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A FATHER FOR CANADA

RETURNING SEVERAL YEARS AGO to my native province after a lengthy period of service spent on three continents among sundry alien, sensitive and highly nationalistic peoples well versed in their own historical heritage, I was astonished to find many young Canadians proudly sporting coon-skin caps and singing lustily of the legendary exploits of Davy Crockett, an eccentric Irish-American hunter and frontiersman from the backwoods of Tennessee, who in 1836 lost his life while aiding American infiltrators and buffalo hunters in revolt against the established government of Mexico, the discoverer and then ruler over the vast domain which later became through secession the Lone Star State of Texas.

The alien cult of Davy Crockett has happily had its day. At present the television programs sponsored by the Canadian government and supported by the Canadian tax-payer, which unfortunately have so great an influence in moulding youthful minds, regale the impressionable generation of future voters with tales of the wholly fictitious adventures of the American hunter Hawkeye, the hair-breadth escapes of Wyatt Earp, a modest guardian of the peace on the wild and woolly American border, and other purely American creations. The failure of the abortive CBC television serial on the adventures of Pierre Radisson should not allow Canadians to believe that their history is lacking in heroes or heroic stories. Its fault was that it was a dull attempt, successful neither as history nor as entertainment, to beat Crockett at his own game as an early American Tarzan instead of presenting Radisson effectively as a credible as well as intrepid Canadian explorer. Unless our television artists are sharply prodded and reminded that we have more genuine and colourful heroes of our own, we may look forward with confidence to future fantastic tales of other unduly glorified American heroes, such as Daniel Boone, Buffalo Bill, Billy the Kid, Jesse James, and Custer of the Last Stand. James Bowie of the famous knife is already making his contribution to Canadian culture.

Is it any wonder that so many Canadians are unaware of, or indifferent to,

their own proud historical heritage? Surely more vivid and blood-tingling stories could be developed from the actual exploits of such Canadian heroes and heroines as the gallant Dollard and his stand at the Long Sault, brave young Madeleine of Verchères, Laura Secord, the bold explorers Marquette, Joliet, and La Salle, the courageous Jesuit missionaries, the fearless *coureurs du bois*; from the rivalries of the Hudson's Bay and North-West Companies and their adventurous factors and explorers; Brulé, Tonty, Du Lhut, Wolfe and Montcalm, the institution of The Order of Good Cheer at Port Royal, the plucky Scots who explored British Columbia and the Oregon territory, the northward trek of the United Empire Loyalists who lost homes and property for their convictions, de Salaberry, Brock and Tecumseh, and a host of others stirring restlessly in their graves from long neglect.

Why have we climbed on the American band-wagon? Although we have been "short-changed" in every arbitration with the United States, as in northern Maine, the Oregon Territory, the San Juan islands, compensation for Fenian Raids, and the Alaskan Panhandle, and although our national territory has thrice been invaded from the south, in the Revolutionary War, during the senseless War of 1812, and as late as 1866 by Fenian raiders, we today maintain most friendly relations with the great neighboring republic and its citizens, linked as we are by a common tongue and a common heritage of law, equity, and tradition.

And yet, although Canada truly must export to live and prosper, we find that our natural resources such as oil and mineral products are permitted only limited access to American markets, that our grain exports are prejudiced by their insane policy of subsidizing abundance, that Canadian branches of American enterprises are denied export opportunities at the dictate of their parent companies or through fear of American reprisal, and that even the weapons of our national defence are now to bear the stamp "Made in the U.S.A." We should beware of selling our national birthright for "a mess of red pottage".

Is there any valid rhyme or compelling reason why we should meekly obey the strong gravitational pull of "The Colossus of the South", become a satellite within its economic or political orbit, or even a pale image of its immensity, a blind adherent to its manners, its customs, its frivolous fads, and its foreign follies? Surely it is time, and more than time, that Canada should map out an independent course, develop its distinctive national identity, glorify its own pioneers and pioneering achievements, and imprint a purely Canadian stamp on our thoughts, our actions, and our foreign and domestic policies.

We have, it seems, strayed far from the course enjoined by Joseph Howe, that great tribune of the common people, the father of responsible government in the

Bluenose province, who in the last century pointed out the true path for our feet in these well-known and inspiring words:

A wise nation preserves its records, gathers up its muniments, decorates the tombs of its illustrious dead, repairs its great structures, and fosters national pride and love of country by perpetual reference to the sacrifices and glories of the past.

