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# PATRIOTISM 

By Bernard Rose

How one's blood is stirred when, what is known as the National Anthem, is played or sung at any gathering of men or women who proudly lay claim to a nationality which to them embodies all that is good in their fellow citizens, institutions and country.

Go where he will, the Englishman, Scotchman, Welshman and loyal resident of Ireland, no matter how phlegmatic he be, gives vent to his emotions when the familiar tune or hymn is sung which recalls the land of his birth or ancestors.

Patriotism is something sacred. It incarnates the noblest ideals in man. It is a crystalization of that sentiment that makes the loyal citizen ready to sacrifice himself for the land which claims his allegiance.

No matter how cosmopolitan one may be, there is, nevertheless, an instinctive feeling that the land to which we belong and which can call upon us to defend it, is the best of all lands. Pride of country is greater and more enduring than pride of birth. We can all share in the privileges and advantages of the liberties and institutions common to the country. Whereas, in the matter of birth it is some-
thing that is restricted to very few persons.

History has demonstrated that one will more readily give up life and all that we hold dear, to safeguard the common country than we would in order to preserve family distinctions or privileges.
Men are divided into races and nations. The word descent is often used in order to, as it is supposed, more properly define or describe one's origin. Descent is, however, of very little importance. It may be useful in connection with the anthropological and ethnological studies and investigations that are carried on by scientists in order to determine the peculiar characteristies of those belonging to particular lands or groups, but for all practical national purpose, is of hardly any importance.
Nationality is something that is different from descent or race. It can be acquired. One can awaken a love for a country in which he dwells which can be more powerful and self-denying than the passions roused in connection with matters racial. The Britisher loves the Old Country and though it may be difficult for him to give in concise language the reasons that
make him resentful if anything is said derogatory to the land of his birth, he nevertheless will not tolerate any aspersion upon the people that he claims as his kin.

Nationality is, however, dependent upon the measure of freedom which one enjoys while an inhabitant of the country of which one is a national or subject. Where conditions are such that opportunities are few, and oppression the lot of the majority, the value placed upon nationality is very small. It is only in countries that are termed democratic and where the people as a whole elect their rulers, that patriotic fervour burns with a fierce and glowing flame.
If the United States, made up


#### Abstract

as it is of nationalities from all corners of the earth, has been successful in quickening the national homogeneity so essential to a successful geographical solidarity, it is due to its laws and the feeling of oneness that prevades the people of the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The immigrant from European countries which do not enjoy the constitutional form of government, after residing in the United States for a few years and acquiring a knowledge of the English language, when he returns to the land of his fathers much more prosperous than he left it, boasts with a rather comical pride, of his being an American.


## THE RED CROSS NURSE

Unflinching in her tender care Beside the couch of pain She stood amid the awful glare Of the dread bomb's fiery rain For God and merey, true in life A minist'ring Angel in the strife Till numbered with the slain.

Oh, Hun! what answer can you give For this, your awful toll Of maimed who bravely strove to live Nursed by this Spartan soul; Know'st not that Christ will say to thee'As unto these, so unto Me!'" In that last trumpet roll.

