

Editorial

Hardly Fair

It is not fair that the boys at the front should give all their best energy and risk life itself for a beggarly pittance of \$1.10 a day, while great, big, healthy aliens should choose their own wage, and remain behind to seize the fat of the land. There are aliens who refuse to go out on cold days for any wage, and who demand and receive \$4.00 a day during the fine weather. The thing is grossly unfair. It is one of the anomalies that must be righted by the Union Government. That it will be righted there is no doubt. It may not be fair while farmers are receiving such prices for their productions, to ask all citizens, whether naturalized or not, to work in the fields at \$1.10 a day. That would be making one man pay too high a toll to another, but it would be possible to name a reasonable wage, and part of it might be paid over to the government as the contribution of the aliens to the prosecution of the war. Every German and Austrian who is receiving protection and education here, should pay quite as much to defray the expenses of the war as the Canadians, who are gladly taxing themselves to equip and support the forces in the field.

Halifax

The saddest city in the whole world is Halifax—the city by the sea. In a crisis such as hers, it is no wonder that from west and south came messages of sympathy, and generous aid of every kind. The unity of the Dominion was never more clearly shown than by the action of the people in responding to the call for aid. The kind brotherliness of the American nature was manifested in the prompt assistance furnished by a score of cities. Surely sorrow cements friendship and heals all estrangement.

The desolation and destruction at Halifax are but an illustration of what would take place in all Canada were the heartless Hun to win the war. The death of innocent women and children, the destruction of property, and the arresting of industrial activity are all in line with the policy of the German war-lords. If we are to save ourselves from destruction, if we are to save a world from slaughter, if we are to restore peace and happiness to a death-sick race of beings, we must kill the hydra-headed monster who is the cause of all our woe. There is no other way out of it all than the way so clearly outlined by Wilson, by Lloyd George, by Poincaré.

The calamity at Halifax is one of the by-products of the war. If we allow our imaginations to picture it as universal, we get a fairly correct idea of Prussian frightfulness. And so the call is "To Arms!" The war is to the death. *Prussia delenda est.*

A Worthy Institution

The war is making and un-making reputations. It is giving standing to individuals and to institutions. When all is over there will be no single institution that will stand higher in public estimation than the Young Men's Christian Association. It has been weighed in the balance and found not wanting. Stronger in practice than in profession, richer in humanitarianism than in theology, it has gone about its work in its own way and with small regard for the methods of other religious organizations. It has, indeed, differed from most other organizations in giving a new meaning and content to the term religion. It has aimed not so much at preaching dogma as at upbuilding life, and it has considered life in a broad way—as physical, intellectual, social and religious. The scriptural foundation for all its efforts is set forth in the words: "The child increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." Carrying on its activities in a generous, unselfish way for the good of men, it has commanded the admiration and respect of all.

There are two lessons the religious world may learn from the work of the Association during the war. The first of these is that in times of supreme need denominational differences count for little, and clerical dignity and majesty for less. Strong men welcome as comforters those who are close to them in nature and in suffering, those who have common passions and desires. They have no regard for professional religious leaders, unless they appeal by their manhood and their daily walk as well as by their prayers and rituals. In other words, the spirit of democracy has entered the field of religion.

The second lesson to be learned from the Association is that religious organizations to obtain and retain the sympathies of the people, must broaden their activities and widen their outlook. The "house of worship" will in the years to come give way to "the house for service." Working in a mine or factory is just as religious an act as praying or fasting; caring for the body is just as imperative a religious duty as caring for the soul. The church of the future will, in a practical way, aim at the development of the whole man for service to God and humanity. It can not remain content with emphasizing

ing the formal acts of prayer and worship that, in many minds, constitute the essence of religion. The world has for ever forsaken the ideals of the middle ages, and has taken up in a new sense the ideal of the early church—the consecration of all men and the full power of every man to service.

After the war we look for more religion among the people rather than less; but the religion will be of a more practical kind. It will be recognized that the only piety worth while is that which touches a man's action in the home, the vocation, and in every other institution; the only righteousness that will command universal respect is that which finds expression in holy living in a world of men. Professional religion has had its day; the mere theologian has ceased to be a power; creeds, and artificial observances no longer bind the superstitious multitude. The world has moved on towards freedom, simplicity and worship of the real. In all this the Young Men's Christian Association has nobly done its part.

In The Belgian Trenches

By Jeannie Pendleton Ewing

The sturdy forms, breast-high in rifted clay,
Stretched their tired limbs awhile,
And as the breeze sprang up at close of day
A few could even smile.

For fighting lulled then, and the menace high,
The mighty, man-made bird,
Swooped not upon its quarry from the sky;
No rifle bullet whirled.

Across that gloaming landscape lay a waste
Of ravaged homes, once glad
With hearth light, where the mother, rosy-faced,
Smiled on her lass and lad.

Remembering this meant madness! Fighting men
Must turn and look away
From home sights, that their work may bring them then
Such solace as it may.