Canada has not always been smugly complacent. It was nearly half a century ago that a great Prime Minister negotiated a treaty of reciprocity in raw materials with our southern neighbour, which was then approved by Congress, and similar action by Parliament appeared a foregone conclusion. But then a distinguished American statesman rashly boasted "We are going to make an adjunct of Canada", and another jokingly commented "We are preparing to annex Canada". These vain remarks killed any prospect of Canadian approval. The whole Dominion stirred in anger and in the ensuing general election the government of the day was overthrown with the assistance of a fiery slogan, "No truck or trade with the Yankees". The treaty, lacking Canadian ratification, became null and void.

Incidentally, it was that same Prime Minister who sixty years ago, at the turn of the century, laid down the rule that "When England is at war Canada is at war". But times have changed, and we are now threatened with losing our national identity in a totally different direction. In the interim we have become less imperialistic and regretfully less nationalistic, and rapidly approaching a point of no return where some later Prime Minister may perforce be obligated to say "When America is at war Canada is at war".

How then may a more vibrant and prideful patriotism be created, nurtured, and kept alive? In many different ways. We might, for example, and without further delay, proceed to adopt a truly national flag acceptable to all Canadians, bearing both the "Union Jacques" and the lilies of France, the traditional symbols of the great colonizing powers which made possible our bilingual Federation, or in the alternative, and preferably, we might discard both these Old World symbols in favour of a purely Canadian motif; we might learn to sing and play "O Canada" as an inspiring anthem rather than as a melancholy dirge; we might strive to teach the same historical facts in identical terms in all provinces, and in school and at home instruct our young people and new arrivals from overseas in the glories and sacrifices of the past; we might inculcate national pride by making more familiar the struggles and successes of the eminent men in our history, their shining achievements and their human failings; and from that number we might single out for adoption as a national hero some noteworthy figure, some pilot outstanding in the early formative

years, who would thereafter be recognized and lauded by Canadians of all races as a truly national symbol, as "The Father of Canada".

Why adopt a national father at all? Many countries have done so as an inspiring and unifying influence. In the Old World national pride has frequently been nurtured by exalting the exploits of some actual or legendary figure, such as Bruce and Wallace in Scotland, the kings of Tara in Ireland, King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table in England, and Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, in France; while in the New World the prestige and memory of the insurgent Creole generals Simon Bolivar and José de San Martín are venerated throughout South America, and their virtues more loudly extolled, in direct proportion to the time elapsed since they led bloody uprisings against Spain. In Mexico, the heroic figure of Miguel Hidalgo, the humble priest who first sounded the call to revolt against privilege, although himself quickly defeated and executed, has become a lasting symbol of national independence. In American history the name of George Washington, the Virginia planter, dominates all others. He had campaigned with colonial levies in support of inept British generals in the wars against the French and Indians; later, aided by Lafayette, a strong French blockading fleet under De Grasse, and a change of heart in London, he led the colonists in successful revolt against an arrogant and short-sighted government in the mother country. He was a canny general rather than a brilliant one. His enduring fame—apart from the clean breast he made to his father about chopping down a cherry tree—rests rather in his unifying influence, his ability and success in holding together in one federation, after final victory in the field, the thirteen revolting British colonies with their varied outlook and conflicting interests. To his compatriots he was "first in war, first in peace", and although they have recently brushed aside his parting injunction against entering into "entangling alliances", his memory will forever remain green, and his countrymen will continue to bestow on him the well-deserved accolade of "The Father of his Country".

But Canada, unlike insurgent Latin America and the revolting British colonies, fought no bloody wars of independence, staged no outstanding uprising against inept European domination. The only important battles on Canadian soil, apart from those fought in resisting aggressive American invasion, took place at Port Royal, at Louisburg, and at Quebec, between troops of those two great racial groups which now live peacefully side by side in their common homeland.

Nevertheless, there is much in Canadian history to stir the blood and arouse the patriotic pride of its citizens, from the early struggling beginnings in Acadia and on the St. Lawrence, through the exploring and peopling of the western wilder-

ness and the influx from the south of dispossessed United Empire Loyalists, down to the triumph of Confederation and the subsequent attainment by easy stages of full independence for a Dominion stretching from sea to sea.

