

for ignoble minds, which are not unknown among us, and the infectious character of which is seldom understood. It is real enough to produce the same effect upon us if we are moved by the same high impulses which govern our brethren in all the seven seas. So far, it has not produced in us an equivalent unification. If it does not soon do it, we shall have fallen short of the mark we set ourselves in presence of an observing world.

Newspapers Guard Patriotism.

At the head of a noble appeal in the Montreal Herald by Mr. Brierley, its former editor, was a statement from a London despatch which says that recruiting for the second contingent there is so slow that the authorities are considering a campaign for men. London may be singular; but if so, it is significant that with two daily newspapers that constantly champion the war, such a report should come from there. It is ominous that though both papers are wholly for the war; the spirit of recrimination, over things that happened long before the war, has repeatedly broken loose in them.

In a very living way, the newspapers of a city are the guardians of its patriotism. They can exalt it to a splendid dignity; they can degrade it to intolerable meanness. How can you expect the youth of a city to rise like unselfish patriots if their daily food about the war is seasoned with ugly suggestions that half their countrymen have been essentially traitorous, and are beset by unworthy meditations in very presence of the enemy?

Can recriminations about any unhonoured political past endure if men will set themselves truly to answer the one paramount question which events force upon us? The origin of the war to-day surely amounts to nothing, unless we hold that our going into it was such an offence against national honesty as to merit for ourselves the endless chastisement of the Teuton, who is no respecter of our past and who would fain make our future after his pattern, and not after the things for which the New

World has striven these many generations.

Even as we hope for our brave fellows who go down, that death will be swallowed up in victory; so we must govern ourselves according to our answer to this question: "What would happen if Germany should defeat Britain and Canada?" That is the acid by which to test our patriotism.

An Ontario politician said: "I don't believe in this war, or in any war; and I wouldn't fight unless the Germans trampled on my gladioli beds." Have we not eyes to see that when the Germans are at Louvain and Antwerp and Ostend they are on our gladioli beds? If the Kaiser succeeds we may as well write "Ichabod" over our gates, and break the delusion that we can bequeath to our children names in which they may take an exultant pride. Though at this snug distance we do not feel that we have committed any offence against that Germany whose gentlest emblem is the mailed fist, and whose kindest argument is a blow, Germany doesn't feel that way about us.

Might Curse God.

If there be one of us who supposes we should not have gone into the war, he surely cannot wish us to be punished for our chivalry by being put under the Kaiser's heel. For such a spirit the only appropriate deed would be to curse God and die. Try to estimate what the penalty will be—the penalty for what we have had the temerity to do, as well as for what Britain has done.

The avowed intention of the enemy is to rob Britain of the overseas dominions which the German mind still believes to be so many colonies which are subject and willing to be subject, to an imperial will. The splendour and freedom of self-government are hidden from the German mind. Just as the ruling classes of Germany, who have exalted the private soldier over the wealth producer, and have greatly exalted the officer over the private; so, if their war is successful they will assume a divine right to expand the quality of tyranny over all men who lose the fight.