

Editorial Comment

Sacrifice

In the eyes of the world she was but a young giddy girl. Her days were spent in idleness, her evenings in wasteful indulgence. Pleasure was her goddess and she worshipped consistently at her shrine. But one day there came into her life a new passion and her maiden heart responded. You may picture the little home to which her proud husband led her. Perhaps you may picture that home when it was cheered by the music of a childish voice and by the patter of little feet. Then came the long and wearing sickness, followed by the ebbing of the little life, and the young mother arose from her long vigil with a broken heart. That was all.

That all? Do we not all know from scores of experiences that this was not all? 'Tis true she rose from her vigil with a broken heart, but she rose transformed and glorified. This is the greatest fact of human experience. The way to glory is through sacrifice and sorrow. The subdued tone, the softened gaze, the kindly sympathetic touch—these are not born of flippancy nor of idle pleasure. They bear testimony to long teaching in the school of loss and suffering.

She was a young country girl, strong and self-reliant in the beauty of her loveliness. She was not over-serious for the blood of joyous youth coursed through her veins. She enjoyed to the full the wealth which nature had so lavishly bestowed upon her. She saw visions and she dreamed dreams. But one day there came to her the call to join her mother in a war for right and freedom, a war against hate and inhumanity and broken faith. So she prepared to make the sacrifice of all that was dearest and best. Not thoughtlessly, not carelessly but with high resolve she sent forth her sons to die if need be as only noblemen can die. The fields of Langemarck give testimony to the faithfulness with which these loyal sons maintained their trust.

But was that all? Well do we know that it was not all. Fair Canada, like the young mother deprived of her child, revived the shock, but she was transformed and glorified. No longer is she a child among the nations, but a serious, thoughtful mother who has come out of great tribulation into the glory of a newly-found life. Verily, for the nation as for the individual the way to glory is through sacrifice and sorrow.

In the limit sacrifice is not national but individual. There is a little spot in Belgium that will ever be sacred because the price paid to redeem it was paid in blood. Here served those who won a place among the immortals. They placed honor, courage and steadfastness above dishonor and cowardice; they placed King and country before self. Many of them saved their lives in the losing. It is a great thing for a man to save his life. It is the only way to highest glory. In this supreme sacrifice we hear again even from closed lips those brave words, "How sweet and pleasant a thing it is to die for one's country!" And if we listen we can hear from the skies a nobler thought, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

You have heard of that little mother who gave her only son to this great cause; you have rightly admired her Spartan courage which enabled her in the hour of her deepest anguish to smile beneath her tears. Nor have you misinterpreted that smile. Though you had looked upon her as a weakling, as

lacking in the graces which make for public and private distinction, now she stands before you tall and sweet and beautiful—glorified. She is the noblest woman of them all, for she has suffered the supreme test. She gave all she had and you will render her all the homage that is due her. Henceforth she is a queen. Well it is for Canada that there are so many mothers willing to emulate the noble Roman matron who in the hour of her country's need and being in poverty, led forth her two young sons, saying humbly and yet proudly, "These, good Roman fathers, are my jewels."

There may be readers of this page who are in some way making the great sacrifice and who are finding their lives in the higher service. It is a testing time for men and nations. There are many who are ready to follow the brave men who gave their lives at the front. There are others who are too old or too infirm for action. There are women too and children who in such a crisis must always remain behind. Yet let it not be forgotten that for every one there is the same golden rule of behavior. Service of the highest kind, whether at home or in the field must mean sacrifice. Those who know this and live up to it in practice, even though they are debarred by conditions from enlisting will at least derive comfort from the assurance that "They also serve who only stand and wait."

This is no time for luxurious living nor for slothful ease. Anxieties, fears and blood-sweat there must be; hardships born of deprivations and losses there must be; but to every one who gives himself in heart and spirit to this glorious cause there comes a measure of glory just in proportion to his sacrifice.

There may be some who are not willing to make the sacrifice. The mug of beer, the cent an hour, may be a mightier incentive than the thought of protecting the weak, defending personal and national honor, saving a world from the intolerable evils of military domination. There may indeed be those who send their sons to the front while they themselves remain behind to plot and pillage. It does seem frightful and incredible that there should be in Britain or in any of her colonies at this time a single man, who would seek to make personal or party profit out of his country's misfortune. Surely while the arch-enemy of freedom and democracy has to be reckoned with, there will be a cessation of this internecine strife, this legalized piracy which has at times disgraced our good name.

This appeal to loyalty is the more necessary because we are not too sure that as a people we have not been nursing a viper in our bosom. Some years ago through what now seems to have been an unwise policy, we opened our portals to the world and welcomed settlers indiscriminately. They came in and were given freely and fully of the best we had to offer. We had a right to expect co-operation, loyalty and devotion. In some cases we received these, but in other cases we have great reason to believe that we have been deceived. So we must be ready to protect ourselves against the enemy without, while we neglect not to guard ourselves against the possible hostile forces within—forces which oppose assimilation, and which look to the permanent establishment of old-world colonies in our midst, rather than to the building up of a united people.

Lusitania

The crime of all crimes, the sinking of the Lusitania, makes one thing clear. Germany no longer considers war as subject to any rules whatsoever. There may be rules for friendly sport—for football, sword-play, and even for the more brutal sports, prize-fighting and bull-fighting—but there are no rules at all when it comes to a war to the death. Hence the murder of innocent women and children, hence also the sinking of merchant ships without warning. Anything is justified that will help to strengthen the German position or weaken the position of the Allies. There is to the German mind no such thing as international agreement when it comes to war. Nor is the end yet reached. Private assassination is next, and it is just as well that we should recognize it without delay. It will take time for civilized nations like England and France to adjust themselves to this attitude. There is no fear but that they will meet the situation fully and efficiently. Nor will they lose honor nor break faith as they press on to victory. The sinking of the Lusitania was neither wise nor clever. It was simply premeditated murder, and for murderers there is in this world but one fate.

A Good Lesson

The following from an American paper is fine. Let our Canadian protectionists read it and attempt an explanation:

"These should be days full of happiness for the advocates of a high tariff. The time is certainly ideal for proof of their contentions. For years the high tariff stump speakers, pretending to be the protectors of American labor, prophesied utter desolation, ruin and poverty for this country unless we had a tariff high enough to protect us from the pauper labor of Europe, Asia and the Fiji Islands. Well, the pauper laborers of Europe and Asia are not now competing with this country. The pauper laborers of these countries, and in fact every able-bodied man, have 'joined the colors.' They are performing deeds of heroism in trenches, in bloody charges, facing death. They are not making or producing anything that competes with the laboring men of peaceful America. None of their products come to our shores. We practically have a free field for American labor and American products. We are actually suffering and business is dragging, due to the lack of imports. Why, then, should not this country's business be booming? Why is it that manufacturing establishments are not working overtime? Certainly the pauper labor of Europe is not hurting anybody with competition in wages or products. That good old word, protection, has been sadly treated by the happenings of the past ninety days. Instead of prophets of an ideal condition, the high tariff advocates have proven themselves dispensers of superheated air."

Wisdom

Sir Robt. Borden is to be congratulated that he did not accede to the wish of the members of his Cabinet who urged a general election at this time. Nothing could have been more unpatriotic than such a move, and if all Canada is of the same mind as the West, nothing is more likely than an appeal would have resulted in an overwhelming defeat for the government. It is well for men on both sides of politics to know that now is no time to seek party gain. Thank Heaven for every indication that at heart the people are sound.