~make~~ make Canada a united and happy land. You are thinking today perhaps less of what you have done in the past than of what you shall do in years to come. You are turning your thoughts to the trimming of ~~the~~ your academic lamp so that it may glow beyond British Columbia with a brighter and steadier light. ~~Be sure that~~ As you go forward you may be sure that your best efforts will often be misunderstood. But in your discouragements, remember that as Emerson said, "to be great is to be misunderstood." It is true that disturbance and unrest are around us on every hand, but they are signals for hope and not for fear. Perhaps even these sharp throes are but the birth pangs of a new life of a new birth of human sympathy, of a new unity in Canada. Nowhere, in my judgment, do the ~~new~~ fresh winds of the morning blow more clear and free than among the young men and women who are today crowding our universities. To the universities we must look then for men filled with enthusiasm, ready to lay down their lives to carry forward the nation's work wherever it may be. But let us remember that education for citizenship is a complicated matter, for the best type of citizen is not merely the man

who is familiar with his civic duties; he is the man who can form correct opinions, whose thought is courageous and open minded, whose influence raises the moral and intellectual level of the community, and whose faculties have been developed as highly as possible. Such a training involves not only mental but moral disciplining, - the ability to think aright.

Finally we must deal not always with single individuals but with average. Every man in our halls has a call of the power to do something unique for his country. In bringing shade and comfort to the world, a boy may not be a rose or a palm tree, but just an humble blade of grass. But there is a law and a duty for the blade of grass as well as for the rose and the palm tree, - and it is to bear their witness of life; and so there is a law and a duty for humble intellects, - for average citizens, - as well as for the more powerful, and it is to bear witness to the truth, and all who obey the laws of life and fulfill their duty are destined for eternity.

We are met here to open a new Normal building in a Province held in high esteem in Canada. It is a part of the country colonized in olden time by fearless men. It is less bound by tradition perhaps than the older Provinces of the East, and it is free to retain what is good in the past and to leave it with whatever is better than the future may have

in store. Do you not have a right to look for great advance in Education. The destiny of this golden land of beauty will depend, as that of our whole nation will depend, on its institutions of higher learning, - on the ~~schools and~~ colleges and universities founded in days of struggle in the wilderness, nurtured by devoted teachers, proud of what they have done and what they are and are looking forward to the distant years to come. From this place, you wisest scholars, who understood the deeper teachings of your mystic ~~to~~ tome, have offered their fresh lives to make it good.* I have just returned from the places where they fought and fell and where they rest in honour. Whether they rest in the stately cemetery or the unknown grave, whether they fell in an officer's ~~uniform~~ coat or a private's simple uniform, they were all alike in their desire to serve their country at the price of life itself. Today the grass is growing green on the fields which once were torn by artillery fire, and the danger of those days has died. But the lessons of these young College boys must not be forgotten in our universities. They learned there ~~the~~ with ~~glory~~ all their scholarship, the glory of service wherever duty called. The youth who now crowd these halls must be reminded that

¶ "Life may be given in many ways,
¶ And loyalty to truth be sealed
¶ As bravely in the closet as the field"

Each life that has gone forth from these sacred halls

sermon to our hearts, — urging us in our education to be true to duty's call wherever it beacons in our country. If we are true as a University to those ideals there need be no fear about our future. For it is as true today as it was in the days of the Book of Daniel, "The wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars forever and ever". Such Universities are destined to immortality.

In these days of many newspaper interviews and of somewhat sensational reports ~~travellers~~ visitors make a bid to bring sojourn in our country, is the opportunity of ~~some~~ telling the truth about his country as welcomed by a Canadian

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It is a pleasure and a privilege to speak for a few minutes to a group of my fellow country-men, at least in an Empire sense, and to bring to them a message from across the sea and a word of greeting from the distant member of the great British family. And in doing so I perhaps ~~cannot do~~ cannot do better than to try to state simply what we Canadians think Canada can do for the future stability of the Empire. It is unnecessary for me to dwell upon the pressing, changes and the changes in our modern world or to enter into details of the tasks before our nation. We know that in these troubled and anxious years which I shall not now recall to you ~~and~~ remembrance, our Empire learned for the first time the full lesson of the necessity of bearing her burdens as one, - as a unity not a diversity of parts, as a united country in spirit and in fact.