In the consummation of Confederation there stands out boldly the colourful figure of Sir John Alexander Macdonald, the brilliant Scot with a sharp wit and a strong thirst, who strove skilfully to unite the scattered provinces of British North America into one Dominion, of which he is justly regarded the principal architect. He was both a practical down-to earth politician and an astute far-sighted statesman. Affable and with a keen sense of humor, he habitually wore a silk glove over an iron fist. As Prime Minister for two periods totalling eighteen eventful years, he left an indelible mark on his country's history and was, in very truth, "The Father of Confederation." Following him as Prime Minister came Alexander Mackenzie, a canny Scot of absolute integrity who fathered both the secret ballot and local option. He it was who instituted the Supreme Court of Canada and the Royal Military College at Kingston. He was an ardent and dedicated free trader who believed in a "tariff for revenue only"; but he came to office, after the "Pacific Scandal", in a period of world-wide depression, and his policy was obviously unsuited to a young country requiring tariff protection for its infant industries. Other brilliant post-Confederation leaders were Sir Wilfred Laurier, the first French-Canadian Prime Minister, "the silver-tongued orator" whose eloquence in both languages has had no parallel in later years, who abhorred the "melting pot" doctrine of our American neighbours, and whose image for the Canadian nation was rather a graceful Gothic cathedral in which granite, oak, marble and other materials retained their specific character yet blended smoothly into a harmonious whole; Sir Robert Borden and Mackenzie King, who each in his own way asserted in London the essential political equality of Canada within the British Commonwealth; Strathcona, Mountstephen, and Van Horne, whose vision and untiring initiative put through the first transcontinental railroad linking the two oceans which wash our shores — great figures, all of them, but sons of Canada rather than fathers.

If then we turn to the more remote periods, the misty beginnings of our historical development, we first encounter the shadowy figures of the roving Vikings, the intrepid Norsemen Eric the Red and his son Lief, who pushed boldly out from Greenland to explore the eastern Canadian sea-board; the enterprising citizens of Venice, the Bristol merchants John Cabot and his son Sebastian, who had sailed the western ocean in search of "the island of Brazil" and "the seven Cities of Cibola" even before Columbus embarked on his historic voyage; the Portuguese Corte Real who believed that Newfoundland pertained to his royal master under the Treaty of

Tordesillas, which had divided the New World between the two Iberian kingdoms. Real explored the coastal area, was repelled by the harsh climate but intrigued by the rich fisheries, and left many Portuguese place-names on the island's coast-line. But none of these early adventurers made permanent settlements and even the exact location of their landfalls is uncertain and the subject of vain debate.

Next in chronological order came the French explorer Jacques Cartier, the first to penetrate inland by the St. Lawrence waterway, but he had no intention of settling in Canada or even of exploring its possibilities for trade. His voyages were a diligent quest for a short ocean route to China, and when his westward search terminated at the rapids above the island of Montreal, he ironically named them after the object of his search. He showed no further interest in the country, but on his return to France was able to boast, with tongue in cheek, that he had reached "La Chine". It was indeed not until the opening years of the seventeenth century that settlers arrived from north-east France, determined to establish permanent homes and trading posts in Acadie and on the St. Lawrence. Apart from the rude unlettered indigenous tribes, these were the first true Canadians.

It is here that we first meet the commanding figure of Samuel Champlain. Born at the little sea-port of Brouage on the southwest coast of France exactly three hundred years before Canadian Confederation, he came of a sea-faring family and grew up with the tang of salt in his nostrils, in his heart an ardent attachment to the sea and a deep yearning for foreign adventure. He early served in the armies of Henry of Navarre, afterward Henry IV of France, where he learned the rudiments of surveying and mapping. At the conclusion of the civil and religious wars then racking his native country, he arranged to join a Spanish fleet sailing to the new colonies already ringing the Spanish Main, where he had an excellent opportunity to observe at first hand the character of what was the oldest European system of colonization. Although then but thirty-two years of age, his judgment was judicious and mature, and he was sharply antagonized by what he there saw: the ruthless subjugation of the indigenous tribes, the importation of negro slaves from Africa, the forcible conversion to Christianity of the native peoples, the cruel punishment meted out to the recalcitrant, and above all the enrichment of the European masters coupled with the impoverishment of the enslaved Americans. This voyage to the Spanish possessions in the New World made on him a lasting impression and strongly influenced his whole after life. It was at that time he solemnly resolved that should fate ever bring him the opportunity to set up colonies in the New World for his native country, he would initiate and foster an entirely different and more humane system.

