

Twelve months ago we never dreamed of such a thing as this far flung battle line reaching to our very doors—but with the suddenness of a lightning flash the incredible overtook us. We had been pursuing the even tenor of our way

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wrapped up in our business schemes, pursuit of pleasure and amusement—piling up luxury upon luxury—playing at life—life without God—without fear or dread of war, content.

The long drawn-out century of peace had dimmed our vision, and made our people selfish, greedy, self-centred. For many the Church bell, GOD'S call to prayer and worship, rang in vain. People who had six whole days, each week, to devote to work or pleasure counted that not enough, and so even the LORD'S day had often to be swallowed up in the vortex of selfish living and strain of worldliness. But now—now we are learning our lesson—and it is full of bitterness.

A year ago there was much said about the famous scrap of paper—the ruthless violation of Belgian neutrality—the atrocious cruelties perpetrated by the lustful bloodthirsty Huns upon innocent women and children—the wanton destruction of historic buildings, and art treasures. The report of these fiendish acts failed to reach our Canadian citizens—who argued that the fighting line was a long way from our shores—Canada was safe because of the distance. The Hun would probably stave off any invasion. The Motherland must fight her own battles. We did nothing to bring on this war," etc.