But I would like to emphasize that in facing these tasks we must face them as a united Empire

The ~~sugar~~ ringing of the bells of peace did not mean the death of danger. Our problems are still present with their mysterious entanglements and their fearful weapons. As we of the western world turned to the mother side in days of war, so we stand today ever ready and anxious to contribute ~~whatever~~ all the assistance of which we are capable in ~~helping~~ solving solving the world's riddle as far as it can be solved by our own great Empire and in continuing to make our ~~[illegible]~~ Empire great.

It is scarcely necessary to emphasize in a gathering like this the strategic position of Empire which Canada geographically occupies. She is the British link between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the commanding

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link in the all-red chain. ~~of Empire~~. What Canada can continue to mean to the ships of the British navy in time of need should that time come is too obvious to need discussion.

But greater than a link in a transportation chain, however important that may be, greater even than a refuge or a base of supply to Empire ships is in my judgment the contribution Canada can make to the growing youth of Empire. As I have ~~seen~~ gone through this land of my ancestors, blessed in its natural beauty by God's best gifts, with its centuries of culture ~~its~~ behind it, its splendid civilizing forces, its wisdom of the ages, which has guided its steps, its vanished pomp of yesterday which has made its glorious present, — as I have looked upon all these and felt, I hope, an honest but humble pride in their possession, — for they are ours ~~in Canada~~ as well as yours. I saw also other circumstances of life which are not hidden from the ~~stranger's~~ visitor's eyes of ~~a~~. I saw your unemployed ~~masses~~, masses, your silent shipyards on the Clyde; I heard of your ~~dole~~ necessary dole given ~~in~~ generously in ~~lieu~~ place of the reward for toil when no toil can be, and I heard complaints and expressions of discontent. But ~~and~~ any feeling of doubt or of despair, or of pessimism, which a British man may have at times must be at once dispelled when he thinks of the vast extent of Empire, when he thinks in terms of Empire and when he realizes the great, almost untouched resources in the Empire's distant lands.

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In my country at the present time, there are many forces working. There are streams of immigration flowing in to us from lands other than our own. Daily they come, from congested places, seeking, as our fathers ~~long~~ sought for equality of opportunity and hoping amidst the turmoil of existence in European cities that in our land beyond the ~~sunset~~ sunset there is rest. We welcome them all and we strive to make them useful British citizens. But can we succeed? I do not know what the future of Canada may be. I think I know. There is much ~~to~~ foolish talk in your press about the possibility of the American annexation or ~~ab~~ absorption of Canada. It is all very silly. There is no such sentiment in my country ~~nor in~~ the United States, – our good neighbours with whom we live in peace, and who like all good neighbours does not covet our lands nor our possessions. There is more foolish talk about independence, and the desire of one race to dominate in our land over another. That too is mythical nonsense. The raving of ~~sensationalists~~ uninformed ~~intoxicated with racial vision~~. The real danger in Canada today is the danger of losing our traditions, – of losing the ~~well~~ standards which have made our Empire what it is. That too is your danger. We can help you by ~~A~~ opening to your young people the door of opportunity so that they will not be lost to the Empire. The great land is calling, ~~for~~ for youth, and your youth are calling for a

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great land. Our cities with their pulsing life, our mines of blazing ore, our great farm spaces, all offer rewards to the industrious. We do not want the indolent or the grumbler whose every word is a complaint. We have had too many of these. But Canada can provide for the Empire a land of honest labour and an honest labourer's wage for the deserving unemployed. (next)

Another contribution which Canada can make to the Empire is the contribution of a link in Anglo-American friendship. We are in a real sense in Canada the "Interpreter's House". We live beside a kindred neighbour along whose four thousand miles of frontier there is neither fort nor gun. We understand the American people and we understand the people of the British Isles, and between the two whose relations and ideals are not always clearly understood we can be the Interpreter of the one to the other. The future peace of the world rests in the hands and hearts of the two great branches of the Anglo Saxon race. In linking these races in the bonds of cordial friendship and mutual trust and respect Canada can do much. She has done it on more than one historic occasion in the past, - notably during the Civil War of 1861, and she will continue to do it in the future if she is permitted to offer her counsel.

