Canadian Citizenship

"He Shall Have Dominion Also From Sea to Sea and From the Rivers to the Ends of the Earth."—Psalm 72: 8.

By the Rev. Henry P. Charters.

The story is told that Sir Leonard Tilley, who later became Finance Minister of Canada, and also Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, happened to read this 72nd Psalm one morning at his hotel in Quebec in the course of his daily devotion before going out to attend a meeting of the Confederation Conference, of which he was a member. There had been many fruitless attempts on the part of the delegates to agree upon a name for the proposed confederation. As Mr. Tilley read the eighth verse of the Psalm the thought immediately struck him— here is an appropriate name for our country, "a dominion that reaches from sea to sea and from the rivers to the ends of the earth." The story has it that when he submitted the idea which had thus occurred to him, to his colleagues of the conference, the appropriateness of the name Dominion of Canada was acknowledged by all the assembled Fathers of Confederation and the name of our country was practically decided upon.

Canada celebrates this year the fifty-fourth anniversary of her confederation as a dominion. The years that have passed since the scattered provinces and territories were knit together have seen many changes. There have been periods when development was hardly perceptible, and again there have been years when the country has advanced by leaps and bounds along the road of material prosperity. For long years our material growth testified to the world that we were working under such free British institutions that the individual had an opportunity to attain a competence with greater ease to himself than was possible in almost any other country under the sun. The result was that our growth in the years since the consummation of confederation was phenomenal.

From a material standpoint Canada is a dominion which stretches from sea to sea—the Atlantic to the Pacific—and from the rivers—the mighty St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes and their connecting rivers—to the ends of the earth—the polar regions. But the name of our glorious heritage should be more to us than a material name. Our duty, and especially at this time, is to make Canada a country in which God shall have dominion from sea to sea and from the river to the ends of the earth. To bring this about it is necessary for every individual citizen as an integral part of the great commonwealth to build up in Canada a Christian citizenship.

Christian Citizenship should include in the individual INTELLIGENCE and RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE. No man who does not possess in some measure such qualification can benefit the nation of which he is a member.

INTELLIGENCE is particularly necessary where there is so much equality as there is in Canada—that no man need despair of attaining the highest honors. We have a noble system of education but not intended nor specially adapted to afford the higher forms of knowledge which Christian citizenship demands. The Intelligence of which I speak is only to be gained by experience and study. If, as in many lands, people had little or no interest in the selection of their rulers and but little acquaintance with social ethics, to demand such intelligence would be unwise, as it would be unnecessary. But our case is vastly different. Every citizen of this country may, without the smallest difficulty, gain such an amount of knowledge as will make him an independent agent in every matter that concerns the commonwealth. We do not believe in this land that ignorance is a virtue, but we do believe that knowledge and intelligence are the birthright of every class and that wherever they are general there will be the greatest amount of individual happiness, the firmest government and the most righteous laws.

It is admitted that there never was a time when knowledge was more generally diffused than at the present. At the same time those who are conversant with the literary tastes of the day declare that there never was a period when there was less demand for the more solid and thoughtful production of genius than there is now. Were there a demand for serial publications at all proportioned to the citizenship of the nation there would be little cause of regret. But large masses of our population have no knowledge but what comes to them second-hand.

In such a country as ours where books are so cheap and the channels of information are so abundant and free, and where there are so many inducements to rise to the superior positions in society, it is a shame for any man to be satisfied with the mere nothings of the world. No man need call another master as regards the more common subjects that demand attention, and he who values intelligence so poorly as to put forth no efforts to obtain it or goes about the streets gathering up the crumbs of commonplace conversation is unworthy to exercise the privileges of citizenship or obtain any honor within the gifts of his fellow men.

Christian citizenship should also include religious principle.

If a man is not guided by principle in his business, men cease to put any confidence in anything he says or does. It is just so in public life—principle, stern and unbending, must control every act that has for its object the social and civil welfare of our fellow men. Where there is no principle there is no stability of character. A man actuated by principle is not imposed upon, flattered or coaxed into doubtful positions by the false representations of designing men. You are always sure where you find such a man and you honor him for his consistency and straightforward conduct, though it should be opposed to your views and at variance with your creed.

Our acts as citizens, next to our acts as Christians, are matters of serious importance. Church membership we regard as a solemn transaction between the Soul and its Maker. We invest it with a responsibility which every thinking man acknowledges to be just. But we look upon actions affecting a nation in a very different light. And yet that difference is not so great after all. The same sincerity, the same honest convictions, the same purity of motive should be apparent in one case as in the other. A man is responsible at the Bar of God, not simply for his religious profession, but for the whole of his life, and where he suppresses the convictions of conscience for the maxims of policy he renders himself amenable to a higher than human jurisdiction. There is no act of intelligent man so significant in its results as to be beneath the notice of the Almighty, and just as the acts he engages in are far-reaching and comprehensive in their sweep, embracing the destinies of coming generations and affecting the glory of God in the kingdoms of the world, do they carry with them an importance and momentousness that can scarcely be realized or weighed. When we render an account of our stewardship there will be not only a classification of specific acts but a scrutiny of motives, a laying bare of secret springs of action and a revealing of hidden thoughts.

