

Ontario. But Quebec as a whole stands in need of some such stirring manifesto as Mr. John Redmond issued the other day to the young men of Ireland. He pointed out to them that "this was a just war, provoked by the intolerable military despotism of Germany; that it was a war in defence of the rights and liberties of small nationalities; and that Ireland would be false to her history and to every consideration of honour, good faith, and self-interest if she did not respond to his appeal."

May not these words be applied with equal force and appropriateness to French-speaking Canada? To the average person, who can look away from local issues to the spectacle of the world's agony, it would appear that Quebec has, if anything, a greater stake than any other Province in the issue of victory or defeat. One thing that is certain is that there should be sounding to-day in the ears of the French-Canadian a call to arms rendered imperative by the dual nature of his associations. To the lover of France, under whatever guise he may choose to view her, the duty is clear. For him, when the existence of that France, past, present and to come, is at stake there can be no excuse, and there should be no hanging back. Has he ever thrilled to read of the deeds of the greatest soldier and the finest army known to history, and to think that both were French? The imperial eagles are soaring upwards once more towards a fresh Austerlitz and a greater and final Jena. Is he a lover of liberty, a democrat?—*liberté, égalité, fraternité*—up, for the armies of the first republic in the world are striving to hurl back the hordes of a militant autocracy in a greater Valmy. Is he a Christian—nay, more, "*bon catholique*?" Then ten times more should there be no hesitation. The white cross of St. Louis is once more in the field against the infidel. The cathedral of Jeanne d'Arc has been defiled by the Hun. Happy are those from Quebec Province who have gone and are going forward. May their number be increased! The tide of war is turning now, and now is the time to play a man's part in the final triumph.

W. P.