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¶ It is not with egotism or with empty boastfulness that we Canadians speak of the great natural resources of our country. We speak of them as resources of Empire. Our forests and our ~~fish~~ fisheries, our mines of ~~diverse~~ varied ores, our great wheat areas with their vast acres of golden grain, our miles of orchards white with the blossoms of spring, our countless cattle on our spreading prairies and foothills – all these are the Empire's, a possession in future time which must mean much to our national life. The Saxon race, the Anglo-Saxon and the Celt – have been the Argonauts of our ~~western~~ world. The golden fleece for which they searched is still to be found for the seeking, by men of honesty and industry and courage, and it still has abundant riches for the ~~Empire~~ to which it ~~belongs~~. belongs.

But it may be indeed that Canada's greatest assistance to the Empire, ~~may be~~ her greatest contribution to the Empire, ~~was~~ is in her point of view. We may be able to ~~help the~~ and the Mother land in a sounder and ~~safer~~ safer organization of Empire. We are nearer to the old land in time and distance than the other overseas Dominions. We are only six days away, – no further in time than is the east from the west of Canada. We have closer ~~relations~~ intercourse with the old land and a greater business relationship ~~and~~ than have the other posts of Empire. And yet we are of the overseas Dominions with their attitude to

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Empire. We are of the pioneer bands. Perhaps indeed we can help in interpreting the overseas Dominions to one another, and to the old mother land. You remember that when the American Colonies made their protest in 1776, and when the statesmen of England in our legend were deaf and blind it was old Governor Pownall, whose calm mind and sagacious intellect penetrated into the philosophy of the great controversy. He said "you are one family, - the ocean divides you; you may have different forms of government, but that is no reason why you should not be a united family; arbitrate on disputed points; keep the peace; have distinct forms of government if you please, but let there be perpetual amity between the British races on both sides of the Atlantic." His advice was not taken and the Revolution came, with its severing of the tie. The problem of autonomy within the Empire was not then solved. But it was our Canadian pioneer ancestors who solved the problem in 1837 and showed the way to the other overseas Dominions, so that self governing Dominions became facts not dreams. "Who knows what reputation of sagacity and wisdom history may yet record."

In Canada today we are endeavouring in our own way to make our contribution to the organization of Empire, materially, intellectually and spiritually. We are mindful that it is not numbers that make a nation great. It is not extent of territory. It is the spirit which animates; it is the discipline and the principles of conduct and of life

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that render them invincible. There were but three hundred men at the pass of Thermopylae; yet they stopped an army, and their glory streams down the pages of unforgotten history while millions of servile slaves have lived and died and are forgotten. We in Canada have the British spirit and the British discipline and the British principles of life, yes we are of the old unbastardized British stock. We are more youthful, it is true, than you of this older land, but we can give to you the virility and the optimism of youth. We are not cowed by an army disguises as you in the old world. Perhaps we are accustomed when we to wide & far horizons we see things in sharper outline, as they really are. For our country is a land of hope and expectation and desire and something ~~[illegible]~~ about it, that yet we love the old land from which our fathers sprang and we too have our fathers English laws & Irish ~~[illegible]~~ & Scottish hills, and we too have our dreams, and our altars - pressed remembrances. ~~We will~~ try to understand us and to let us understand you. There are problems of Empire before us all which will take the best brains of Britain and of the overseas Dominions to solve. I am not a forgetting over the sea of a forgotten, and my record will be called before my prediction is fulfilled. But the day will dawn when the Empire will ~~[illegible]~~ rest on a sure foundation ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ and, when the ~~[illegible]~~ British citizen

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walks the streets of Melbourne or Montreal or Cape Town or Bombay will hear the same voice and the same partnership in political efforts. The Empire as a fact ~~to the Empire effects~~ is the reason why walks the streets of London or of Manchester, if this is the ~~British era~~. To living in such a day as this we Canadians can contribute our share. ~~We~~ ~~will~~ that in our great western country we will keep a portion of a foreign field that is forever England, that is forever Ireland, that is forever Scotland. We shall shield forever that old country from those bitter years we have spent and those misfortunes it has been our privilege to transplant in this western world. We shall keep there an open asylum worthy of our best tradition in our glorious home of Empire.

