

(February 13th, 1906.)

"Canada—A Conservative and Progressive Force Among the Nations."

BY REV. DR. R. S. MACARTHUR, NEW YORK.

Addressing the Canadian Club, Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur, of New York, said:

Mr. President and Gentlemen,—I greatly felicitate myself on the honor you have done me in inviting me to be the guest of your club, and to speak upon this occasion; I still further felicitate myself on the additional honor you have done me in changing the day of your meeting from Monday to Tuesday in order to accommodate me. I took part last night in one of the most memorable and brilliant occasions at the Waldorf-Astoria to celebrate the anniversary of Lincoln's birthday. It was one of the most remarkable dinners ever held in New York, but I left the city and left the dinner—before the dinner was half over—to fulfil my engagement with you here. I am sorry that I cannot stay longer in your queenly and beautiful city, where I have many personal friends. But I am called to speak to-night at London, Canada, at the M.C.A.; to-morrow night I speak in London again, and on Friday evening in New York. So my week is an exceptionally busy one.

I congratulate you upon the existence of this club. It is honorably and favorably known all over the Dominion of Canada, and also in New York and throughout the United States. It stands for civic loyalty, business honesty, national patriotism and noble manhood.

You will pardon me if my remarks for a moment are of an autobiographical character. It is with most conflicting emotions that I rise to speak a word to you. Ten thousand memories of my boyhood and early young manhood come back to me. I left the Valley of Ottawa in the autumn—or, I should say, spring—of 1860 for the Woodstock College, then known as the Canadian Literary Institution, to prepare for my entrance into the University of Toronto. I expected to matriculate at this university and to graduate from this university. But in the summer of 1863 I met a gentleman I highly esteemed who made some remarks which caused me to change the entire plan of my life. Strongly, but not wisely, he urged me to go to the University of Rochester. Two remarkable men and divinity scholars were at its head, Martin Anderson and Elisha Robinson, who were giants of intellect and culture.

When I arrived in Rochester I did not know a soul under the American flag. Those were stirring times; the very air was tremulous with the great civil war. It was worth much to come into touch with

conditions as they were at that time, to hear the foremost men on the great, throbbing constitutional and historical questions. I confess my sympathies were with the South until that great historic emancipation proclamation issued from the heroic and immortal Lincoln. My father's home was the terminus of an underground railway, whence many a negro emerged from bondage. I was brought up to despise the United States—the country that boasted liberty and held slaves in pitiful bondage. But Lincoln's memorable proclamation rang out upon the air and the United States became as Canada and the British Empire. No slave breathed where the British flag floated.

My sympathies were drawn out warmly and loyally after that proclamation. I became an American citizen. It was not easy to take the oath of allegiance. I was gathered in with a number of unsightly and incipient American citizens. I was not then proud of my new country. Around were gathered the representatives of Tammany Hall swearing in—shall I say?—men who had only been a few weeks in the country to get their support for Tammany Hall. So I took the oath of allegiance; to “forswear princes and potentates”—that was not difficult; but there was a special clause in my case, “and especially Her Majesty Queen Victoria.” Ah! That cut closer. But I believed I did right, and I have not changed my view. I have had the honor of speaking upon several public occasions; as your president has courteously intimated I have been brought into more or less intimate association with some of the Republic's leading men, especially President McKinley, and him whom I believe to be the foremost man in the whole world to-day, Theodore Roosevelt. But I challenge any American to point to a single remark I ever made in disparagement of Canada or disloyalty to the British Empire. Such a thought never entered my heart.

In response to the request of your president I submitted as the topic upon which I might say a few words to you to-day, “Canada, a Conservative and Progressive Force Among the Great Nations.” Canada is both. She holds a premier position because of her integral relations with the British Empire. At the Canadian Club in New York it was suggested by a speaker that the time was coming when Canada would stand alone and work out her destiny as a separate empire. Never, so long as she preserves her proud sympathy with glorious British institutions. Canada has absolute autonomy with the special advantages of her relation to the British Empire. She is a grand democracy. No privileges are enjoyed in the American union that are not enjoyed here. The only shadow of the British throne is the coming, once in four years, of the Governor-General. Travel round the world—always respect and honor for the British Empire where law dominates and liberty triumphs. A native of India once said to me, “You cannot trust a native judge, but the whole wealth of India cannot bribe a British judge to do injustice to the meanest subject of India.”

And of this great and grand British Empire Canada forms an integral part; in the British crown she is one of the brightest jewels—a part and parcel of the greatest empire the world has ever known or shall know! The population of Rome at the meridian of her splendour, seated on her seven great hills, was estimated by Gibbons at 120,000,000; the population of Great Britain numbers 420,000,000. Russia is so vast in territory that we know the whole United States without Alaska would only cover one-third of her great expanse. If bigness were true greatness then Russian were great indeed. We may put the whole of the United States and Alaska into Siberia and there are yet 1,800,000 square miles uncovered. And Siberia is only a little more than one-half of the Russian Empire. The Russian Empire comprises 9,000,000 square miles. Compared with all but the British Empire, she is limitless in extent. The Czar can enter his railroad coach and travel 6,000 miles straight-away and never leave Russian soil. But compared with the British Empire Russia is small! The British Empire extends to the end of the earth. The British Crown girdles the globe. The marvellous British Empire! One glows with enthusiasm at the dauntless little island wrought in the stormy seas, whose brave Englishmen, brave Scotchmen and plucky Irishmen have gone forth and mastered the world. It would be ten thousand pities if Canada ever wished to withdraw from it. Canadians rejoice in that absolute autonomy which is not inconsistent with loyalty.

