

CANADA'S RELATION TO THE GREAT WAR

It is a curious experience to cross from Canada into this country. One feels, subconsciously, that he has been asleep and has passed into a new and strange land. One listens for familiar sounds and the mind gropes for cares and anxieties from which we seem to be momentarily separated. But we know that they will come again to disturb our peace and fill our days with apprehension. Our streets are full of soldiers. We hear the fife and the drum all day long. We see a few recruits grow into battalions. Since the first of the year every day 1,000 men have enlisted. In every town and village there are groups of men in training. Here and there across the country are great military encampments. One by one and week by week battalions go out from these encampments, entrain for Halifax and embark for the voyage across the sea. The Government tells us nothing, the press is silent, and few of us know that they have gone until they reach England.

When I was a boy, nearly 40 years ago, it was my privilege to hear an address by Schuyler Colfax, who was the colleague of General Grant in the Presidential contest of 1868. From his lips I first heard a phrase that has passed into literature and which I have remembered through all these years. He spoke of the long agony of the Civil war as days that tried men's souls. These are days that try men's souls throughout the British Empire, and not less in Canada than in England itself. Nowhere under the King's Sovereignty is there more unshaken resolution that the sun shall not go down on the flag we love and the institutions we cherish. It may be that we count for little in a world in arms, but at least we can command the world's respect and keep our own.

Possibly the action of Canada is a mystery to many Americans. But what else could we do? For nearly two generations we sang "God Save the Queen," the Queen who was the friend of America when official elements in Great Britain