We shall give all we have ~~for the~~ and care for the maintenance of the old ideals to which the world owes so much. We hear much today about the higher nationalism and the noble inter-nationalism. But the higher patriotism and the ~~highest~~ ~~Imperial~~ nationalism is love and service for our ~~own~~ land. But if the Empire is going to endure we all need to think in centuries, not in years; we need to think in terms of Empire, not in terms of parts of the Empire or in mere localities. I assume you think

Currie in London?

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Comrades and Friends:

I am proud and honoured to meet with you today on this memorial service in this hallowed place. ~~The~~ We ~~monument around which we~~ no longer think of war in terms of triumphal arches, or statues of conquerors, or boastful arrogance, or ~~bands~~ of martial music. We think of it rather in terms of sacrifice, and our ~~anniversary~~ anniversary days are days not of victory but of sacred remembrance. We ~~do~~ dwell not on the glory of war but ~~on~~ on its ~~pu~~ purpose and its ~~lessons~~. The monuments around which we stand is a symbol of this district's sacrifice to the god of war. ~~Erected by proud and grateful countrymen~~ Erected to the memory of our beloved and honoured dead it stands four square to all the world, its foundation rooted steadfast like the boys whom it commemorates in the soil of their native earth, its peak like their purpose rising to heaven with serenity and calm. But beyond any monuments built by the hands of man out of clay and stone is the monument meaning. Here the memory of our heroes is enshrined. It is a thing of the spirit. Whether seen in darkness or in light it is a lasting symbol of eternal truth, a symbol of a conquest of adversity and despair, a symbol of the fortitude and patriotism that won our freedom and revitalized liberty on the battle fields of Belgium and France. And it is a pledge that we who remain will not forget.

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In this memorial service we do not seek to glorify war or to perpetuate hatreds. We are commemorating not war but the courage, ~~and~~ the devotion, and the sacrifice of those who gave their lives for their country: ~~We build our monuments to our~~ ~~obituaries, dead heroes as desire future generations to~~ remember ~~the ideals for which they so gladly and nobly~~ died: ~~Here the memory of our youthful heroes is enshrined~~ ~~Here in this precious stone is a symbol, fitting and~~ lasting, of the principles, ~~engraved on the~~ eternal as the hills, for which our country fought & died. It commemorates the contribution of youth to the cause of Canadian freedom - a free gift of devoted young lives to an ideal they deemed worthy of cherishing and defending even unto death. The young men whose glory we today commemorate ~~here recorded~~, ~~are~~ were typical Prince Edward Island boys. Their experiences, their reactions and their sacrifices typify the response of our youth in the hour of ~~crisis~~ terror, and to do their share in ~~the~~ a crisis of the world. Without one ~~column of~~ ~~regrets~~, ~~without an~~ thought of self, they sought to carry out their idea of manhood. ~~It involved~~ They had all to live for, - youth and strength and golden dreams, kindred and friends and the chance of earthly fortune. But they laid it all aside when the trumpet blew: ~~Their~~ Their decision involved hardships, and the pain of parting, danger and ~~too~~ suffering in the end death, but they were unafraid. With heads erect

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to meet the true test of a man's mettle

~~with stout~~ with great hearts & dauntless daring and vibrant trend. They marched away. You remember how you said good bye, proudly smiling through your troubled tears, and hoping daily in your hearts and praying daily in your ~~hearts~~ secret thoughts that they would come again. They had no illusions about what was before them, ~~life to them~~ "~~I do not want to die~~ "I would like to live" said a dying comrade to me at Cambrai, "life is sweet!" Yes, life is sweet in Prince Edward Island in the autumn as in the spring. And life was sweet to the boys who went forth, - and joyous and carefree. Tomorrow, they knew, is might all be ended. Yet they never faltered. They gave up all for a cause which they considered just. They had no hatred in their hearts, but they went about their task with a full resolve to play a worthy part to the end. This journey's end, alive with purpose, alive with honour, alive with faith, alive with the ~~enthusiastic~~ chivalry of youth, they went on and on, through gas-filled valleys, ~~up the crest of Vimy Ridge~~, through the sodden Somme, or on the crest of Vimy, or up the slopes of Hill 70, or through shell churned Passchendaele, or through Amiens, and Arras and the Canal du Nord and Cambrai and the Hindenburg line. They accepted whatever came with a smile and to the last day of life, - to this journey's end they were faithful to the

