

ing help and warding off evil. No wonder it is then that so great a writer as Carlyle could exclaim, "To the mitred bishop, nay even to the highest prince in the land, I might not make obeisance; but to the physician making his visit in the dark hours of the night, oftentimes without hope of reward, *en ecce!* to him I would doff my hat."

For more than two years national and international conditions in Europe have been undergoing transformation in the melting pot. Just as it was true in the palmy days of Julius Cæsar that all roads led to Rome, so is it true that all the evidences and arguments as to the causes of the present war lead to Berlin. There are now fourteen independent countries involved in this horrible war. These countries represent a total population of about nine hundred millions, or considerably more than half of the world's humanity. The most reliable estimates tell us that these fourteen countries have actually engaged in the war, or in course of training for it, not less than thirty million men. The death loss up to date lies somewhere between four and five millions, and we are told that much of the most violent fighting has yet to be recorded. We are told that in the over-run areas of Poland—and there is not much of it that has not been over-run—there is scarcely to be found a child under seven years of age: for all have perished from lack of food, shelter and raiment. Add to this the butcheries of Belgian and Serbian women and children, and the forcible abduction of French women, and still the ghastly tale is only beginning to be told! Could Canada, as part of the British Empire, have remained inactive as an interested bystander only? I think not. It is as true of this country as it was of ancient Rome in a great crisis:

My voice is still for war.

Gods! can a Roman senate long debate

Which of the two to choose, slavery or death!

And so our brave Canadian boys crossed the sea to do battle on the fields of France. In Shakespeare's King John, we find words that, though referring to an event now seven hundred years ago, can most fittingly be applied to our own men:

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;  
For ere thou canst report I will be there,  
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard;  
So hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath.

On many a hard-fought field, demanding the maximum of courage and endurance, the officers and men of the Canadian ex-