As fell this dusk, there stood upon the field
A person, dim of face,
But in whose manner was his kind revealed—
A stern yet regal grace.

"Men are born equal"—easy word to say,
To live's another thing;
Crowned heads may stoop, but some reach up—display
God's model of a king.

Your bleeding land with piteous wreckage sown
To bear, who knows what fruit?
Calls such a king, a king of deeds, its own,
That all men must salute!

Be Prepared

The Boy Scouts have a motto which, at this particular time in our history, might well become our national motto. It is composed of the two words at the head of this paragraph. Canada has need of preparation both for next year and the years after the war.

The need for next year is contained in the words production, conservation, consecration. The world looks to us for its food supply; the armies look to us for men and munitions. Our country looks to us for life, and peace, without hardship. We cannot afford to plunge wildly into schemes of production. Those whose duty it is to measure world needs and world supply must be our guides, and no thought of personal gain must be allowed to influence us in our efforts. We shall surely be willing to be conscripted for service. If we are needed in the shop or on the farm, or in the trenches, it will be our pleasure to follow the path of duty. Where we can be of highest service to our fellows, our country and the world, then it will be our delight to enlist.

And as we serve, we shall also attempt to conserve our wealth and our forces. The food controllers may not have pleased us in some ways, but their advice in the matter of conservation is right to the front. The world is running short of supplies. We must go on short rations. If we cannot do this voluntarily, there is nothing for it but that we shall do it from necessity. We have much to be thankful for that we are in a land of plenty. This should not make us

forgetful of the miseries of others. Everything saved in food and clothing is so much to the good in preserving life elsewhere.

Above all is consecration necessary. It is voluntary giving which is going to win the war and save the world. Our men have given all; mothers and fathers have given all. Why should any Canadian at this time refuse to give all that he is and has? A man has but one life to live. Why should it not be saved from eternal loss? He who loathes his life for his fellows saves it? He who saves his life and his wealth loses his own soul. And what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?

There is, also, a need not for next year, nor the year after, but for the ages to come—the need of a new life and spirit in our own land and in all lands. We hope to see a time when righteousness and peace shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. We have but to will it to make it so. The world is sick to death of militarism and of autocracy in all its forms. This land of ours is the home of the last of the nations. It is fitting that we should show what is possible in the way of right living. If we wish it with all our hearts we shall succeed in blending together in a broad Canadian citizenship all races, classes, creeds, so that there shall be neither bond nor free, rich nor poor, believer nor unbeliever. Each man shall live for all, and all for each. The big interests will cease to be, for all good citizens will be members of a common brotherhood. And this feeling of brotherhood will, by degrees, extend until it embraces a world. Surely after the sickness of this damning war, the world is ready for peace and quiet.

The Community as Educator

The most powerful influence in shaping the lives of growing boys and girls is the spirit of the community in which they live. Usually we think very little of the fundamental part which the common forces and elements of the community play in the actual education of our young people. We are blind to the deepest facts of our educational situation. Blessed be that community in which the leaders understand that the activities, the industries, the interests and the social necessities of the district may be the central facts in the education of the young.

The physical resources of a community should be known to every child. They determine very largely the progress that is possible, and the effort that must be put forth. These, however, are not so important to understand as the human resources. There is nothing sadder in the world than the sight of a community that was once spiritually prosperous, now fallen into decay, and nothing more stimulating than the sight of a community that has been developing naturally and healthfully in a consistent progress. It is a fortunate child who lives in a community of the latter kind. He catches its spirit. He knows what it is to live.

A man who perceives the influence of community environment upon young children, will be interested in economic conditions of his neighborhood. Land improvement, farm labor, value of property, drainage, roads, condition of live stock, yield of grain, fruit production and the like, will all be matters of concern to him. The spirit of the industrial life of the people is the greatest influence on the life of each child. Poor, half-starved animals on a farm usually find a counterpart in the appearance of the children. The streets of a city are a fairly good index of the cleanliness of the minds of the boys and girls. And so it is all around.

More important even than this is the relation of sanitary conditions in a community to the physical and moral health of the people. Filth begets filth. Cleanliness is akin to morality.

Nothing does more to influence young life than the beauty or ugliness of the community. Naturally, all outdoors is beautiful. Often man destroys and degrades. Where people congregate, ugliness is likely to appear. Sometimes taverns, sometimes village stores, sometimes factories with their smoke, or bill-boards with their gaudy signs, deface the landscape. On the other hand some good people make gardens, plant trees and add color and order. Everything that is added, good or bad, has its effect upon growing life. Often the beauty of the farm and of the street counts for more in education than the beauty of the home or the unattractiveness of the school.

It is unnecessary to go farther. Social life-play as illustrated in a community, are the very essence of the lives of boys and girls. How foolish it is, then, for men and women to live in isolation, and to act as if the education of their children were something they could carry on, as it were, in private. The wisest thing many a parent can do is to forget his own home for a time and turn his attention to community betterment. Self-interest, if nothing else, should prompt one to be public-spirited.