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On this day, the years between crumple up like a scroll and ~~[illegible]~~ like a ~~[illegible]~~ memory seems to bring us again into the visible presence of the boys and men who did such mighty things, who set us great examples, 18 ~~and~~ years ago, 19 years ago. The benedictions of those deathless years descends on all of us here today. Let us make sure we render the worthy of their sacrifice — those to quote L's phrase, ~~[illegible]~~ our [illegible] will not have died in vain

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homes and to the county which sent them forth.

¶ To-day we are proud to bow in reverence before the glorious record of their splendid story. To-day we are proud to pay our tribute of affection to their undying memory. To you of the districts represented here, especially ~~the~~ of the towns from which they came, these memorial days must always be days of pride. There is ~~the so~~ in this heritage surrounding country, clothed today in its autumn peace, is the rock from which they were hewn; here is the pit from which they were dugged. Here are the fields and woods and streams they knew as lads, — here are the homes from which their inspiration came. And ~~we~~ Prince Edward Island ~~is proud~~ shares your pride, for Prince Edward Island mothers love these sons, and gave them the soul of courage.

In these dead comrades of ours, there is no death. Their story is safe in their country's keeping. Their real monument is in the hearts of the world. They need no other memorials who have proved the faith on which a nation's life is based. At the grave when a comrade's life was ended, we never mentioned death. We simply said "he has gone West". That heritage saying was first uttered by an ancient Celtic Bard who in pre-historic days when the Celts went forth daily to the battle and always fell, sang of them as having gone to the whale

^ the gray sway dim our recollections of the Ships by the gray canny sea this day.

It is hard to think today of shell torn trenches, of No Man's Land, of ~~human~~ human life ~~wounded~~ caught in the wire, of the agonies of dressing stations and hospitals. It is easy to remember that the boys in khaki and blue, the finest flower of our manhood, were young and strong, and because they died for us that the work they might have done still remains now to be done.

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isle of the Celtic dreamer, the Tir-nan-og - somewhere in the distant West. It was a land of blossoms, a land of the ever-young, where sickness never falls on mortals, where heroes rested in the garden of the gods and learned the blessing that is promised to the peacemakers. And so we say that our comrades have gone West, - "They shall not grow old as we who remain grow old; age cannot weary them nor the years condemn; at the setting of the sun and in the morning we shall remember them!"

Sleeping on ~~[illegible]~~ on those distant fields where heroes rest be.

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An adequate memorial can never be a statue or a verbal tribute or a row of columns, however beautiful. A true monument must be the development in our rising generation of the very qualities our ~~gallant~~ dead comrades exemplified in life, and the ideals of peace and justice for which they died. The unfinished task is left to us, to replace the torn and stained fabric of injustice and hate and competitive armament with the enduring fabric of ~~peace~~ ~~and~~ justice and love, and to keep in the mind of the world the peace they strove to win.

Those who laid down their lives speak to us today with a voiceless eloquence that is beyond words. What is deathless in their glory is the faith and purpose that inspired it. No distance of the years can ever quench that. They did not wade through slaughter to a throne. That was not their purpose. They died that others might have life and that the world might be a saner and a better place for the ~~little~~ children here today ~~who are~~ and for the generations yet to be, when God grant may never know war. They are of the immortals whose glory never fades and whose memory remains enshrined through the years.

dead souls

What – death by in their glory & the youth of
purpose that inspired it; – a faith and no distance of
~~years can quench that.~~

It was said of a great statesman "You have so
kind and weight as to keep alive the soul of
England." A few short years ago there was some
in this district a group of boys who had
~~had~~ did more than keep a soul alive. They died
that they might breathe into their country a
soul that was their own. May we keep it
undefiled, through all the years to come!