Opportunity was not long delayed. In the spring of 1603 he secured a berth in a ship sailing to Tadoussac on the St. Lawrence where a traffic in furs was carried on during the summer season. Here he was free to indulge two of his principal preoccupations: he sat in the councils of the local tribes, the Algonquin alliance, and promised them the support of France in resisting the aggression of their sworn enemies, the Iroquois Confederacy; and he sought and secured permission to explore the upper St. Lawrence. So he journeyed up-stream, mapping and observing the adjacent country, past the former sites of Stadacona and Hochelaga, first observed by his countryman Jacques Cartier some seventy years earlier but now deserted, and terminated his westward journey, as had Cartier, at the rapids of La Chine.

Returning to France in the fall, and engaged in writing of his discoveries, he learned of a new charter granted to Sieur de Monts, and sailed with him the following spring to Acadie. Here his pioneering courage again asserted itself. He explored the beautiful site later to become Port Royal, wintered in great discomfort on a small island in Passamaquoddy Bay, in the following summer mapped the Atlantic coast south to Cape Cod, and assisted in setting up "The Habitation" on the shores of Annapolis Basin, the first permanent European settlement on the North American mainland north of Florida. Here he remained during the following winter, carefully cultivating the friendship of the local tribes, the Micmacs or Souriquois; together with Lescarbot organized the Order of the Good Cheer, worked on his maps, and in the following spring planted the first Canadian garden and assisted in setting up the first water mill and the first Canadian ship-yard.

Again returning to France in the autumn of 1607, now the chief authority on Eastern Canada, and consulted as to the next forward step, he argued boldly and convincingly for a permanent settlement on the St. Lawrence, in spite of its harsher climate, because it offered an ocean gateway to the interior of the continent and was more centrally located for trade with the Indian tribes; and since Tadoussac had been merely a summer trading post he got permission to locate his head-quarters further up-stream, where he could more easily dominate the trade-routes into the interior.

Thus in the spring of 1608, with his first independent command, he again sailed up the great water-way and on the third of July—a date recently commemorated on its three hundred and fiftieth anniversary—he founded the city of Quebec on the strong and strategic site where Stadacona once stood, which had first intrigued his interest on his exploratory voyage five years earlier. During the next twenty-seven years he made that small struggling community his home, although in that period he made in all eleven voyages to France, always a perilous journey in the

small frail craft of those days, not to seek pleasure and ease at home but to secure fresh support for his infant colony and additional capital to augment his slim resources. His financial backers and the corrupt French court were interested only in larger profits from the fur trade, while he had a vision of creating a powerful New France, which completely failed to stir his greedy listeners. Yet he continued to plan and to struggle. On Christmas Day of 1635 he died as he would have wished, in the budding city he had founded more than a quarter of a century earlier. It was only a feeble beginning, but one he cherished and to which he dedicated the best years of an earnest and strenuous life—a life of fortitude.

There were many other picturesque and vivid personalities in the life of New France, as well as in British Canada after the transfer of sovereignty following the defeat of the gallant Montcalm on the historic plains of Abraham. In the earlier period there stands out sharply the heroic figure of Frontenac, the resolute old warrior who if accorded the military support he requested would have changed the course of history in North America. Others only less notable were the able Talon, the devout Laval, Maisonneuve the founder, the fearless Jesuit missionaries Brébeuf and Lalemant, the talented Le Moyne and his ten brilliant and distinguished sons, two of whom arrived by sea at the mouth of "The Father of Waters", founded the city of New Orleans, and thereby completed the work of La Salle who had already navigated the great river from its upper reaches to its mouth; and no record would be complete without reference to the gay and venturesome *coureurs du bois*, who ranged widely and freely through the heart of the continent.

The more noted of these were De La Vérendrye and his son, who crossed the stormy waters of Lake Superior by canoe, took formal possession of the upper Missouri country in the name of their king, and whose westward travels stopped only at the forbidding northern ranges of the Rockies; and Radisson and Groseillers—nick-named Radishes and Gooseberries by the English—whose quarrel with the authorities in Quebec and a trip to London sponsored by Carteret resulted in the formation in 1670 of the famous "Hudson's Bay Company" and the entrance of British traders into northern Canada. After the fall of Quebec and British occupation of all New France, Scottish traders operating out of Montreal largely supplanted the French pioneers in western exploration; they had inherited the services of the adventurous *voyageurs* and *coureurs du bois*, which they utilized with advantage and understanding.