If we had such citizens what a nation would be developed within the next century. What a power would this land exercise in controlling the acts of other nations, what silent but omnipotent influence would be felt wherever her name was mentioned. If we had such citizens what senators, what legislators, what magistrates would represent us in our places of honor. Nor is there any true panacea for the social and political evils which afflict us, in common with other countries, but a raising of the entire social structure. It is not by this or that government, it is not by a mere change of political leaders nor the conflict of party that true national greatness can be achieved, but by the prevalence of religious principle among the inhabitants, by the spread of the Bible truth and by well-filled churches. A standing army is good and useful in its place; armies and arsenals and fleets of warships may give external prestige and grandeur to a nation, but the best defence that any country can possess is an enlightened, moral and law-abiding citizenship, a free and complete system of education as to meet the just demands of every faith and every rank and condition of life. "Happy is the people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

Next to the duty we owe to the Church of Christ are our obligations to the nation—obligations which increase and rise in importance in proportion as we enlarge our conception of the land in which we live. Let us then, at the present important juncture in our country's history, realize the responsibilities and act as Christian men who intend to give her such a name and standing as shall exalt our land in the eyes of the world and start her in a new career of usefulness and honor. While we love and pray for the prosperity of other kingdoms, the welfare of this land of our birth or our adoption must be the first wish of every patriot.

The Guard of the Eastern Gate.

Halifax sits on her throne by the sea
In the might of her pride—
Invincible, terrible, beautiful is she
With a sword at her side.

To right and left of her, battlements rear
And fortresses frown,
While she sits on her throne without favor or fear,
With her cannon as crown.

Coast guard and sentinel, watch of the weal
Of a nation she keeps;
But her hand is encased in a gauntlet of steel
And her thunder but sleeps.

His Majesty King George
who inaugurated the Northern Parliament on June 22. This is the first Irish Parliament to sit in 121 years.

There are 300 consuls and vice-consuls in Canada.

Canada's crop of 1920 of 1,187,259,050 bushels was the highest on record and above the average in quality as well as in quantity.

Canada in comparison with nine of the world's industrial nations, is first in extent, second in the aggregate of its hydraulic power, third in the matter of railways, sixth in the total production of iron in its natural state and in the business of export, and eighth in population.

The Colors

What is the blue on our flag, boys?
The waves of the boundless sea,
Where our vessels ride in their tameless pride
And the feet of the winds are free;
From the sun and smiles of the coral isles
To the ice of the South and North,
With dauntless tread through tempest dread
The guardian ships go forth.

What is the white on our flag, boys?
The honor of our land,
Which burns in our sight like a beacon light
And stands while the hills shall stand;
Yea, dearer than fame is our land's great name,
And we fight wherever we be,
For the mothers and wives that pray for the lives
Of the brave hearts over the sea.

What is the red on our flag, boys?
The blood of our heroes slain,
On the burning sands, in the wild waste lands
And the froth of the purple main;
And it cries to God from the crimsoned sod
And the crest of the waves uprolled
That He send us men to fight again
As our fathers fought of old.