Youth – don't know war.

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They call to us today to renew our courage by the memory of their struggle, — to remember more deeply than ours can ever be. They call to us to be worthy of the inheritance and the traditions for which they gave their all. For

Forever is the land that has given birth and nurture to such sons. In their country there can be no fear if we keep their ideals in our remembrance. And so, today gently mindful of our dead, who now sleep in honoured glory in those distant fields where they died, let us lift our hearts in solemn pride that they were of us; let us renew high resolve to be worthy of their sacrifice, — that those our dead shall not have died in vain.

The hundreds of our boys who have enlisted in this country, this country, this country

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They lie where beauty's laurels be. They blazon through the living world their land, – the land that hurled defiance at barbarian ~~aggression~~ aggression. Canadian mothers, P.E.I mothers bore these sons and gave them the soul of courage. ~~Your souls through glad Elysium go chanting.~~

The years dim one's memories; they cannot dim their glory. Yesterday is but a day that is past. Today a wand is waved – the magic wand of grateful memory, and again they walk among the living. ~~They rest in the bosom of the Gods.~~ The mystic glamour that the years have laid upon these boyhood days beyond the ~~mais~~ mists dissolving. In the hasty and troubled moments of our ~~lives~~ busy world let us love in reverence before their simplicity, their serenity, their dauntless courage.

They need no monuments who have proved the faith on which a nation's life is based.

~~I am proud to meet you in this hallowed place.~~

They exemplify the essence of fortitude and patriotism which won our freedom. They conquered adversity, weakness, and despair.

– They vertalized liberty on the battlefields of France.

Pale and anemic paupers denounce the soldier who stands guard and gives protection to our homes. It was men with iron in their souls who gave us our liberty.

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Dreamers may dream their dreams, and conferences and leagues may write their thousand pledges of eternal friendship and eternal peace. These are but paper pacts soon consumed in hatred's smouldering flames. So long as the fires of human passion burn and engender selfish ~~aggression~~ ~~aggressions~~ race arm for carnage, for slaughter or for spoil, nine men have put little faith in paper bulwarks or paper barricades, but the stout hearts and the unyielding swords of our own gallant sons we must rely.

~~Traditions~~ – A ~~passing~~ cloud may come and then obscure the sun and cast a growing shadow, but even our twilight is ~~more~~ brighter and more luminous than the full day in many another land.

~~They have earned the blessing that is promised to the peacemakers. Their great hearts, noble and upright characters. The true test of a nation's worth. Where patriotism does not fall on mortals.~~

Fear, suspicion & aggressive hatreds continue to thwart the efforts of peace.

This gathering is a gleam of hope in its emphasis on the things of the spirit in the midst of anxieties over material things. Every memorial service is a glow of hope profound.

Armistice Day.

Armistice Day - 1933

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 ~~apart~~ away from each other, but tonight and ~~almost~~ always on Armistice night, whether we are ~~together~~ gathered in assembly as we are here, or listening by radio ~~in distant places~~ to Armistice programmes, perhaps far distant, or alone and unaccompanied, we who are once members of the Canadian Corps are bound by the ties of a common remembrance. I know that ~~all~~ 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 ~~I hope that~~ whatever changes may come, and however ~~large~~ slight may be the ~~greatest~~ ~~[illegible]~~ recognition of future generations, I hope that Armistice Day may never cease to be impressive. I hope that the two-minutes interval of ~~silence~~ solemn silence will always be more than a formal, ~~statutory~~ statutory gesture, — that it will always mean a reverent pause in which we ~~[illegible]~~ gladly ~~to~~ 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~~ 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 ~~has~~ knew not war, will not forget.

