

PRIDE OF OUR CANADIAN MANHOOD.

and dedicate it with prayer and sacrament to the cause of King and Country. No longer can we *play* at being soldiers nor content ourselves with a holiday fortnight in camp at Niagara. The military tents spread over those historic fields and filled with new recruits and raw Canneks in khaki mark but the first step towards the death struggle which will demand all the earnestness that is in us—all the strength that is in our muscles, and all the courage that is in our hearts. We are entering upon a BATTLE ROYAL in which we need all the help that God can and will give us—and all the cheer and encouragement of those at home. The “fool’s paradise” we have lived in for so many years is broken up—and the barriers we thought strong enough to protect us are swept away, and now this peace-loving Canada of ours has entered into the European fray with grim determination to see it through to the end, cost what it may, and GOD knows it has cost us much already in blood and stricken life. But there should be no excessive thought of sadness in the way of weakening, nor melancholy brooding over the result of the sacrifices that had to be made. Indeed the bereavements at home have left but *one dominant desire*, namely, that the sacrifice of near relatives and friends shall not be in vain—and THE FALL OF EACH CANADIAN HERO IN ACTION SHOULD BRING A SCORE OF YOUNG MEN TO THE RECRUITING OFFICE TO TAKE HIS PLACE.

The day of sacrifice and true patriotism has come upon this loyal Dominion of Canada, but its