

It is strange to read in the editorial columns of the press the assertion that the Reds have tricked the Russians into abject surrender, and in the news columns a report that the invaders from Germany are treating their "agents" as outlaws and shooting them. After all this stupendous incident in the world war, the total eclipse of Russia as a world power ought to arouse the people of the Empire to a sense of the gravity of the present situation. The press would better serve their own country by treating their readers as intellectually grown men and women capable of hearing and bearing the truth instead of continuing to provide the unsatisfying course of war comments which are sometimes readable but rarely reasonable. The morale of the public can be supported without recourse to the sloppy optimism which exaggerates our own efforts and discredits all the works of our enemies.

WAR AND GLORY.

It was a Frenchman who in his intense hatred for the despotic monarch and designing prelate declared that he hoped to see "the last priest throttled in the bowels of the last king," and there are many who would just as gladly see the lovers of "glory" blown from the mouths of the cannon they deify. Patriotism like religion is most discredited by those who talk too lightly about it. There are men still sound of limb and whole of skin who talked very easily about the purifying influence of war, yet are satisfied to let others go "over the top" for them. Poison gas, high explosive shells, bombs and other machinery of death have stripped the purple robe of romance from the sinister figure of war, and men who heroically endure all manner of discomfort and misery in the shadow of death—these men do not cant about glory. They long for a time when honourable peace shall come to a weary, hungry world and bring their own release. Until that time comes they will remain steadfast, but in the end their chief desire will be not for a triumphant march as heroes, but to find the nearest way home.

A kindly word and a tender tone,
Only to God is their virtue known,
They can lift from the dust the abject head,
They can turn a foe to a friend instead.

BEING—AND SEEMING

True worth is in being, not seeming—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by;
For whatever men say in their blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

Go forth to work, to serve, to love!
This little life passes quickly away,
Its shadows and sorrows are for a moment,
Its virtue, its victory, its peace, are of the eternal.
—G. Merriman.

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