Tonight, we who came ~~back~~ home, ~~move back~~ move back in memory fifteen years to the hour when ~~the~~ 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 ~~it is~~ 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 ~~and of playing~~, in which death was ever present, the fighting men were suddenly conscious of the fact that the strain was over and that they had ~~to~~ 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 ~~in this struggle~~, - and had sustained their folks back home, - through their unparalleled sacrifices actually to be realized at last? ~~It was the most~~ 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 is tacitly conveyed is still unanswered. The lurid lights of the battle front we knew, have been long extinguished by our hands, the ~~sound~~ 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 ~~than~~ 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 heroism 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 ~~so much reluctantly~~ are sometimes, with reluctance but with the compulsion by 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 are told that the world would hereafter be safe for youth. But what of youth today and ~~youth's~~ the opportunity for youth in our modern world? Where, ask the ~~returned men~~ men of arms, is the fought, is that new world of justice and good-will they suffered so keenly to create? Has the world, 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 ~~ab~~ fallen comrades gave their lives? ~~In the actual conditions of the time, the~~ ~~In the conditions~~ condition ~~of the~~ time, 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 ~~tragic~~ horrible and terrifying possibilities. They are known, and some of them ~~keen~~ deeply felt, by everyone in this room and by everyone listening elsewhere to my voice. We are told in ~~cable dispatch~~ cabled dispatches ~~from Europe that~~ this week that the international situation in Europe today is ~~a similar~~ practically ~~a~~ what it was in 1913 on the eve of the late war. ~~Europe~~ 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 ~~talks~~ agreements for a new balance of power are being made; that war propaganda ~~is~~ at work again with ~~strange~~ the old subtle appeals to ~~human~~ 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. ~~It is~~ The outlook for humanity is not bright 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. ~~It is~~ 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 ~~no~~ equally disturbing. ~~We have~~ ~~still~~ Bitterness and hate, selfishness and greed, are still entrenched in our social and economic and political life. ~~The~~ National finances are disorganized, ~~everywhere~~ throughout the world, taxes are overwhelming, agriculture and business are everywhere prostrated, and unemployment is more widespread than at any time in history. The world is a world of suffering, of ~~great~~ uncertainty, of ~~haunting~~ ~~demon~~ ~~to~~ demon doubts and fears. ~~It is~~ The 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 ~~a~~ 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~~ prejudices and deep animosities which smoulder and threaten in our own land and in other lands. We need as never before the healing qualities of devotion and fidelity and self-sacrifice and good-will and comradeship and friendliness so that suspicion may be vanquished and justice and mutual trust may be ~~esthro~~ 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 re-construction or re-destruction that have gone since the Armistice was signed returned men everywhere have not ~~e~~ themselves done all they should have done or could have done to ~~a~~ establish that better time ~~of~~ to which they looked forward when the ~~conflict~~ war ended, – that they have not applied to conditions around them the qualities and the principles of life that carried them through to victory ~~in the field~~ 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 ~~the~~ subsequent events, and have not ~~[illegible]~~ imposed or inculcated our ideals and the results of our experiences upon our peace-time guides and leaders. ~~That~~ This criticism of veterans of the war is heard to-day in every country that had a part in the conflict. It is has truth, behind the truth are, in my judgement, 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 bargains and of battle

They found that they had escaped from one ugly world and one disaster ~~to~~ only to plunge into another. They had to struggle and fight for what they felt and knew was a simple right, — ~~rehabilitation~~ some slight form of rehabilitation, and what was more ~~disparaging~~ discouraging, for adequate help for their wounded ~~comrades~~ and incapacitated comrades, and for adequate protection for the dependents ~~of the widows, the~~ of their comrades who had given their lives for their country. ~~I think~~ I can say without evasion or hesitation that the great mass of returned men in Canada never ~~had~~ 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~~ because they wore the uniform of our Corps they ~~were~~ had thereby 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 ~~a~~ compared with the mass of our men. But on one right all were 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 ~~to~~ of these fifteen ~~years~~ years. There ~~were~~ were disappointments. There was ever bitterness. There was cynicism. The result is not surprising — that many returned men ~~gave up~~ ~~left~~ with their part in the struggle, ~~with~~ in despair, with the feeling that their participation in the making of the new world was not desired. ~~The struggle still goes on. We read in the press of many cases of the days disappointment of the different branches of the Legion because of the recent~~ There ~~were~~ 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 many Provinces today of the disappointment of the different branches of the Legion because of the most recent changes in Pensions Administration and the readjustment of methods. But the ~~protest~~ voice of the veterans, even on their own affairs, is unheard or at least ~~unheard~~ 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 ~~unite~~ bind us into one great and unique 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 dreaming, 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, ~~could~~ 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 two education. The head and the hand acted in harmony. You have had the most remarkable experiences that can come to men. 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 should bind us is the fact of service, — that the appellation "I have served" is superior to all other qualifications, and 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, ~~we~~ 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 ~~disappoi~~ 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 men 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 war. Does our responsibility end with condemning the follies of the stupid or the vicious of ~~so~~ 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; ~~the~~ 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 twenties the stupidity of our elders in 1914 and the era immediately upon 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 our 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 the vigorous enlistment of our own lives and capacities in the struggle between selfishness and greed, altruism, honesty and corruption, justice and injustice, and the serious application to our national problems of those qualities which

