

CANADIAN
PATTERN

By John D. Robins

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Toronto, Ont. Nov. 1975

KINGSTON ONTARIO CANADA

CANADIAN PATTERN

EDITED BY

JOHN D. ROBINS, Ph. D.

FOR CANADIAN COUNCIL
OF EDUCATION FOR CITIZENSHIP



A WHITE CIRCLE POCKET EDITION

TORONTO: 70 BOND ST.

WM. COLLINS SONS & CO. LTD.

LONDON

GLASGOW

SYDNEY

AUCKLAND

LP

Canada Pamphlet 194-
no. 001

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THE NATIONAL CANADIAN
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THE COUNTRY

From Sea to Sea

MY COUNTRY

By Bruce Hutchison

NO ONE KNOWS my country, neither the stranger nor its own sons. My country is hidden in the dark and teeming brain of youth upon the eve of its manhood. My country has not found itself nor felt its power nor learned its true place. It is all visions and doubts and hopes and dreams. It is strength and weakness, despair and joy, and the wild confusions and restless strivings of a boy who has passed his boyhood but is not yet a man.

A problem for America they call us. As well call a young thoroughbred a problem because he is not yet trained and fully grown. A backward nation they call us beside our great neighbour—this though our eleven millions have produced more, subdued more, built more than any other eleven millions in the world. A colony they have thought us though we have rebelled and fought and bled for the right to our own government and finally produced the British Commonwealth of equal nations. A timid race they have called us because we have been slow to change, because we have not mastered all the achievements nor all the vices of our neighbours.

They have not known Canada. Who but us can feel our fears and hopes and passions? How can aliens or even blood brothers know our inner doubts, our secret strengths and weaknesses and loves and lusts and shames?

Who can know our loneliness, on the immensity of prairie, in the dark forest and on the windy sea rock? A few lights, a faint glow is our largest city on the vast breast of the night, and all around blackness and emptiness and silence, where no man walks. We flee to little towns for a moment of fellowship

and light and speech, we flee into cities or log cabins, out of the darkness and the loneliness and the creeping silence. All about us lies Canada, forever untouched, unknown, beyond our grasp, breathing deep in the darkness and we hear its breath and are afraid.

No, they could not know us, the strangers, for we have not known ourselves.

Long we have been a-growing, but with strong bone and sure muscle—of two bloods, French and British, slow to be reconciled in one body. We have been like a younger boy in the shadow of two older brothers and, admiring their powers, watching the pageant of England and the raging energy of America, we have not learned our own proud story nor tested our own strength. But no longer are we children. Now our time is come and if not grasped will be lost forever.

Now must we make our choice. Now must the heaving, fluid stuff of Canada take shape, crystallize, and harden to a purpose. No people of our numbers has ever occupied such a place before in the flood tide of history, for we are of two worlds, the Old and the New, one foot in each, knowing England, knowing America, joined to each by blood and battle, speech and song. We alone are the hinge between them, and upon us hangs more than we know.

Wondrous and very sweet is our name. Canada! The very word is like a boy's shout in the springtime, is like the clamour of geese going north and the roar of melting rivers and the murmur of early winds.

Can we not hear the sound of Canada? Can we not hear it in the rustle of yellow poplar leaves in October, and in the sudden trout-splash of a silent lake, the whisper of saws in the deep woods, the church bells along the river, the whistle of trains in the narrow passes of the mountains, the gurgle of irrigation ditches in the hot nights, the rustle of ripe grain under the wind, and the bite of steel runners in the snow?

Have we not felt the texture and living stuff of Canada? Have we not felt it in the damp, springy forest floor, in the caress of the new grass upon our face, in the salt spray off Fundy or Juan de Fuca, in the hot sun of the prairies, in the beat of blizzards and the fierce surge of summer growth?

And the colours of Canada, those also have we seen. We have seen them in the harsh sweep of prairie snow, in sunlight and shadow vibrant across the heavy-headed wheat, in foaming

apple orchards and in maple woods, crimson as blood, and in bleeding sumac by the roadside, and in white sails of schooners out of Lunenburg and in the wrinkled blue face of mountains. And we have smelled the clean, manly smell of Canada, in pine forest and settlers' clearing fires, and alkali lakes and autumn stubble and new sawdust and old stone.

Yes, but we have not grasped it yet, the full substance of it, in our hands, not glimpsed its size and shape. We have not yet felt the full pulse of its heart, the flex of its muscles, the pattern of its mind. For we are young, my brothers, and full of doubt, and we have listened too long to timid men. But now our time is come and we are ready.

THE DESERTED PASTURE

I love the stony pasture
That no one else will have.
The old gray rocks so friendly seem,
So durable and brave.

In tranquil contemplation
It watches through the year,
Seeing the frosty stars arise,
The slender moons appear.

Its music is the rain-wind,
Its choristers the birds,
And there are secrets in its heart
Too wonderful for words.

It keeps the bright-eyed creatures
That play about its walls,
Though long ago its milking herds
Were banished from their stalls.

Only the children come there,
For buttercups in May,
Or nuts in autumn, where it lies
Dreaming the hours away.

Long since its strength was given
To making good increase,
And now its soul is turned again
To beauty and to peace.

There in the early springtime
 The violets are blue,
 And adder-tongues in coats of gold
 Are garmented anew.

There bayberry and aster
 Are crowded on its floors,
 When marching summer halts to praise
 The Lord of Out-of-doors.

And there October passes
 In gorgeous livery,—
 In purple ash, and crimson oak,
 And golden tulip tree.

And when the winds of winter
 Their bugle blasts begin,
 The snowy hosts of heaven arrive
 And pitch their tents therein.

—BLISS CARMAN

THE NAMES OF CANADA

By Bruce Hutchison

STRANGE, HAUNTING, and full of exciting sound are the names of Canada. Noble names, like the roll of an organ, are Saguenay, Miramichi, Okanagan, Lachine, Anse-a-Valleau, and Forillon. The surge of the tide and the sound of waves on the rocks are in the name of Fundy, and the shape of naked cliff in Blomidon. But there is soft music, for lovers made, in Trois Rivieres, in the Grand and Petit Chlorydorme and Verchères, and there is the smell of spring flowers in Cap-des-Rosiers, Champlain's cape of wild roses, where the great Irish immigrant ship went down.

Who cannot hear the tinkle of evening bells in Similkameen, in Chaudiere (the falls where Champlain saw the Indians empty tobacco to placate their gods), in Wallasheen, though they foolishly spell it Wallachin? Nipigon is the beat of a drum and Yoho the call of a trumpet echoing in the hills, and there is the piping of a far-off flute in Rainy River as your lips form the words.

THIS BOOK, compiled as one of the activities of the Canadian Council of Education for Citizenship, aims to present some aspects of Canadian life, by means of selections from the prose and poetry of Canadians, articles on the crafts and arts, excerpts from speeches and from significant documents relating chiefly to the status of Canada, and a small amount of general statistical information.

In the main, the material selected is included because it is thought to be characteristically Canadian, in mood or content, or both. In some of the contemporary poetry selections the more narrowly Canadian character is deliberately abandoned, in order to show glimpses of Canadian participation in world currents of thought and feeling.

The book makes no claim to be a repository of the best Canadian writing, nor to display the Canadian panorama. It does try to reflect faithfully the Canadian atmosphere, and to present as many facets of the Canadian picture as its scope will permit.

It is intended for the man on the street, whether in Canada or in other parts of the English-speaking world.