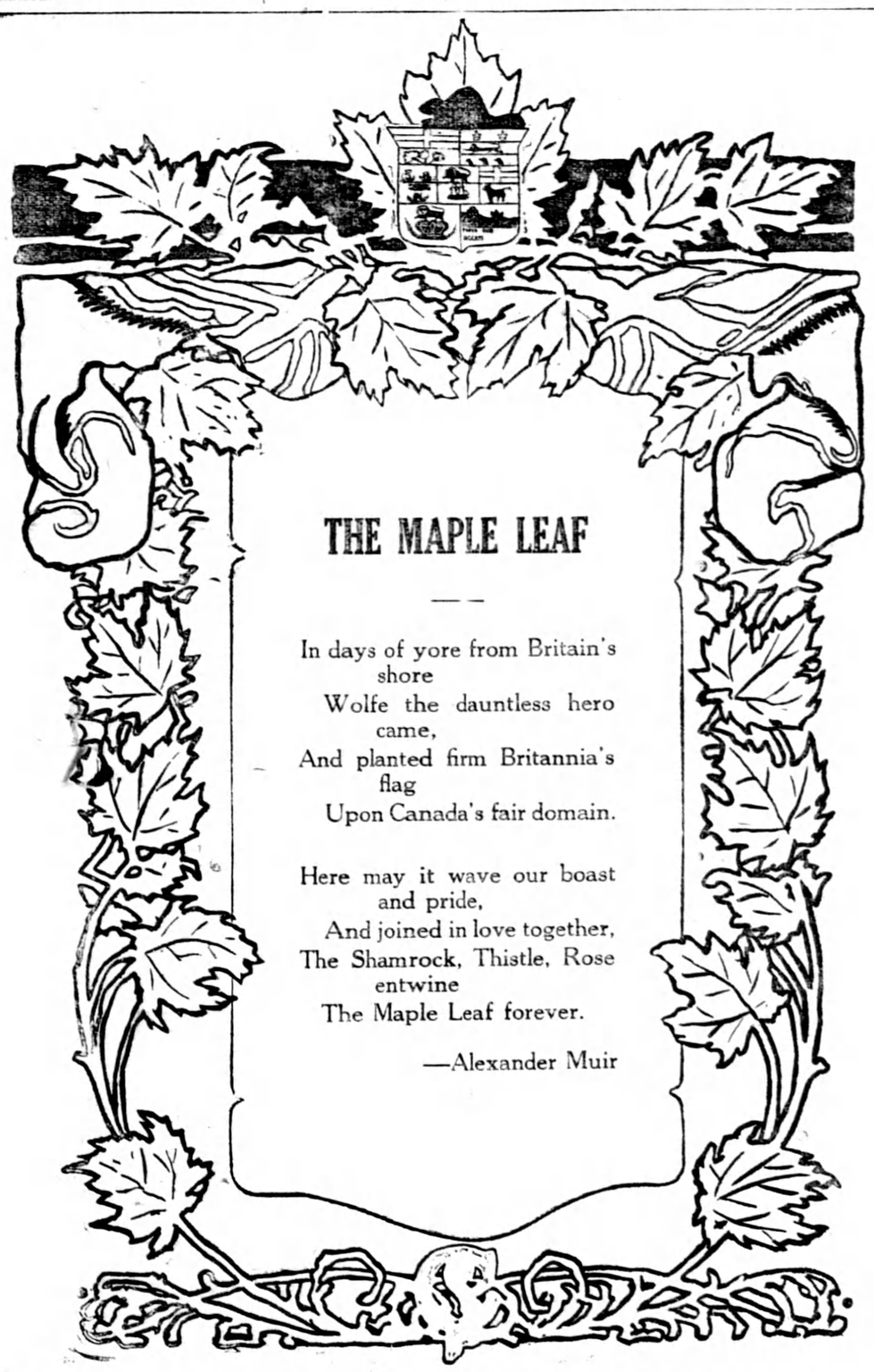
We'll stand by the dear old flag, boys,
Whatever be said or done,
Though the shot comes fast, as we face the blast,
And the foe be ten to one;
Though our only reward be the thrust of a sword
And a bullet in heart or brain,
What matters one gone if the flag floats on
And Britain be Lord of the main.

—Frederick George Scott.

Her Majesty Queen Mary
took part in the notable ceremonies in Belfast at the opening of Parliament.

Lord Byng is Canada's 120th Governor-General, 1534-1921.

Arctic Canada has 640 species of flowering plants and three times as many non-flowering species, per Stefansson.



THE MAPLE LEAF

In days of yore from Britain's shore
Wolfe the dauntless hero came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag
Upon Canada's fair domain.

Here may it wave our boast and pride,
And joined in love together,
The Shamrock, Thistle, Rose entwine
The Maple Leaf forever.

—Alexander Muir

The Wide Dominion

Who Will Be Its Shakespeare?—From the Great Lakes to the Hidden North—Keeping the Peace Under the Aurora.

By Frederick Niven

Many times now I have travelled the length of it, and have wandered up and down through a considerable portion of the depth of it upon various occasions; and here I sit down again, in its extreme west, to rest a spell after my last journey through it, to meditate on the thousands of miles I have come, and let my memory play with the collected pictures.

Some foolish fellow of the Yellow Press, that Press that does upon the shrill, the high-pitched, the superlative phrase, is sure to rise up one day and ask for "the greatest Canadian writer" to tell it all.

Consider what has to be told—of the Newfoundland banks, fished by Elizabethan fishermen, and by fishers from France centuries ago, when the great continent behind them was but a Land Unknown; of the Gaelic-speaking folk of a patch of Nova Scotia; of Arcadia, a little world apart; the Annapolis Valley and its apple-blossom; of the Labrador and the Moravians; of the old-world towns of the province of Quebec; of the Quebec hinterland and the habitant; of the butt-end of Ontario down toward the Great Lakes, and its hard-working farmers; of that other Ontario, northward, by Muskoka and beyond, where the farms thin out and an apparent laziness begins.