distinguished our Corps in the war days, and ~~enabled~~ ~~might~~ ~~made~~ 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 ~~peace~~ fabric of confidence in humane law and order.

And so in conclusion we drape the rose of remembrance ~~memory~~ on the supreme devotion of our sacred dead. We linger like our ~~sad~~ country in our tribute of reverent ~~memory~~ 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 ~~your~~ the nobility of your sacrifice, we turn away from trenches and wounds and death and ~~pledge that we have~~ we rededicate our lives with hope to ~~your~~ the still unfinished ~~task~~ work which you so gallantly ~~and~~ advanced and for which you died.

Armistice Day, '33

CANADA

REPATRIATION COMMITTEE

45 RIDEAU STREET
OTTAWA

~~It is~~ Of all the pleasant and appreciated privileges that are mine I ~~can~~ regard as the greatest ~~the~~ the opportunity of meeting ~~you~~ ~~once~~ from time to time the ~~men I knew~~ members of the Canadian Legion of the British Empire Service League, ~~and~~ of greeting again the men I knew in other ~~spots~~ places, and of living again if only for a few precious hours the friendships formed in other days and ~~amidst~~ ~~more~~ less peaceful scenes, ~~that gathering, such as we have today, are~~ There are many clubs and many organizations ~~to~~ with which ~~we~~ we are often fortunate enough to associate ~~on occasions~~ or to mingle. ~~But~~ or to which we are asked to speak. But the organization with which we are all gathered today is the most unique and exclusive of all. There is an organization or a club in which no money can buy membership; no influence can open its door; no social or intellectual or financial standing can ~~see~~ obtain for an applicant an entrance. There is only one test applied – and that test is absolute, – and that is service to our country in the days of war. That is the only ~~pass~~ qualification of membership in the Canadian Legion. And we who are members of the Legion are justly proud of that distinction.

Gatherings like these of ours arouse treasured memories. There are some memories that are like old fashioned keepsakes laid away in the folds of affection and reverence. They are the echoes of

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Veterans

Passchendaele

broken melody. The flowers of ~~o~~ action may wither but the fragrance lingers on. These memories, like the old fashioned treasured things are only brought out on rare occasions, and they are brought out only in the presence of one's closest friends, to be looked at and talked about as sacred things. If I could look ~~into~~ ~~today~~ into the minds of each man ~~of~~ assembled here today I would see strange and diverse things. I would see many ghosts of memory stalking. These ghosts ~~They~~ would be the remembrances of long forgotten things, and brought to life again by this wonderful gathering. There would be memories - all differing to each one but all composite of ~~those~~ - memories of August 4th 1914, of enlistment, of farewells, of Valcartier or other training places, of ocean voyages with Destroyers at our side and Submarines ~~of~~ hidden but real things not far away - of English camps, of orders to proceed to France, of the crossing of the Channel and ~~to new & the forgotten~~ ~~sports~~, and of the cross Channel footing in to Strange, of the first night in the line of the ~~rattle~~ roar of guns and the flare of fire, of the settling into the new

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portrait, – of tasks prepared from Ypres to the Somme, ~~to~~ from Vimy to Passchendaele, of Amiens to the Hindenburg line, of the Canal du Nord to Mons. What a colourful picture of four crowded years!

It is rather and memory-jogging for those who are here to recall the details and incidents of the war ~~year~~. The annals of its history are too notable to need repetition.

Can. Legion

of

British Empire Service League