

But suppose that that Dream came true : that that Nightmare which held for but a second's space became the actual the indelible thing, and that during all the sanguinary months of conflict you had held back, had simply watched while others went, had been soothed into a contented passivity by equally false dreams, which left you undisturbed, unshaken, so that you had calmly stood aloof whilst some of your Kith and Kin had given their all for the cause of Liberty :—What would your life be to you then ? A joy ? An ecstasy ? Never, Never ! But a bitter reproach : a painful memory ; a perpetual nightmare of accusation against yourself. And what would your Country be to you :—your Canada, that inspired—"true patriot love," in others, but, alas ! not in you. What would it be ?—An earthly Paradise, do you say : a second Eden ?

Here is a pen picture of once happy, prosperous Belgium, which if that dream of the mystic seer came true will have its terrible counterpart multiplied in every Province of Fair Canada :—

*"The clinging children at their mother's knee
Slain ; and the sire and kindred one by one
Flayed or hewn piecemeal ; and things nameless done,
—Not to be told."*

That is not Dante, or Milton : but rarely has it been given to any Poet to put in so few words the record of such appalling desolation, mutilation, inventive brutality of massacre ; unspeakable barbarity of deed. But to-day Germany knows no law : except the mandate to pillage and slay, with utter disregard of condition, age, or sex. Germany is absolutely devoid of the smallest shred of respect for any and every International Obligation. Cities that from times almost forgotten have lain open and undefended, are treated as fortified-enemy-cities, and are bombarded with awful loss of civilian lives, at the caprice of a band of marauders, who come and go in the name of cultured Germany !

In the red blaze of light from such facts look at the position squarely :—we must be the ultimate victors, or the victims ; absolute conquerors, or absolutely conquered. No middle course is open to us. If we do not utterly beat down those who have so beaten down Belgium that now "her cities are wasted, without inhabitant" :—then Belgium's fate, and far worse, will be meted out to us ; to our children,