

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

SOMETIMES disheartened notes come to the office about the state of public opinion regarding Canada's war. How are we going to sustain the awful burden that is surely coming upon us unless greater inspiration comes from those who should lead the nation to the heights, even to the heights of Golgotha?—that is the gravamen of them all. The only answer is "To each labor, according to his responsibility, and at peace about the rest." The trouble is the extent of the responsibility.

In this place, the governing question is "Is there need for propaganda for the vital things of the war?" If the answer had been "No," "The Canadian War" would not have been born. As it was "Yes," the only thing to do is to make the gospel of the war as effective, as far-seeing and as quick-acting as faith and capacity can achieve.

When Fire Comes.

That one thing we do. The fruit may not speedily appear, and when it does come it may seem all but dead. But there is a latent spirit in our people, and perhaps, when the baptism of fire has fully come, there will be the swelling into life for which anxious women and men yearn.

The "Patriotism and Production" campaign, run by the Dominion Department of Agriculture, whose Minister is an able, a patriotic, an unselfish gentleman, is the only constructive teaching that the Dominion Government is doing for the war. It ought to be only the segment of the circle of propaganda with which the country should have been girdled from the very beginning of the war. From the agricultural campaign distinct news is beginning to filter into the press. And it is not great news.

At some of the meetings the attendance has been woefully disappointing. At others it has been very good. Mr. C. C. James, who is director-general of the campaign, told a Toronto audience that in places quite near each other there were the opposite manifestations of interest. Another speaker, after a

weeks' work in a territory where two meetings a day were held among a population of thirty-three thousand people, reported that he and his colleagues addressed three hundred people.

Said another worker: "You have to go out into the country to learn the real feeling about the war. I met some canvassers who had been getting money for patriotic purposes. They said the women were fine—they were working well. But the men were disappointing. Where they should have got fifty dollars they received five, and mighty hard to get that sometimes. The men say it is all right for the Government to be into the war, and if anybody wants to go to the front, well, he can go, but as for digging up money out of their pockets, that's another story. The fact is, our people do not realize that they—they and not someone else—are at war.

Hockey Not War.

A fourth summed up in this way: "This Province is not at war. It doesn't know anything about it. It is at hockey. Something more is required before it will find out what it is up against."

What does all this mean? First, it means that the last thing to do is to rail at what may look like indifferent people. If a man does not REALIZE that there may be typhoid in the water it is no use abusing him for his ignorance of bacteriology. Doctors don't abuse their patients but get behind diagnosis to causes. If the women are working for war, and the men are regarding it as somebody else's affair—which, broadly, seems to be the case—what is the failing; where shall you look for a remedy?

The principal reason offered for what Peter McArthur has bluntly called apathy is that we have no warlike traditions—we have lost the warrior's scent for the battle from afar. Perhaps the battle is too far for the scent to carry. Thousands of men say that if Canada were to be invaded they would fight to the last pound—and they