That "greatest writer" would have to tell also of the Ontario that becomes definitely north, where the little stores are stocked with mosquito-net and snowshoes, with rifles and fishing-rods, steel traps and Mackinaw coats, the Ontario of the birch-bark canoes and the shining, tawny yellow Peterboro canoes, that one learns to love as one loves a fine living thing; of that land beyond, the land of quiet, and blue and ochre distance, where the glint of a wet paddle, across the wind-brushed lake, alone announces another human being there; of the trails that are only for portaging the canoe from one waterway to another, trails different from any other trail on the continent, the brush close to the ground, but cropped away about five or six feet up, for the passage of a man carrying a canoe, overturned, on his back.

Does this develop into an inventory? The inventory is inevitable. The catalogue is only dipped into. Away north, far beyond, are the lonely posts of Hudson's Bay with all their strange history, blent of the sophisticated far from home and of the barbaric; and beyond again are Chesterfield Inlet and Coronation Gulf, where whalers from Dundee lie ice-bound the winter through, and a lone patrol of mounted police (mounted only in name there), for the sake of the Eskimos and humanity and civilization in general, keeps the peace beneath the Aurora.

It can't all be put in one book. In a little article, like a string of beads, it may be suggested. Beyond, to west, are lumbermen again, as in New Brunswick, and prospectors looking for oil, and Indians trapping; and south of them are the Great Plains, once dotted with buffalo herds, more recently with the long-horned steers, and now with the grain elevators.

The car goes everywhere, even where there are no roads, bobbing up and down over the swells of that part of the earth as a boat careens in a billowy sea. There the front of the great wall of the Rockies takes the sunrise every day like a mirror flashing; and the ways of life again change, the speech of the people changes yet again, the phrases of common talk are drawn, yet again, from other employ.

And it is all Canada. The sign of the maple leaf is still their sign; but what worlds away is the Yellow Head Pass from Yonge Street, Toronto! Through the mountains are clusters of shacks in bends of sandy rivers and men washing for gold with sluice and long-handled shovel, or with hydraulic apparatus like a fireman's hose; and a little way on, over another range of peaks, under the glaciers of which the big grizzlies and the little coneys live, there is no sand at all, but gold in the white quartz, silver and lead sparkling in the chunks of galena, or copper with its dull glint in amalgams made through the ages.

And up the rivers from the west come the salmon in their season. To tell of them is to run the risk of being ranked with Maundeville or even with Munchausen. Would they believe on Tweedside, or on Speyside, tales of rivers where the "saulmon" run in such wise that the rivers seem to be almost as much of fish as of water, and the Indians half wade in water, half slide about on the slippery fish, and toss them out on to the banks? Over smoky fires they hang them to prepare the store of winter food. Every year the canneries bustle with renewed activity.

Everywhere, over all, through the balsam woods, or in "the land of little sticks," on the level plains, the rolling plains, or down the linked waterways, even in the cities, there is a sense of the bigness of the land. It almost appals the voyager through the desolate beauty of the North Shore (Superior); at the call of a loon breaking the silence awe fills the heart there; it quickens the pulse through Southern Alberta, especially if some great show of Nature be afoot, such as that of the tumble-weed in the south-west wind—bush after bush blown away, brittle, from its stem, bobbing from horizon to horizon with an effect as of loping coyote packs.

Always there is this sense of vastness, by lake and plain and on into the mountains where electric storms, when little rain follows, set the woods alight so that one whole range is as a bonfire, and still on to where the great, luscious peaches grow, in the Okanagan.

There I have sat down to rest, and recall my journey of the last six months. These are the pictures on which I meditate, and I know what lies beyond, westward still: the lumber camps, the sound of the axe in the high woods of the Coast Ranges, the warning call of "Timber!" and then the dull thud.

The logs go down to the mills that send up their white feathers of steam along the inlet sides in clearings among pines and firs, and circular saws come up at a pull of the lever through slots in the moving platforms that carry the logs along, and then "buzz!" the shrill sound breaks out, mounts to a scream, dies away to a hum.

Let no one foolishly ask, "When will the Shakespeare of Canada rise to tell it all?" It will take a thousand voices from a thousand parts to tell of it all. Only after they are dead many, many years, may someone lump together the work of them all, and inform the credulous that it was the work of one, and make him a bugbear to all future Canadians telling the tale or singing the song of their own corner of the vasty land. That is the only way to get "the greatest writer" out of the wide dominion.—The World's Work.

Canada has 3,296 Eskimos and 105,998 Indians.