

We have solemnly sworn never to sheath the sword until the last Prussian soldier has been driven out of Belgium; until Belgium has been restored; until Belgium has been recompensed for her sacrifice and for her suffering.

Vengeance is not our word, for "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord"—but we await with impatience the day of retribution, and when that day comes Belgium—"little Belgium"—little in the extent of her territory and the numbers of her people, but large—large as the world in view of her courage, her powers of sacrifice and of suffering—Belgium will lead the triumphal procession of freed and victorious peoples. Then in the midst of the great assembly, under flags that have been torn by shot and shell, in the centre of a glorious company of generals, admirals, princes, kings and emperors, will stand that heroic and chivalrous figure, the modern Bayard, Albert, King of the Belgians, without fear and without reproach.

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### A Heap of Ruins.

The papers have been so filled with the woe, that is, Belgium and the country has been so flooded with pictures of the dreadful events which have transpired, and are still transpiring, in that valiant land of stout hearts and stalwart bodies, that there is little, even for a Belgian, absolutely new to tell.

All this cruelty, all this desolation

has been detailed before with skilled elaboration and piled up circumstance—shattered churches, broken and battered belfries, demolished buildings of all descriptions—the Canadian imagination sees Belgium a heap of ruins in which scarce one stone is left upon another. Dead and wounded men, tortured women, starving children—what day has passed that has not brought with it new horror and added grief!

### Belgium Epitomized.

That which Mons. Yseux succeeded in effecting in London, then, was effected not so much by the pictures he showed upon the screen, or by the words of his mouth, eloquent as they were in their broken English, as by the soul of the man himself, a soul brave to face a large audience of foreign people and speak to them in a tongue with which he is imperfectly acquainted: a soul courteous enough and courageous enough to crush down all personal feeling, and so to give a perfectly impassioned account of that which necessarily is the most passionate event of his private career as it is of his nation's history.

To lose everything. To be driven out into exile. And in that exile to be able to gather the threads of a broken life into a firm hand, offering oneself and one's extremity for the benefit of those even worse off than oneself—this is the philosophic, the magnanimous, the dauntless mind. In our midst it epitomised—Belgium!

## They Agree About The Canadian War

MAIL AND EMPIRE.



GLOBE.

"The Canadian War" is the title of a weekly publication, issued by a group of Canadian Journalists dealing with various phases of the war. . . . As might be expected from such writers, the articles are well written and to the point. "The Canadian War" deserves a wide circulation on account of the cause promoted by its articles and the proceeds of its sale.

Many excellent articles covering a wide range of opinion and dealing with various standpoints from which the war tragedy can be viewed. . . . There is a healthy spirit of patriotism animating every page. Writers and editors receive no remuneration, and the proceeds are to be devoted to the war funds. "The Canadian War" is in every respect worthy of Canadian patronage.