

"At such a time I would call upon you to devote a special day to prayer, that we may have the clear-sightedness and strength necessary to the victory of our cause."

We venture to express the hope that all who have the interest of the Empire at heart will observe the day with due solemnity and in the right spirit.

An English contemporary congratulates the country upon the fact that the convictions for drunkenness in England and Wales are on the decrease. The total for 1916 was 84,191, as compared with 135,811 in 1915—a decrease of 38 per cent., following a decrease of 26 per cent. in the preceding year. This is gratifying, but the number is still very much too great, especially in these days when all grain is wanted for food. The drink habit in the Motherland is not only a national waste of food products, but is also a national sin which should be repented of.

If, as all thoughtful people believe, the awful carnage and misery of the present day are a judgment upon nations for national sins and for a turning away from God, it would be well that all should know it and act accordingly.

A WAR SONNET.

The Principal of the Law School of Ontario, Dr. N. W. Hoyles, D. Ch., K.C., in his report for the Law School term of 1916-17, draws attention to a sonnet written by Major J. Langstaff, one of the most distinguished of the graduates of the School, who was killed in action last February (see ante p. 119). These beautiful lines were scribbled on a sheet of paper found among his effects returned to Canada. They are as follows:—

"I never thought that strange, romantic War
 Would shape my life and plan my destiny,
 Though in my childhood's dreams I've seen his car
 And grisly steeds flash grimly thwart the sky.
 Yet now behold a vaster, mightier strife
 Than echoed on the plains of sounding Troy,
 Defeats and triumphs, death, wounds, laughter, life
 All mingled in a strange complex alloy.
 I view the panorama in a trance
 Of awe, yet colored with a secret joy,
 For I have breathed in epic and romance,
 Have lived the dreams that thrilled me as a boy!
 How sound the ancient saying is, forsooth!
 How weak is Fancy's gloss of Fact's stern truth!"

J.M.L."