Exploration did not cease under British control. The dream of a North West Passage had not completely vanished. Probings continued to reach out for Canada's

uttermost limits, but such efforts were sponsored, not by a supine government, but by the enterprising fur-trading companies. Samuel Hearne, commissioned by the Hudson's Bay Company "to discover unknown rivers, strange lands, copper mines and a North West Passage to China", one of the objects of its Charter, after incredible hardships reached the Arctic Ocean at the mouth of the Coppermine River in 1771. Alexander Mackenzie, a junior partner in the North West Company of Montreal, when sent off to a remote post on Lake Athabasca, struck out northward by canoe in 1789 on the great river which still bears his name, hoping against hope that the course of the stream would swing westward and empty into the Pacific Ocean; instead he reached tide-water on what he called the Frozen Ocean. Undaunted, he repaired to London to study astronomy and surveying, and after his return some four years later he set out on the waters of the Peace River, overpassed the Continental Divide, and was the first European north of Mexico to reach the Pacific by land. Thus it was only at the end of the eighteenth century that the outer boundaries of Canada were discovered and defined.

Other adventurous spirits proceeding from their bases at Montreal or on Hudson's Bay ranged freely and widely throughout the western expanses and established trading posts at points as remote as the southern bank of the Columbia River. Notable names of this period were Vancouver, Fraser, Thompson, Simpson, Selkirk, and Douglas.

In the political arena the scene was less inspiring. Royal governors out from London, aided and abetted by small selfish groups, such as the famous "Family Compact" in Ontario, lacked vision and interest in the country's future and opposed a firm front to democratic tendencies. Few men of stature appeared. Representative government came early but responsible government was unduly delayed. Thus it came about that sincere and ardent reformers such as William Lyon Mackenzie in Upper Canada and Louis Joseph Papineau in Lower Canada lost all patience with continuing governmental apathy, corruption, indifference, repression and double-dealing, and rashly resorted to overt acts of violence. Their incipient rebellion flatly failed, but the outbursts were recognized as a symptom of unhealthy conditions and thus hastened the reforms they unsuccessfully sought to obtain. In Nova Scotia responsible government was more peacefully achieved through the efforts, eloquence, and more temperate attitude of Joseph Howe, a great figure but a purely provincial one.

However, toward the end of this lack-lustre period new men with a broad national outlook began to appear, sincere patriots who thought as Canadians and

not as provincials, such as Cartier, Baldwin, Lefontaine, D'Arcy McGee, Taché, Tilley, Tupper, and other supporters of the All-Canadian union sponsored by Sir John A. Macdonald.

In what basic respect had early Canadian policy and penetration differed from that pursued elsewhere in the Western Hemisphere? In Latin America the native peoples had been cruelly subjugated, converted by compulsion to the religion of the *Conquistadores*, and thereafter treated as "hewers of wood and drawers of water". They remained an inferior race, under the heel of the conqueror. In the British colonies it was apparently thought that the pagan souls of the Indians were not worth saving; they were considered heathens and unregenerate, and in general they were treated as inferior beings, idle cumberers of the ground. Openly antagonized and dispossessed of their ancient hunting grounds, debauched by traders with rum imported from the West Indies, they were driven steadily westward before the advancing wave of hunters, traders, and home-seekers.

In Canada, however, a different system prevailed. There they were befriended, treated as human beings approaching equality with the early settlers, and while efforts were put forth to convert them to Christianity, the method followed was persuasion rather than compulsion. This notable variation was due entirely to the prudent personality and humane policies of one man, who before reaching Canada had noted and been repelled by the pattern followed by the *Conquistadores* of Spain, and had vowed that he would never adopt that cruel system. It is true that he twice invaded the country of the Five Nations in what was to become New York State, but those were purely punitive expeditions intended to restrain the warlike Iroquois from raiding and plundering his Huron and Algonquin neighbours and allies, whose tactics and manner of life he deprecated, but whose friendship he sought and patiently laboured to improve.

