

IN THIS OUR NECESSITY

IN the early part of November I came into this country with vision of a people united in heart and resolution. At the first touch of reality the vision faded, and there arose instead the spectre of a people divided in counsel, antagonistic in race, antipathetic in religion. The change that had occurred in three years was marked and painful.

Three years ago the troops marched out in an atmosphere warm with affection, and charged with enthusiasm. The scattered drafts one now sees are depressed and depressing. To ask men to adventure forth in chilly silence to lose their lives is expecting too much. That great moment was allowed to pass, and the Canadian army is now left in a glory reflected from its past achievement. That glory will fade when it is no longer illumined from the future. In this solemn moment of public danger and private sorrow even a hasty word of observation and reflection may be grateful on these once familiar pages.

Of all scenes observed during three years, the most wonderful is the creation which arose out of chaos, the creation of the Canadian Army Corps out of the chaos of Val Cartier. Out of that ooze has arisen a thing of life, of force, and beauty. There is no ground for wonder that a Canadian army should excel in courage, tenacity, resource, and invention. The German himself has furnished by categories a roll of all the effectives opposed to him; and, he being the judge, allowed that the four Canadian divisions, and one other, were the most greatly to be feared. There is ground for surprise, however, that the Canadian army should have so quickly developed a sense of beauty and form, a style of doing things, a brilliancy which comes only from a self-imposed discipline which is at once flexible and strong.