Since my boyhood days there has been a wonderful change in Canadian patriotism. Shall I give illustrations to show the correctness of my analysis? When I was a boy there was nothing called Canadian loyalty, patriotism or enthusiasm. My father never called Canada home. Scotland was home. The Highlands were nearer Heaven than any other spot on the footstool of God's green earth. No waters could quench my father's thirst like those of Loch Taye. He took out his Burns and chanted of the northern home. My mother could never get the Highlands of Scotland out of her memory. When my father lay dying he spoke his last words to his children in English, he addressed the minister in English, and with a chivalry that was knightly, begging pardon, addressed his last words to my mother in Gaelic. I ask her after if she would not translate them for me. "Ah, Robert," she said, "there is no translation for those terms of endearment that your father used when he courted me in Scotland." Again when one of us appealed to father to ask the blessing before meals in English, the response was: "No, no, Archie. The throne o' grace is no a place for a work o' translation." And this is profoundly philosophical. I have done some speaking in French, but when I sought to pray in French I found that "that the throne o' grace was no a place for a work o' translation."

In the early days a son of a Scotchman was Scotch, the son of an Englishman, English, and the son of an Irishman, of course, Irish. The Canadian was a Canuck, he was the French-Canadian. The term

was seldom used as an adjective as we invariably use it now. When I went to Rochester and they said "Look at this Canuck," I resented it. I replied, "I'm a Scotchman; the Canuck is a French-Canadian, not a Scotchman." They had better be careful how they sling adjectives with a tone of reproach.

But in 1867 a federation was formed of the Dominion. A national sentiment was created, a national enthusiasm and a Canadian patriotism. Then came the silly, silly Fenian invasion to cement that sentiment and more recently the Boer war, where no men marched into immortal honor and undying fame on the deadly veldts as did the brave boys from Canada. Yes, you have the larger relationship now. Guard jealously your rights.

Canada is a conservative and progressive force among the nations because of her loyalty to law. Liberty is not license. It is obedience to just laws. Numbers of men go to the United States and think that liberty is license. They come from Russia and other countries under tyrannical rules. I regret our lynchings. They have humiliated me more than words can adequately express. I have travelled in Japan, and one of the first taunts the cultured Japanese throw up are the lynchings in the United States. "Better keep your missionaries at home for the savages in the United States," they declare. I went into China and I found similar criticism awaiting. In India the educated Buddhists hurled the same reproach in my face. I said once to an American audience that every time there is a lynching it puts the cause of missions in heathen countries five to ten years backward. There is not a country in darkest Africa which is not seized with condemnation and denouncement of such acts under the American flag. My soul loathes it and my whole energy shall be given to denunciation of it. The British Empire is three and one-half times the size of the United States, it has a population five times as great, but, under the British flag all races and creeds under Heaven enjoy liberty under its laws. Lynching is unknown. The British flag is the synonym of law and order and liberty. So Canada stands as a conservative and progressive force by reason of her harmonization of law and liberty. May she ever stand true to that high ideal.

I think Canada is also a conservative and progressive force by reason of the high standard she sets in business morality. I don't suppose you are all saints. Some of you look quite saintly, but you are not angels yet. I have watched with unusual interest the high standards in business life preserved in Canada. In the United States we have men who have made themselves notorious in the insurance companies. I was on the first committee to start the first investigation. There were evils discovered and wrongs to be righted of which the policy-holders had until then no conception. What heartaches were experienced when men in high positions went down—when men who controlled the finan-

cial world under the American flag went to failure not far from criminal. It is pathetic to see men high in the social life cast out—men whose bright stories are left untold because there is no dinner committee now asking them to tell them. Oh, this dangerous haste to get rich instead of going along quietly, loyally, truthfully and honestly to the development of our manhood. We have different creeds, some of us are in the pulpit, most of us are in the pew, but we will all agree that the highest ideal of the human race was Jesus Christ. I asked a learned Brahman once for the ideal. He was cultured and educated. He studied his Shakespeare, his Tennyson, his Browning and his Longfellow. With eye steady and slightly moistured he replied: "No Zoroaster, not Buddah, not Mahommad," he said, "The ideal of the human race was Jesus Christ."

And so the world is opening up and developing along the right lines. Can we not look with the eye of faith far into the future when kindly relationships shall universally extend in the touching of hands and hearts, when the world will become one, religious, social and political. When, as Tennyson so magnificently put it:

"Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer,
And the battle flags were furled
In the Parliament of man,
The Federation of the world."

Another day is dawning for all—the negro and the white—still brighter than the past, that day of universal brotherhood of which Burns sang, when all political difference shall be forgotten and social distinctions count for nought, when men shall be brithers a' :

"Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree, and a' that.

For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brithers be for a' that."