It was in 1610, only two years after founding his chosen capital, but ten years before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock, that the active brain of Champlain conceived and put into effect a scheme which became over the years of tremendous import to his infant colony and to Canada. He selected and attached to the various Huron and Algonquin tribes certain active young Frenchmen who had evinced a liking for the primitive life of the forest; they naturally married into the tribes and became the first of the famous *coureurs du bois*. In this manner Champlain not only cemented bonds of trust and confidence with his Indian neighbours; he secured for himself and his successors a competent corps of guides familiar with tribal customs and languages, and the ways and trails of the waterways and the forest. In later years these *coureurs du bois* and their descendants

became a continuing tower of strength to New France, and made possible their far-ranging expeditions, while the British colonies remained anchored to the Atlantic seaboard; they later served as boatmen, guides, and interpreters to the Scottish explorers and fur traders operating out of Montreal.

Here was a man of vision who came to Canada to stay, to trade but also to colonize, to establish on the banks of the St. Lawrence and beyond a new entity, a peaceful community, living on fraternal terms with the original inhabitants. He commanded respect alike from French colonist and Indian ally. The tools with which he had to work were pitifully weak, yet his passion for exploration and colonization, combined with his criterion of justice and fair dealing, was such that he it is who has left the deepest imprint on the history of his beloved and adopted country.

A staunch and trusted friend of the savage Indians and a constant buttress to the poor and struggling colonists, he lived a devout, God-fearing life, steadfast, pursuing an honest forward-looking course of action; he was tenacious in seeking his chosen objectives, yet magnanimous in dealing with his opponents. In him were combined many diverse qualities. He was an ardent explorer, a fearless leader, a diligent geographer, a prolific writer, a keen observer, a wise builder for the future. Above all others, he is justly entitled to stand out in the historic records of Canada and in the thoughts of every patriotic Canadian as "The Father of his Country"—the Father of Canada.

Should some Canadians of English, Scottish, or Irish blood object to the adoption, as a national father, of one of different racial stock, it might be pertinent to remind them that French men and women were the original settlers in the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Quebec. They were also the first explorers and traders to penetrate into the provinces of Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, to say nothing of the Mississippi Valley and an immense tract between the Great Lakes and the Rockies, which now lies south of the international border. Should there still be some who demur, then it might be added that when the British colonies on the Atlantic seaboard revolted and sent their armies into Canada, confident that those of French-Canadian stock would rise in welcome, when Ontario and the western plains were still unpeopled, and when Nova Scotia wavered in the balance, it was the recently-conquered French stock in Quebec which remained steadfast in its new allegiance, and in so doing made possible the great Canadian Confederation which began to assume concrete form only in 1867. Their descendants, still deeply attached to the soil, cling vigorously and tenaciously to their native tongue, their religion, and their distinctive customs and

folk lore. Who among us feels competent to "cast the first stone", since these are qualities we ourselves admire and respect? It was Prime Minister Sir Wilfrid Laurier, addressing a purely French-Canadian audience some sixty years ago, who eloquently said:

I want the brainy Englishman to remain the Englishman, I want the sturdy Scotsman to remain the Scotsman, I want the warm-hearted Irishman to remain the Irishman; I want to take all these elements and build a nation which will be foremost among all the great powers of the world.

Once again, why adopt a national father at all? Surely not in slavish imitation of other nations which have done so since Augustus became *pater patriae* or Father of Imperial Rome; but because Canadians urgently need, in the words of Joseph Howe, to "foster national pride and love of country", and because we are all too prone to forget "the sacrifices and glories of the past". It is precisely because Canada is a mosaic, a nation peacefully blending many peoples of diverse ethnic origins, that we need to emphasize and iterate in our historical background some common rallying point, some symbol of unifying influence, which is distinctively and exclusively Canadian.

Although born nearly four hundred years ago in royalist France, Samuel Champlain early chose Canada as his adopted country, and he may justly be regarded as the first Canadian. Frank acceptance of that postulate by those more recent arrivals, who now constitute a majority within the national boundaries, might well serve as a fitting tribute to the gallant, sensitive, and artistic stock to which he belonged and to his own valiant efforts to create and build up a Canadian entity; it might equally serve as a symbol of unity, a cement uniting our common Canadian loyalties, a tie linking in harmony and binding more closely together the dominant racial blood-strains which esteem, honour, and equally take great pride in their common heritage, their Canadian birthright.