

until "it is a land haunted not habited," the piratical plunder of helpless passengers and harmless citizens, have touched us to the quick.

Our resentment of such brutality is righteous, and our destruction of such foemen a sacred duty. At no time in history had youth a worthier occasion to justify its instinctive love for the heroic than to-day. To no youth could there ever come readier facilities for promptly responding to a sacred cause than to us.

Industrially, by force of circumstances which cannot be discussed at this juncture, much less in this paper, we are able to render comparatively little aid to the Motherland except in agricultural production, and in a very brief space the majority of such toilers can be released for months without serious detriment to our productive value to the Empire. Materially, the suffering of those dependent through loss in war is less than is experienced in any part of our Empire, or in any of the lands of the allies, because of our greater average wealth, thus removing the solicitude for dependents that must be keenly felt by other combatants.

Ethically, we should, because of our peculiar Christian educational and social advantages, be more responsive to the moral appeal and physical agony of the outraged victims of this needless war. It is not possible that we can regard this awful sacrifice on the victims' part and the fearful barbarism on the culprits' side, without the most positive protest and practical sympathy.

But this great tragedy being enacted under our very eyes affects not merely the interests of a simple, inoffensive people; it assails the very fundamentals of universal liberty, truth, honor and Christian faith. The response on the part of young Canada from university, field, mill and store has been inspiring in spirit but disappointing in degree. Is there any valid reason why as many more should not have enlisted? Can any sophist say why the men who have gone should have done so rather than the men who have remained at home?

The need for reinforcements is urgent and critical. The pathetic impotency of languishing Flanders is the strategic opportunity for flourishing Canada. The very things that constitute the fascination of those who stay are imperilled by this invasion of Prussian barbarism. What would become of the sanctities of our homes, wives, daughters, sisters, children and treasures, even our very liberties, should Prussianism prevail? Will these be more sacred here than in Flanders? The only safeguard is the immediate and general intervention of our heroic Canadian youth. The success of such a moral and physical force will effectually and speedily crush this monstrous perversion of Christianity and civilization.

The glory of the genius of Germany is eternally obscured by this lapse to infamous barbarism. The allies will defeat her in battle and God will convict her in judgment. We hate her lust, we pity her fall, we pray for her victims, but we challenge her might. This is not a time to discuss terms of peace, but to determine processes of justice; not an occasion for revenge, but retribution and reparation.

Can any true Christian or worthy citizen absolve himself from personal sacrifice? Is it conceivable that the youth of Canada, who stroll through our streets, drive through our lanes, lounge in our halls, sip in our theatres, and play in our grounds, are kinsmen to those brave souls who have won immortality by their glorious achievement and illustrious sacrifice at Mons, Neuve Chappelle, and St. Julien?

The salvation of Canada, no less than of Europe, is involved. Our ideals must change. The materialistic cannot prevail; our ideal must be the heroic and sacrificial, or we deserve the forfeiture of our sacred heritage and divine destiny, and we shall be alike unworthy of our noble sires and untrue to our hopeful sons.

This call is not alone to our young men; it is to our young women, our mothers, our wives, our sisters, our

fathers, our sons and brothers. Whoever at this critical juncture of universal history withholds self, friend, energy, influence, time or means from this holy cause because of selfish or sensuous gratification is recreant to the most sacred duty and precious opportunity heaven could vouchsafe us.

The sacrifice of time on the part of all men and youths (who are conscientiously unable to fight) in persistent military training, the sacrifice of time and means on the part of all in the provision of comforts and necessities for the victims and heroes of the war, and the sacrifice of self in military service on the part of all not qualified, imperatively engaged in other occupations, are equally contributory to the speedy determination of this war for God, humanity, country, and self.

This sacrifice should find expression in intensified consecration to Jesus Christ, through whose crucifixion by materialistic Prussia these atrocities have been made possible. We must crown Jesus the King of kings. We must pray, give, fight, and die if need be (for a glorious death is infinitely to be preferred to an ignominious life) that His kingdom might come on earth. We must convert the iron gauge of Prussia into the golden rule of Christ. The Church of Jesus Christ must not be thoughtlessly reprobated; it must be intelligently supported. Its teaching will henceforth be more Christianly, that is, more humane and practical. The world needs vital evangelization or it will experience a lapsed demoralization fearful to contemplate. The social order and the national spirit must yield to the moral law of Christ, to the spirit of brotherhood, and the economic law of the market.

The regnant Christ, the new birth, the inspired Word, the regenerate earth, will receive a new emphasis. Epworth Leaguers must be Model Leaders in spirit and example in this hour of crisis. Many of us are to-day in our Gethsemane; our agony of soul and conflict of mind almost tempt us to say, "Let this cup pass from me." Let us be perfectly loyal to Christ and say, "Not my will but thine be done." Let us all set our faces steadfastly towards that new Jerusalem wherein shall dwell righteousness and peace, not counting the cost by which it may be perfectly realized. To this end let each one earnestly pray, "What wilt thou have me to do?" The answer to our prayer will be found in the duty that lies nearest to us.

### Every Rose has its Thorn

Some things are full of mystery far beyond all explanation. Why should every sweet have its bitter, every rose its thorn? Why is it that our highest bliss finds its counterpart in some hideous grief? Strange that when we have drained our overflowing cup of happiness we come at last to find the dregs of bitter sorrow. And yet the same orb that sheds radiant light upon us, at the same time turns its dark side to worlds that swing far out in space. We smile through tears. And some of us weep over the years when loved ones pillowed their heads trustingly over our hearts while the love-light danced in their upturned eyes. Oh, these hours! Their faded bliss, their vanished joy. And now the very memory of them is like a thousand thorns in the flesh. As the years drag on we come to know that the hours of secret and unfathomed love cast an ever deepening shadow. It is so strange, and yet, if the sun shines at all, the sweetest flower will cast its shadow. The thing that breaks the heart, though, is that sometimes we shiver while crossing the deep, dark valley all alone. To feel for a hand in the midnight gloom, and to find none, is worse than any death. That valley is a paradise if by your side walks a brave, confident spirit, whose whisperings bring hope, whose touch sends fresh blood throbbing through every vein. Many a poor pilgrim, for the want of it, is writing life's history in sighs and sobs. True: he smiles, but it is only the cover for unspoken grief, a grief unuttered because unutterable.